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FOUR CENTURIES OF LITERATURE

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN

FOUR CENTURIES OF LITERATURE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN

SELECTED AND EDITED BY

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PREFACE

Four Centuries of Literature will find favor among teachers of English in large measure as they approve or disapprove its departures from the practice of other textbooks of its kind. The most notable of these departures is its inclusion of both English and American literature in a single volume. Even in the one-year "survey" course to which the required work in literature of most college and technical students is limited — and indeed by very reason of this limitation — it seems highly desirable that American writers should receive at least proportionate recognition. Their inclusion not only facilitates this recognition, but presents our American literature in its natural and proper relation with the great parent stream from which it flows.

A second divergence, by which it is felt that more is gained than is lost, appears in the selection of the Revival of Learning in England as a point of departure. Differences, deeper than those of language, separate earlier writers from our modern world. Their exclusion, moreover, makes it possible to meet the general desire for a very generous provision of more recent essays, which deal directly with our own problems; and to include about a dozen short stories, which may serve to illustrate the development and technique of what is no doubt the most widely read literary type of our time.

In choice of material the editors have been further guided by a desire to avoid cutting wherever possible; to give adequate representation of the great figures rather than fragments from many; and to judge each selection first by its intrinsic worth and its present appeal, in the light of classroom experience, whatever may be its significance in the history of language or literature. The *Aids to Study* include an account of each period covered, a brief sketch of each writer, and interpretative notes. These are put at the end of the book, where the reader may take as much or as little of them as he will. And they will assuredly not relieve the teacher of many problems which only intelligent and enthusiastic teaching can solve. Their assistance is offered on the assumption that literature justifies itself in education as a means to a better understanding and a richer enjoyment of life; and that no small part of this enjoyment is lost when it is studied "out of place, out of time", without regard to literary history, or the life of the writer, or the age in which he lived.

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FOUR CENTURIES OF LITERATURE:

ENGLISH

The Revival of Learning

SIR THOMAS MALORY (1400?-1470?)

MORTE D'ARTHUR

BOOK I, CHAPTER XXV

King Arthur Receives His Sword

. . . And as they rode, Arthur said, I have no sword. No force,¹ said Merlin,² hereby is a sword that shall be yours, an³ I may. So they rode till they came to a lake, the which was a fair water and broad, and in the midst of the lake Arthur was ware of an arm clothed in white samite, that held a fair sword in that hand. Lo! said Merlin, yonder is that sword that I spake of. With that they saw a damosel going upon the lake. What damosel is that? said Arthur. That is the Lady of the Lake, said Merlin; and within that lake is a rock, and therein is as fair a place as any on earth, and richly beseen;⁴ and this damosel will come to you anon, and then speak ye fair to her that she will give you that sword. Anon withal came the damosel unto Arthur, and saluted him, and he her again. Damosel, said Arthur, what sword is that,⁵ that yonder the arm holdeth above the water? I would it were mine, for I have no sword. Sir Arthur, king, said the damosel, that sword is mine, and if ye will give me a gift when I ask it you, ye shall have it. By my faith, said Arthur, I will give you what gift ye will, ask. Well! said the damosel, go ye into yonder barge, and row yourself to the sword, and take it and the scabbard with you, and I will ask my gift when I see my time. So Sir Arthur and Merlin alit and tied their horses to two trees, and so they went into the ship, and when they came to the sword that the hand held, Sir Arthur took it up by the handles, and took it with

him, and the arm and the hand went under the water. And so they came unto the land and rode forth. . . .

BOOK III, CHAPTERS I AND II

King Arthur Marries Guenever

. . . So it fell on a time King Arthur said unto Merlin, My barons will let me have no rest, but needs I must take a wife, and I will none take but by thy counsel and by thine advice. It is well done, said Merlin, that ye take a wife, for a man of your bounty and noblesse should not be without a wife. Now is there any that ye love more than another? Yea, said King Arthur, I love Guenever the king's daughter, Leodegrance of the land of Cameliard, the which holdeth in his house the Table Round that ye told he had of my father Uther. And this damosel is the most valiant and fairest lady that I know living, or yet that ever I could find. Sir, said Merlin, as of her beauty and fairness she is one of the fairest on live;⁶ but, an ye loved her not so well as ye do, I should find you a damosel of beauty and goodness that should like you and please you, an your heart were not set; but there as a man's heart is set, he will be loth to return. That is truth, said King Arthur. But Merlin warned the king covertly that Guenever was not wholesome for him to take to wife, for he warned him that Launcelot should love her, and she him again; and so he turned his tale to the adventures of Sangreal.⁷ Then Merlin desired of the king for to have men with him that should enquire of Guenever, and so

the king granted him, and Merlin went forth unto King Leodegrance of Camelard, and told him of the desire of the king that he would have unto his wife Guenever his daughter. That is to me, said King Leodegrance, the best tidings that ever I heard, that so worthy a king of prowess and noblesse will wed my daughter. And as for my lands, I will give him, wist I⁸ it might please him, but he hath lands enow, him needeth none, but I shall send him a gift shall please him much more, for I shall give him the Table Round, the which Uther Pendragon gave me, and when it is full complete, there is an hundred knights and fifty. And as for an hundred good knights I have myself, but I fawte⁹ fifty, for so many have been slain in my days. And so Leodegrance delivered his daughter Guenever unto Merlin, and the Table Round with the hundred knights, and so they rode freshly, with great royalty, what by water and what by land, till that they came nigh unto London.

When King Arthur heard of the coming of Guenever and the hundred knights with the Table Round, then King Arthur made great joy for her coming, and that rich present, and said openly, This fair lady is passing welcome unto me, for I have loved her long, and therefore there is nothing so lief to me. And these knights with the Round Table please me more than right great riches. And in all haste the king let ordain for the marriage and the coronation in the most honourable wise that could be devised. . . .

BOOK VIII, CHAPTER XXIV

Tristram and Isoud Drink The Love Potion

Then upon a day King Anguish asked Sir Tristram why he asked not his boon, for whatsoever he had promised him he should have it without fail. Sir, said Sir Tristram, now is it time; this is all that I will desire, that ye will give me La Beale Isoud,¹⁰ your daughter, not for myself, but for mine uncle, King Mark, that shall have her to wife, for so have I promised him. Alas, said the King, I had liefer than all the land that I have ye would wed her yourself. Sir, an I did then I were shamed for ever in this world, and false of

my promise. Therefore, said Sir Tristram, I pray you hold your promise that ye promised me; for this is my desire, that ye will give me La Beale Isoud to go with me into Cornwall for to be wedded to King Mark, mine uncle. As for that, said King Anguish, ye shall have her with you to do with her what it please you; that is for to say if that ye list to wed her yourself, that is me liefest,¹¹ and if ye will give her unto King Mark, your uncle, that is in your choice. So to make short conclusion, La Beale Isoud was made ready to go with Sir Tristram, and Dame Bragwaine went with her for her chief gentlewoman, with many other. Then the queen, Isoud's mother, gave to her and Dame Bragwaine, her daughter's gentlewoman, and unto Gouvernail, a drink, and charged them that what day King Mark should wed, that same day they should give him that drink, so that King Mark should drink to La Beale Isoud, and then, said the queen, I undertake either shall love other the days of their life. So this drink was given unto Dame Bragwaine, and unto Gouvernail. And then anon Sir Tristram took the sea, and La Beale Isoud; and when they were in their cabin, it happed so that they were thirsty, and they saw a little flacket¹² of gold stand by them, and it seemed by the colour and the taste that it was noble wine. Then Sir Tristram took the flacket in his hand, and said, Madam Isoud, here is the best drink that ever ye drank, that Dame Bragwaine, your maiden, and Gouvernail, my servant, have kept for themself. Then they laughed and made good cheer, and either drank to other freely, and they thought never drink that ever they drank to other was so sweet nor so good. But by that their drink was in their bodies, they loved either other so well that never their love departed for weal neither for woe. And thus it happed the love first betwixt Sir Tristram and La Beale Isoud, the which love never departed the days of their life. . . .

BOOK X, CHAPTER LXX

A Tournament

And when the Queen La Beale Isoud saw that Sir Tristram was unhorsed, and

she wist not where he was, then she wept greatly. But Sir Tristram when he was ready came dashing lightly into the field, and then La Beale Isoud espied him. And so he did great deeds of arms; with one spear that was great Sir Tristram smote down five knights or ever he stint.¹³ Then Sir Launcelot espied him readily, that it was Sir Tristram, and then he repented him that he had smitten him down; and so Sir Launcelot went out of the press¹⁴ to repose him and lightly he came again. And now when Sir Tristram came into the press, through his great force he put Sir Palomides upon his horse, and Sir Gareth, and Sir Dinadan, and then they began to do marvellously; but Sir Palomides nor none of his two fellows knew not who had holpen¹⁵ them on horseback again. But ever Sir Tristram was nigh them and succoured them, and they not him, by cause¹⁶ he was changed into red armour: and all this while Sir Launcelot was away. So when La Beale Isoud knew Sir Tristram again upon his horseback she was passing glad, and then she laughed and made good cheer. And as it happened, Sir Palomides looked up toward her where she lay in the window, and he espied how she laughed; and therewith he took such a rejoicing that he smote down, what with his spear and with his sword, all that ever he met; for through the sight of her he was so enamoured in her love that he seemed at that time, that an both Sir Tristram and Sir Launcelot had been both against him they should have won no worship of him; and in his heart, as the book saith, Sir Palomides wished that with his worship he might have ado with Sir Tristram before all men, by cause of La Beale Isoud. Then Sir Palomides began to double his strength, and he did so marvellously that all men had wonder of him, and ever he cast up his eye unto La Beale Isoud. And when he saw her make such cheer he fared like a lion, that there might no man withstand him; and then Sir Tristram beheld him, how that Sir Palomides bestirred him; and then he said unto Sir Dinadan: So God me help, Sir Palomides is a passing good knight and a well enduring, but such deeds saw I him never do, nor never heard I tell that ever he did so much in one day. It is

his day, said Dinadan; and he would say no more unto Sir Tristram; but to himself he said: an if ye knew for whose love he doth all those deeds of arms, soon would Sir Tristram abate his courage. Alas, said Sir Tristram, that Palomides is not christened. So said King Arthur, and so said all those that beheld him. Then all people gave him the prize, as for the best knight that day, that he passed Sir Launcelot outh¹⁷ Sir Tristram. Well, said Dinadan to himself, for all this worship that Sir Palomides hath here this day he may thank the Queen Isoud, for had she been away this day Sir Palomides had not gotten the prize this day. Right so came into the field Sir Launcelot du Lake, and saw and heard the noise and cry and the great worship that Sir Palomides had. He dressed himself against Sir Palomides, with a great mighty spear and a long, and thought to smite him down. And when Sir Palomides saw Sir Launcelot come upon him so fast, he ran upon Sir Launcelot as fast with his sword as he might; and as Sir Launcelot should have stricken him he smote his spear aside, and smote it atwo with his sword. And Sir Palomides rushed unto Sir Launcelot, and thought to have put him to a shame; and with his sword he smote his horse's neck that Sir Launcelot rode upon, and then Sir Launcelot fell to the earth. Then was the cry huge and great: See how Palomides the Saracen hath smitten down Sir Launcelot's horse. Right then there were many knights wroth with Sir Palomides by cause he had done that deed; therefore many knights held there against that it was unknighly done in a tournament to kill an horse wilfully, but¹⁸ that it had been done in plain battle, life for life.

BOOK XIII, CHAPTERS VII AND VIII
The Beginning Of The Quest Of The Holy Greal

. . . And then the king and all estates went home into Camelot, and so went to evensong to the great minster,¹⁹ and so after upon that to supper, and every knight sat in his place as they were toforehand. Then anon they heard cracking and crying of thunder, that them thought²⁰

the place should all to drive.²¹ In the midst of this blast entered a sunbeam more clearer by seven times than ever they saw day, and all they were alighted of the grace of the Holy Ghost. Then began every knight to behold other, and either saw other, by their seeming, fairer than ever they saw afore. Not for then there was no knight might speak one word a great while, and so they looked every man on other as they had been dumb. Then there entered into the hall the Holy Greal covered with white samite, but there was none might see it, nor who bare it. And there was all the hall fulfilled with good odours, and every knight had such meats and drinks as he best loved in this world. And when the Holy Greal had been borne through the hall, then the Holy Vessel departed suddenly, that they wist not where it became:²² then had they all breath to speak. And then the king yielded thankings to God, of his good grace that he had sent them. Certes, said the king, we ought to thank our Lord Jesu greatly for that he hath shewed us this day, at the reverence of this high feast of Pentecost. Now, said Sir Gawaine, we have been served this day of what meats and drinks we thought on; but one thing beguiled us, we might not see the Holy Greal, it was so preciously covered. Wherefore I will make here avow, that tomorn, without longer abiding, I shall labour in the quest of the Sangreal, that I shall hold me out a twelve month and a day, or more if need be, and never shall I return again unto the court till I have seen it more openly than it hath been seen here; and if I may not speed I shall return again as he that may not be against the will of our Lord Jesu Christ. When they of the Table Round heard Sir Gawaine say so, they arose up the most part and made such avows as Sir Gawaine had made. Anon as King Arthur heard this he was greatly displeased, for he wist well they might not again say²³ their avows. Alas, said King Arthur unto Sir Gawaine, ye have nigh slain me with the avow and promise that ye have made; for through you ye have bereft me the fairest fellowship and the truest of knighthood that ever were seen together in any realm of the world; for when they depart from hence

I am sure they all shall never meet more in this world, for they shall die many in the quest. And so it forthinketh me²⁴ a little, for I have loved them as well as my life, wherefore it shall grieve me right sore, the departition²⁵ of this fellowship: for I have had an old custom to have them in my fellowship.

And therewith the tears filled in his eyes. And then he said: Gawaine, Gawaine, ye have set me in great sorrow, for I have great doubt that my true fellowship shall never meet here more again. Ah, said Sir Launcelot, comfort yourself; for it shall be unto us a great honour and much more than if we died in any other places, for of death we be siccar.²⁶ Ah, Launcelot, said the king, the great love that I have had unto you all the days of my life maketh me to say such doleful words; for never Christian king had never so many worthy men at his table as I have had this day at the Round Table, and that is my great sorrow. When the queen, ladies, and gentlewomen, wist²⁷ these tidings, they had such sorrow and heaviness that there might no tongue tell it, for those knights had held them in honor and charity. But among all other Queen Guenever made great sorrow. I marvel, said she, my lord would suffer them to depart from him. Thus was all the court troubled for the love of the departition of those knights. And many of those ladies that loved knights would have gone with their lovers; and so had they done, had not an old knight come among them in religious clothing; and then he spake all on high and said: Fair lords, which have sworn in the quest of the Sangreal, thus sendeth you Nacien, the hermit, word, that none in this quest lead lady nor gentlemwoman with him, for it is not to do in so high a service as they labour in; for I warn you plain, he that is not clean of his sins he shall not see the mysteries of our Lord Jesu Christ. And for this cause they left these ladies and gentlewomen. After this the queen came unto Galahad and asked him of whence he was, and of what country. He told her of whence he was. And son unto Launcelot, she said he was. As to that, he said neither yea or nay. So God me help, said the queen, of your father ye need not to

shame you, for he is the goodliest knight, and of the best men of the world come, and of the strain, of all parties, of kings. Wherefore ye ought of right to be, of your deeds, a passing good man; and certainly, she said, ye resemble him much. Then Sir Galahad was a little ashamed and said: Madame, sith ye know in certain, wherefore do ye ask it me? for he that is my father shall be known openly and all be-times. And then they went to rest them. And in the honor of the highness of Galahad he was led into King Arthur's chamber, and there rested in his own bed. And as soon as it was day the king arose, for he had no rest of all that night for sorrow. Then he went unto Gawaine and to Sir Launcelot that were arisen for to hear mass. And then the king again said: Ah Gawaine, Gawaine, ye have betrayed me; for never shall my court be amended by you, but ye will never be sorry for me as I am for you. And therewith the tears began to run down his visage. And therewith the king said: Ah, knight Sir Launcelot, I require thee thou counsel me, for I would that this quest were undone an it might be. Sir, said Sir Launcelot, ye saw yesterday so many worthy knights that then were sworn that they may not leave it in no manner of wise. That wot²⁸ I well, said the king, but it shall so heavy²⁹ me at their departing that I wot well there shall no manner of joy remedy me. And then the king and the queen went unto the minster. So anon Launcelot and Gawaine

commanded their men to bring their arms. And when they all were armed save their shields and their helms, then they came to their fellowship, which were all ready in the same wise, for to go to the minster to hear their service. Then after the service was done the king would wit³⁰ how many had undertaken the quest of the Holy Greal; and to account them he prayed them all. Then found they by tale³¹ one hundred and fifty, and all were knights of the Round Table. And then they put on their helms and departed, and recommended them all wholly unto the queen; and there was weeping and great sorrow. Then the queen departed into her chamber so that no man should apperceive her great sorrows. When Sir Launcelot missed the queen he went into her chamber, and when she saw him she cried aloud: O Sir Launcelot, ye have betrayed me and put me to death, for to leave thus my lord. Ah, madame, said Sir Launcelot, I pray you be not displeased, for I shall come as soon as I may with my worship. Alas, said she, that ever I saw you; but he that suffered death upon the cross for all mankind be to you good conduct and safety, and all the whole fellowship. Right so departed Sir Launcelot, and found his fellowship that abode³² his coming. And so they mounted upon their horses and rode through the streets of Camelot; and there was weeping of the rich and poor, and the king turned away and might not speak for weeping. c. 1470, 1485.

WILLIAM CAXTON (1422-1491)

PROLOGUE TO ENEYDOS

AFTER divers work made, translated, and achieved, having no work in hand, I sitting in my study whereas lay many divers pamphlets and books, happened that to my hand came a little book in French, which lately was translated out of Latin by some noble clerk of France, which book is named *Aeneidos*, made in Latin by that noble poet and great clerk, Virgil. Which book I saw over, and read therein how, after the general destruction of the great Troy, Aeneas departed, bearing his old father Anchises upon his shoulders, his

little son Iulus on his hand, his wife with much other people following, and how he shipped and departed, with all the history of his adventures that he had ere he came to the achievement of his conquest of Italy, as all along shall be shewed in his present book. In which book I had great pleasure because of the fair and honest terms and words in French; which I never saw before like, ne¹ none so pleasant ne so well ordered; which book as seemed to me should be much requisite to noble men to see, as well for the eloquence as the histories. How

well that many hundred years past was the said book of *Aeneidos*, with other works, made and learned daily in schools, especially in Italy and other places; which history the said Virgil made in metre. And when I had advised me in this said book, I delibered² and concluded to translate it into English; and forthwith took a pen and ink and wrote a leaf or twain, which I oversaw again to correct it. And when I saw the fair and strange terms therein, I doubted that it should not please some gentlemen which late blamed me, saying that in my translations I had over-curious terms, which could not be understood of common people, and desired me to use old and homely terms in my translations. And fain would I satisfy every man, and so to do took an old book and read therein, and certainly the English was so rude and broad that I could not well understand it. And also my Lord Abbot of Westminster did do show to me lately certain evidences³ written in old English, for to reduce it into our English now used. And certainly it was written in such wise that it was more like to Dutch than English, I could not reduce ne bring it to be understood. And certainly our language now used varieth far from that which was used and spoken when I was born. For we Englishmen be born under the domination of the moon, which is never steadfast but ever wavering, waxing one season and waneth and decreaseth another season. And that common English that is spoken in one shire varieth from another, inso-much that in my days happened that certain merchants were in a ship in Thames for to have sailed over the sea into Zealand, and for lack of wind they tarried at Foreland, and went to land for to refresh them. And one of them named Sheffield, a mercer, came into a house and asked for meat, and especially he asked after eggs; and the good wife answered that she could speak no French, and the merchant was angry, for he also could speak no French, but would have had eggs, and she understood him not. And then at last another said, that he would have "eyren"; then the goodwife said that she understood him well. Lo, what should a man in these days now write, eggs or eyren? Certainly

it is hard to please every man because of diversity and change of language. For in these days every man that is in any reputation in his country will utter his communication and matters in such manners and terms that few men shall understand them. And some honest and great clerks have been with me and desired me to write the most curious terms that I could find; and thus between plain, rude and curious I stand abashed. But in my judgment the common terms that be daily used be lighter to be understood than the old and ancient English. And forasmuch as this present book is not for a rude uplandish man to labour therein ne read it, but only for a clerk and a noble gentleman that feeleth and understandeth in feats of arms, in love and in noble chivalry. Therefore in a mean between both I have reduced and translated this said book into our English, not over-rude ne curious; but in such terms as shall be understood, by God's grace, according to my copy. And if any man will intermit⁴ in reading of it, and findeth such terms that he cannot understand, let him go read and learn Virgil of the pistles of Ovid,⁵ and there he shall see and understand lightly all, if he have a good reader and informer. For this book is not for every rude and uncunning man to see, but to clerks and very gentlemen that understand gentleness and science. Then I pray all them that shall read in this little treatise to hold me for excused for the translating of it, for I acknowledge myself ignorant of cunning to emprise⁶ on me so high and noble a work. But I pray Master John Skelton,⁷ late created poet laureate in the University of Oxenford, to oversee and correct this said book, and to address and expound, wherever shall be found fault, to them that shall require it.

For him I know for sufficient to expound and English every difficulty that is therein; for he hath lately translated the Epistles of Tully,⁸ and the book of Diodorus Siculus,⁹ and divers other works out of Latin into English, not in rude and old language, but in polished and ornate terms craftily, as he that hath read Virgil, Ovid, Tully, and all the other noble poets and orators to me unknown. And also he hath read the nine Muses, and understands their musical

sciences, and to whom of them each science is appropred. I suppose he hath drunken of Helicon's¹⁰ well. Then I pray him and such others to correct, add, or minish whereas he or they shall find fault; for I have but followed my copy in French as nigh as to me is possible. And if any word be said therein well, I am glad; and if otherwise, I submit my said book to their correction. Which book I present unto the high born, my to-coming¹¹ natural and sovereign lord Arthur, by the grace of God Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall and Earl of Chester, first-begotten son

and heir unto our most dread natural and sovereign lord and most Christian King, Henry the VII., by the grace of God King of England and of France, and lord of Ireland; beseeching his noble Grace to receive it in thank¹² of me his most humble subject and servant. And I shall pray unto Almighty God for his prosperous increasing in virtue, wisdom, and humanity, that he may be equal with the most renowned of all his noble progenitors; and so to live in this present life that after this transitory life he and we all may come to everlasting life in Heaven. Amen.

1490

ROGER ASCHAM (1515-1568)

ITALY AND ENGLAND

I WAS once in Italy myself; but I thank God, my abode there was but nine days. And yet I saw in that little time, in one city, more liberty to sin than ever I heard tell of in our noble city of London in nine years. I saw it was there as free to sin not only without all punishment, but also without any man's marking, as it is free in the city of London to choose without all blame whether a man lust¹ to wear shoe or pantocle.² And good cause why; for, being unlike in truth of religion, they must needs be unlike in honesty of living. For blessed be Christ, in our city of London commonly the commandments of God be more diligently taught, and the service of God more reverently used, and that daily in many private men's houses, than they be in Italy once a week in their common churches; where making ceremonies to delight the eye, and vain sounds to please the ear, do quite thrust out of the churches all service of God in spirit and truth. Yea, the Lord Mayor of London, being but a civil officer, is commonly, for his time, more diligent in punishing sin, the bent enemy against God and good order, than all the bloody inquisitors in Italy be in seven years. For their care and charge is not to punish sin, not to amend manners, not to purge doctrine, but only to watch and oversee that Christ's true religion set no sure footing where the Pope hath any jurisdiction. I learned, when I was at Venice, that there it is counted good pol-

icy, when there be four or five brethren of one family, one only to marry, and all the rest to welter with as little shame in open lechery as swine do here in the common mire. Yea, there be as fair houses of religion, as great provision, as diligent officers to keep up this disorder, as Bridewell³ is and all the masters there to keep down disorder. And, therefore, if the Pope himself do not only grant pardons to further these wicked purposes abroad in Italy, but also (although this present Pope⁴ in the beginning made some show of misliking thereof) assign both meed⁵ and merit to the maintenance of stews and brothel-houses at home in Rome, then let wise men think Italy a safe place for wholesome doctrine and godly manners, and a fit school for young gentlemen of England to be brought up in!

Our Italians bring home with them other faults from Italy, though not so great as this of religion, yet a great deal greater than many good men can well bear. For commonly they come home common contemnners of marriage and ready persuaders of all others to the same; not because they love virginity, nor yet because they hate pretty young virgins, but, being free in Italy to go whithersoever lust will carry them, they do not like that law and honesty should be such a bar to their like liberty at home in England. And yet they be the greatest makers of love, the daily dalliers, with such pleasant words,

with such smiling and secret countenances, with such signs, tokens, wagers, purposed to be lost before they were purposed to be made, with bargains of wearing colors, flowers, and herbs, to breed occasion of offer meeting of him and her, and bolder talking of this and that, etc. And although I have seen some, innocent of all ill and staid in all honesty, that have used these things without all harm, without all suspicion of harm, yet these knacks were brought first into England by them that learned them before in Italy in Circe's⁶ court; and how courtly courtesies soever they be counted now, yet, if the meaning and manners of some that do use them were somewhat amended, it were no great hurt neither to themselves nor to others.

Another property of this our English Italians is to be marvelous singular in all their matters: singular in knowledge, ignorant of nothing; so singular in wisdom (in their own opinion) as scarce they count the best counselor the prince hath comparable with them; common discoursers of all matters; busy searchers of most secret affairs; open flatterers of great men; privy mislikers of good men; fair speakers, with smiling countenances and much courtesy openly to all men; ready backbiters, sore nippers, and spiteful reporters privily of good men. And being brought up in Italy in some free city, as all cities be there, where a man may freely discourse against what he will, against whom he lust, against any prince, against any government, yea, against God himself and his whole religion; where he must be either Guelph or Ghibelin,⁷ either French or Spanish, and always compelled to be of some party, of some faction, he shall never be compelled to be of any religion; and if he meddle not over-much with Christ's

true religion, he shall have free liberty to embrace all religions, and become, if he lust, at once, without any let⁸ or punishment, Jewish, Turkish, papish, and devilish.

A young gentleman thus bred up in this goodly school, to learn the next and ready way to sin, to have a busy head, a factious heart, a talkative tongue, fed with discoursing of factions, led to condemn God and his religion, shall come home into England but very ill taught, either to be an honest man himself, a quiet subject to his prince, or willing to serve God under the obedience of true doctrine, or within the order of honest living.

I know none will be offended with this my general writing, but only such as find themselves guilty privately therein: who shall have good leave to be offended with me, until they begin to amend themselves. I touch not them that be good; and I say too little of them that be not; and so, though not enough for their deserving, yet sufficiently for this time, and more else when if occasion so require.

And thus far have I wandered from my first purpose of teaching a child, yet not altogether out of the way, because this whole talk hath tended to the only advancement of truth in religion and honesty of living; and hath been wholly within the compass of learning and good manners, the special points belonging in the right bringing up of youth.

But to my matter, as I began plainly and simply with my young scholar, so will I not leave him, God willing, until I have brought him a perfect scholar out of the school, and placed him in the university, to become a fit student for logic and rhetoric: and so after to physic, law, or divinity. as aptness of nature, advice of friends, and God's disposition shall lead him.

1570

ANONYMOUS

BACK AND SIDE GO BARE

Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both hand and foot go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale
enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I cannot eat but little meat, 8
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothing a-cold; 10
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side, etc

I love no roast but a nutbrown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire; 15
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I not desire;
No frost nor snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if it would,
I am so wrapt and thoroughly lapt 20
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side, etc.

And Tib my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see 25
The tears run down her cheek;
Then doth she trowl to me the bowl
Even as a maltworm should,
And saith, "Sweetheart, I have take my
part
Of this jolly good ale and old." 30
Back and side, etc.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to. 35
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,
Or have them lustily trowled,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.
Back and side, go bare, go bare, 40
Both hand and foot go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

c. 1502

SIR THOMAS WYATT
(1503-1542)

FORGET NOT YET

Forget not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant;
My great travail so gladly spent,
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet when first began 5
The weary life ye know, since whan
The suit, the service none tell can;
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways, 10
The painful patience in delays,
Forget not yet!

Forget not! O, forget not this,
How long ago hath been, and is,
The mind that never meant amiss — 15
Forget not yet!

Forget not then thine own approved,
The which so long hath thee so loved,
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved:
Forget not this! 20

1557

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH THE UN-
KINDNESS OF HIS LOVE

My lute, awake, perform the last
Labor that thou and I shall waste,
And end that I have now begun.
And when this song is sung and past,
My lute, be still, for I have done. 5

As to be heard where ear is none,
As lead to grave in marble stone,
My song may pierce her heart as soon.
Should we then sing, or sigh, or moan?
No, no, my lute, for I have done. 10

The rocks do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually,
As she my suit and affection;
So that I am past remedy,
Whereby my lute and I have done. 15

Proud of the spoil that thou hast got
Of simple hearts through Lovè's shot,
By whom unkind thou hast them won,
Think not he hath his bow forgot,
Although my lute and I have done. 20

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain
That makest but game on earnest pain.
Think not alone under the sun
Unquit to cause thy lovers playn,
Although my lute and I have done. 25

May chance thee lie withered and old
In winter nights that are so cold,
Playning in vain unto the moon;
Thy wishes then dare not be told.
Care then who list, for I have done. 30

And then may chance thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent
To cause thy lovers sigh and swoon;
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want, as I have done. 35

Now cease, my lute, this is the last
 Labor that thou and I shall waste,
 And ended is that we begun.
 Now is the song both sung and past,
 My lute, be still, for I have done. 40

1557

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SUR-
 REY (1517?-1547)

A COMPLAINT BY NIGHT OF THE
 LOVER NOT BELOVED

Alas, so all things now do hold their peace!
 Heaven and earth disturbèd in no thing;
 The beasts, the air, the birds their song do
 cease,

The night's chair the stars about doth
 bring.

Calm is the sea; the waves work less and
 less; 5

So am not I, whom love, alas, doth wring,
 Bringing before my face the great increase
 Of my desires, whereat I weep and sing,
 In joy and woe, as in a doubtful ease.

For my sweet thoughts sometime do pleas-
 ure bring; 10

But by and by, the cause of my disease
 Gives me a pang, that inwardly doth sting,
 When that I think what grief it is again,
 To live and lack the thing should rid my
 pain. 1557

A PRAISE OF HIS LOVE WHEREIN HE
 REPROVETH THEM THAT COMPARE
 THEIR LADIES WITH HIS

Give place, ye lovers, here before
 That spent your boasts and brags in vain,

My lady's beauty passeth more
 The best of yours, I dare well sayn,
 Than doth the sun the candle light,
 Or brightest day the darkest night. 5

And thereto hath a troth as just
 As had Penelope the fair;
 For what she saith, ye may it trust
 As it by writing sealèd were: 10
 And virtues hath she many moe
 Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,
 The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
 When she had lost the perfect mold, 15
 The like to whom she could not paint:
 With wringing hands, how she did cry,
 And what she said, I know it, I.

I know she swore with raging mind,
 Her kingdom only set apart, 20
 There was no loss by law of kind
 That could have gone so near her heart.
 And this was chiefly all her pain:
 She could not make the like again.

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise, 25
 To be the chiefest work she wrought;
 In faith, methink, some better ways
 On your behalf might well be sought,
 Than to compare, as ye have done,
 To match the candle with the sun. 3

1557

Age of Elizabeth

EDMUND SPENSER
(1552-1599)

THE FAERIE QUEENE

Book II, Canto VII

1

As pilot well expert in perilous wave,
That to a stedfast star his course hath
bent,
When foggy mists or cloudy tempests have
The faithful light of that fair lamp y-blent,
And covered heaven with hideous dreari-
ment, 5
Upon his card and compass firmes his eye,
The masters of his long experiment,
And to them does the steady helm apply,
Bidding his wingèd vessel fairly forward
fly;

2

So Guyon, having lost his trusty guide, 10
Late left beyond that Idle Lake, proceeds
Yet on his way, of none accompanied;
And evermore himself with comfort feeds
Of his own virtues and praise-worthy
deeds.
So, long he yode, yet no adventure
found, 15
Which fame of her shrill trumpet worthy
redes;
For still he traveled through wide wasteful
ground,
That nought but desert wilderness showed
all around.

3

At last he came unto a gloomy glade,
Covered with boughs and shrubs from
heaven's light, 20
Whereat he sitting found in secret shade
An uncouth, savage, and uncivil wight,
Of grisly hue and foul ill-favored sight;
His face with smoke was tanned, and eyes
were bleared,

His head and beard with soot were ill
bedight, 25
His coal-black hands did seem to have
been seared
In smith's fire-spitting forge, and nails like
claws appeared.

4

His iron coat, all overgrown with rust,
Was underneath enveloped with gold;
Whose glist'ring gloss, darkened with
filthy dust, 30
Well yet appeared to have been of old
A work of rich entayle and curious mould,
Woven with antickes and wild imagery;
And in his lap a mass of coin he told,
And turnèd upside down, to feed his eye 35
And covetous desire with his huge
treasury.

5

And round about him lay on every side
Great heaps of gold that never could be
spent;
Of which some were rude ore, not purified
Of Mulciber's devouring element; 40
Some others were new driven, and distent
Into great ingots and to wedges square;
Some in round plates withouten moni-
ment;
But most were stamped, and in their metal
bear
The antique shapes of kings and Cæsars
strange and rare. 45

6

Soon as he Guyon saw, in great affright
And haste he rose for to remove aside
Those precious hills from strangers'
envious sight,
And down them poured through a hole
full wide
Into the hollow earth, them there to
hide. 50
But Guyon, lightly to him leaping, stayed

His hand that trembled as one terrified;
And though himself were at the sight
dismayed,
Yet him perforce restrained, and to him
doubtful said:

7

"What art thou, man (if man at all thou
art) 55
That here in desert hast thine habitation,
And these rich hills of wealth dost hide
apart
From the world's eye, and from her right
usance?"
Thereat, with staring eyes fixèd askance,
In great disdain he answered: "Hardy
Elf, 60
That darest view my direful countenance,
I read thee rash and heedless of thyself,
To trouble my still seat, and heaps of
precious pelf.

8

"God of the world and worldlings I me
call,
Great Mammon, greatest god below the
sky, 65
That of my plenty pour out unto all,
And unto none my graces do envye:
Riches, renown, and principality,
Honor, estate, and all this world's good,
For which men swink and sweat incessantly, 70
From me do flow into an ample flood,
And in the hollow earth have their eternal
brood.

9

"Wherefore, if me thou deign to serve and
sue,
At thy command, lo! all these mountains
be:
Or if to thy great mind, or greedy view, 75
All these may not suffice, there shall to
thee
Ten times so much be numbered frank and
free."
"Mammon," said he, "thy godhead's
vaunt is vain,
And idle offers of thy golden fee;
To them that covet such eye-glutting
gain 80
Proffer thy gifts, and fitter servants enter-
tain.

10

"Me ill befits, that in der-doing arms
And honors suit my vowed days do spend,
Unto thy bounteous baits and pleasing
charms,
With which weak men thou witchest, to
attend; 85
Regard of worldly muck doth foully blend,
And low abase the high heroic spright,
That joys for crowns and kingdoms to
contend;
Fair shields, gay steeds, bright arms be my
delight;
Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous
knight." 90

11

"Vainglorious Elf," said he, "dost not
thou weet,
That money can thy wants at will supply?
Shields, steeds, and arms, and all things
for thee meet,
It can purvey in twinkling of an eye.
And crowns and kingdoms to thee multi-
ply. 95
Do not I kings create, and throw the
crown
Sometimes to him that low in dust doth
lie,
And him that reigned into his room thrust
down,
And whom I lust do heap with glory and
renown?"

12

"All otherwise," said he, "I riches
read 100
And deem them root of all disquietness;
First got with guile, and then preserved
with dread,
And after spent with pride and lavishness,
Leaving behind them grief and heaviness:
Infinite mischiefs of them do arise, 105
Strife and debate, bloodshed and bitter-
ness,
Outrageous wrong, and hellish covetise,
That noble heart as great dishonor doth
despise.

13

"Ne thine be kingdoms, ne the scepters
thine;
But realms and rulers thou dost both
confound, 110

And loyal truth to treason dost incline:
 Witness the guiltless blood poured oft on
 ground,
 The crownèd often slain, the slayer
 crownèd;
 The sacred diadem in pieces rent,
 The purple robe gorèd with many a
 wound, 115
 Castles surprised, great cities sacked and
 brent:
 So mak'st thou kings, and gainest wrongful
 government.

14

"Long were to tell the troublous storms
 that toss
 The private state, and make the life
 unsweet:
 Who swelling sails in Caspian Sea doth
 cross, 120
 And in frail wood on Adrian Gulf doth fleet,
 Doth not, I ween, so many evils meet."
 Then Mammon, waxing wroth, "And why
 then," said,
 "Are mortal men so fond and indiscreet
 So evil thing to seek unto their aid, 125
 And having not complain, and having it
 upbraid?"

15

"Indeed," quoth he, "through foul in-
 temperance,
 Frail men are oft captived to covetise;
 But would they think with how small
 allowance
 Untroubled Nature doth herself suffice, 130
 Such superfluities they would despise,
 Which with sad cares empeach our native
 joys.
 At the well-head the purest streams arise;
 But mucky filth his branching arms
 annoys,
 And with uncemely weeds the gentle wave
 accloya. 135

16

"The antique world, in his first flow'ring
 youth,
 Found no defect in his Creator's grace;
 But with glad thanks, and unrepovèd
 truth,
 The gifts of sovereign bounty did embrace:
 Like angels' life was then men's happy
 case; 140

But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,
 Abused her plenty and fat swoll'n increase
 To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
 The measure of her mean and natural first
 need.

17

"Then gan a cursed hand the quiet
 womb 145
 Of his great Grandmother with steele to
 wound,
 And the hid treasures in her sacred tomb
 With sacrilege to dig. Therein he found
 Fountains of gold and silver to abound,
 Of which the matter of his huge desire 150
 And pompous pride eftsoons he did
 compound;
 Then avarice gan through his veins inspire
 His greedy flames and kindled life-
 devouring fire."

18

"Son," said he then, "let be thy bitter
 scorn,
 And leave the rudeness of that antique
 age 155
 To them that lived therein in state forlorn:
 Thou, that dost live in later times, must
 wage
 Thy works for wealth, and life for gold
 engage.
 If then thee list my offered grace to use,
 Take what thou please of all this sur-
 plusage; 160
 If thee list not, leave have thou to refuse
 But thing refusèd do not afterward
 accuse."

19

"Me list not," said the Elfin knight,
 "receive
 Thing offered, till I know it well be got;
 Ne wote I but thou didst these goods
 bereave 165
 From rightful owner by unrighteous lot,
 Or that bloodguiltiness or guile them
 blot."
 "Perdy," quoth he, "yet never eye did view,
 Ne tongue did tell, ne hand these handled
 not;
 But safe I have them kept in secret
 mew 170
 From heaven's sight, and power of all
 which them pursue."

20

"What secret place," quoth he, "can
safely hold
So huge a mass, and hide from heaven's
eye?
Or where hast thou thy won, that so much
gold
Thou canst preserve from wrong and
robbery?" 175
"Come thou," quoth he, "and see." So
by and by
Through that thick covert he him led, and
found
A darksome way, which no man could
descry,
That deep descended through the hollow
ground,
And was with dread and horror compassed
around. 180

21

At length they came into a larger space,
That stretched itself into an ample plain;
Through which a beaten broad highway
did trace,
That straight did lead to Pluto's grisly
reign.
By that way's side there sat internal
Pain, 185
And fast beside him sat tumultuous
Strife:
The one in hand an iron whip did strain,
The other brandishèd a bloody knife;
And both did gnash their teeth, and both
did threaten life.

22

On th' other side in one consort there
sate 190
Cruel Revenge, and rancorous Despight,
Disloyal Treason, and heart-burning Hate;
But gnawing Jealousy, out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite;
And trembling Fear still to and fro did
fly, 195
And found no place where safe he shroud
him might:
Lamenting Sorrow did in darkness lie,
And Shame his ugly face did hide from
living eye.

23

And over them sad Horror with grim hue
Did always soar, beating his iron wings; 200

And after him owls and night-ravens flew,
The hateful messengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolor telling sad tidings;
While sad Celeno, sitting on a cliff,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings, 205
That heart of flint asunder could have rift;
Which having ended, after him she flieth
swift.

24

All these before the gates of Pluto lay,
By whom they passing spake unto them
nought;
But th' Elfin knight with wonder all the
way 210
Did feed his eyes, and filled his inner
thought.
At last him to a little door he brought,
That to the gate of Hell, which gapèd wide,
Was next adjoining, ne them parted ought:
Betwixt them both was but a little
stride, 215
That did the house of Riches from Hell-
mouth divide.

25

Before the door sat self-consuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and
ward,
For fear lest Force and Fraud should
unaware
Break in, and spoil the treasure there in
guard: 220
Ne would he suffer Sleep once thitherward
Approach albe his drowsy den were next;
For next to Death is Sleep to be compared;
Therefore his house is unto his annexed:
Here Sleep, there Riches, and Hell-gate
them both betwixt. 225

26

So soon as Mammon there arrived, the door
To him did open and afforded way:
Him followed eke Sir Guyon evermore,
Ne darkness him, ne danger might dismay.
Soon as he entered was, the door straight-
way 230
Did shut, and from behind it forth there
lept
An ugly fiend, more foul than dismal day,
The which with monstrous stalk behind
him stepped,
And ever as he went due watch upon him
kept.

27

Well hopèd he, ere long that hardy
guest, 235

If ever covetous hand, or lustful eye,
Or lips he laid on thing that liked him
best,

Or ever sleep his eye-strings did untie,
Should be his prey. And therefore still on
high

He over him did hold his cruel claws, 240
Threat'ning with greedy gripe to do him
die,

And rend in pieces with his ravenous paws,
If ever he transgressed the fatal Stygian
laws.

28

That house's form within was rude and
strong,

Like a huge cave hewn out of rocky
cliff, 245

From whose rough vault the ragged
breaches hung

Embossed with massy gold of glorious gift,
And with rich metal loaded every rift,
That heavy ruin they did seem to threat;
And over them Arachne high did lift 250
Her cunning web, and spread her subtle
net,

Enwrapped in foul smoke and clouds more
black than jet.

29

Both roof, and floor, and walls were all of
gold,

But overgrown with dust and old decay,
And hid in darkness, that none could
behold 255

The hue thereof; for view of cheerful day
Did never in that house itself display,
But a faint shadow of uncertain light:

Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away,
Or as the moon, clothèd with cloudy
night, 260

Does show to him that walks in fear and
sad affright.

30

In all that room was nothing to be seen
But huge great iron chests, and coffers
strong,

All barred with double bands, that none
could ween

Them to efforce by violence or wrong: 265

On every side they placèd were along;
But all the ground with skulls was
scatterèd,

And dead men's bones, which round about
were flung;

Whose lives, it seemèd, whilom there were
shed,

And their vile carcasses now left un-
buried. 270

31

They forward pass; ne Guyon yet spoke
word,

Till that they came unto an iron door,
Which to them opened of his own accord,
And showed of riches such exceeding store,
As eye of man did never see before, 275

Ne ever could within one place be found,
Though all the wealth which is, or was of
yore,

Could gathered be through all the world
around,

And that above were added to that under
ground.

32

The charge thereof unto a covetous
spright 280

Commanded was, who thereby did attend,
And warily awaited day and night,
From other covetous fiends it to defend,
Who it to rob and ransack did intend.

Then Mammon, turning to that warrior,
said: 285

"Lo! here the world's bliss: lo! here the
end,

To which all men do aim, rich to be made:
Such grace now to be happy is before thee
laid."

33

"Certes," said he, "I n'll thine offered
grace,

Ne to be made so happy do intend: 290
Another bliss before mine eyes I place,

Another happiness, another end.
To them that list these base regards I

lend;

But I in arms, and in achievements brave,
Do rather choose my fitting hours to
spend, 295

And to be lord of those that riches have,
Than them to have myself, and be their
servile slave."

34

Thereat the fiend his gnashing teeth did
 grate,
 And grieved so long to lack his greedy
 prey;
 For well he weened that so glorious
 bait 300
 Would tempt his guest to take thereof
 assay;
 Had he so done, he had him snatched
 away,
 More light than culver in the falcon's fist.
 Eternal God, thee save from such decay!
 But, whenas Mammon saw his purpose
 missed, 305
 Him to entrap unwares another way he
 wist.

35

Thence forward he him led, and shortly
 brought
 Unto another room, whose door forthright
 To him did open, as it had been taught.
 Therein a hundred ranges weren pight, 310
 And hundred furnaces all burning bright:
 By every furnace many fiends did bide,
 Deformed creatures, horrible in sight;
 And every fiend his busy pains applied
 To melt the golden metal, ready to be
 tried. 315

36

One with great bellows gathered filling air,
 And with forced wind the fuel did inflame;
 Another did the dying brands repair
 With iron tongs, and sprinkled oft the
 same
 With liquid waves, fierce Vulcan's rage to
 tame, 320
 Who, mastering them, renewed his former
 heat:
 Some scummed the dross that from the
 metal came;
 Some stirred the molten ore with ladles
 great;
 And every one did swink, and every one
 did sweat.

37

But, when an earthly wight they present
 saw 325
 Glist'ring in arms and battailous array,
 From their hot work they did themselves
 withdraw

To wonder at the sight; for till that day
 They never creature saw that came that
 way:
 Their staring eyes sparkling with fervent
 fire 330
 And ugly shapes did nigh the man dismay,
 That, were it not for shame, he would
 retire;
 Till that him thus bespake their sovereign
 lord and sire:

38

"Behold, thou fairy's son, with mortal eye,
 That living eye before did never see. 335
 The thing, that thou didst crave so
 earnestly,
 To weet whence all the wealth late showed
 by me
 Proceeded, lo! now is revealed to thee.
 Here is the fountain of the world's good:
 Now, therefore, if thou wilt enriched
 be, 340
 Advise thee well, and change thy wilful
 mood,
 Lest thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be
 withstood."

39

"Suffice it then, thou Money God," quoth
 he,
 "That all thine idle offers I refuse.
 All that I need I have: what needeth
 me 345
 To covet more than I have cause to use?
 With such vain shows thy worldlings vile
 abuse;
 But give me leave to follow mine emprise."
 Mammon was much displeased, yet no'te
 he choose
 But bear the rigor of his bold mis-
 prize; 350
 And thence him forward led him further
 to entice.

40

He brought him through a darksome
 narrow strait,
 To a broad gate all built of beaten gold:
 The gate was open; but therein did
 wait
 A sturdy villain, striding stiff and bold, 355
 As if the highest God defy he would:
 In his right hand an iron club he held,
 But he himself was all of golden mould,

Yet had both life and sense, and well could
weld
That cursed weapon, when his cruel foes
he quelled. 360

41

Disdain he callèd was, and did disdain
To be so called, and who so did him call:
Stern was his look, and full of stomach
vain;

His portance terrible, and stature tall,
Far passing th' height of men terres-
trial, 365

Like a huge giant of the Titans' race;
That made him scorn all creatures great
and small,
And with his pride all others' power
deface:
More fit amongst black fiends than men
to have his place.

42

Soon as those glittering arms he did
espy, 370
That with their brightness made that
darkness light,

His harmful club he gan to hurtle high,
And threaten battle to the Fairy knight;
Who likewise gan himself to battle dight,
Till Mammon did his hasty hand with-
hold, 375

And counseled him abstain from perilous
fight;
For nothing might abash the villain bold,
Ne mortal steel empierce his miscreated
mould.

43

So having him with reason pacified,
And that fierce carl commanding to for-
bear, 380
He brought him in. The room was large
and wide,

As it some gyeld or solemn temple were.
Many great golden pillars did upbear
The massy roof, and riches huge sustain;
And every pillar deckèd was full dear 385
With crowns, and diadems, and titles vain,
Which mortal princes wore while they on
earth did reign.

44

A rout of people there assembled were,
Of every sort and nation under sky,

Which with great uproar pressèd to draw
near 390
To th' upper part, where was advancèd
high

A stately siege of sovereign majesty;
And thereon sat a woman, gorgeous gay
And richly clad in robes of royalty,
That never earthly prince in such array 395
His glory did enhance, and pompous pride
display.

45

Her face right wondrous fair did seem to
be,

That her broad beauty's beam great
brightness threw
Through the dim shade, that all men
might it see:

Yet was not that same her own native
hue, 400
But wrought by art and counterfeited
shew,

Thereby more lovers unto her to call:
Nathless most heavenly fair in deed and
view

She by creation was, till she did fall;
Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloak
her crime withal. 405

46

There, as in glist'ring glory she did sit,
She held a great gold chain y-linkèd well,
Whose upper end to highest Heaven was
knit,

And lower part did reach to lowest Hell;
And all that press did round about her
swell 410

To catchen hold of that long chain, thereby
To climb aloft, and others to excel;
That was Ambition, rash desire to sty,
And every link thereof a step of dignity.

47

Some thought to raise themselves to high
degree 415

By riches and unrighteous reward;
Some by close should'ring; some by
flattery;

Others through friends; others for base
regard,
And all by wrong ways for themselves
prepared:

Those that were up themselves kept others
low; 420

Those that were low themselves held
 others hard,
 Ne suffered them to rise or greater grow;
 But every one did strive his fellow down
 to throw.

48

Which whenas Guyon saw, he gan
 inquire,
 What meant that press about that lady's
 throne, 425
 And what she was that did so high aspire?
 Him Mammon answerèd: "That goodly
 one,
 Whom all that folk with such contention
 Do flock about, my dear, my daughter is:
 Honor and dignity from her alone 430
 Derivèd are, and all this worldès bliss,
 For which we men do strive; few get, but
 many miss:

49

"And fair Philotime she rightly hight,
 The fairest wight that wonneth under
 sky,
 But that this darksome nether world her
 light 435
 Doth dim with horror and deformity;
 Worthy of Heaven and high felicity,
 From whence the gods have her for envy
 thrust:
 But, sith thou hast found favor in mine
 eye,
 Thy spouse, I will her make, if that thou
 lust, 440
 That she may thee advance for works and
 merits just."

50

"Gramercy, Mammon," said the gentle
 knight,
 "For so great grace and offered high
 estate;
 But I, that am frail flesh and earthly
 wight,
 Unworthy match for such immortal
 mate 445
 Myself well wot, and mine unequal fate:
 And were I not, yet is my troth y-plight,
 And love avowed to other lady late,
 That to remove the same I have no
 might:
 To change love causeless is reproach to
 warlike knight." 450

51

Mammon emmovèd was with inward
 wrath;
 Yet, forcing it to feign, him forth thence
 led,
 Through grisly shadows by a beaten path,
 Into a garden goodly garnishèd.
 With herbs and fruits, whose kinds might
 not be redd: 455
 Not such as earth out of her fruitful womb
 Throws forth to men, sweet and well
 savored
 But direful deadly black, both leaf and
 bloom,
 Fit to adorn the dead, and deck the dreary
 tomb.

52

There mournful cypress grew in greatest
 store, 460
 And trees of bitter gall, and ebon sad;
 Dead sleeping poppy, and black hellebore;
 Cold coloquintida and tetra mad;
 Mortal samnitis, and cicuta bad,
 With which th' unjust Athenians made to
 die 465
 Wise Socrates; who, thereof quaffing glad,
 Poured out his life and last philosophy
 To the fair Critias, his dearest belamy.

53

The Garden of Proserpina this hight;
 And in the midst thereof a silver seat, 470
 With a thick arber goodly over-dight,
 In which she often used from open heat
 Herself to shroud, and pleasures to cntreat:
 Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
 With branches broad dispread and body
 great, 475
 Clothèd with leaves, that none the wood
 might see,
 And loaden all with fruit as thick as it
 might be.

54

Their fruit were golden apples glist'ring
 bright,
 That goodly was their glory to behold;
 On earth like never grew, ne living
 wight 480
 Like ever saw, but they from hence were
 sold;
 For those which Hercules, with conquest
 bold

Got from great Atlas' daughters, hence
began,
And planted there did bring forth fruit of
gold;
And those with which th' Euboean young
man won 485
Swift Atalanta, when through craft he her
outran.

55

Here also sprang that goodly golden fruit,
With which Acontius got his lover true,
Whom he had long time sought with
fruitless suit;
Here eke that famous golden apple
grew, 490
The which amongst the gods false Ate
threw;
For which th' Idaean ladies disagreed,
Till partial Paris dempt it Venus due,
And had of her fair Helen for his meed,
That many noble Greeks and Trojans
made to bleed. 495

56

The warlike Elf much wondered at this
tree,
So fair and great that shadowed all the
ground,
And his broad branches, laden with rich fee,
Did stretch themselves without the ut-
most bound
Of this great garden, compassed with a
mound; 500
Which over-hanging, they themselves did
steep
In a black flood, which flowed about it
round.
That is the river of Cocytus deep,
In which full many souls do endless wail
and weep.

57

Which to behold he clomb up to the
bank, 505
And looking down saw many damnèd
wights
In those sad waves, which direful deadly
stank,
Plongèd continually of cruel sprights,
That with their piteous cries, and yelling
shrighs,
They made the further shore resounden
wide. 510

Amongst the rest of those same rueful
sights,
One cursed creature he by chance espied,
That drenchèd lay full deep under the
garden side.

58

Deep was he drenchèd to the upmost
chin,
Yet gapèd still as coveting to drink 515
Of the cold liquor which he waded in;
And stretching forth his hand did often
think
To reach the fruit which grew upon the
brink;
But both the fruit from hand, and flood
from mouth,
Did fly aback, and made him vainly
swink; 520
The whiles he starved with hunger, and
with drouth,
He daily died, yet never throughly dyen
couth.

59

The knight, him seeing labor so in vain,
Asked who he was, and what he meant
thereby?
Who, groaning deep, thus answered him
again: 525
"Most cursèd of all creatures under
sky,
Lo! Tantalus, I here tormented lie:
Of whom high Jove wont whilom feasted
be;
Lo! here I now for want of food do die:
But, if that thou be such as I thee see, 530
Of grace I pray thee, give to eat and drink
to me!"

60

"Nay, nay, thou greedy Tantalus," quoth
he,
"Abide the fortune of thy present fate;
And unto all that live in high degree,
Ensample be of mind intemperate, 535
To teach them how to use their present
state."
Then gan the cursed wretch aloud to
cry,
Accusing highest Jove and gods ingrate;
And eke blaspheming heaven bitterly,
As author of injustice, there to let him
die. 540

61

He looked a little further, and espied
Another wretch, whose carcass deep was
drent

Within the river, which the same did hide;
But both his hands, most filthy feculent,
Above the water were on high extent, 545
And feigned to wash themselves incessantly,

Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
But rather fouler seemed to the eye;
So lost his labor vain and idle industry.

62

The knight him calling asked who he
was? 550
Who, lifting up his head, him answered
thus:

"I Pilate am, the falsest judge, alas!
And most unjust; that by unrighteous
And wicked doom, to Jews spiteous
Delivered up the Lord of life to die, 555
And did acquit a murd'rer felonious:
The whiles my hands I washed in purity.
The whiles my soul was soiled with foul
iniquity."

63

Infinite more tormented in like pain
He there beheld, too long here to be
told: 560

Ne Mammon would there let him long
remain,

For terror of the tortures manifold,
In which the damned souls he did behold,
But roughly him bespake: "Thou fearful
fool,

Why takèst not of that same fruit of
gold? 565

Ne sittèst down on that same silver
stool,

To rest thy weary person in the shadow
cool?"

64

All which he did to do him deadly fall
In frail intemperance through sinful bait
To which if he inclined had at all, 570
That dreadful fiend, which did behind him
wait,

Would him have rent in thousand pieces
straight:

But he was wary wise in all his way,
And well perceived his deceitful sleight,

Ne suffered lust his safety to betray. 575
So goodly did beguile the guiler of his prey.

65

And now he has so long remainèd there,
That vital powers gan wax both weak and
wan

For want of food and sleep, which two
upbear,

Like mighty pillars, this frail life of
man, 580

That none without the same endure can:
For now three days of men were full out-
wrought,

Since he this hardy enterprise began:
Forthy great Mammon fairly he besought
Into the world to guide him back, as he
him brought. 585

66

The god, though loth, yet was constrained
t'obey;

For longer time than that no living wight
Below the earth might suffered be to stay:
So back again him brought to living light;
But all so soon as his enfeebled spright 590
Gan suck this vital air into his breast,
As overcome with too exceeding might,
The light did flit away out of her nest,
And all his senses were with deadly fit
oppressed.

1590

SONNETS, FROM "AMORETTI"

XXXIV

Like as a ship, that through the ocean
wide

By conduct of some star doth make her
way,

Whenas a storm hath dimmed her trusty
guide,

Out of her course doth wander far astray;
So I, whose star, that wont with her bright
ray 5

Me to direct, with clouds is overcast,
Do wander now in darkness and dismay,
Through hidden perils round about me
placed.

Yet hope I well, that when this storm is
past,

My Helicè, the lodestar of my life, 10
Will shine again, and look on me at last,
With lovely light to clear my cloudy grief;

Till then I wander care-full, comfortless,
In secret sorrow and sad pensiveness.

XXXVII

What guile is this, that those her golden
tresses
She doth attire under a net of gold;
And with sly skill so cunningly them
dresses,
That which is gold or hair may scarce be
told?
Is it that men's frail eyes, which gaze too
bold,
She may entangle in that golden snare;
And, being caught, may craftily enfold
Their weaker hearts, which are not well
aware?
Take heed, therefore, mine eyes, how ye
do stare
Henceforth too rashly on that guileful
net,
In which, if ever ye entrappèd are,
Out of her bands ye by no means shall get.
Fondness it were for any, being free,
To covet fetters, though they golden be.

LXIII

After long storms and tempests' sad assay,
Which hardly I endured heretofore,
In dread of death, and dangerous dismay,
With which my silly bark was tossed sore,
I do at length descry the happy shore,
In which I hope ere long for to arrive:
Fair soil it seems from far, and fraught
with store
Of all that dear and dainty is alive.
Most happy he that can at last achieve
The joyous safety of so sweet a rest;
Whose least delight sufficeth to deprive
Remembrance of all pains which him
oppressed.
All pains are nothing in respect of this,
All sorrows short that gain eternal bliss.

LXXII

Oft when my spirit doth spread her bolder
wings,
In mind to mount up to the purest sky,
It down is weighed with thought of earthly
things,
And clogged with burden of mortality
Where, when that sovereign beauty it doth
spy,
Resembling heaven's glory in her light,

Drawn with sweet pleasures' bait, it back
doth fly,
And unto heaven forgets her former flight.
There my frail fancy, fed with full delight,
Doth bathe in bliss, and mantleth most at
ease;
Nor thinks of other heaven, but how it
might
Her heart's desire with most contentment
please.
Heart need not wish none other happi-
ness,
But here on earth to have such heaven's
bliss.

LXXV

One day I wrote her name upon the strand,
But came the waves and washèd it away;
Again I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tide and made my pains his
prey.
"Vain man," said she, "that dost in vain
assay
A mortal thing so to immortalize:
For I myself shall like to this decay,
And eke my name be wipèd out likewise."
"Not so," quoth I, "let baser things
devise
To die in dust, but you shall live by
fame,
My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,
And in the heavens write your glorious
name:
Where, whenas Death shall all the
world subdue,
Our love shall live, and later life
renew."

1595

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY
(1554-1586)

SONNETS, FROM
"ASTROPHEL AND STELLA"

I

Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love
to show,
That she, dear she, might take some
pleasure of my pain, —
Pleasure might cause her read, reading
might make her know,
Knowledge might pity win, and pity
grace obtain, —

I sought fit words to paint the blackest
 face of woe, 5
 Studying inventions fine, her wits to
 entertain,
 Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence
 would flow
 Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my
 sunburned brain.
 But words came halting forth, wanting
 Invention's stay;
 Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame
 Study's blows; 10
 And others' feet still seemed but strangers
 in my way.
 Thus, great with child to speak, and help-
 less in my throes,
 Biting my truant pen, beating myself
 for spite;
 "Fool," said my Muse to me, "look in
 thy heart, and write!"

XXXI

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st
 the skies!
 How silently, and with how wan a face!
 What, may it be that even in heavenly
 place
 That busy archer his sharp arrows tries!
 Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted
 eyes 5
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's
 case;
 I read it in thy looks: thy languished
 grace
 To me, that feel the like, thy state de-
 scribes.
 Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
 Is constant love deemed there but want
 of wit? 10
 Are beauties there as proud as here they
 be?
 Do they above love to be loved, and yet
 Those lovers scorn whom that love doth
 possess?
 Do they call virtue there ungrateful-
 ness?

XXXIX

Come, Sleep! O Sleep, the certain knot of
 peace,
 The baiting-place of wit, the balm of
 woe,
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's
 release,

Th' indifferent judge between the high and
 low;
 With shield of proof shield me from out
 the prease 5
 Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth
 throw:
 O make in me those civil wars to cease;
 I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
 Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest
 bed,
 A chamber deaf of noise and blind of
 light, 10
 A rosy garland and a weary head:
 And if these things, as being thine in right,
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt
 in me,
 Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image
 see. 1591

MICHAEL DRAYTON
(1563-1631)

SINCE THERE'S NO HELP

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and
 part,
 Nay I have done, you get no more of me;
 And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,
 That thus so cleanly I myself can free;
 Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows, 5
 And when we meet at any time again,
 Be it not seen in either of our brows
 That we one jot of former love retain.
 Now at the last gasp of Love's latest
 breath,
 When his pulse failing, Passion speechless
 lies, 10
 When Faith is kneeling by his bed of
 death,
 And Innocence is closing up his eyes:
 Now if thou would'st, when all have
 given him over,
 From death to life thou might'st him
 yet recover.

AGINCOURT

Fair stood the wind for France,
 When we our sails advance,
 Nor now to prove our chance
 Longer will tarry,
 But putting to the main, 5
 At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
 With all his martial train,
 Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort, Furnished in warlike sort, Marcheth towards Agincourt In happy hour; Skirmishing day by day With those that stopp'd his way, Where the French gen'ral lay With all his power:	10	They now to fight are gone, Armor on armor shone, Drum now to drum did groan, To hear was wonder; That with the cries they make The very earth did shake, Trumpet to trumpet spake, Thunder to thunder.	60
Which in his height of pride, King Henry to deride, His ransom to provide Unto him sending; Which he neglects the while, As from a nation vile, Yet with an angry smile, Their fall portending;	20	Well it thine age became, O noble Erpingham, Which didst the signal aim To our hid forces; When from a meadow by, Like a storm suddenly, The English archery Stuck the French horses.	65 70
And, turning to his men, Quoth our brave Henry then, "Though they to one be ten, Be not amazed; Yet have we well begun, Battles so bravely won Have ever to the sun By fame been raised.	25 30	With Spanish yew so strong, Arrows a cloth-yard long, That like to serpents stung, Piercing the weather; None from his fellow starts, But, playing manly parts; And like true English hearts, Stuck close together.	75 80
"And for myself," quoth he, "This my full rest shall be, England ne'er mourn for me, Nor more esteem me. Victor I will remain, Or on this earth lie slain, Never shall she sustain Loss to redeem me.	35 40	When down their bows they threw, And forth their bilbos drew, And on the French they flew, Not one was tardy: Arms were from shoulders sent, Scalps to the teeth were rent, Down the French peasants went: Our men were hardy.	85
"Poitiers and Cressy tell, When most their pride did swell, Under our swords they fell; No less our skill is Than when our grandsire great, Claiming the regal seat, By many a warlike feat Lopp'd the French lilies."	45	This while our noble king, His broadsword brandishing, Down the French host did ding, As to o'erwhelm it; And many a deep wound lent, His arms with blood besprent, And many a cruel dent Bruisèd his helmet.	90 95
The Duke of York so dread, The eager vaward led; With the main Henry sped, Among his henchmen. Excester had the rear, A braver man not there, O Lord, how hot they were On the false Frenchmen.	50 55	Gloucester, that duke so good, Next of the royal blood, For famous England stood, With his brave brother; Clarence, in steel so bright, Though but a maiden knight, Yet in that furious fight Scarce such another.	100

Warwick in blood did wade, 105
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
 Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby 110
Bare them right doughtily,
 Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's Day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay 115
 To England to carry.
O when shall English men
With such acts fill a pen?
Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry? 120
1605

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE
(1564–1593)

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountains, yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
 Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies, 10
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love. 20

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

WHAT IS BEAUTY?

If all the pens that ever poets held
Had fed the feeling of their masters'
thoughts,
And every sweetness that inspired their
hearts,
Their minds, and muses on admir'd
themes:
If all the heavenly quintessence they
still 5
From their immortal flowers of poesy,
Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit;
If these had made one poem's period,
And all combined in beauty's worthi-
ness, 10
Yet should there hover in their restless
heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at
the least,
Which into words no virtue can digest.
1587, 1590

THE FAREWELL OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS

Faust. Ah, Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damned per-
petually!
Stand still, ye ever-moving spheres of
Heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never
come; 5
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again and
make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his
soul!
O lente, lente, currite noctis equi! 10
The stars move still, time runs, the clock
will strike,
The Devil will come, and Faustus must be
damned.
O, I'll leap up to my God! Who pulls me
down?
See, see where Christ's blood streams in
the firmament!
One drop would save my soul — half a
drop: ah, my Christ! 15
Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my
Christ!
Yet will I call on him: O spare me,
Lucifer! —

Where is it now? 'tis gone; and see where
God

Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his
ireful brows!

Mountain and hills come, come and fall on
me, 20

And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
No! no!

Then will I headlong run into the earth;
Earth gape! O no, it will not harbour me!

You stars that reigned at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and

hell, 25

Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist
Into the entrails of yon labouring clouds,

That when they vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from their smoky

mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to

Heaven. 30

(The clock strikes the half hour.)

Ah, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past
anon!

O God!

If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake whose blood hath
ransomed me,

Impose some end to my incessant pain; 35
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand

years —
A hundred thousand, and — at last — be

saved!
O, no end is limited to damnèd souls!

Why wert thou not a creature wanting
soul?

Or why is this immortal that thou hast? 40
Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis! were

that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be

changed
Unto some brutish beast! all beasts are

happy,
For, when they die,

Their souls are soon dissolved in ele-
ments; 45

But mine must live, still to be plagued in
hell.

Curst be the parents that engendered me!
No, Faustus: curse thyself: curse Lucifer

That hath deprived thee of the joys of
Heaven.

(The clock strikes twelve.)

O, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn
to air, 50

Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.

(Thunder and lightning.)

O soul, be changed into little water-
drops,

And fall into the ocean — ne'er be found.
(Enter Devils.)

My God! my God! look not so fierce on
me!

Adders and serpents, let me breathe
awhile! 55

Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books! — Ah Mephistophilis!

(Exit Devils with Faustus.)

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Cut is the branch that might have
grown full straight,

And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough,
That sometime grew within this learned

man. 60

Faustus is gone; regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the

wise
Only to wonder at unlawful things,

Whose deepness doth entice such forward
wits

To practise more than heavenly power
permits. 65

1588 (?)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

(1564–1616)

SONGS FROM THE PLAYS

SILVIA, from "Two Gentlemen of Verona"

Who is Silvia? what is she,

That all our swains commend her?

Holy, fair, and wise is she;

The heaven such grace did lend her,

That she might admirèd be. 5

Is she kind as she is fair?

For beauty lives with kindness.

Love doth to her eyes repair

To help him of his blindness,

And, being help'd, inhabits there. 10

Then to Silvia let us sing,

That Silvia is excelling;

She excels each mortal thing

Upon the dull earth dwelling:

To her let us garlands bring. 15

1592

FANCY, from "The Merchant of Venice"

Tell me where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes; 5
With gazing fed; and Fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring Fancy's knell;
I'll begin it, — Ding, dong, bell.
— Ding, dong, bell. 10

1596

SIGH NO MORE, from "Much Ado
About Nothing"

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more!
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so, but let them go, 5
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny!

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe
Of dumps so dull and heavy! 10
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy:
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe 15
Into Hey nonny, nonny!

1598

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE, from
"As You Like It"

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither! come hither! come hither! 5
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun, 10
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither! come hither! come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy 15
But winter and rough weather.

1599

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND,
from "As You Like It"

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen, 5
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green
holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving
mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly. 10

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp 15
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green
holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving
mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly. 20

O MISTRESS MINE,
from "Twelfth Night"

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear! your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers meeting — 5
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty, — 10
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.
1600

DIRGE OF LOVE, from "Twelfth Night"

Come away, come away, Death!
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew, 5
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be
strown; 10

Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be
thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave, 15
To weep there!

1600

TAKE, O, TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY,
from "Measure for Measure"

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again, bring again; 5
Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in
vain.

1603

DAWN SONG, from "Cymbeline"

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate
sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin 5
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise!
Arise, arise! 1609

DIRGE, from "Cymbeline"

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must, 5
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak: 10
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash; 15
Thou hast finished joy and moan:

All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee! 20
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!
1609

A SEA DIRGE, from "The Tempest"

Full fathom five thy father lies:
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change 5
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Ding-dong!
Hark! now I hear them, — Ding-dong,
bell!

1611

ARIEL'S SONG, from "The Tempest"

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily. 3
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the
bough.

1611

SONNETS

XVIII

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more tem-
perate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds
of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a
date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven
shines, 5
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd:
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course,
untrimm'd.
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou
owest; 10

Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in
his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou
growest: —
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XXIX

When in disgrace with fortune and men's
eyes
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless
cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope, 5
Featured like him, like him with friends
possest,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's
scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost de-
spising,
Haply I think on thee — and then my
state, 10
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's
gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd, such
wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with
kings.

XXX

When to the sessions of sweet silent
thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's
waste;
Then can I drown an eye, unused to
flow, 5
For precious friends hid in death's dateless
night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancel'd
woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd
sight;
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er 10
The sad account of fore-bemoan'd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before:
— But if the while I think on thee, dear
Friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

XXXIII

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign
eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows
green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly al-
chemy,
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride 5
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this dis-
grace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendor on my
brow; 10
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine;
The region cloud hath masked him from
me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit dis-
daineth;
Suns of the world may stain, when
heaven's sun staineth.

LIV

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous
seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth
give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a 5
dye
As the perfum'd tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their mask'd buds
discloses;
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwooded and unrespected
fade, 10
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors
made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distills
your truth.

LV

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rime;
But you shall shine more bright in these
contents
Than unswept stone besmeared with
sluttish time.

When wasteful war shall statues over-
 turn, 5
 And broils root out the work of masonry,
 Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire
 shall burn
 The living record of your memory.
 'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
 Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still
 find room 10
 Even in the eyes of all posterity
 That wear this world out to the ending
 doom.
 So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LX

Like as the waves make towards the
 pebbled shore,
 So do our minutes hasten to their end;
 Each changing place with that which goes
 before,
 In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
 Nativity, once in the main of light, 5
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being
 crowned,
 Crookèd eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
 And Time that gave doth now his gift
 confound.
 Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
 And delves the parallels in beauty's
 brow, 10
 Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to
 mow:
 And yet to times in hope my verse shall
 stand,
 Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXIV

When I have seen by Time's fell hand de-
 faced
 The rich proud cost of outworn buried
 age;
 When sometime lofty towers I see down-
 razed,
 And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain 5
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
 And the firm soil win of the watery
 main,
 Increasing store with loss and loss with
 store;
 When I have seen such interchange of
 state,

Or state itself confounded to decay; 10
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,
 That Time will come and take my love
 away.
 This thought is as a death, which can-
 not choose
 But weep to have that which it fears to
 lose.

LXV

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor
 boundless sea,
 But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
 How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
 Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
 O how shall summer's honey breath hold
 out 5
 Against the wreckful siege of battering
 days,
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout
 Nor gates of steel so strong, but time
 decays?
 O fearful meditation! where, alack!
 Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest
 lie hid? 10
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift
 foot back,
 Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
 O! none, unless this miracle have might,
 That in black ink my love may still shine
 bright.

LXVI

Tired with all these, for restful death
 I cry —
 As, to behold desert a beggar born,
 And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
 And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
 And gilded honor shamefully mis-
 placed, 5
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
 And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
 And strength by limping sway disabled,
 And art made tongue-tied by authority,
 And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill, 10
 And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
 And captive Good attending captain Ill: —
 — Tired with all these, from these would
 I be gone,
 Save that, to die, I leave my Love alone.

LXXI

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell

Give warning to the world, that I am
 fled
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to
 dwell;
 Nay, if you read this line, remember
 not
 The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be
 forgot
 If thinking on me then should make you
 woe.
 O if, I say, you look upon this verse
 When I perhaps compounded am with
 clay,
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
 But let your love even with my life decay;
 Lest the wise world should look into your
 moan,
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXIII

That time of year thou mayst in me be-
 hold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do
 hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against
 the cold,
 Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet
 birds sang.
 In me thou see'st the twilight of such
 day
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,
 Which by and by black night doth take
 away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in
 rest.
 In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
 Consumed with that which it was nour-
 ished by.
 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy
 love more strong,
 To love that well which thou must leave
 ere long.

XCVII

How like a winter hath my absence been
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting
 year!
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days
 seen!
 What old December's bareness every
 where!

And yet this time removed was summer's
 time,
 The teeming autumn, big with rich in-
 crease,
 Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
 Like widow'd wombs after their lords'
 decease:
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
 But hope of orphans and unfather'd
 fruit;
 For summer and his pleasures wait on
 thee,
 And, thou away, the very birds are
 mute;
 Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer
 That leaves look pale, dreading the
 winter's near.

XCVIII

From you have I been absent in the
 spring,
 When proud-pied April dressed in all his
 trim
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
 That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped
 with him.
 Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet
 smell
 Of different flowers in odor and in hue
 Could make me any summer's story tell,
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where
 they grew;
 Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the
 rose;
 They were but sweet, but figures of de-
 light,
 Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
 Yet seemed it winter still, and, you
 away,
 As with your shadow, I with these did
 play.

CVI

When in the chronicle of wasted time
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
 In praise of ladies dead, and lovely
 knights;
 Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's
 best
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
 I see their antique pen would have exprest
 Ev'n such a beauty as you master now.

So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all, you prefiguring; 10
And for they look'd but with divining
eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to
sing:
For we, which now behold these present
days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to
praise.

CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark 5
That looks on tempests and is never
shaken;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his
height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips
and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass
come; 10
Love alters not with his brief hours and
weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXIX

What potions have I drunk of Siren
tears,
Distilled from limbeckes fowl as hell
within,
Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart com-
mitted, 5
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed
never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres
been fitted
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better; 10
And ruined love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far
greater.
So I return rebuked to my content,
And gain by ills thrice more than I have
spent.

CXLIV

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me
still:
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman, color'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil 5
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a
devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turned
fiend
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell; 10
But being both from me, both to each
friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell:
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in
doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.
1595-1605, 1609

BEN JONSON
(1573-1637)

HYMN TO DIANA

Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light, 5
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close: 10
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart
And thy crystal-shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart 15
Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright.
1601

SONG TO CELIA

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.

The thirst that from the soul doth rise 5
 Doth ask a drink divine;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honoring thee 10
 As giving it a hope, that there
 It could not withered be.
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me;
 Since when it grows, and smells, I
 swear, 15
 Not of itself, but thee.

1616

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED
 MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy
 name,
 Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
 While I confess thy writings to be such,
 As neither Man nor Muse can praise too
 much.
 'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But
 these ways 5
 Were not the paths I meant unto thy
 praise;
 For silliest ignorance on these may light,
 Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes
 right;
 Or blind affection, which doth ne'er
 advance
 The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by
 chance; 10
 Or crafty malice might pretend this
 praise,
 And think to ruin where it seemed to
 raise. . . .
 But thou art proof against them and,
 indeed,
 Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
 I therefore will begin: Soul of the age! 15
 The applause, delight, the wonder of our
 stage!
 My SHAKESPEARE, rise! I will not lodge
 thee by
 Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
 A little further, to make thee a room:
 Thou art a monument without a tomb, 20
 Thou art alive still while thy book doth
 live,
 And we have wits to read, and praise to
 give.

That I not mix thee so my brain excuses,—
 I mean with great but disproportioned
 Muses;
 For if I thought my judgment were of
 years, 25
 I should commit thee surely with thy
 peers,
 And tell how far thou didst our Lyly out-
 shine,
 Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty
 line.
 And though thou hadst small Latin and
 less Greek,
 From thence to honour thee I would not
 seek 30
 For names, but call forth thund'ring
 Æschylus,
 Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
 Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
 To life again, to hear thy buskin tread,
 And shake a stage; or when thy socks were
 on, 35
 Leave thee alone for a comparison
 Of all that insolent Greece or haughty
 Rome
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes
 come.
 Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to
 show,
 To whom all scenes of Europe homage
 owe. 40
 He was not of an age, but for all time!
 And all the Muses still were in their prime,
 When, like Apollo, he came forth to
 warm
 Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.
 Nature herself was proud of his designs 45
 And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines,
 Which were so richly spun, and woven so
 fit,
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit:
 The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not
 please, 50
 But antiquated and deserted lie,
 As they were not of Nature's family.
 Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,
 My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part:
 For though the poet's matter nature be, 55
 His art doth give the fashion; and that he
 Who casts to write a living line must
 sweat,
 (Such as thine are) and strike the second
 heat

Upon the Muses' anvil, turn the same
(And himself with it) that he thinks to
frame. 60

Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn;
For a good poet's made, as well as born.
And such wert thou; look how the father's
face

Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners
brightly shines 65

In his well turned and true filed lines,
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear, 70
And make those flights upon the banks of
Thames,

That so did take Eliza and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Star of poets, and with
rage 75

Or influence chide or cheer the drooping
stage,

Which, since thy flight from hence, hath
mourned like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's
light. 1623

FRANCIS BEAUMONT
(1584-1616)

EVEN SUCH IS MAN

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood, 5
Or bubbles which on water stood:
Even such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in and paid to night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The spring intombed in autumn lies; 10
The dew's dried up, the star is shot,
The light is past, and man forgot.

1640

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER
ABBEY

Mortality, behold and fear!
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within this heap of stones;

Here they lie had realms and lands, 5
Who now want strength to stir their hands;
Where from their pulpits sealed with dust
They preach, "In greatness is no trust."

Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest, royal'st seed 10
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin;
Here the bones of birth have cried,
"Though gods they were, as men they
died."

Here are sands, ignoble things, 15
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings.
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

1653

JOHN FLETCHER
(1579-1625)

CARE-CHARMING SLEEP

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all
woes,

Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince; fall like a cloud
In gentle showers; give nothing that is
loud

Or painful to his slumbers; easy, sweet, 5
And as a purling stream, thou son of
Night,

Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain
Like hollow murmuring wind or silver
rain;

Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride. 10
1619(?)

DIRGE

Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear;
Say, I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm 5
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

1622

SWEETEST MELANCHOLY

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!

There's nought in this life sweet,
 If man were wise to see't, 5
 But only melancholy;
 O sweetest melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms and fixed eyes,
 A sigh that piercing mortifies,
 A look that's fastened to the ground, 10
 A tongue chained up without a sound.
 Fountain heads and pathless groves,
 Places which pale Passion loves;
 Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
 Are warmly housed save bats and
 owls. 15
 A midnight bell, a parting groan,
 These are the sounds we feed upon.
 Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy
 valley;
 Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely
 melancholy.

c. 1624, 1647

JOHN WEBSTER

(dates unknown; flourished 1602-1624)

A DIRGE

Call for the robin-redbreast and the
 wren,
 Since o'er shady groves they hover,
 And with leaves and flowers do cover
 The friendless bodies of unburied men.
 Call unto his funeral dole 5
 The ant, the field-mouse, and the
 mole,
 To rear him hillocks that shall keep him
 warm,
 And, when gay tombs are robbed, sustain
 no harm;
 But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to
 men,
 For with his nails he'll dig them up
 again. 10

1612

THOMAS NORTH (1535?-1601?)

PLUTARCH'S "ALEXANDER THE GREAT"

Early Years

SHORTLY after that King Philip had won the city of Potidæa,¹ three messengers came to him the same day that brought him great news. The first, that Parmenio² had won a notable battle of the Illyrians:³ the second, that his horse only won the bell and prize⁴ at the Olympian Games: and the third, that his wife had brought him a son called Alexander. Philip being marvellous glad to hear these news, the soothsayers did make his joy yet greater: assuring him that his son which was born with three victories all together, should be invincible.

Now for his stature and personage, the statues and images made of him by Lysippus⁵ do best declare it, for that he would be drawn of no man but him only. Divers of his successors and friends did afterwards counterfeit his image, but that excellent workman Lysippus only, of all other the chiefest, hath perfectly drawn and resembled Alexander's manner of holding his neck, somewhat hanging down towards the left side, and also the sweet

look and cast of his eyes. But when Apelles⁶ painted Alexander, holding lightning in his hand, he did not show his fresh colour, but made him somewhat black and swarther than his face indeed was: for naturally he had a very fair white colour mingled also with red, which chiefly appeared in his face and in his breast. I remember I read also in the commentaries of Aristoxenus,⁷ that his skin had a marvellous good savour, and that his breath was very sweet, insomuch that his body had so sweet a smell of itself, that all the apparel he wore next unto his body, took thereof a passing⁸ delightful savour, as if it had been perfumed. And the cause hereof peradventure might be, the very temperature and constitution of his body, which was hot and burning like fire. For Theophrastus⁹ is of opinion, that the sweet savour cometh by means of the heat that dryeth up the moisture of the body. By which reason also it appeareth, that the dry and hot countries parched with heat of the sun, are those that deliver unto us the best spices: because that the sun

dryeth up the moisture of the outward parts, as a matter of corruption. This natural heat that Alexander had, made him (as it appeareth) to be given to drink, and to be hasty. . . . But on the other side, the ambition and desire he had of honour, showed a certain greatness of mind and noble courage, passing his years. For he was not (as his father Philip) desirous of all kind of glory: who like a rhetorician had a delight to utter his eloquence, and stamped in his coins the victories he had won at the Olympian Games, by the swift running of his horse and coaches. For when he was asked one day (because he was swift of foot) whether he would assay to run for victory at the Olympian Games: "I could be content," said he, "so I might run with kings." And yet to speak generally, he disliked all such contention for games. For it seemeth that he utterly disliked all wrestling and other exercise for prize, where men did use all their strength: but otherwise he himself made certain festival days and games of prize, for common stage-players, musicians, and singers, and for the very poets also. He delighted also in hunting of divers kinds of beasts, and playing at the staff.¹⁰

Ambassadors being sent on a time from the King of Persia, whilst his father was in some journey out of his realm: Alexander familiarly entertaining of them, so won them with his courteous entertainment (for that he used no childish questions unto them, nor asked them trifling matters, but what distance it was from one place to another, and which way they went into the high countries of Asia, and of the King of Persia himself, how he was towards his enemies, and what power he had) that he did ravish them with delight to hear him, inasmuch that they made no more account¹¹ of Philip's eloquence and sharp wit, in respect of his son's courage, and noble mind, to attempt great enterprises. For when they brought him news that his father had taken some famous city, or had won some great battle, he was nothing glad to hear it, but would say to his playfellows: "Sirs, my father will have all, I shall have nothing left me to conquer with you that shall be ought worth." For he delighting neither in pleasure nor riches,

but only in valiantness and honour, thought, that the greater conquests and realms his father should leave him, the less he should have to do for himself. And therefore, seeing that his father's dominions and empire increased daily more and more, perceiving all occasion taken from him to do any great attempt: he desired no riches nor pleasure, but wars and battles, and aspired to a signory¹² where he might win honour.

He had divers men appointed him (as it is to be supposed) to bring him up: as schoolmasters, governors, and grooms of his chamber to attend upon him: and among those, Leonidas was the chiefest man that had the government and charge of him, a man of a severe disposition, and a kinsman also unto the Queen Olympias. He disliked to be called a master or tutor, though it be an office of good charge, whereupon the others called him Alexander's governor, because he was a noble man, and allied to the prince. But he that bore the name of his schoolmaster, was Lysimachus, an Acarnanian¹³ born, who had no other manner of civility in him, saying that he called himself Phoenix,¹⁴ Alexander Achilles, and Philip Peleus: and therefore he was well thought of, and was the second person next unto Leonidas.

At what time Philonicus Thessalian had brought Bucephal¹⁵ the horse to sell unto King Philip, asking thirteen talents, they went into the field to ride him. The horse was found so rough and churlish that the riders said he would never do service, for he would let no man get up on his back, nor abide any of the gentlemen's voices about King Philip, but would yerk¹⁶ out at them. Thereupon, Philip being afraid commanded them to carry him away as a wild beast, and altogether unprofitable: the which they had done, and not Alexander that stood by said, "O gods, what a horse do they turn away, for lack of skill and heart to handle him." Philip heard what he said, but held his peace. Alexander oft repeating his words, seeming to be sorry that they should send back the horse again: "Why," said Philip, "dost thou control them that have more experience than thou and that know better than thou how

to handle a horse?" Alexander answered, "And yet me thinks I should handle him better than all they have done." "But if thou canst not, no more than they," replied Philip: "what wilt thou forfeit for thy folly?" "I am content (quoth Alexander) to jeopard ¹⁷ the price of the horse." Every man laughed to hear his answer: and the wager was laid between them. Then ran Alexander to the horse, and took him by the bridle: and turned him towards the sun. It seemed that he had marked (as I suppose) how mad the horse was to see his own shadow, which was ever before him in his eye, as he stirred to and fro. Then Alexander speaking gently to the horse, and clapping him on the back with his hand, till he had left his fury and snorting: softly let fall his cloak from him, and lightly leaping on his back, got up without any danger, and holding the reins of the bridle hard, without striking or stirring the horse, made him to be gentle enough. Then when he saw that the fury of the horse was past, and that he began to gallop, he put him to his full career, and laid on spurs and voice a good.¹⁸ Philip at the first with fear beholding his son's agility, lest he should take some hurt, said never a word: but when he saw him readily turn the horse at the end of his career, in a bravery for that he had done, all the lookers-on gave a shout for joy. The father on the other side (as they say) fell a-weeping for joy. And when Alexander was lighted from the horse, he said unto him kissing his head: "O son, thou must needs have a realm that is meet for thee, for Macedon will not hold thee."

Furthermore, considering that of nature he was not to be won by extremity, and that by gentle means and persuasion he could make him do what he would: he ever sought rather to persuade than command him in anything he had to do. Now Philip putting no great affiance ¹⁹ in his schoolmasters of music and humanity, for the instruction and education of his son, whom he had appointed to teach him, but thinking rather that he needed men of greater learning than their capacities would reach unto: and that as Sophocles ²⁰ saith,

"He needed many reins, and many bits at once:"

he sent for Aristotle ²¹ (the greatest philosopher in his time, and best learned) to teach his son, unto whom he gave honorable stipend. For Philip having won and taken before, the city of Stagira, where Aristotle was born: for his sake he built it again, and replenished it with inhabitants which fled away, or otherwise were in bondage. He appointed them for a school-house and dwelling-place, the pleasant house that is by the city of Micza. In that place are yet seen seats of stone which Aristotle caused to be made, and close walks to walk in the shadow. It is thought also, that Alexander did not only learn of Aristotle, moral philosophy and humanity, but also he heard of him other more secret, hard, and grave doctrine, which Aristotle's scholars do properly call *Acroamata*, or *Epoptica*, meaning things speculative, which requireth the master's teaching to understand them, or else are kept from common knowledge: which sciences, they did not commonly teach. Alexander being passed into Asia, and hearing that Aristotle had put out certain books of that matter: for the honor's sake of philosophy, he wrote a letter unto him, somewhat too plain, and of this effect. *Alexander unto Aristotle greeting. Thou hast not done well to put forth the Acroamatical sciences. For wherein shall we excel other, if those things which thou hast secretly taught us, be made common to all? I do thee to understand,*²² *that I had rather excel others in excellency of knowledge, than in greatness of power. Farewell.* Whereunto Aristotle to pacify this his ambitious humour, wrote unto him again, that these books were published, and not published. For to say truly, in all his treatises which he called *μετὰ τὰ φυσικά*; ²³ there is no plain instruction profitable for any man, neither to pick out by himself, nor yet to be taught by any other, than Aristotle himself, or his scholars. So that it is written as a memorial for them that have been entered and brought up in the Peripatetic ²⁴ sect and doctrine.

It seemeth also, that it was Aristotle above all other, that made Alexander take delight to study physic. For Alexander did not only like the knowledge of speculation, but would exercise practice also,

and help his friends when they were sick: and made besides certain remedies, and rules to live by: as appeareth by his letters he wrote, that of his own nature he was much given to his book, and desired to read much. He learned also the Iliads of Homer, of Aristotle's correction, which they call *τὴν ἐκ τοῦ νάρθηκος*,²⁵ "the corrected," as having passed under the rule: and laid it every night under his bed's-head with his dagger, calling it (as Onesicrates writeth) the institution of martial discipline.

Expedition into Asia

Then the Grecians having assembled a general council of all the states of Greece within the straits of Peloponnesus: there it was determined that they would make war with the Persians. Whereupon they chose Alexander general for all Greece. Then divers men coming to visit Alexander, as well philosophers, as governors of states, to congratulate with him for his election, he looked that Diogenes¹ Sinopian (who dwelt at Corinth) would likewise come as the rest had done: but when he saw he made no reckoning of him, and that he kept still in the suburbs of Corinth, at a place called Craneum, he went himself unto him, and found him laid all along in the sun. When Diogenes saw so many coming towards him, he sat up a little, and looked full upon Alexander. Alexander courteously spake unto him, and asked him, if he lacked anything. "Yea," said he, "that I do: that thou stand out of my sun a little." Alexander was so well pleased with this answer, and marvelled so much at the great boldness of this man, to see how small account he made of him: that when he went his way from him, Alexander's familiars laughing at Diogenes, and mocking him, he told them: "Masters, say what you list, truly if I were not Alexander, I would be Diogenes."

Alexander being desirous to hear what the oracle of Apollo Delphian would say unto him touching the success of his journey into Asia: he went unto the city of Delphes. It chanced so, that he came thither in the days which they call unfortunate, on which days no man used to ask Apollo anything. This notwith-

standing, he sent first unto the nun which pronounced the oracles to pray her to come to him. But she refused to come, alleging the custom which forbade her to go. Thereupon, Alexander went thither himself in person, and brought her out by force into the temple. She seeing then that he would not be denied, but would needs have his will: told him, "My son, for that I see thou art invincible." Alexander hearing that, said he desired no other oracle, and that he had as much as he looked for. Afterwards when he was even ready to go on with his voyage, he had divers signs and tokens from the gods: and amongst other, an image of the poet Orpheus² made of cyprus, in the city of Libethra, in those days did sweat marvelously. Many men fearing that sign, Aristander the soothsayer bade Alexander be of good cheer, and hope well, for he should obtain noble victories that should never be forgotten, the which should make the poets and musicians sweat to write and sing them.

Then, for his army which he led with him, they that do set down the least number, say that they were thirty thousand footmen, and five thousand horsemen: and they that say more, do write, four-and-thirty thousand footmen, and four thousand horsemen. Aristobulus³ writeth, that Alexander had no more but three score and ten talents to pay his soldiers with: and Duris⁴ writeth, that he had no more provision of victuals, than for thirty days only. And Onesicritus⁵ saith moreover, that he did owe two hundred talents. Now, notwithstanding that he began this war with so small ability to maintain it, he would never take ship before he understood the state of his friends, to know what ability they had to go with him, and before he had given unto some, lands, and unto other, a town, and to others again, the custom of some haven. Thus by his bounty, having in manner spent almost the revenues of the crown of Macedon, Perdiccas⁶ asked him: "My lord, what will you keep for yourself?" "Hope," said he. "Then," quoth Perdiccas again, "we will also have some part, since we go with you:" and so refused the revenue which the king had given him for his pension.

Many others did also the like. But such as were contented to take his liberality, or would ask him anything, he gave them very frankly, and in such liberality spent all the revenue he had.

With this desire and determination, he went on to the strait of Hellespont, and going to the city of Ilium, he did sacrifice unto Diana, and made funeral effusions unto the demigods (to wit, unto the princes which died in the war of Troy, whose bodies were buried there) and specially unto Achilles, whose grave he anointed with oil, and ran naked round about it with his familiars, according to the ancient custom of funerals. Then he covered it with nosegays and flowers, saying, that Achilles was happy, who while he lived had a faithful friend ⁷ and after his death an excellent herald to sing his praise. When he had done, and went up and down the city to see all the monuments and notable things there: one asked him, if he would see Paris' harp. He answered again, he would very fain see Achilles' harp, who played and sung upon it all the famous acts done by valiant men in former times.

In the mean time, Darius King of Persia, having levied a great army, sent his captains and lieutenants to tarry Alexander at the river of Granicus.⁸ There was Alexander to fight of necessity, being the only bar to stop his entry into Asia. Moreover, the captains of his council about him, were afraid of the depth of this river, and of the height of the bank on the other side, which was very high and steep, and could not be won without fighting. And some said also, that he should have special care of the ancient regard of the month: because the kings of Macedon did never use to put their army into the field in the month of Dæsius, which is June. For that, said Alexander, we will remedy soon: let them call it the second month, Artemissius, which is May. Furthermore Parmenio was of opinion, that he should not meddle the first day, because it was very late. Alexander made answer again, that Hellespont would blush for shame, if he were now afraid to pass over the river, since he had already come over an arm of the sea.

Thereupon he himself first entered the river with thirteen guidons ⁹ of horsemen,

and marched forwards against an infinite number of arrows which the enemies shot at him, as he was coming up the other bank, which was very high and steep, and worst of all, full of armed men and horsemen of the enemies: which stayed to receive him in battle ray,¹⁰ thrusting his men down into the river, which was very deep, and ran so swift, that it almost carried them down the stream: insomuch that men thought him more rash than wise, to lead his men with such danger. This notwithstanding, he was so wilfully bent that he would needs over, and in the end with great ado recovered the other side, specially because the earth slid away, by reason of the mud. So when he was over, he was driven to fight pell-mell one upon another, because his enemies did set upon the first that were passed over, before they could put themselves into battle ray, with great cries, keeping their horses very close together, and fought first with their darts, and afterwards came to the sword when their darts were broken. Then many of them set upon him alone, for he was easily to be known above the rest by his shield and the hinder part of his helmet, above the which, there hung from the one side to the other, a marvellous fair white plume. Alexander had a blow with a dart on his thigh but it hurt him not. Thereupon Rhesaces and Spithridates, both two chief captains of the Persians, setting upon Alexander at once, he left the one, and riding straight to Rhesaces, who was excellently armed, he gave him such a blow with his lance, that he brake it in his hand, and straight drew out his sword. But so soon as they two had closed together, Spithridates coming at the one side of him, raised himself upon his stirrups and gave Alexander with all his might such a blow on his head with a battle-axe, that he cut the crest off his helmet, and one of the sides off his plume, and made such a gash, that the edge of his battle-axe touched the very hair of his head. And as he was lifting up his hand to strike Alexander again, great Clitus¹¹ preventing¹² him, thrust him through with a partisan,¹³ and at the very same instant, Rhesaces also fell dead from his horse with a wound which Alexander gave him with his sword.

Now whilst the horsemen fought with such fury, the squadron of the battle¹⁴ of footmen of the Macedonians had passed the river, and both the battles began to march one against the other. The Persians stuck not manfully to it any long time, but straight turned their backs and fled, saving the Grecians which took pay of King Darius: they drew together upon a hill, and craved mercy of Alexander. But Alexander setting upon them, more of will than discretion, had his horse killed under him, being thrust through the flank with a sword. This was not Bucephal, but another horse he had. All his men that were slain or hurt at this battle, were hurt amongst them valiantly fighting against desperate men. It is reported that there were slain at this first battle, twenty thousand footmen of these barbarous people, and two thousand five hundred horsemen. Of Alexander's side, Aristobulus writeth, that there were slain four-and-thirty men in all, of the which, twelve of them were footmen. Alexander to honor their valiantness, caused every one of their images to be made in brass by Lysippus. And because he would make the Grecians partakers of this victory, he sent unto the Athenians three hundred of their targets¹⁵ which he had won at the battle, and generally upon all the other spoils, he put this honorable inscription: *Alexander the son of Philip, and the Grecians, excepting the Lacedæmonians, have won this spoil upon the barbarous Asians.* As for plate of gold or silver, also purple silks, or other such precious ware which he got among the Persians: he sent them all unto his mother, a few except.

This first victory of Alexander brought such a sudden change amongst the barbarous people in Alexander's behalf, that the city self of Sardis, the chief city of the empire of the barbarous people, or at the least through all the low countries and coasts upon the sea, they yielded straight unto him, saving the cities of Halicarnassus¹⁶ and Miletus,¹⁷ which did still resist him: howbeit at length he took them by force. When he had also conquered all thereabouts, he stood in doubt afterwards what he were best to determine. Sometime he had a marvellous desire, hotly to

follow Darius wheresoever he were, and to venture all at a battle. Another time again, he thought it better first to occupy himself in conquering of these low countries, and to make himself strong with the money and riches he should find among them, that he might afterwards be the better able to follow him. In the country of Lydia near unto the city Xanthus, they say there is a spring that brake of itself, and overflowing the banks about it, cast out a little table of copper from the bottom, upon the which were graved certain characters in old letters, which said: That the kingdom of the Persians should be destroyed by the Grecians. This did further so encourage Alexander, that he made haste to clear all the sea coast, even as far as Cilicia and Phœnicia.¹⁸

But the wonderful good success he had, running alongst all the coast of Pamphylia,¹⁹ gave divers historiographers occasion to set forth his doings with admiration, saying that it was one of the wonders of the world, that the fury of the sea, which unto all other was extreme rough, and many times would swell over the tops of the high rocks upon the cliffs, fell calm unto him. And it appeareth that Menander²⁰ himself in a comedy of his doth witness this wonderful happiness of Alexander, when merrily he sayeth: —

“O great Alexander, how great is thy state?

For thou with thy self maist²¹ thus justly debate.

If any man living I list for to call,
He cometh and humbly before me doth fall.

And if through the surges my journey do lie,

The waves give me way, and the sea becomes dry.”

Yet Alexander himself simply writeth in his epistles (without any great wonder) that by sea he passed a place called the Ladder,²² and that to pass there, he took ship in the city of Phaselis. There he remained many days, and when he saw the image of Theodectes²³ Phaselitan, standing in the market-place, he went in a dance thither one evening after supper, and cast

flowers and garlands upon his image, honoring the memory of the dead, though it seemed but in sport, for that he was his companion when he lived, by means of Aristotle and his philosophy. After that he overcame also the Pisidians, who thought to have resisted him, and conquered all Phrygia besides.

There in the city of Gordius, which is said to be the ancient seat of King Midas, he saw the chariot that is so much spoken of, which is bound with the bark of a cornel²⁴ tree, and it was told him for a truth, of the barbarous people, that they believed it as a prophecy: that whosoever could undo the band off that bark, was certainly ordained to be king of all the world. It is commonly reported, that Alexander proving to undo that band, and finding no ends to undo it by, they were so many fold wreathed one within the other: he drew out his sword, and cut the knot in the midst. So that then many ends appeared. But Aristobulus writeth, that he had quickly undone the knot by taking the bolt out of the ax-tree,²⁵ which holdeth the beam and body of the chariot, and so severed them asunder.

Departing thence, he conquered the Paphlagonians and Cappadocians, and understood of the death of Memnon, that was Darius' general of his army by sea, and in whom was all their hope to trouble and withstand Alexander: whereupon he was the bolder to go on with his determination to lead his army into the high countries of Asia. Then did King Darius himself come against Alexander, having levied a great power at Susa,²⁶ of six hundred thousand fighting men, trusting to that multitude, and also to a dream, the which his wizards had expounded rather to flatter him, than to tell him truly. Darius dreamed that he saw all the army of the Macedonians on a fire, and Alexander serving of him in the self same attire that he himself wore when he was one of the chamber unto the late king his predecessor: and that when he came into the temple of Belus,²⁷ he suddenly vanished from him. By this dream it plainly appeared, that the gods did signify unto him, that the Macedonians should have noble success in their doings, and that Alexander should conquer

all Asia, even as King Darius had done, when he was but Asgandes²⁸ unto the king: and that shortly after, he should end his life with great honor. This furthermore made him bold also, when he saw that Alexander remained a good while in Cilicia, supposing it had been for that he was afraid of him. Howbeit it was by reason of a sickness he had the which some say he got by extreme pains and travel, and others also, because he washed himself in the river of Cydnus,²⁹ which was cold as ice. Howsoever it came, there was none of the other physicians that durst undertake to cure him, thinking his disease incurable, and no medicines to prevail that they could give him, the fearing also that the Macedonians would lay it to their charge, if Alexander miscarried. But Philip Acarnanian, considering his master was very ill, and bearing himself of his love and good-will towards him, thought he should not do that became him, if he did not prove (seeing him in extremity and danger of life) the utmost remedies of physic, what danger soever he put himself into: and therefore took upon him to minister physic unto Alexander, and persuaded him to drink it boldly if he would quickly be whole, and go to the wars. In the meantime, Parmenio wrote him a letter from the camp, advertising him, that he should beware of Philip his physician, for he was bribed and corrupted by Darius, with large promises of great riches, that he would give him with his daughter in marriage, to kill his master. Alexander when he had read this letter, laid it under his bed's head, and made none of his nearest familiars acquainted therewith. When the hour came that he should take his medicine, Philip came into his chamber with other of the king's familiars, and brought a cup in his hand with the potion he should drink. Alexander then gave him the letter, and withal, cheerfully took the cup of him, showing no manner of fear or mistrust of anything. It was a wonderful thing and worth the sight, how one reading the letter, and the other drinking the medicine both at one instant, they looked one upon another, howbeit not both with like cheerful countenance. For Alexander looked merrily upon him, plainly showing

the trust he had in his physician Philip, and how much he loved him: and the physician also beheld Alexander like a man perplexed and amazed, to be so falsely accused, and straight lift up his hands to heaven, calling the gods to witness that he was innocent, and then came to Alexander's bedside, and prayed him to be of good cheer, and boldly to do as he would advise him. The medicine beginning to work, overcame the disease, and drove for the time, to the lowest parts of his body, all his natural strength and powers: inso-much as his speech failed him, and he fell into such a weakness, and almost swooning, that his pulse did scant beat, and his senses were well-near taken from him. But that being past Philip in few days recovered him again.

Now, when Alexander had gotten some strength, he showed himself openly unto the Macedonians: for they would not be pacified, nor persuaded of his health until they had seen him. In King Darius' camp, there was one Amyntas a Macedonian: and banished out of his country, who knew Alexander's disposition very well. He finding that Darius meant to meet with Alexander within the straits and valleys of the mountains, besought him to tarry rather where he was, being a plain open country round about him, considering that he had a great host of men to fight with a few enemies, and that it was most for his advantage to meet with him in the open field. Darius answered him again, that he was afraid of nothing but that he would fly, before he could come to him. Amyntas replied, "For that, O king, I pray you fear not: for I warrant you upon my life he will come to you, yea and is now onwards on his way coming towards you." All these persuasions of Amyntas could not turn Darius from making his camp to march towards Cilicia.

At the self same time also, Alexander went towards Syria to meet with him. But it chanced one night that the one of them missed of the other, and when day was come, they both returned back again: Alexander being glad of this hap, and making haste to meet with his enemy within the straits. Darius also seeking to win Alexander's lodging from whence he

came and to bring his army out of the straits, began then to find the fault and error committed, for that he had shut himself up in the straits, (holden in on the one side with the mountain, and on the other with the sea, and the river of Pin-darus that ran between both) and that he was driven to disperse his army into divers companies, in a stony and ill-favoured country, ill for horsemen to travel, being on the contrary side a great advantage for his enemies, which were excellent good footmen, and but few in number. But now, as fortune gave Alexander the field as he would wish it to fight for his advantage, so could he tell excellently well how to set his men in battle ray to win the victory. For albeit that Alexander had the less number by many than his enemy, yet he had such policy and cast with him, that he foresaw all, and would not be environed. For he did put out the right wing of his battle a great deal further, than he did his left wing, and fighting himself in the left wing in the foremost ranks, he made all the barbarous people fly that stood before him: howbeit, he was hurt on his thigh with a blow of a sword. Chares³⁰ writeth, that Darius self did hurt him, and that they fought together man to man. Notwithstanding Alexander self, writing of this battle unto Antipater³¹ sayeth, that indeed he was hurt on the thigh with a sword, howbeit he did put him in no danger: but he writeth not that Darius did hurt him.

Thus having won a famous victory, and slain above a hundred and ten thousand of his enemies, he could not yet take Darius because he fled having still four or five furlongs vantage before him: howbeit it took his chariot of battle wherein he fought, and his bow also. Then he returned from the chase, and found the Macedonians sacking and spoiling all the rest of the camp of the barbarous people, where there was infinite riches (although they had left the most part of their carriage behind them in the city of Damas,³² to come lighter to the battle) but yet reserved for himself King Darius' tent, which was full of a great number of officers, of rich movables, and of gold and silver.

So, when he was come to the camp,

putting off his armour, he entered into the bath and said: "Come on, let us go and wash off the sweat of the battle in Darius' own bath." "Nay," replied one of his familiars again, "in Alexander's bath: for the goods of the vanquished are rightly the vanquisher's." When he came into the bath, and saw the basins and ewers, the boxes, and vials for perfumes, all of clean gold, excellently wrought, all the chamber perfumed passing sweetly, that it was like a paradise: then going out of his bath, and coming into his tent, seeing it so stately and large, his bed, the table, and supper, and all ready in such sumptuous sort, that it was wonderful, he turned him unto his familiars and said: "This was a king indeed, was he not think ye?" As he was ready to go to his supper, word was brought him, that they were bringing unto him amongst other ladies taken prisoners, King Darius' mother and his wife, and two of his daughters unmarried: who having seen his chariot and bow, burst out into lamentable cries, and violent beating of themselves thinking Darius had been slain. Alexander paused a good while and gave no answer, pitying more their misfortune, than rejoicing at his own good hap. Then he presently sent one Leonatus unto them, to let them understand that Darius was alive, and that they should not need to be afraid of Alexander, for he did not fight with Darius, but for his kingdom only: and as for them, that they should have at his hands all that they had of Darius before, when he had his whole kingdom in his hands.

Death of Alexander

Now after that Alexander had left his trust and confidence in the gods, his mind was so troubled and afraid that no strange thing happened unto him (how little soever it was), but he took it straight for a sign and prediction from the gods: so that his tent was always full of priests and soothsayers that did nothing but sacrifice and purify, and tend unto divinations.¹ So horrible a thing is the mistrust and contempt of the gods, when it is begotten in the hearts of men, and superstition also so dreadful, that it filleth the guilty consciences and fearful hearts like water dis-

tilling from above: as at that time it filled Alexander with all folly, after that fear had once possessed him. This notwithstanding, after that he had received some answers touching Hephæstion² from the oracle of Jupiter Ammon, he left his sorrow, and returned again to his banquets and feasting. For he did sumptuously feast Nearchus,³ and one day when he came out of his bath according to his manner, being ready to go to bed, Medius one of his captains besought him to come to a banquet to him to his lodging. Alexander went thither, and drank there all that night and the next day, so that he got an ague by it. But that came not (as some write) by drinking up Hercules' cup all at a draught: neither for the sudden pain he felt between his shoulders, as if he had been thrust into the back with a spear.

For all these were thought to be written by some, for lies and fables, because they would have made the end of this great tragedy lamentable and pitiful. But Aristobulus writeth, that he had such an extreme fever and thirst withal, that he drank wine, and after that fell a-raving, and at the length died the thirtieth day of the month of June. In his household book of things passed daily, it is written, that his fever being upon him, he slept at his hothouse⁴ on the eighteenth day of June. The next morning after he was come out of his hothouse, he went into his chamber, and passed away all that day with Medius, playing at dice: and at night very late, after he had bathed himself and sacrificed unto the gods, he fell to meat, and had his fever that night. And the twentieth day also, bathing himself again, and making his ordinary sacrifice to the gods, he did sit down to eat within his stove,⁵ hearkening unto Nearchus that told him strange things he had seen in the great sea Oceanus.⁶ The one-and-twentieth day also having done the like as before, he was much more inflamed than he had been, and felt himself very ill all night, and the next day following in a great fever: and on that day he made his bed to be removed, and to be set up by the fish ponds, where he communed with his captains touching certain rooms⁷ that were void in his army, and commanded them not to place any

men that were not of good experience. The three-and-twentieth day having an extreme fever upon him, he was carried unto the sacrifices, and commanded that his chieftest captains only should remain in his lodging, and that the other meaner sort, as centiniers ⁸ or lieutenants of bands, that they should watch and ward without. The four-and-twentieth day, he was carried unto the other palace of the kings, which is on the other side of the lake, where he slept a little, but the fever never left him; and when his captains and noblemen came to do him humble reverence, and to see him, he lay speechless. So did he the five-and-twentieth day also: inso-much as the Macedonians thought he was

dead. Then they came and knocked at the palace gate, and cried out unto his friends and familiars, and threatened them, so that they were compelled to open them the gate. Thereupon the gates were opened, and they coming in their gowns went unto his bedside to see him. That self day Python and Seleucus were appointed by the king's friends to go to the temple of the god Serapis, to know if they should bring King Alexander thither. The god answered them, that they should not remove him from thence. The eight-and-twentieth day at night Alexander died. Thus it is written word for word in manner, in the household book of remembrance.

1579

RICHARD HAKLUYT (1553-1616)

THE LOSS OF SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

(From a report of the voyage and success thereof, attempted in the year of our Lord, 1583, by Sir Humphrey Gilbert, knight, with other gentlemen assisting him in that action, intended to discover and to plant Christian inhabitants in place convenient, upon those large and ample countries extended northward from the cape of Florida, lying under very temperate climes, esteemed fertile and rich in minerals, yet not in the actual possession of any Christian prince, written by Mr. Edward Haue, gentleman, and principal actor in the same voyage, who alone continued to the end, and by God's special assistance returned home with his retinue safe and entire.)

So upon Saturday in the afternoon, the 31st of August, we changed our course and returned back for England, at which very instant, even in winding about, there passed along between us and towards the land which we now forsook, a very lion to our seeming, in shape, hair, and color, not swimming after the manner of a beast, by moving of his feet, but rather sliding upon the water with his whole body (excepting the legs) in sight; neither yet diving under, and again rising above the water, as the manner is of whales, dolphins, tunnies, porpoises, and all other fish, but confidently showing himself above water without hiding. Notwithstanding, we presented ourselves in open view and gesture to amaze¹ him, as all creatures will be commonly at a sudden gaze and sight of men. Thus he passed along turning his head to and fro, yawning and gaping wide, with ugly demonstration of long teeth and

glaring eyes, and to bid us a farewell (coming right against the *Hind*) he sent forth a horrible voice, roaring or bellowing as doth a lion, which spectacle we all beheld so far as we were able to discern the same, as men prone to wonder at every strange thing, as this doubtless was, to see a lion in the ocean sea, or fish in shape of a lion. What opinion others had thereof, and chiefly the general himself, I forbear to deliver. But he took it for *bonum omen*,² rejoicing that he was to war against such an enemy, if it were the devil.

The wind was large³ for England at our return, but very high, and the sea rough, inso-much as the frigate wherein the general went was almost swallowed up.

Monday in the afternoon (Sept. 2), we passed in the sight of Cape Race,⁴ having made as much way in little more than two days and nights back again, as before we had done in eight days from Cape Race unto the place where our ship perished, which hindrance thitherward and speed back again, is to be imputed unto the swift current, as well as to the winds, which we had more large in our return.

This Monday the general came aboard the *Hind* to have the surgeon of the *Hind* to dress his foot, which he hurt by treading upon a nail. At what time we comforted each other with hope of hard

success to be all past, and of the good to come. So agreeing to carry out lights always by night, that we might keep together, he departed into his frigate,⁶ being by no means to be entreated to tarry in the *Hind*, which had been more for his security. Immediately after followed a sharp storm which we overpassed⁷ for that time. Praised be God.

The weather fair, the general came aboard the *Hind* again to make merry together with the captain, master, and company, which was the last meeting, and continued there from morning until night. During which time there passed sundry discourses, touching affairs past and to come, lamenting greatly the loss of his great ship, more of the men, but most of all of his books and notes, and what else I know not; for which he was out of measure grieved, the same doubtless being some matter of more importance than his books, which I could not draw from him, yet by circumstance I gathered the same to be the ore which Daniel the Saxon had brought unto him in the New-found-land. Whatsoever it was, the remembrance touched him so deep as not able to contain himself, he beat his boy in great rage, even at the same time, so long after the miscarrying of the great ship, because upon a fair day, when we were becalmed upon the coast of the New-found-land, near unto Cape Race, he sent his boy aboard the admiral to fetch certain things, amongst which, this being chief, was yet forgotten, and left behind. After which time, he could never conveniently send again aboard the great ship; much less he doubted⁷ her ruin so near at hand.

Herein my opinion was better confirmed diversely, and by sundry conjectures, which maketh me have the greater hope of this rich mine. For whereas the general had never before good conceit of these north parts of the world, now his mind was wholly fixed upon the New-found-land. And as before he refused not to grant assignments liberally to them that required the same into these north parts, now he became contrarily affected, refusing to make any so large grants, especially of St. John's which certain English merchants made suit for, offering to employ

their money and travel upon the same. Yet neither by their own suit, nor of others of his own company, whom he seemed willing to pleasure, it could be obtained.

Also laying down his determination in the spring following, for disposing of his voyage then to be re-attempted, he assigned the captain and master of the *Golden Hind* unto the south discovery, and reserved unto himself the north, affirming that this voyage had won his heart from the south, and that he was now become a northern man altogether.

Last, being demanded what means he had at his arrival in England to compass the charges of so great preparation as he intended to make the next spring, having determined upon two fleets, one for the south, another for the north: "Leave that to me," he replied, "I will ask a penny of no man. I will bring good tidings unto her Majesty,⁸ who will be so gracious to lend me 10,000 pounds, willing us therefore to be of good cheer;" for he did thank God, he said, with all his heart for that he had seen, the same being enough for us all, and that we needed not to seek any further. And these last words he would often repeat, with demonstration of great fervency of mind, being himself very confident and settled in belief of inestimable good by this voyage, which the greater number of his followers nevertheless mistrusted altogether, not being made partakers of those secrets, which the general kept unto himself. Yet all of them that are living may be witnesses of his words and protestations, which sparingly I have delivered.⁹

Leaving the issue of this good hope unto God, who knoweth the truth only, and can at his good pleasure bring the same to light, I will hasten to the end of this tragedy, which must be knit up in the person of our general. And as it was God's ordinance upon him, even so the vehement persuasion and entreaty of his friends could nothing avail to divert him from a wilful resolution of going through in his frigate, which was overcharged upon their decks, with fights,¹⁰ nettings, and small artillery, too cumbersome for so small a boat that was to pass through the ocean

sea at that season of the year, when by course we might expect much storm of foul weather, whereof indeed we had enough.

But when he was entreated by the captain, master, and other his well-willers of the *Hind*, not to venture in the frigate, this was his answer: "I will not forsake my little company going homeward, with whom I have passed so many storms and perils." And in very truth, he was urged to be so over hard,¹¹ by hard reports given of him, that he was afraid of the sea, albeit this was rather rashness than advised resolution, to prefer the wind of a vain report to the weight of his own life.

Seeing he would not bend to reason, he had provision out of the *Hind*, such as was wanting aboard his frigate. And so we committed him to God's protection, and set him aboard his pinnace,¹² we being more than 300 leagues onward of our way home.

By that time we had brought the islands of Azores south of us; yet we then keeping much to the north, until we had got into the height and elevation¹³ of England, we met with very foul weather and terrible seas, breaking short and high, pyramid wise. The reason whereof seemed to proceed either of hilly grounds, high and low, within the sea, (as we see hills and dales upon the land), upon which the seas do mount and fall; or else the cause proceedeth of diversity of winds, shifting often in sundry points, all which having power to move the great ocean, which again is not presently settled, so many seas do encounter together as there had been diversity of winds. Howsoever it cometh to pass, men which all their life time had occupied the sea, never saw more outrageous seas. We had also upon our mainyard, an

apparition of a little fire by night, which seamen do call Castor and Pollux.¹⁴ But we had only one, which they take an evil sign of more tempest; the same is usual in storms.

Monday the ninth of September, in the afternoon, the frigate was near cast away, oppressed by waves; yet at that time recovered; and giving forth signs of joy, the general sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried out unto us in the *Hind* (so oft as we did approach within hearing): We are as near to heaven by sea as by land. Reiterating the same speech, well beseeeming a soldier, resolute in Jesus Christ, as I can testify he was.

The same Monday night, about twelve of the clock, or not long after, the frigate being ahead of us in the *Golden Hind*, suddenly her lights were out, whereof, as it were in a moment, we lost the sight, and withal our watch cried, the general was cast away, which was too true. For in that moment, the frigate was devoured and swallowed up of the sea. Yet still we looked out all that night and ever after, until we arrived upon the coast of England, omitting no small sail at sea, unto which we gave not the tokens between us agreed upon, to have perfect knowledge of each other, if we should at any time be separated.

In great torment of weather, and peril of drowning, it pleased God to send safe home the *Golden Hind*, which arrived in Falmouth, the 22nd day of September, being Sunday, not without as great danger escaped in a flaw, coming from the south-east, with such thick mist that we could not discern land, to put in right with the haven.

1589

THOMAS DEKKER (1570?-1641?)

HOW A GALLANT SHOULD BEHAVE HIMSELF IN A PLAY-HOUSE

THE theatre is your poets' Royal Exchange, upon which their muses (that are now turned to merchants) meeting, barter away that light commodity of words for a lighter ware than words, plaudities,¹ and the breath of the great beast;² which (like the threatenings of two cowards) vanish

all into air. Players and their factors,³ who put away the stuff, and make the best of it they possibly can (as indeed 'tis their parts so to do), your gallant, your courtier, and your captain, had wont to be the soundest paymasters; and I think are still the surest chapmen;⁴ and these, by means

that their heads are well stocked, deal upon this comical freight by the gross: when your groundling,⁵ and gallery-commoner⁶ buys his sport by the penny, and, like a haggler,⁷ is glad to utter⁸ it again by retailing.

Since then the place is so free in entertainment, allowing a stool as well to the farmer's son as to your tempter,⁹ that your stinkard has the selfsame liberty to be there in his tobacco fumes, which your sweet courtier hath, and that your carman and tinker claim as strong a voice in their suffrage,¹⁰ and sit to give judgment on the play's life and death, as well as the proudest momus¹¹ among the tribes of critic: it is fit that he, whom the most tailors' bills do make room for, when he comes, should not be basely (like a viol) cased up in a corner.

Whether therefore the gatherers¹² of the public or private playhouse stand to receive the afternoon's rent, let our gallant (having paid it) presently advance himself up to the throne of the stage. I mean not into the lord's room¹³ (which is now but the stage's suburbs): no, those boxes, by the iniquity of custom, conspiracy of waiting women and gentlemen ushers, that there sweat together, and the covetousness of sharers,¹⁴ are contemptibly thrust into the rear, and much new satin is there damned, by being smothered to death in darkness. But on the very rushes¹⁵ where the comedy is to dance, yea, and under the state¹⁶ of Cambises¹⁷ himself must our feathered estridge,¹⁸ like a piece of ordnance, be planted, valiantly (because impudently) beating down the mews and hisses of the opposed rascality.

For do but cast up a reckoning, what large comings-in are pursed up by sitting on the stage. First a conspicuous eminence is got; by which means, the best and most essential parts of a gallant (good clothes, a proportionable leg, white hand, the Persian lock,¹⁹ and a tolerable beard) are perfectly revealed.

By sitting on the stage, you have a signed patent²⁰ to engross²¹ the whole commodity of censure;²² may lawfully presume to be a girder; and stand at the helm to steer the passage of scenes; yet no man shall once offer to hinder you from

obtaining the title of an insolent overweening coxcomb.

By sitting on the stage, you may (without travelling for it) at the very next door ask whose play it is: and, by that quest of inquiry, the law warrants you to avoid much mistaking: if you know not the author, you may rail against him: and peradventure so behave yourself, that you may enforce the author to know you.

By sitting on the stage, if you be a knight, you may happily²³ get you a mistress: if a mere Fleet-street gentleman,²⁴ a wife: but assure yourself, by continual residence, you are the first and principal man in election to begin the number of *We Three*.²⁵

By spreading your body on the stage, and by being a justice in examining of plays, you shall put yourself into such true scenical authority, that some poet shall not dare to present his muse rudely upon your eyes, without having first unmasked her, rifled her, and discovered all her bare and most mystical parts before you at a tavern, when you most knightly shall, for his pains, pay for both their suppers.

By sitting on the stage, you may (with small cost) purchase the dear acquaintance of the boys: have a good stool for sixpence:²⁶ at any time know what particular part any of the infants²⁷ present: get your match lighted, examine the play-suits' lace, and perhaps win wagers upon laying 'tis copper, etc. And to conclude, whether you be a fool or a justice of peace, a cuckold, or a captain, a lord-mayor's son, or a dawcock,²⁸ a knave, or an under-sheriff; of what stamp soever you be, current, or counterfeit, the stage, like time, will bring you to most perfect light and lay you open: neither are you to be hunted from thence, though the scarecrows in the yard²⁹ hoot at you, hiss at you, spit at you, yea, throw dirt even in your teeth: 'tis most gentlemanlike patience to endure all this, and to laugh at the silly animals: but if the rabble, with a full throat, cry, "Away with the fool," you were worse than a madman to tarry by it: for the gentleman and the fool should never sit on the stage together.

Marry, let this observation go hand in hand with the rest: or rather, like a coun-

try serving-man, some five yards before them. Present not yourself on the stage (especially at a new play) until the quaking prologue hath (by rubbing) got colour into his cheeks, and is ready to give the trumpets³⁰ their cue, that he's upon point to enter: for then it is time, as though you were one of the properties, or that you dropped out of the hangings, to creep from behind the arras,³¹ with your tripes or three-footed stool in one hand, and a teston³² mounted between a forefinger and a thumb in the other: for if you should bestow your person upon the vulgar, when the belly of the house is but half full, your apparel is quite caten up, the fashion lost, and the proportion of your body in more danger to be devoured than if it were served up in the counter³³ amongst the poultry:³⁴ avoid that as you would the bastome.³⁵ It shall crown you with rich commendation to laugh aloud in the midst of the most serious and saddest scene of the terriblest tragedy: and to let that clapper (your tongue) be tossed so high, that all the house may ring of it: your lords use it; your knights are apes to the lords, and do so too: your in-a-court-man³⁶ is zany³⁷ to the knights, and (marry very scurvily) comes likewise limping after it: be thou a beagle to them all, and never lin³⁸ snuffing, till you have scented them: for by talking and laughing (like a ploughman in a morris³⁹) you heap Pelion upon Ossa,⁴⁰ glory upon glory: as first, all the eyes in the galleries will leave walking after the players, and only follow you: the simplest dolt in the house snatches up your name, and when he meets you in the streets, or that you fall into his hands in the middle of a watch, his word shall be taken for you: he'll cry "He's such a gallant," and you pass. Secondly, you publish your temperance to the world, in that you seem not to resort thither to taste vain pleasures with a hungry appetite: but only as a gentleman to spend a foolish hour or two, because you can do nothing else: thirdly, you mightily disrelish the audience, and disgrace the author: marry, you take up (though it be at the worst hand) a strong opinion of your own judgment, and enforce the poet to take pity of your weakness, and, by some dedicated

sonnet, to bring you into a better paradise, only to stop your mouth.

If you can (either for love or money), provide yourself a lodging by the water side: for, above the convenience it brings to shun shoulder-clapping,⁴¹ and to ship away your cockatrice⁴² betimes in the morning, it adds a kind of state unto you, to be carried from thence to the stairs of of your play-house: hate a sculler⁴³ (remember that) worse than to be acquainted with one o' th' scullery. No, your oars are your only sea-crabs, board them, and take heed you never go twice together with one pair: often shifting is a great credit to gentlemen; and that dividing of your fare will make the poor watersnakes be ready to pull you in pieces to enjoy your custom: no matter whether upon landing, you have money or no: you may swim in twenty of their boats over the river upon ticket:⁴⁴ marry, when silver comes in, remember to pay treble their fare, and it will make your flounder-catchers to send more thanks after you, when you do not draw, than when you do; for they know, it will be their own another day.

Before the play begins, fall to cards: you may win or lose (as fencers do in a prize) and beat one another by confederacy, yet share the money when you meet at supper: notwithstanding, to gull the ragamuffins that stand aloof gaping at you, throw the cards (having first torn four or five of them) round about the stage, just upon the third sound,⁴⁵ as though you had lost: it skills not⁴⁶ if the four knaves lie on their backs, and outface the audience; there's none such fools as dare take exceptions at them, because, ere the play go off, better knaves than they will fall into the company.

Now, sir, if the writer be a fellow that hath either epigrammed you, or hath had a flirt at your mistress, or hath brought either your feather, or your red beard, or your little legs, etc., on the stage, you shall disgrace him worse than by tossing him in a blanket, or giving him the bastinado in a tavern, if, in the middle of his play (be it pastoral or comedy, moral or tragedy), you rise with a screwed and discontented face from your stool to be gone; no matter whether the scenes be good or no: the

better they are the worse do you distaste them: and, being on your feet, sneak not away like a coward, but salute all your gentle acquaintance, that are spread either on the rushes, or on stools about you, and draw what troop you can from the stage after you: the mimics ⁴⁷ are beholden to you, for allowing them elbow room: their poet cries, perhaps, "a pox go with you," but care not for that, there's no music without frets.⁴⁸

Marry, if either the company, or indisposition of the weather bind you to sit it out, my counsel is then that you turn plain ape, take up a rush, and tickle the earnest ears of your fellow gallants, to make other fools fall a-laughing: mew at passionate speeches, blare at merry, find fault with the music, whew at the children's action, whistle at the songs: and above all, curse the sharers, that whereas the same day you had bestowed forty shillings on

an embroidered felt and feather (Scotch-fashion) for your mistress in the court, or your punk ⁴⁹ in the city, within two hours after, you encounter with the very same block ⁵⁰ on the stage, when the haberdasher swore to you the impression was extant but that morning.

To conclude, hoard up the finest play-scrap you can get, upon which your lean wit may most savourily feed, for want of other stuff, when the Arcadian⁵¹ and Euphuised⁵² gentlewomen have their tongues sharpened to set upon you: that quality (next to your shuttlecock) is the only furniture to a courtier that's but a new beginner, and is but in his A B C of compliment. The next places that are filled, after the playhouses be emptied, are (or ought to be) taverns: into a tavern then let us next march, where the brains of one hogshhead must be beaten out to make up another. 1609

SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1552-1618)

THE LAST FIGHT OF THE REVENGE

(From "a report of the truth of the fight about the isles of Azores, the last of August, 1591, betwixt the *Revenge*, one of her Majesty's ships, and an armada¹ of the king of Spain. Penned by the honorable Sir Walter Raleigh, knight.")

. . . The Lord Thomas Howard² with six of her Majesty's ships, six victualers of London, the bark *Raleigh*, and two or three other pinnaces³ riding at anchor near unto Flores, one of the westerly islands of the Azores, the last of August in the afternoon, had intelligence by one Captain Middleton of the approach of the Spanish armada. Which Middleton, being in a very good sailer, had kept them company three days before, of good purpose both to discover their forces the more, as also to give advice to my Lord Thomas of their approach. He had no sooner delivered the news but the fleet was in sight; many of our ships' companies were on shore in the island, some providing ballast for their ships, others filling of water and refreshing themselves from the land with such things as they could, either for money, or by force, recover. By reason whereof, our ships being all pestered and rummaging,⁴ every thing out of order, very light

for want of ballast, and that which was most to our disadvantage, the one half part of the men of every ship sick and utterly unserviceable; for in the *Revenge* there were ninety diseased, in the *Bonaventure* not so many in health as could handle her mainsail. For had not twenty men been taken out of a bark of Sir George Carey's, his being commanded to be sunk, and those appointed to her, she had hardly ever recovered⁵ England. The rest, for the most part, were in little better state. The names of her Majesty's ships were these, as followeth: the *Defiance*, which was admiral; the *Revenge*, viceadmiral; the *Bonaventure*, commanded by Captain Cross; the *Lion* by George Fenner; the *Foresight* by Mr. Thomas Vavasour; and the *Crane* by Duffield. The *Foresight* and the *Crane* being but small ships, only the others were of the middle size; the rest, besides the bark *Raleigh*, commanded by Captain Thin, were victualers, and of small force or none. The Spanish fleet, having shrouded⁶ their approach by reason of the island, were now so soon at hand as our ships had scarce time to weigh

their anchors, but some of them were driven to let slip their cables and set sail. Sir Richard Grenville⁷ was the last that weighed, to recover the men that were upon the island, which otherwise had been lost. The Lord Thomas with the rest very hardly recovered the wind, which Sir Richard Grenville not being able to do, was persuaded by the master and others to cut his mainsail and cast about, and to trust to the sailing of the ship, for the squadron of Seville were on his weather bow. But Sir Richard utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alleging that he would rather choose to die than to dishonor himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship, persuading his company that he would pass through the two squadrons in despite of them and enforce those of Seville to give him way. Which he performed upon divers of the foremost, who, as the mariners term it, sprang their luff,⁸ and fell under the lee of the *Revenge*. But the other course had been the better, and might right well have been answered in so great an impossibility of prevailing. Notwithstanding, out of the greatness of his mind, he could not be persuaded. In the meanwhile, as he attended those which were nearest him, the great *San Philip*, being in the wind of him and coming towards him, becalmed his sails in such sort, as the ship could neither make way nor feel the helm; so huge and high charged⁹ was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and five hundred tons. Who after laid the *Revenge* aboard. When he was thus bereft of his sails, the ships that were under his lee, luffing up, also laid him aboard, of which the next was the admiral¹⁰ of the Biscayans,¹¹ a very mighty and puissant ship commanded by Britton-dona. The said *Philip* carried three tiers of ordnance on a side, and eleven pieces in every tier. She shot eight forthright out of her chase,¹² besides those of her stern ports.

After the *Revenge* was entangled with this *Philip*, four others boarded her, two on her larboard, and two on her starboard. The fight, thus beginning at three of the clock in the afternoon, continued very terrible all that evening. But the great *San Philip*, having received the lower tier of the *Revenge*, discharged with crossbar¹³ shot,

shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly mishing her first entertainment. Some say that the ship foundered, but we cannot report it for truth, unless we were assured. The Spanish ships were filled with companies of soldiers, — in some two hundred besides the mariners, in some five, in others eight hundred. In ours there were none at all beside the mariners but the servants of the commanders and some few voluntary gentlemen only. After many interchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Revenge*, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed soldiers and musketeers, but were still repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ships, or into the seas. In the beginning of the fight, the *George Noble* of London, having received some shot through her by the armadas, fell under the lee of the *Revenge*, and asked Sir Richard what he would command him, being but one of the victualers and of small force. Sir Richard bade him save himself, and leave him to his fortune. After the fight had thus, without intermission, continued while the day lasted and some hours of the night, many of our men were slain and hurt, and one of the great galleons¹⁴ of the armada, and the admiral of the hulks both sunk, and in many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made. Some write that Sir Richard was very dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight, and lay speechless for a time ere he recovered. But two of the *Revenge's* own company brought home in a ship of Lima from the islands, examined by some of the lords and others, affirmed that he was never so wounded as that he forsook the upper deck, till an hour before midnight, and then, being shot into the body with a musket, as he was dressing was again shot into the head, and withal his surgeon wounded to death. This agreeth also with an examination, taken by Sir Francis Godolphin, of four other mariners of the same ship, being returned, which examination the said Sir Francis sent unto Master William Killigrew, of her Majesty's privy chamber.

But to return to the fight: the Spanish ships which attempted to board the *Revenge*, as they were wounded and beaten off, so always others came in their places, she having never less than two mighty galleons by her sides and aboard her. So that ere the morning, from three of the clock the day before, there had fifteen several armadas¹⁵ assailed her; and all so ill approved their entertainment as they were by the break of day far more willing to hearken to a composition than hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day increased, so our men decreased; and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts. For none appeared in sight but enemies, saving one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success, but in the morning, bearing with the *Revenge*, was hunted like a hare amongst many ravenous hounds, but escaped.

All the powder of the *Revenge* to the last barrel was now spent, all her pikes broken, forty of her best men slain, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundred free from sickness, and fourscore and ten sick, laid in hold upon the ballast: a small troop to man such a ship, and a weak garrison to resist so mighty an army. By those hundred all was sustained, the volleys, boardings, and enterings of fifteen ships of war, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrary, the Spanish were always supplied with soldiers brought from every squadron, all manner of arms and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons; the masts all beaten overboard, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper work altogether razed, and in effect evened she was with the water, but the very foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left overhead, either for flight or defence. Sir Richard, finding himself in this distress, and unable any longer to make resistance, having endured, in this fifteen hours' fight, the assault of fifteen several armadas, all by turns aboard him, and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery, besides many assaults and entries; and that him-

self and the ship must needs be possessed by the enemy, who were now all cast in a ring round about him, (the *Revenge* not able to move one way or other, but as she was moved with the waves and billows of the sea), commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship, that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards, seeing in so many hours' fight, and with so great a navy, they were not able to take her, having had fifteen hours' time, above ten thousand men, and fifty and three sail of men-of-war to perform it withal; and persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else; but as they had, like valiant resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honor of their nation by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days. The master gunner readily condescended and divers others; but the captain and the master were of another opinion, and besought Sir Richard to have care of them, alleging that the Spaniard would be as ready to entertain a composition, as they were willing to offer the same, and that there being divers sufficient and valiant men yet living, and whose wounds were not mortal, they might do their country and prince acceptable service hereafter. And whereas Sir Richard had alleged that the Spaniards should never glory to have taken one ship of her Majesty, seeing they had so long and so notably defended themselves; they answered, that the ship had six foot of water in hold, three shot under water, which were so weakly stopped, as with the first working of the sea, she must needs sink, and was besides so crushed and bruised, as she could never be removed out of the place.

And as the matter was thus in dispute, and Sir Richard refusing to hearken to any of those reasons, the master of the *Revenge* (while the captain won unto him the greater party) was convoyed aboard the *General Don Alfonso Bacan*. Who (finding none over hasty to enter the *Revenge* again, doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown them up and himself, and perceiving by the report of the master of the *Revenge*

his dangerous disposition) yielded that all their lives should be saved, the company sent for England, and the better sort to pay such reasonable ransom as their estate would bear, and in the mean season to be free from galley¹⁶ or imprisonment. To this he so much the rather condescended as well, as I have said, for fear of further loss and mischief to themselves, as also for the desire he had to recover Sir Richard Grenville; whom for his notable valor he seemed greatly to honor and admire.

When this answer was returned, and that safety of life was promised, the common sort being now at the end of their peril, the most drew back from Sir Richard and the master gunner, being no hard matter to dissuade men from death to life. The master gunner, finding himself and Sir Richard thus prevented and mastered by the greater number, would have slain himself with a sword, had he not been by force withheld and locked into his cabin. Then the *General* sent many boats aboard the *Revenge*, and divers of our men, fearing Sir Richard's disposition, stole away aboard the *General* and other ships. Sir Richard, thus overmatched, was sent unto by Alfonso Bacan to remove out of the *Revenge*, the ship being marvelous unsavory, filled with blood and bodies of dead, and wounded men like a slaughter house. Sir Richard answered that he might do with his body what he list, for he esteemed it not, and as he was carried out of the ship he swooned, and reviving again desired the company to pray for him. The *General* used Sir Richard with all humanity, and left nothing unattempted that tended to his recovery, highly commending his valor and worthiness, and greatly bewailing the danger wherein he was, being

unto them a rare spectacle, and a resolution seldom approved, to see one ship turn toward so many enemies, to endure the charge and boarding of so many huge armadas, and to resist and repel the assaults and entries of so many soldiers. All which and more is confirmed by a Spanish captain of the same armada, and a present actor in the fight, who being severed from the rest in a storm, was by the *Lion of London*, a small ship, taken and is now prisoner in London.

The general commander of the armada was Don Alphonso Bacan, brother to the Marquis of Santa Cruz. The admiral of the Biscayan squadron was Brittandona. Of the squadron of Seville, the Marquis of Arumburch. The hulks and flyboats were commanded by Luis Coutinho. There were slain and drowned in this fight well near one thousand of the enemies, and two special commanders, Don Luis de Sant John and Don George de Prunaria de Mallaga, as the Spanish captain confesseth, besides divers others of special account, whereof as yet report is not made.

The *Admiral* of the hulks and the *Ascension* of Seville were both sunk by the side of the *Revenge*; one other recovered the road of Saint Michael and sunk also there; a fourth ran herself with the shore to save her men. Sir Richard died, as it is said, the second or third day aboard the *General*, and was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his body, whether it were buried in the sea or on the land, we know not: the comfort that remaineth to his friends is, that he hath ended his life honorably in respect of the reputation won to his nation and country, and of the same to his posterity, and that being dead, he hath not outlived his own honor. . . .

1591

FRANCIS BACON (1561-1626)

ESSAYS

OF TRUTH

WHAT is Truth? said jesting Pilate;¹ and would not stay for an answer. Certainly there be that² delight in giddiness,³ and count it a bondage to fix a belief; affecting free-will in thinking, as well as in acting.

And though the sects of philosophers of that kind be gone, yet there remain certain discoursing wits which are of the same veins,⁴ though there be not so much blood in them as was in those of the ancients. But it is not only the difficulty and labour

which men take in finding out of truth; nor again that when it is found it imposeth upon men's thoughts; that doth bring lies in favour; but a natural though corrupt love of the lie itself. One of the later school of the Grecians examineth the matter, and is at a stand ⁵ to think what should be in it, that men should love lies, where neither they make for pleasure, as with poets, nor for advantage, as with the merchant; but for the lie's sake. But I cannot tell: this same truth is a naked and open day-light, that doth not show the masks and mummeries and triumphs ⁶ of the world, half so stately and daintily as candlelights. Truth may perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day; but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, that showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt, that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves? One of the Fathers,⁷ in great severity, called poesy *vinum daemonum*,⁸ because it filleth the imagination; and yet it is but with the shadow of a lie. But it is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in and settleth in it, that doth the hurt; such as we spake of before. But howsoever these things are thus in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason; and his Sabbath work ever since, is the illumination of his Spirit. First he breathed light upon the face of the matter or chaos; then he breathed light into the face of man; and still he breatheth and inspirith light into the face of his chosen. The poet ⁹ that beautified the sect¹⁰ that was otherwise inferior to the rest, saith yet excellently

well: *It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tossed upon the sea; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle and the adventures thereof below; but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of Truth,* (a hill not to be commanded,¹¹ and where the air is always clear and serene,) *and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests, in the vale below; so always that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride. Certainly, it is heaven upon earth, to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.*

To pass from theological and philosophical truth, to the truth of civil business; it will be acknowledged even by those that practise it not, that clear and round dealing is the honour of man's nature; and that mixture of falsehood is like allay¹² in coin of gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it. For these winding and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent; which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the feet. There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious. And therefore Montaigne¹³ saith prettily, when he inquired the reason, why the word of the lie should be such a disgrace, and such an odious charge? Saith he, *If it be well weighed, to say that a man lieth, is as much to say, as that he is brave towards God and a coward towards men.* For a lie faces God, and shrinks from man. Surely the wickedness of falsehood and breach of faith cannot possibly be so highly expressed, as in that it shall be the last peal to call the judgments of God upon the generations of men; it being foretold, that when Christ cometh, *he shall not find faith upon the earth.*¹⁴

OF MARRIAGE AND SINGLE LIFE

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. Certainly the best works, and of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men; which both in affection and means have married and endowed the public. Yet it were great reason that those

that have children should have greatest care of future times; unto which they know they must transmit their dearest pledges. Some there are, who though they lead a single life, yet their thoughts do end with themselves, and account future times impertinences.¹ Nay, there are some other that account wife and children but as bills of charges. Nay more, there are some foolish rich covetous men, that take a pride in having no children, because they may be thought so much the richer. For perhaps they have heard some talk, *Such a one is a great rich man*, and another except to it, *Yea, but he hath a great charge² of children*; as if it were an abatement to his riches. But the most ordinary cause of a single life is liberty, especially in certain self-pleasing and humorous³ minds, which are so sensible of every restraint, as they will go near to think their girdles and garters to be bonds and shackles. Unmarried men are best friends, best masters, best servants; but not always best subjects; for they are light to run away; and almost all fugitives are of that condition. A single life doth well with churchmen; for charity will hardly water the ground where it must first fill a pool. It is indifferent for judges and magistrates; for if they be facile and corrupt, you shall have a servant five times worse than a wife. For soldiers, I find the generals commonly in their hortatives⁴ put men in mind of their wives and children; and I think the despising of marriage amongst the Turks maketh the vulgar soldier more base. Certainly wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity; and single men, though they may be many times more charitable, because their means are less exhaust,⁵ yet, on the other side, they are more cruel and hardhearted (good to make severe inquisitors), because their tenderness is not so oft called upon. Grave natures, led by custom, and therefore constant, are commonly loving husbands; as was said of Ulysses,⁶ *vetulam suam praeutili immortalitati*.⁷ Chaste women are often proud and froward, as presuming upon the merit of their chastity. It is one of the best bonds both of chastity and obedience in the wife, if she think her husband wise; which she will never do if she find him

jealous. Wives are young men's mistresses; companions for middle age; and old men's nurses. So as a man may have a quarrel⁸ to marry when he will. But yet he⁹ was reputed one of the wise men, that made answer to the question, when a man should marry? *A young man not yet, an elder man not at all*. It is often seen that bad husbands have very good wives; whether it be that it raiseth the price of their husband's kindness when it comes: or that the wives take a pride in their patience. But this never fails, if the bad husbands were of their own choosing, against their friends' consent; for then they will be sure to make good their own folly.

OF ADVERSITY

It was a high speech of Seneca (after the manner of the Stoics),¹ that the "good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired" — *Bona rerum secundarum optabilia, adversarum mirabilia*. Certainly, if miracles be the command over nature, they appear most in adversity. It is yet a higher speech of his than the other (much too high for a heathen) "It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man, and the security of a God" — *Vere magnum habere fragilitatem hominis, securitatem Dei*. This would have done better in poesy, where transcendencies² are more allowed; and the poets, indeed, have been busy with it — for it is in effect the thing which is figured in that strange fiction of the ancient poets, which seemeth not to be without mystery;³ nay, and to have some approach to the state of a Christian, that Hercules, when he went to unbind Prometheus⁴ (by whom human nature is represented), sailed the length of the great ocean in an earthen pot or pitcher, lively describing Christian resolution, that saileth in the frail bark of the flesh through the waves of the world. But to speak in a mean,⁵ the virtue of prosperity is temperance,⁶ the virtue of adversity is fortitude, which in morals is the more heroic virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and

the clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad⁷ and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground: judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant where they are incensed, or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

OF TRAVEL

Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience. He that travelleth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel. That young men travel under some tutor, or grave servant, I allow well; so that he be such a one that hath the language, and hath been in the country before; whereby he may be able to tell them what things are worthy to be seen in the country where they go; what acquaintances they are to seek; what exercises or discipline the place yieldeth. For else young men shall go hooded,¹ and look abroad little. It is a strange thing, that in sea voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries; but in land-travel, wherein so much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it; as if chance were fitter to be registered than observation. Let diaries therefore be brought in use. The things to be seen and observed are: the courts of princes, especially when they give audience to ambassadors; the courts of justice, while they sit and hear causes; and so of consistories ecclesiastic; the churches and monasteries, with the monuments which are therein extant; the walls and fortifications of cities and towns, and so the

havens and harbors; antiquities and ruins; libraries; colleges, disputations, and lectures, where any are; shipping and navies; houses and gardens of state and pleasure, near great cities; armories; arsenals; magazines; exchanges; burses;² warehouses; exercises of horsemanship, fencing, training of soldiers, and the like; comedies, such whereunto the better sort of persons do resort; treasures of jewels and robes; cabinets and rarities; and, to conclude, whatsoever is memorable in the places where they go. After all which the tutors or servants ought to make diligent inquiry. As for triumphs, masks, feasts, weddings, funerals, capital executions, and such shows, men need not to be put in mind of them; yet are they not to be neglected. If you will have a young man to put his travel into a little room, and in short time to gather much, this you must do. First, as was said, he must have some entrance into the language before he goeth. Then he must have such a servant or tutor as knoweth the country, as was likewise said. Let him carry with him also some card or book describing the country where he travelleth; which will be a good key to his inquiry. Let him keep also a diary. Let him not stay long in one city or town; more or less as the place deserveth, but not long; nay, when he stayeth in one city or town, let him change his lodging from one end and part of the town to another; which is a great adamant³ of acquaintance. Let him sequester himself from the company of his countrymen, and diet⁴ in such places where there is good company of the nation where he travelleth. Let him, upon his removes from one place to another, procure recommendation to some person of quality residing in the place whither he removeth; that he may use his favor in those things he desireth to see or know. Thus he may abridge his travel with much profit. As for the acquaintance which is to be sought in travel; that which is most of all profitable is acquaintance with the secretaries and employed men of ambassadors: for so in travelling in one country he shall suck the experience of many. Let him also see and visit eminent persons in all kinds, which are of great name abroad; that he may be able to tell

how the life agreeth with the fame. For quarrels, they are with care and discretion to be avoided. They are commonly for ⁵ mistresses, healths,⁶ place, and words. And let a man beware how he keepeth company with cholerick and quarrelsome persons; for they will engage him into their own quarrels. When a traveller returneth home, let him not leave the countries where he hath travelled altogether behind him but maintain a correspondence by letters with those of his acquaintance which are of most worth. And let his travel appear rather in his discourse than his apparel or gesture; and in his discourse let him be rather advised in his answers, than forward to tell stories; and let it appear that he doth not change his country manners for those of foreign parts; but only prick in ⁷ some flowers of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his own country.

OF RICHES

I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue: the Roman word is better — *impedimenta*; ¹ for as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to virtue — it cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory. Of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit; ² so saith ³ Solomon, "Where much is, there are many to consume it; and what hath the owner but the sight of it with his eyes?" The personal fruition in any man cannot reach to feel great riches: there is a custody of them, or a power of dole,⁴ and a donative of them, or a fame of them, but no solid use to the owner. Do you not see what feigned ⁵ prices are set upon little stones or rarities — and what works of ostentation are undertaken, because there might seem to be some use of great riches? But then, you will say, they may be of use to buy men out of dangers or troubles; as Solomon saith,⁶ "Riches are as a stronghold in the imagination of the rich men;" but this is excellently expressed, that it is in imagination, and not always in fact; for, certainly great riches have sold ⁷ more men than they have bought out. Seek not proud riches, but such as thou mayest get

justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly: yet have no abstract or friarly contempt of them, but distinguish, as Cicero ⁸ saith well of Rabirius Posthumus, *In studio rei amplificandae apparebat, non avaritiæ prædam, sed instrumentum bonitati quaeri*. Harken also to Solomon, and beware of hasty gathering of riches: *Qui festinat ad divitias, non erit insons*.⁹ The poets ¹⁰ feign that when Plutus (which is riches) is sent from Jupiter, he limps, and goes slowly, but when he is sent from Pluto, he runs, and is swift of foot; meaning, that riches gotten by good means and just labour pace slowly, but when they come by the death of others (as by the course of inheritance, testaments, and the like) they come tumbling upon a man: but it might be applied likewise to Pluto taking him for the devil: for when riches come from the devil (as by fraud, and oppression, and unjust means) they come upon speed. The ways to enrich are many, and most of them foul: parsimony is one of the best, and yet it is not innocent, for it withholdeth men from works of liberality and charity. The improvement of the ground is the most natural obtaining of riches, for it is our great mother's blessing, the earth; but it is slow: and yet, where men of great wealth do stoop to husbandry, it multiplieth riches exceedingly. I knew a nobleman of England that had the greatest audits ¹¹ of any man in my time, — a great grazier, a great sheep master, a great timber man, a great collier,¹² a great corn master, a great lead man, and so of iron, and a number of the like points of husbandry; so as the earth seemed a sea to him in respect of the perpetual importation. It was truly observed by one, "that himself came very hardly to little riches, and very easily to great riches:" for when a man's stock is come to that, that he can expect the prime of markets,¹³ and overcome ¹⁴ those bargains, which for their greatness are ¹⁵ few men's money, and be partner in the industries of younger men, he cannot but increase mainly. The gains of ordinary trades and vocations are honest, and furthered by two things, chiefly, by diligence, and by a good name for good and fair dealing; but the gains of bargains

are of a more doubtful nature, when men shall wait upon¹⁶ others' necessity, broke by servants,¹⁷ and instruments to draw them on; put off others cunningly that would be better chapmen,¹⁸ and the like practices, which are crafty and naughty. As for the chopping of bargains, when a man buys not to hold, but to sell over again, that commonly grindeth double, both upon the seller and upon the buyer. Sharings do greatly enrich, if the hands be well chosen that are trusted. Usury is the certainest means of gain, though one of the worst, as that whereby a man doth eat his bread, *in sudore vultus alieni*¹⁹ and besides, doth plough upon Sundays; but yet certain though it be, it hath flaws; for that the scriveners and brokers do value unsound men to serve their own turn. The fortune in being the first in an invention, or in a privilege, doth cause sometimes a wonderful overgrowth in riches; as it was with the first sugar man in the Canaries:²⁰ therefore, if a man can play the true logician, to have as well judgment as invention, he may do great matters, especially if the times be fit. He that resteth upon gains certain, shall hardly grow to great riches; and he that puts all upon adventures, doth oftentimes break and come to poverty: it is good, therefore, to guard adventures with certainties that may uphold losses. Monopolies, and coemption of wares for re-sale, where they are not restrained, are great means to enrich; especially if the party have intelligence what things are like to come into request, and so store himself beforehand. Riches gotten by service,²¹ though it be of the best, rise; yet when they are gotten by flattery, feeding humours, and other servile conditions, they may be placed among the worst. As for "fishing for testaments and executorships," (as Tacitus²² saith of Seneca, *Testamenta et orbos tanquam indagine capti*), it is yet worse, by how much men submit themselves to meaner persons than in service.

Believe not much them that seem to despise riches, for they despise them that despair of them; and none worse when they come to them. Be not penny-wise; riches have wings, and sometimes they fly away of themselves, sometimes they must

be set flying to bring in more. Men leave their riches either to their kindred, or to the public; and moderate portions prosper best in both. A great estate left to an heir is as a lure to all the birds of prey round about to seize on him, if he be not the better established in years and judgment: likewise, glorious²³ gifts and foundations are like sacrifices without salt;²⁴ and but the painted sepulchres of alms, which soon will putrify and corrupt inwardly. Therefore measure not thine advancements²⁵ by quantity, but frame them by measure: and defer not charities till death: for, certainly, if a man weigh it rightly, he that doth so is rather liberal of another man's than his own.

OF YOUTH AND AGE

A man that is young in years may be old in hours if he have lost no time. But that happeneth rarely. Generally youth is like the first cogitations, not so wise as the second. For there is a youth in thoughts as well as in ages. And yet the invention of young men is more lively than that of old; and imaginations stream into their minds, better and, as it were, more divinely. Natures that have much heat, and great and violent desires and perturbations, are not ripe for action till they have passed the meridian of their years, as it was with Julius Cæsar and Septimius Severus,¹ of the latter of whom it is said, *Juventutem egit erroribus, imo furoribus plenam*.² And yet he was the ablest emperor almost of all the list. But reposed natures may do well in youth, as it is seen in Augustus Cæsar,³ Cosmos, Duke of Florence,⁴ Gaston de Foix,⁵ and others. On the other side, heat and vivacity in age is an excellent composition for business. Young men are fitter to invent than to judge, fitter for execution than for counsel, and fitter for new projects than for settled business. For the experience of age, in things that fall within the compass of it, directeth them;⁶ but in new things abuseth⁷ them. The errors of young men are the ruin of business; but the errors of aged men amount but to this, that more might have been done, or sooner. Young men, in the conduct and manage of actions, embrace more than

they can hold; stir more than they can quiet; fly to the end, without consideration of the means and degrees; pursue some few principles, which they have chanced upon, absurdly; care⁸ not to innovate, which draws unknown inconveniences; use extreme remedies at first; and, that which doubleth all errors, will not acknowledge or retract them, like an unready horse, that will neither stop nor turn. Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period,⁹ but content themselves with a mediocrity of success. Certainly it is good to compound employments of both, for that will be good for the present, because the virtues of either age may correct the defects of both; and good for succession, that young men may be learners, while men in age are actors; and, lastly, good for extern accidents,¹⁰ because authority followeth old men, and favor and popularity youth. But for the moral part perhaps youth will have the preëminence, as age hath for the politic. A certain rabbin upon the text,¹¹ "Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams," inferreth that young men are admitted nearer to God than old, because vision is a clearer revelation than a dream. And certainly the more a man drinketh of the world the more it intoxicateth; and age doth profit rather in the powers of understanding than in the virtues of the will and affections. There be some have an over-early ripeness in their years, which fadeth betimes; these are, first, such as have brittle wits, the edge whereof is soon turned — such as was Hermogenes,¹² the rhetorician, whose books are exceeding subtle, who afterwards waxed stupid. A second sort is of those that have some natural dispositions, which have better grace in youth than in age, such as is a fluent and luxuriant speech, which becomes youth well, but not age; so Tully¹³ saith of Hortensius,¹⁴ *Idem manebat, neque idem decebat*.¹⁵ The third is of such as take too high a strain at the first, and are mag-nanimous more than tract of years can uphold; as was Scipio Africanus,¹⁶ of whom Livy saith in effect, *Ultima primis cedebant*.¹⁷

OF NEGOTIATING¹

It is generally better to deal by speech than by letter, and by the mediation of a third than by a man's self. Letters are good, when a man would draw an answer by letter back again; or when it may serve for a man's justification afterwards to produce his own letter; or where it may be danger to be interrupted, or heard by pieces. To deal in person is good, when a man's face breedeth regard, as commonly with inferiors; or in tender² cases, where a man's eye upon the countenance of him with whom he speaketh may give him a direction how far to go; and generally, where a man will reserve to himself liberty, either to disavow or to expound. In choice of instruments,³ it is better to choose men of a plainer sort, that are like to do that that is committed to them, and to report back again faithfully the success,⁴ than those that are cunning to contrive out of other men's business somewhat to grace themselves, and will help the matter in report,⁵ for satisfaction sake. Use also such persons as affect⁶ the business wherein they are employed, for that quickeneth⁷ much; and such as are fit for the matter, as bold men for expostulation, fair-spoken men for persuasion, crafty men for inquiry and observation, froward and absurd men for business that doth not well bear out itself. Use also such as have been lucky, and prevailed before in things wherein you have employed them; for that breeds confidence, and they will strive to maintain their prescription.

It is better to sound a person with whom one deals, afar off, than to fall upon the point at first, except you mean to surprise him by some short question. It is better dealing with men in appetite,⁸ than with those that are where they would be. If a man deal with another upon conditions,⁹ the start or first performance is all;¹⁰ which¹¹ a man cannot reasonably demand, except either the nature of the thing be such which must go before;¹² or else a man can persuade the other party, that he shall still need him in some other thing; or else that he be counted the honestest man. All practice¹³ is to discover,¹⁴ or to work.¹⁵ Men discover¹⁶ themselves in trust, in passion, at unawares; and of necessity,

when they would have somewhat done, and cannot find an apt pretext.¹⁷ If you would work any man, you must either know his nature and fashions, and so lead him, or his ends, and so persuade him, or his weakness and disadvantages, and so awe him, or those that have interest in him, and so govern him. In dealing with cunning persons, we must ever consider their ends to interpret their speeches, and it is good to say little to them, and that which they least look for. In all negotiations of difficulty a man may not look to sow and reap at once, but must prepare business, and so ripen it by degrees.

OF STUDIES

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament is in discourse; and for ability is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert¹ men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels and the plots and marshalling of affairs come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour² of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience. For natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty³ men contemn studies, simple men admire⁴ them, and wise men use them. For they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted;

nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested — that is, some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read, but not curiously,⁵ and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy⁶ things. Reading maketh a full man, conference⁷ a ready man, and writing an exact man. And therefore if a man write little he had need have a great memory; if he confer⁸ little he had need have a present wit; and if he read little he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise, poets witty, the mathematics subtle, natural philosophy⁹ deep, moral¹⁰ grave,¹¹ logic and rhetoric able to contend, *Abeunt studia in mores*.¹² Nay, there is no stond or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies, like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone¹³ and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head, and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics, for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen, for they are *cymini sectores*; ¹⁴ if he be not apt to beat over matters and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyer's cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

BEN JONSON (1573–1637)

OF BACON

ONE, though he be excellent and the chief, is not to be imitated alone; for never no imitator ever grew up to his author; likeness is always on this side truth. Yet there happened in my time one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his

speaking; his language, where he could spare or pass by a jest, was nobly censorious.¹ No man ever spake more neatly, more presly,² more weightily, or suffered³ less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but

consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough, or look aside from him, without loss. He commanded where he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion.⁴ No man had their affections⁵ more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end. . . . My conceit⁶ of his person was never increased toward him by his place or honors. But I have and do reverence him for the greatness

that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength; for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest.

1641

OF SHAKESPEARE

I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, "Would he had blotted a thousand," which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour, for I loved the man, and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy,¹ brave notions,²

and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometime it was necessary he should be stopped. "*Sufflam-inadus erat*,"³ as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too. Many times he fell into those things, could not escape laughter, as when he said in the person of Cæsar,⁴ one speaking to him: "Cæsar, thou dost me wrong." He replied: "Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause;" and such like, which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.

1641

Cavaliers and Puritans

ROBERT HERRICK
(1591-1674)

CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING

Get up, get up for shame, the blooming
morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air:
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see 5
The dew bespangling herb and tree.

Each flower has wept and bow'd toward
the east
Above an hour since: yet you have not
dress'd;

Nay! not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have matins said 10
And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis
sin,

Nay, profanation to keep in,
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in
May.

Rise and put on your foliage, and be
seen 15

To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh
and green,

And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair;
Fear not; the leaves will strew

Gems in abundance upon you: 20
Besides, the childhood of the day has
kept,

Against you come, some orient pearls un-
wept;

Come and receive them while the
light

Hangs on the dew-locks of the night:

And Titan on the eastern hill 25

Retires himself, or else stands still

Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be
brief in praying:

Few beads are best when once we go a-
Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and, coming,
mark

How each field turns a street, each street
a park 30

Made green and trimm'd with trees;
see how

Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch: each porch, each door ere
this

An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn neatly inter-
wove; 35

As if here were those cooler shades of love.

Can such delights be in the street

And open fields and we not see 't?

Come, we'll abroad; and let's obey

The proclamation made for May; 40

And sin no more, as we have done, by
staying;

But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl this day
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.

A deal of youth, ere this, is come 45

Back, and with white-thorn laden home.

Some have dispatched their cakes and
cream,

Before that we have left to dream:

And some have wept, and woo'd, and
plighted troth,

And chose their priest, ere we can cast off
sloth: 50

Many a green-gown has been given;

Many a kiss, both odd and even:

Many a glance, too, has been sent

From out the eye, love's firmament;

Many a jest told of the keys betraying 55

This night, and locks pick'd, yet we're not
a-Maying.

Come, let us go while we are in our prime;
And take the harmless folly of the time.

We shall grow old apace, and die

Before we know our liberty. 60

Our life is short, and our days run

As fast away as does the sun:

And, as a vapour or a drop of rain
 Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
 So when you or I are made 65
 A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
 All love, all liking, all delight
 Lies drowned with us in endless night.
 Then while time serves, and we are but
 decaying,
 Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a- 70
 Maying. 1648

TO THE VIRGINS TO MAKE MUCH
 OF TIME

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
 Old time is still a-flying:
 And this same flower that smiles to-day
 To-morrow will be dying.
 The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun 5
 The higher he's a-getting,
 The sooner will his race be run,
 And nearer he's to setting.
 That age is best which is the first,
 When youth and blood are warmer; 10
 But, being spent, the worse, and worst
 Times still succeed the former.
 Then be not coy, but use your time,
 And while ye may go marry:
 For having lost but once your prime 15
 You may forever tarry. 1648

TO DAFFODILS

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon;
 As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attain'd his noon.
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the evensong;
 And, having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along.
 We have short time to stay, as you,
 We have as short a spring;
 As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you, or anything.
 We die,
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away,
 Like to the summer's rain;

Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
 Ne'er to be found again. 20
 1648

TO ANTHEA

Bid me to live, and I will live
 Thy Protestant to be;
 Or bid me to love, and I will give
 A loving heart to thee.
 A heart as soft, a heart as kind, 5
 A heart as sound and free
 As in the whole world thou canst find,
 That heart I'll give to thee.
 Bid that heart stay, and it will stay
 To honour that decree; 10
 Or bid it languish quite away,
 And 't shall do so for thee.
 Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
 While I have eyes to see;
 And having none, yet I will keep 15
 A heart to weep for thee.
 Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
 Under that cypress tree;
 Or bid me die, and I will dare
 E'en death, to die for thee. 20
 — Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
 The very eyes of me;
 And hast command of every part,
 To live and die for thee. 1648

THOMAS CAREW
 (1598?–1639?)

ASK ME NO MORE

5 Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
 When June is past, the fading rose;
 For in your beauty's orient deep
 These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.
 10 Ask me no more whither do stray 5
 The golden atoms of the day,
 For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
 Those powders to enrich your hair.
 15 Ask me no more whither doth haste 10
 The nightingale when May is past;
 For in your sweet dividing throat
 She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light
That downwards fall in dead of night,
For in your eyes they sit, and there 15
Fixèd become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
The phoenix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies. 20
1640

DISDAIN RETURNED

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires;
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires,
As old Time makes these decay, 5
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires; 10
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win,
My resolved heart to return;
I have searched that soul within 15
And find naught but pride and scorn;
I have learned thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou!
1640

SIR JOHN SUCKLING (1609-1642)

WHY SO PALE AND WAN?

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale? 5

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do 't?
Prithee, why so mute? 10

Quit, quit for shame! This will not move;
This cannot take her.
If of herself she will not love,

Nothing can make her:
The devil take her! 15
1638

THE CONSTANT LOVER

Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together!
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings 5
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
Is due at all to me: 10
Love with me had made no stays,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face, 15
There had been at least ere this
A dozen dozen in her place.
1648

RICHARD LOVELACE (1618-1658)

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS
Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase, 5
The first foe in the field,
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As thou, too, shalt adore, — 10
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more. 1649

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON
When Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair, 5
And fettered to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
 With no allaying Thames, 10
 Our careless heads with roses bound,
 Our hearts with loyal flames;
 When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
 When healths and draughts go free,
 Fishes that tinkle in the deep 15
 Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
 With shriller throat shall sing
 The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
 And glories of my King; 20
 When I shall voice aloud, how good
 He is, how great should be,
 Enlarged winds that curl the flood
 Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make, 25
 Nor iron bars a cage;
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for an hermitage;
 If I have freedom in my love,
 And in my soul am free, 30
 Angels alone, that soar above,
 Enjoy such liberty.

1642, 1649

GEORGE WITHER
 (1588-1667)

THE LOVER'S RESOLUTION

Shall I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair?
 Or make pale my cheeks with care
 'Cause another's rosy arc? 5
 Be she fairer than the day
 Or the flowery meads in May —
 If she think not well of me,
 What care I how fair she be?

Shall my silly heart be pined
 'Cause I see a woman kind; 10
 Or a well disposed nature
 Joinèd with a lovely feature?
 Be she meeker, kinder than
 Turtle-dove or pelican,
 If she be not so to me, 15
 What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
 Me to perish for her love?
 Or her well-deservings known
 Make me quite forget mine own? 20

Be she with that goodness blest
 Which may merit name of best;
 If she be not such to me,
 What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high, 25
 Shall I play the fool and die?
 She that bears a noble mind,
 If not outward helps she find,
 Thinks what with them he would do
 Who without them dares her woo; 30
 And unless that mind I see,
 What care I how great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
 I will ne'er the more despair;
 If she love me, this believe, 35
 I will die ere she shall grieve;
 If she slight me when I woo,
 I can scorn and let her go;
 For if she be not for me,
 What care I for whom she be? 40
 1615

SIR HENRY WOTTON
 (1568-1639)

CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

How happy is he born and taught
 That serveth not another's will;
 Whose armour is his honest thought
 And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are, 5
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,
 Not tied unto the world with care
 Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise
 Or vice; who never understood 10
 How deepest wounds are given by praise;
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
 Whose conscience is his strong
 retreat;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed, 15
 Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
 More of his grace than gifts to lend;
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a well-chosen book or friend; 20

— This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing yet hath all.

c. 1614

GEORGE HERBERT

(1593–1633)

VIRTUE

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky!
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave, 5
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye.
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie, 10
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to
coal, 15
Then chiefly lives.

1633

JAMES SHIRLEY

(1596–1667)

A DIRGE

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings: 5
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they 10
kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late
They stoop to fate,



And must give up their murmuring
breath, 15
When they, poor captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See, where the victor-victim bleeds: 20
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust. 1659

EDMUND WALLER

(1605–1687)

ON A GIRDLE

That which her slender waist confin'd,
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere, 5
The pale which held that lovely deer,
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass, and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's 10
fair:
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round. 1645

GO, LOVELY ROSE

Go, lovely Rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows
When I resemble her to thee, 5
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That had'st thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide, 10
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired, 15
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair. 20
1645

ANDREW MARVELL
(1621-1678)

THE GARDEN

How vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
And their incessant labours see
Crowned from some single herb, or tree,
Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade, 5
Does prudently their toils upbraid,
While all the flowers and trees do close,
To weave the garlands of repose!

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear? 10
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow;
Society is all but rude 15
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name, 20
Little, alas! they know or heed,
How far these beauties hers exceed!
Fair trees! where'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat, 25
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, who mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race;
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow; 30
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of a vine 35
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach;

Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass. 40

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these, 45
Far other worlds, and other seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot
Or at some fruit tree's mossy root, 50
Casting the body's vest aside
My soul into the boughs does glide;
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight, 55
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy Garden-state
While man there walk'd without a mate:
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet! 60
But 't was beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two paradises 't were in one,
To live in Paradise alone.

How well the skillful gardener drew 65
Of flowers and herbs this dial new!
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run:
And, as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we. 70
How could such sweet and wholesome
hours
Be reckon'd, but with herbs and flowers!
c. 1650, 1681

JOHN MILTON
(1608-1674)

ON SHAKESPEARE

What needs my Shakespeare for his hon-
ored bones
The labor of an age in pilèd stones?
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid? 35
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame, 5
What need'st thou such weak witness of
thy name?

Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
 For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavor-
 ing art,
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each
 heart 10
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued
 book
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression
 took,
 Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marble with too much con-
 ceiving,
 And so sepulchered in such pomp dost
 lie 15
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to
 die.

1630

L'ALLEGRO

Hence, loathèd Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
 In Stygian cave forlorn
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and
 sights unholy!

Find out some uncouth cell, 5
 Where brooding Darkness spreads his
 jealous wings,
 And the night-raven sings;
 There, under ebon shades and low-
 browed rocks,
 As ragged as thy locks,
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever
 dwell. 10

But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
 In heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,
 And by men heart-easing Mirth;
 Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
 With two sister Graces more, 15
 To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore:
 Or whether (as some sager sing)
 The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
 Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
 As he met her once a-Maying, 20
 There, on beds of violets blue,
 And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
 Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with
 thee 25

Jest, and youthful Jollity,
 Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
 Nods and becks and wreathèd smiles,

Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek; 30
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Come, and trip it, as you go,
 On the light fantastic toe;
 And in thy right hand lead with thee 35
 The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
 And, if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreprovèd pleasures free; 40
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And, singing, startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
 Then to come in spite of sorrow, 45
 And at my window bid good-morrow,
 Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine;
 While the cock, with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin; 50
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before:
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill, 55
 Through the high wood echoing shrill:
 Some time walking, not unseen,
 By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate
 Where the great Sun begins his state 60
 Robed in flames and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
 While the ploughman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe, 65
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new
 pleasures

Whilst the landscape round it
 measures; 70

Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
 Mountains, on whose barren breast
 The laboring clouds do often rest;
 Meadows trim with daisies pied, 75
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The cynosure of neighboring eyes. 80

Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
 Are at their savory dinner set
 Of herbs, and other country messes 85
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead. 90
 Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth and many a maid, 95
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holyday,
 Till the livelong daylight fail:
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale, 100
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How Faery Mab the junkets eat: —
 She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said:
 And he, by Friar's lantern led;
 Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat 105
 To earn his cream bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
 That ten day laborers could not end;
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend, 110
 And, stretch'd out all the chimney's
 length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they
 creep, 115
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
 Tower'd cities please us then
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
 In weeds of peace, high triumphs
 hold, 120
 With store of ladies whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear 125
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique pageantry;
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream. 130
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,

If Jonson's learn'd sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.
 And ever against eating cares 135
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
 In notes with many a winding bout
 Of link'd sweetness long drawn out, 140
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes run-
 ning,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his
 head 145
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto to have quite set free
 His half-regained Eurydice. 150
 These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.
 1634

IL PENSEROSO

Hence, vain deluding Joys,
 The brood of Folly without father bred!
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fix'd mind with all your toys!
 Dwell in some idle brain, 5
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes
 possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sun-
 beams,
 Or likest hovering dreams,
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus'
 train. 10
 But, hail! thou Goddess sage and holy,
 Hail, divinest Melancholy!
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view 15
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
 Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
 To set her beauty's praise above 20
 The sea nymphs, and their powers
 offended:
 Yet thou art higher far descended:
 Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,
 To solitary Saturn bore;

His daughter she; in Saturn's reign 25
 Such mixture was not held a stain:
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of Jove. 30
 Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of Cypres lawn 35
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn:
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes: 40
 There, held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
 And join with thee calm Peace, and
 Quiet, 45
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing:
 And add to these retir'd Leisure
 That in trim gardens takes his pleas-
 ure: — 50
 But first and chiefest, with thee bring,
 Him that yon soars on golden wing
 Guiding the fiery-wheel'd throne,
 The cherub Contemplation;
 And the mute silence hist along, 55
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak. 60
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of
 folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy!
 Thee, chantress, oft, the woods among,
 I woo, to hear thy even-song;
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen 65
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering moon
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the heaven's wide pathless
 way, 70
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off curfew sound

Over some wide watered shore, 75
 Swinging slow with sullen roar;
 Or, if the air will not permit,
 Some still, removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom; 80
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.
 Or let my lamp, at midnight hour, 85
 Be seen in some high lonely tower
 Where I may oft outwatch the Bear
 With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds or what vast regions hold 90
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook,
 And of those demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or underground,
 Whose power hath a true consent, 95
 With planet or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy,
 In scepter'd pall, come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine, 100
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskined stage.
 But, O, sad virgin! that thy power
 Might raise Musæus from his bower;
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing 105
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made hell grant what love did seek;
 Or call up him that left half told
 The story of Cambuscan bold, 110
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
 And who had Canacé to wife
 That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
 And of the wondrous horse of brass,
 On which the Tartar king did ride; 115
 And if aught else great bards beside
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of tourneys, and of trophies hung,
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the
 ear. 120
 Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale
 career,
 Till civil-suited Morn appear,
 Not tricked and frownc'd as she was wont
 With the Attic boy to hunt,
 But kerchieft in a comely cloud, 125
 While rocking winds are piping loud;

Eve separate; he wished, but not with hope
 Of what so seldom chanced, when to his
 wish,
 Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,
 Veiled in a cloud of fragrance, where she
 stood,
 Half-spied, so thick the roses bushing
 round 15
 About her glowed, oft stooping to support
 Each flower of tender stalk, whose head,
 though gay
 Carnation, purple, azure, or specked with
 gold,
 Hung drooping unsustained. Them she
 upstays
 Gentle with myrtle band, mindless the
 while 20
 Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,
 From her best prop so far, and storm so
 nigh.
 Nearer he drew, and many a walk trav-
 ersed
 Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm;
 Then voluble and bold, now hid, now
 seen 25
 Among thick-woven arborets, and flowers
 Imbordered on each bank, the hand of
 Eve:
 Spot more delicious than those gardens
 feigned
 Or of revived Adonis, or renowned
 Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son, 30
 Or that, not mystic, where the sapient
 king
 Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian
 spouse.
 Much he the place admired, the person
 more.
 As one who, long in populous city pent,
 Where houses thick and sewers annoy the
 air, 35
 Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to
 breathe
 Among the pleasant villages and farms
 Adjoined, from each thing met conceives
 delight —
 The smell of grain, or teded grass, or
 kine,
 Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural
 sound — 40
 If chance with nymph-like step fair virgin
 pass,
 What pleasing seemed for her now pleases
 more,

She most, and in her look sums all delight:
 Such pleasure took the Serpent to behold
 This flowery plat, the sweet recess of
 Eve 45
 Thus early, thus alone. Her heavenly
 form
 Angelic, but more soft and feminine,
 Her graceful innocence, her every air
 Of gesture or least action, overawed
 His malice, and with rapine sweet be-
 reaved 50
 His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought.
 That space the Evil One abstracted stood
 From his own evil, and for the time re-
 mained
 Stupidly good, of enmity disarmed,
 Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge. 55
 But the hot hell that always in him burns,
 Though in mid Heaven, soon ended his de-
 light,
 And tortures him now more, the more he
 sees
 Of pleasure not for him ordained. Then
 soon
 Fierce hate he recollects, and all his
 thoughts 60
 Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites: —
 "Thoughts, whither have ye led me?
 with what sweet
 Compulsion thus transported to forget
 What hither brought us? hate, not love,
 nor hope
 Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to
 taste 65
 Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,
 Save what is in destroying; other joy
 To me is lost. Then let me not let pass
 Occasion which now smiles. Behold
 alone
 The Woman, opportune to all at-
 tempts — 70
 Her husband, for I view far round, not
 nigh,
 Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
 And strength, of courage haughty, and of
 limb
 Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould;
 Foe not formidable, exempt from
 wound — 75
 I not; so much hath Hell debased, and
 pain
 Enfeebled me, to what I was in Heaven.
 She fair, divinely fair, fit love for Gods,
 Not terrible, though terror be in love,

And beauty, not approached by stronger
 hate, 80
 Hate stronger, under show of love well
 feigned —
 The way which to her ruin now I tend.”
 So spake the Enemy of Mankind, en-
 closed
 In serpent, inmate bad, and toward Eve
 Addressed his way — not with indented
 wave, 85
 Prone on the ground, as since, but on his
 rear,
 Circular base of rising folds, that towered
 Fold above fold, a surging maze; his head
 Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;
 With burnished neck of verdant gold,
 erect 90
 Amidst his circling spires, that on the
 grass
 Floated redundant. Pleasing was his
 shape
 And lovely; never since of serpent kind
 Lovelier — not those that in Illyria
 changed
 Hermione and Cadmus, or the god 95
 In Epidaurus; nor to which transformed
 Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline, was seen,
 He with Olympias, this with her who bore
 Scipio, the highth of Rome. With tract
 oblique
 At first, as one who sought access but
 feared 100
 To interrupt, sidelong he works his way.
 As when a ship, by skillful steersman
 wrought
 Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the
 wind
 Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her
 sail,
 So varied he, and of his tortuous
 train 105
 Curled many a wanton wreath in sight of
 Eve,
 To lure her eye. She, busied, heard the
 sound
 Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as used
 To such disport before her through the
 field
 From every beast, more duteous at her
 call 110
 Than at Circean call the herd disguised.
 He, bolder now, uncalled before her stood,
 But as in gaze admiring. Oft he bowed
 His turret crest and sleek enamelled neck,

Fawning, and licked the ground whercon
 she trod. 115
 His gentle dumb expression turned at
 length
 The eye of Eve to mark his play; he, glad
 Of her attention gained, with serpent-
 tongue
 Organic, or impulse of vocal air,
 His fraudulent temptation thus
 began: — 120
 “Wonder not, sovran mistress (if
 perhaps
 Thou canst who art sole wonder), much
 less arm
 Thy looks, the heaven of mildness, with
 disdain,
 Displeased that I approach thee thus, and
 gaze
 Insatiate, I thus single, nor have
 feared 125
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired.
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,
 Thee all things living gaze on, all things
 thine
 By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore,
 With ravishment beheld — there best
 beheld 130
 Where universally admired. But here,
 In this enclosure wild, these beasts among,
 Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
 Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
 Who sees thee (and what is one?) who
 shouldst be seen 135
 A Goddess among Gods, adored and served
 By Angels numberless, thy daily train?”
 So glozed the Tempter, and his poem
 tuned.
 Into the heart of Eve his words made way,
 Though at the voice much marvelling;
 at length, 140
 Not unmazed, she thus in answer
 spake: —
 “What may this mean? Language of
 Man pronounced
 By tongue of brute, and human sense ex-
 pressed!
 The first at least of these I thought
 denied
 To beasts, whom God on their creation-
 day 145
 Created mute to all articulate sound;
 The latter I demur, for in their looks
 Much reason, and in their actions, oft
 appears.

Thee, Serpent, subtlest beast of all the
field
I knew, but not with human voice
endued; 150
Redouble, then, this miracle, and say,
How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and
how
To me so friendly grown above the rest
Of brutal kind that daily are in sight:
Say, for such wonder claims attention
due." 155
To whom the guileful Tempter thus
replied: —
"Empress of this fair World, resplendent
Evel
Easy to me it is to tell thee all
What thou command'st, and right thou
shouldst be obeyed.
I was at first as other beasts that
graze 160
The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and
low,
As was my food, nor aught but food dis-
cerned
Or sex, and apprehended nothing high;
Till on a day, roving the field, I chanced
A goodly tree far distant to behold, 165
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixed,
Ruddy and gold. I nearer drew to gaze;
When from the boughs a savoury odour
blown,
Grateful to appetite, more pleased my
sense
Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the
teats 170
Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at even,
Unsucked of lamb or kid, that tend their
play.
To satisfy the sharp desire I had
Of tasting those fair apples, I resolved
Not to defer; hunger and thirst at
once, 175
Powerful persuaders, quickened at the
scent
Of that alluring fruit, urged me so keen.
About the mossy trunk I wound me soon;
For, high from ground, the branches
would require
Thy utmost reach, or Adam's: round
the tree 180
All other beasts that saw, with like desire
Longing and envying stood, but could not
reach.
Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung

Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill
I spared not; for such pleasure till that
hour 185
At feed or fountain never had I found.
Sated at length, ere long I might perceive
Strange alteration in me, to degree
Of Reason in my inward powers, and
Speech
Wanted not long, though to this shape
retained. 190
Thenceforth to speculations high or deep
I turned my thoughts, and with capacious
mind
Considered all things visible in Heaven,
Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and
good.
But all that fair and good in thy divine 195
Semblance, and in thy beauty's heavenly
ray,
United I beheld — no fair to thine
Equivalent or second; which compelled
Me thus, though importune perhaps, to
come
And gaze, and worship thee of right
declared 200
Sovran of creatures, universal Dame!"
So talked the spirited sly Snake; and
Eve,
Yet more amazed, unwary thus replied: —
"Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in
doubt
The virtue of that fruit, in thee first
proved. 205
But say, where grows the tree? from hence
how far?
For many are the trees of God that grow
In Paradise, and various, yet unknown
To us; in such abundance lies our choice
As leaves a greater store of fruit un-
touched, 210
Still hanging incorruptible, till men
Grow up to their provision, and more
hands
Help to disburden Nature of her bearth."
To whom the wily Adder, blithe and
glad: —
"Empress, the way is ready, and not
long — 215
Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,
Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past
Of blowing myrrh and balm. If thou
accept
My conduct, I can bring thee thither
soon."

"Lead, then," said Eve. He, lead-
 ing, swiftly rolled 220
 In tangles, and made intricate seem
 straight,
 To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
 Brightens his crest. As when a wandering
 fire,
 Compact of unctuous vapour, which the
 night
 Condenses, and the cold environs
 round, 225
 Kindled through agitation to a flame
 (Which oft, they say, some evil spirit at-
 tends),
 Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
 Misleads the amazed night-wanderer from
 his way
 To bogs and mires, and oft through pond
 or pool, 230
 There swallowed up and lost, from succour
 far:
 So glistered the dire Snake, and into fraud
 Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the
 Tree
 Of Prohibition, root of all our woe;
 Which when she saw, thus to her guide
 she spake: — 235
 "Serpent, we might have spared our
 coming hither,
 Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to
 excess,
 The credit of whose virtue rest with thee —
 Wondrous, indeed, if cause of such
 effects!
 But of this tree we may not taste nor
 touch; 240
 God so commanded, and left that com-
 mand
 Sole daughter of his voice: the rest, we live
 Law to ourselves; our Reason is our Law."
 To whom the Tempter guilefully re-
 plied: —
 "Indeed! Hath God then said that of the
 fruit 245
 Of all these garden-trees ye shall not eat,
 Yet lords declared of all in Earth or Air?"
 To whom thus Eve, yet sinless: —
 "Of the fruit
 Of each tree in the garden we may eat;
 But of the fruit of this fair tree,
 amidst 250
 The Garden, God hath said, 'Ye shall not
 eat
 Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.' "

She scarce had said, though brief,
 when now more bold
 The Tempter, but, with show of zeal and
 love
 To Man, and indignation at his
 wrong, 255
 New part puts on, and, as to passion
 moved,
 Fluctuates disturbed, yet comely, and in
 act
 Raised, as of some great matter to begin.
 As when of old some orator renowned
 In Athens or free Rome, where elo-
 quence 260
 Flourished, since mute, to some great
 cause addressed,
 Stood in himself collected, while each part,
 Motion, each act, won audience ere the
 tongue
 Sometime in highth began, as no delay
 Of preface brooking through his zeal of
 right: 265
 So standing, moving, or to highth up-
 grown,
 The Tempter, all impassioned, thus be-
 gan: —
 "O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving
 Plant,
 Mother of science! now I feel thy power
 Within me clear, not only to discern 270
 Things in their causes, but to trace the
 ways
 Of highest agents, deemed however wise.
 Queen of this Universe! do not believe
 Those rigid threats of death. Ye shall
 not die.
 How should ye? By the fruit? it gives
 you life 275
 To knowledge. By the Threatener? look
 on me,
 Me who have touched and tasted, yet both
 live,
 And life more perfect have attained than
 Fate
 Meant me, by venturing higher than my
 lot.
 Shall that be shut to Man which to the
 Beast 280
 Is open? or will God incense his ire
 For such a petty trespass, and not praise
 Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the
 pain
 Of death denounced, whatever thing
 Death be,

Deterred not from achieving what
might lead 285
To happier life, knowledge of Good and
Evil?
Of good, how just! of evil — if what is
evil
Be real, why not known, since easier
shunned?
God, therefore, cannot hurt ye, and be
just;
Not just, not God; not feared then,
nor obeyed; 290
Your fear itself of death removed the fear.
Why, then, was this forbid? Why but to
awe,
Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,
His worshippers? He knows that in the
day
Ye eat thereof your eyes, that seem so
clear, 295
Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then
Opened and cleared, and ye shall be as
Gods,
Knowing both good and evil, as they
know.
That ye should be as Gods, since I as Man,
Internal Man, is but proportion
meet — 300
I, of brute, human; ye, of human, Gods.
So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on Gods — death to be
wished,
Though threatened, which no worse than
this can bring!
And what are Gods, that Man may not
become 305
As they, participating godlike food?
The Gods are first, and that advantage
use
On our belief, that all from them proceeds.
I question it; for this fair Earth I see,
Warmed by the Sun, producing every
kind; 310
Them nothing. If they all things, who
enclosed
Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,
That whoso eats thereof forthwith at-
tains
Wisdom without their leave? and wherein
lies
The offence, that Man should thus attain
to know? 315
What can your knowledge hurt him, or
this tree

Impart against his will, if all be his?
Or is it envy? and can envy dwell
In Heavenly breasts? These, these and
many more
Causes import your need of this fair
fruit. 320
Goddess humane, reach, then, and freely
taste!"
He ended; and his words, replete
with guile,
Into her heart too easy entrance won.
Fixed on the fruit she gazed, which to be-
hold
Might tempt alone; and in her ears the
sound 325
Yet rung of his persuasive words, im-
pregned
With reason, to her seeming, and with
truth . . .
Forth-reaching to the fruit, she plucked,
she eat.
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from
her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave
signs of woe 330
That all was lost. Back to the thicket
slunk
The guilty Serpent, and well might, for
Eve,
Intent now only on her taste, naught else
Regarded; such delight till then, as
seemed,
In fruit she never tasted, whether
true, 335
Or fancied so through expectation high
Of knowledge; nor was Godhead from her
thought.
Greedily she ingorged without restraint,
And knew not eating death. Sate at
length,
And hightened as with wine, jocund
and boon, 340
Thus to herself she pleasingly began: —
"O sovran, virtuous, precious of all
trees
In Paradise! of operation blest
To sapience, hitherto obscured, infamed,
And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no
end 345
Created! but henceforth my early care,
Not without song, each morning, and due
praise,
Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden
ease

Of thy full branches, offered free to all;
Till, dieted by thee, I grow mature 350
In knowledge, as the Gods who all things
know.

Though others envy what they cannot
give —

For, had the gift been theirs, it had not
here

Thus grown! Experience, next to thee I
owe,

Best guide: not following thee, I had
remained 355

In ignorance; thou open'st Wisdom's way,
And giv'st access, though secret she re-
tire.

And I perhaps am secret: Heaven is
high —

High, and remote to see from thence dis-
tinct

Each thing on Earth; and other care
perhaps 360

May have diverted from continual watch
Our great Forbidder, safe with all his
spies

About him. But to Adam in what sort
Shall I appear? Shall I to him make
known

As yet my change, and give him to
partake 365

Full happiness with me, or rather not,
But keep the odds of knowledge in my
power

Without copartner? so to add what wants
In female sex, the more to draw his love,
And render me more equal, and per-
haps — 370

A thing not undesirable — sometime
Superior; for, inferior, who is free?

This may be well; but what if God have
seen,

And death ensue? Then I shall be no
more;

And Adam, wedded to another Eve, 375
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct!

A death to think! Confirmed, then, I
resolve

Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe.
So dear I love him that with him all deaths
I could endure, without him live no
life." 380

So saying, from the tree her step she
turned,

But first low reverence done, as to the
Power

That dwelt within, whose presence had
infused

Into the plant sciential sap, derived
From nectar, drink of Gods. Adam the
while, 385

Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest flowers a garland, to adorn

Her tresses, and her rural labours crown,
As reapers oft are wont their harvest-
queen.

Great joy he promised to his thoughts,
and new 390

Solace in her return, so long delayed;
Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,
Mischance him. He the faltering measure
felt,

And forth to meet her went, the way she
took

That morn when first they parted. By
the Tree 395

Of Knowledge he must pass; there he her
met,

Scarce from the tree returning; in her
hand

A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smiled
New gathered, and ambrosial smell dif-
fused.

To him she hasted; in her face excuse 400
Came prologue, and apology to prompt,

Which, with bland words at will, she thus
addressed: —

"Hast thou not wondered, Adam, at
my stay?

Thou I have missed, and thought it long,
deprived

Thy presence — agony of love till
now 405

Nor felt, nor shall be twice; for never more
Mean I to try, what rash untried I
sought,

The pain of absence from thy sight. But
strange

Hath been the cause, and wonderful to
hear.

This tree is not, as we are told, a tree 410
Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown

Opening the way, but of divine effect
To open eyes, and make them Gods who
taste;

And hath been tasted such. The Serpent
wise,

Or not restrained as we, or not obey-
ing, 415

Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become

Not dead, as we are threatened, but
thenceforth
Endued with human voice and human
sense,
Reasoning to admiration, and with me
Persuasively hath so prevailed that I 420
Have also tasted, and have also found
The effects to correspond — opener mine
eyes,
Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,
And growing up to Godhead; which for
thee
Chiefly I sought, without thee can de-
spise. 425
For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss;
Tedious, unshared with thee, and odious
soon.
Thou, therefore, also taste, that equal
lot
May join us, equal joy, as equal love;
Lest, thou not tasting, different degree 430
Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce
Deity for thee, when fate will not permit.”
Thus Eve with countenance blithe her
story told;
But in her cheek distemper flushing
glowed.
On the other side, Adam, soon as he
heard 435
The fatal trespass done by Eve, amazed,
Astonied stood and blank, while horror
chill
Ran through his veins, and all his joints
relaxed.
From his slack hand the garland wreathed
for Eve
Down dropt, and all the faded roses
shed. 440
Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at
length
First to himself he inward silence broke: —
“O fairest of Creation, last and best
Of all God’s works, creature in whom ex-
celled
Whatever can to sight or thought be
formed, 445
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost! how on a sudden lost,
Defaced, deflowered, and now to death
devote!
Rather, how hast thou yielded to trans-
gress
The strict forbiddance, how to vio-
late 450

The sacred fruit forbidden? Some cursed
fraud
Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet un-
known,
And me with thee hath ruined; for with
thee
Certain my resolution is to die.
How can I live without thee? how
forgo 455
Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly
joined,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn?
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart. No, no! I
feel 460
The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy
state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.”
So having said, as one from sad dismay
Recomforted, and, after thoughts dis-
turbed, 465
Submitting to what seemed remediless,
Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he
turned: —
“Bold deed thou hast presumed, ad-
venturous Eve,
And peril great provoked, who thus hast
dared
Had it been only coveting to eye 470
That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence;
Much more to taste it, under ban to touch.
But past who can recall, or done undo?
Not God Omnipotent, nor Fate! Yet so
Perhaps thou shalt not die; perhaps
the fact 475
Is not so heinous now — foretasted fruit,
Profaned first by the Serpent, by him first
Made common and unhallowed ere our
taste,
Nor yet on him found deadly. He yet
lives —
Lives, as thou saidst, and gains to live,
as Man, 480
Higher degree of life: inducement strong
To us, as likely, tasting, to attain
Proportional ascent; which cannot be
But to be Gods, or Angels, demi-gods.
Nor can I think that God, Creator
wise, 485
Though threatening, will in earnest so
destroy
Us, his prime creatures, dignified so high,

Set over all his works; which, in our fall,
For us created, needs with us must fail,
Dependent made. So God shall un-

create, 490

Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour lose —
Not well conceived of God; who, though
his power

Creation could repeat, yet would be loth
Us to abolish, lest the Adversary
Triumph and say: 'Fickle their state
whom God

495

Most favours; who can please him long?
Me first

He ruined, now Mankind; whom will he
next?' —

Matter of scorn not to be given the Foe.
However, I with thee have fixed my lot,
Certain to undergo like doom. If
death

500

Consort with thee, death is to me as life;
So forcible within my heart I feel
The bond of Nature draw me to my own —
My own in thee; for what thou art is mine.
Our state cannot be severed; we are
one, 505

One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself."
So Adam; and thus Eve to him re-
plied: —

"O glorious trial of exceeding love,
Illustrious evidence, example high!
Engaging me to emulate; but, short 510
Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,
Adam? from whose dear side I boast me
sprung,

And gladly of our union hear thee
speak,

One heart, one soul in both; whereof good
proof

This day affords, declaring thee re-
solved, 515

Rather than death, or aught than death
more dread,

Shall separate us, linked in love so dear,
To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,
If any be, of tasting this fair fruit;

Whose virtue (for of good still good
proceeds, 520

Direct, or by occasion) hath presented
This happy trial of thy love, which else
So eminently never had been known.

Were it I thought death menaced would
ensue

This my attempt, I would sustain
alone 525

The worst, and not persuade thee —
rather die

Deserted than oblige thee with a fact
Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly assured
Remarkably so late of thy so true,

So faithful, love unequalled. But I
feel 530

Far otherwise the event — not death, but
life

Augmented, opened eyes, new hopes, new
joys,

Taste so divine that what of sweet before
Hath touched my sense flat seems to this
and harsh:

On my experience, Adam, freely
taste, 535

And fear of death deliver to the winds."
So saying, she embraced him, and for
joy

Tenderly wept, much won that he his love
Had so ennobled as of choice to incur
Divine displeasure for her sake, or
death. 540

In recompense (for such compliance had
Such recompense best merits), from the
bough

She gave him of that fair enticing fruit
With liberal hand. He scrupled not to
eat,

Against his better knowledge, not de-
ceived, 545

But fondly overcome with female charm.
Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan;
Sky louded, and, muttering thunder, some
sad drops

Wept at completing of the mortal Sin 550
Original; while Adam took no thought,
Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate
Her former trespass feared, the more to
soothe

Him with her loved society; that now,
As with new wine intoxicated both, 555
They swim in mirth, and fancy that they
feel

Divinity within them breeding wings
Wherewith to scorn the Earth. But that
false fruit

Far other operation first displayed,
Carnal desire inflaming. He on Eve 560
Began to cast lascivious eyes; she him
As wantonly repaid; in lust they burn,
Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance
move: —

"Eve, now I see thou art exact of
 taste
 And elegant — of sapience no small
 part; 565
 Since to each meaning savour we apply,
 And palate call judicious. I the praise
 Yield thee; so well this day thou hast
 purveyed.
 Much pleasure we have lost, while we
 abstained
 From this delightful fruit, nor known
 till now 570
 True relish, tasting. If such pleasure be
 In things to us forbidden, it might be
 wished
 For this one tree had been forbidden ten.
 But come; so well refreshed, now let us
 play,
 As meet is, after such delicious fare; 575
 For never did thy beauty, since the day
 I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorned
 With all perfections, so inflame my sense
 With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now
 Than ever — bounty of this virtuous
 tree!" 580
 So said he, and forbore not glance or
 toy
 Of amorous intent, well understood
 Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious
 fire.
 Her hand he seized, and to a shady bank,
 Thick overhead with verdant roof em-
 bowered, 585
 He led her, nothing loth; flowers were the
 couch,
 Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,
 And hyacinth — Earth's freshest, softest
 lap.
 There they their fill of love and love's
 disport
 Took largely, of their mutual guilt the
 seal, 590
 The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep
 Oppressed them wearied with their
 amorous play.
 Soon as the force of that fallacious
 fruit,
 That with exhilarating vapour bland
 About their spirits had played, and in-
 most powers 595
 Made err, was now exhaled, and grosser
 sleep,
 Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious
 dreams

Encumbered, now had left them, up they
 rose
 As from unrest, and, each the other view-
 ing,
 Soon found their eyes how opened, and
 their minds 600
 How darkened. Innocence, that as a veil
 Had shadowed them from knowing ill,
 was gone;
 Just confidence, and native righteousness,
 And honour, from about them, naked
 left
 To guilty shame: he covered, but his
 robe 605
 Uncovered more. So rose the Danite
 strong,
 Herculean Samson, from the harlot-lap
 Of Philistean Dalilah, and waked
 Shorn of his strength; they destitute and
 bare
 Of all their virtue. Silent, and in
 face 610
 Confounded, long they sat, as stricken
 mute;
 Till Adam, though not less than Eve
 abashed,
 At length . . . [arose], and both together
 went
 Into the thickest wood. There soon they
 chose
 The fig-tree — not that kind for fruit
 renowned, 615
 But such as, at this day, to Indians known,
 In Malabar or Decan spreads her arms
 Branching so broad and long that in the
 ground
 The bended twigs take root, and daugh-
 ters grow
 About the mother tree, a pillared
 shade 620
 High overarched, and echoing walks be-
 tween:
 There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning
 heat,
 Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing
 herds
 At loop-holes cut through thickest shade.
 Those leaves
 They gathered, broad as Amazonian
 targe, 625
 And with what skill they had together
 sewed,
 To gird their waist — vain covering, if to
 hide

Their guilt and dreaded shame! O how
unlike

To that first naked glory! Such of late
Columbus found the American so girt 630
With feathered cincture, naked else and
wild,

Among the trees on isles and woody shores.
Thus fenced, and, as they thought, their
shame in part

Covered, but not at rest or ease of mind,
They sat them down to weep. Not
only tears 635

Rained at their eyes, but high winds worse
within

Began to rise, high passions — anger,
hate,

Mistrust, suspicion, discord — and shook
sore

Their inward state of mind, calm region
once

And full of peace, now tost and tur-
bulent: 640

For Understanding ruled not, and the Will
Heard not her lore, both in subjection now
To sensual Appetite, who, from beneath
Usurping over sovran Reason, claimed
Superior sway. From thus distempered
breast 645

Adam, estranged in look and altered style,
Speech intermitted thus to Eve renewed:

“Would thou hadst hearkened to my
words, and stayed

With me, as I besought thee, when that
strange

Desire of wandering, this unhappy
morn, 650

I know not whence possessed thee! We
had then

Remained still happy — not, as now,
despoiled

Of all our good, shamed, naked, miserable!
Let none henceforth seek needless cause
to approve

The faith they owe; when earnestly
they seek 655

Such proof, conclude they then begin to
fail.”

To whom, soon moved with touch of
blame, thus Eve: —

“What words have passed thy lips, Adam
severe?

Imput'st thou that to my default, or will
Of wandering, as thou call'st it, which
who knows 660

But might as ill have happened thou
being by,

Or to thyself perhaps? Hadst thou been
there,

Or here the attempt, thou couldst not have
discerned

Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he
spake;

No ground of enmity between us
known 665

Why he should mean me ill or seek to
harm.

Was I to have never parted from thy side?
As good have grown there still, a lifeless
rib.

Being as I am, why didst not thou, the
head,

Command me absolutely not to go, 670
Going into such danger, as thou saidst?

Too facile then, thou didst not much gain-
say,

Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dis-
miss.

Hadst thou been firm and fixed in thy
dissent,

Neither had I transgressed, nor thou
with me.” 675

To whom, then first incensed, Adam
replied: —

“Is this the love, is this the recompense
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, ex-
pressed

Immutable when thou wert lost, not I —
Who might have lived, and joyed im-
mortal bliss, 680

Yet willingly chose rather death with
thee?

And am I now upbraided as the cause
Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,
It seems, in thy restraint! What could I
more?

I warned thee, I admonished thee,
foretold 685

The danger, and the lurking enemy
That lay in wait; beyond this had been
force,

And force upon free will hath here no place.
But confidence then bore thee on, secure

Either to meet no danger, or to find 690
Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps

I also erred in overmuch admiring
What seemed in thee so perfect that I
thought

No evil durst attempt thee. But I rue

That error now, which is become my
 crime,⁶⁹⁵
 And thou the accuser. Thus it shall befall
 Him who, to worth in women overtrusting,
 Lets her will rule: restraint she will not
 brook;
 And, left to herself, if evil thence ensue,

She first his weak indulgence will
 accuse."⁷⁰⁰
 Thus they in mutual accusation spent
 The fruitless hours, but neither self-
 condemning;
 And of their vain contest appeared no end.
 1667

THOMAS FULLER (1608-1661)

THE LIFE OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

FRANCIS DRAKE was born nigh South Tavistock in Devonshire, and brought up in Kent; God dividing the honour betwixt two counties, that the one might have his birth, and the other his education. His father, being a minister, fled into Kent for fear of the Six Articles,¹ wherein the sting of Popery still remained in England, though the teeth thereof were knocked out, and the Pope's supremacy abolished. Coming into Kent, he bound his son Francis apprentice to the master of a small bark, which traded ~~into~~ France and Zealand,² where he underwent a hard service; and pains with patience in his youth, did knit the joints of his soul, and made them more solid and compacted. His master, dying unmarried, in reward of his industry, bequeathed his bark unto him for a legacy.

For some time he continued his master's profession; but the narrow seas were a prison for so large a spirit, born for greater undertakings. He soon grew weary of his bark; which would scarce go alone, but as it crept along by the shore: wherefore, selling it, he unfortunately ventured most of his estate with Captain John Hawkins into the West Indies, in 1567; whose goods were taken by the Spaniards at St. John de Ulva, and he himself scarce escaped with life: the king of Spain being so tender in those parts, that the least touch doth wound him; and so jealous of the West Indies, his wife, that willingly he would have none look upon her: he therefore used them with the greater severity.

Drake was persuaded by the minister of his ship, that he might lawfully recover in value of the king of Spain, and repair his losses upon him anywhere else. The

case was clear in sea-divinity;³ and few are such infidels as not to believe doctrines which make for their own profit. Whereupon Drake, though a poor private man, hereafter undertook to revenge himself on so mighty a monarch; who, as not contented that the sun riseth and setteth in his dominions, may seem to desire to make all his own where he⁴ shineth. And now let us see how a dwarf, standing on the mount of God's providence, may prove an overmatch for a giant.

After two or three several voyages to gain intelligence in the West Indies, and some prizes taken, at last he effectually set forward from Plymouth with two ships, the one of seventy, the other twenty-five, tons, and seventy-three men and boys in both. He made with all speed and secrecy to Nombre de Dios, as loath to put the town to too much charge (which he knew they would willingly bestow) in providing beforehand for his entertainment; which city was then the granary of the West Indies, wherein the golden harvest brought from Panama was hoarded up till it could be conveyed into Spain. They came hard aboard the shore, and lay quiet all night, intending to attempt the town in the dawning of the day.

But he was forced to alter his resolution, and assault it sooner; for he heard his men muttering amongst themselves of the strength and greatness of the town: and when men's heads are once fly-blown with buzzes of suspicion, the vermin multiply instantly, and one jealousy⁵ begets another. Wherefore, he raised them from their nest before they had hatched their fears; and, to put away those conceits,⁶ he persuaded them it was day-dawning

when the moon rose, and instantly set on the town, and won it, being unvalled. In the marketplace the Spaniards saluted them with a volley of shot; Drake returned their greeting with a flight of arrows, the best and ancient English compliment, which drove their enemies away. Here Drake received a dangerous wound, though he valiantly concealed it a long time; knowing if his heart stooped, his men's would fall, and loath to leave off the action, wherein if so bright an opportunity once setteth, it seldom riseth again. But at length his men forced him to return to his ship, that his wound might be dressed; and this unhappy accident defeated the whole design. Thus victory sometimes slips through *their* fingers *who* have caught it in their hands.

But his valour would not let him give over the project as long as there was either life or warmth in it; and therefore, having received intelligence from the Negroes called Symerons,⁷ of many mules'-lading of gold and silver, which was to be brought from Panama, he, leaving competent numbers to man his ships, went on land with the rest, and bestowed himself in the woods by the way as they were to pass, and so intercepted and carried away an infinite mass of gold. As for the silver, which was not portable over the mountains, they digged holes in the ground and hid it therein.

There want not those who love to beat down the price of every honourable action, though they themselves never mean to be chapmen.⁸ These cry up Drake's *fortune* herein to cry down his *valour*; as if this his performance were nothing, wherein a golden opportunity ran his head, with his long forelock, into Drake's hands beyond expectation. But, certainly, his resolution and unconquerable patience deserved much praise, to adventure on such a design, which had in it just no more probability than what was enough to keep it from being impossible. Yet I admire⁹ not so much at all the treasure he took, as at the rich and deep mine of God's providence.

Having now full freighted himself with wealth, and burnt at the House of Crosses above two hundred thousand pounds'

worth of Spanish merchandise, he returned with honour and safety into England, and, some years after (December 13th, 1577), undertook that his famous voyage about the world, most accurately described by our English authors: and yet a word or two thereof will not be amiss.

Setting forward from Plymouth, he bore up for Cabo-verd,¹⁰ where, near to the island of St. Jago,¹¹ he took prisoner Nuno de Silva, an experienced Spanish pilot, whose direction he used in the coasts of Brazil and Magellan Straits, and afterwards safely landed him at Guatulco in New Spain.¹² Hence they took their course to the Island of Brava; and hereabouts they met with those tempestuous winds whose only praise is, that they continue not an hour, in which time they change all the points of the compass. Here they had great plenty of rain, poured (not, as in other places, as it were out of sieves, but) as out of spouts, so that a butt¹³ of water falls down in a place; which, notwithstanding, is but a courteous injury in that hot climate far from land, and where otherwise fresh water cannot be provided. Then cutting the Line,¹⁴ they saw the face of that heaven which earth hideth from us, but therein only three stars of the first greatness, the rest few and small compared to our hemisphere; as if God, on purpose, had set up the best and biggest candles in that room wherein his civilest guests are entertained.

Sailing the south of Brazil, he afterwards passed the Magellan Straits (August 20th, 1578), and then entered *Mare Pacificum*, came to the southernmost land at the height of 55½ latitudes; thence directing his course northward, he pillaged many Spanish towns, and took rich prizes of high value in the kingdoms of Chili, Peru, and New Spain. Then, bending eastwards, he coasted China, and the Moluccas, where, by the king of Ternate,¹⁵ a true gentleman Pagan, he was most honourably entertained. The king told them, they and he were all of one religion in this respect, — that they believed not in gods made of stocks and stones, as did the Portugals. He furnished them also with all necessaries that they wanted.

On January 9th following (1579), his ship, having a large¹⁶ wind and a smooth sea, ran aground on a dangerous shoal, and struck twice on it; knocking twice at the door of death, which, no doubt, had¹⁷ opened the third time. Here they stuck, from eight o'clock at night till four the next afternoon, having ground too much, and yet too little to land on; and water too much, and yet too little to sail in. Had God (who, as the wise man saith, "holdeth the winds in his fist," Prov. xxx. 4) but opened his little finger, and let out the smallest blast, they had undoubtedly been cast away; but there blew not any wind all the while. Then they, conceiving aright, that the best way to lighten the ship was, first, to ease it of the burden of their sins by true repentance, humbled themselves, by fasting, under the hand of God. Afterwards they received the communion, dining on Christ in the sacrament, expecting no other than to sup with him in heaven. Then they cast out of their ship six great pieces of ordnance, threw overboard as much wealth as would break the heart of a miser to think on it, with much sugar, and packs of spices, making a caudle¹⁸ of the sea round about. Then they betook themselves to their prayers, the best lever at such a dead lift indeed; and it pleased God, that the wind, formerly their mortal enemy, became their friend; which, changing from the starboard to the larboard of the ship, and rising by degrees, cleared them off to the sea again, — for which they returned unfeigned thanks to Almighty God.

By the Cape of Good Hope and west of Africa, he returned safe into England, and (November 3rd, 1580) landed at Plymouth (being almost the first of those that made a thorough light through¹⁹ the world) having, in his whole voyage, though a curious searcher after the time, lost one day through the variation of several climates. He feasted the queen in his ship at Dartford,²⁰ who knighted him for his service. Yet it grieved him not a little, that some prime courtiers refused the gold he offered them, as gotten by piracy. Some of them would have been loath to have been told, that they had *aurum Tholosanum*²¹ in their own purses. Some

think, that they did it to show that their envious pride was above their covetousness, who of set purpose did blur the fair copy of his performance, because they would not take pains to write after it.

I pass by his next West-Indian voyage (1585), wherein he took the cities of St. Jago, St. Domingo, Carthagená, and St. Augustine in Florida; as also his service performed in 1588, wherein he, with many others, helped to the waning of that half-moon, which sought to govern all the motion of our sea. I haste to his last voyage.

Queen Elizabeth, in 1595, perceiving that the only way to make the Spaniard a cripple forever, was to cut his sinews of war in the West Indies, furnished Sir Francis Drake, and Sir John Hawkins, with six of her own ships, besides twenty-one ships and barks of their own providing, containing in all two thousand five hundred men and boys, for some service on America. But, alas! this voyage was marred before begun. For, so great preparations being too big for a cover, the king of Spain knew of it, and sent a caraval of advizo²² to the West Indies; so that they had intelligence three weeks before the fleet set forth of England, either to fortify or remove their treasure; whereas, in other of Drake's voyages, not two of his own men knew whither he went; and managing such a design is like carrying a mine in war, — if it hath any vent, all is spoiled. Besides, Drake and Hawkins, being in joint commission, hindered each other. The latter took himself to be inferior rather in success than skill; and the action was unlike to prosper when neither would follow, and both could not handsomely go abreast. It vexed old Hawkins, that his counsel was not followed, in present²³ sailing to America, but that they spent time in vain in assaulting the Canaries; and the grief that his advice was slighted, say some, was the cause of his death. Others impute it to the sorrow he took for the taking of his bark called "the Francis," which five Spanish frigates had intercepted. But when the same heart hath two mortal wounds given it together, it is hard to say which of them killeth.

Drake continued his course for Porto

Rico; and, riding within the road, a shot from the Castle entered the steerage of the ship, took away the stool from under him as he sate at supper, wounded Sir Nicholas Clifford, and Brute Brown to death. "Ah, dear Brute!" said Drake, "I could grieve for thee, but now is no time for me to let down my spirits." And, indeed, a soldier's most proper bemoaning a friend's death in war, is in avenging it. And, sure, as if grief had made the English furious, they soon after fired five Spanish ships of two hundred tons apiece, in despite of the Castle.

America is not unfitly resembled to an hourglass, which hath a narrow neck of land (suppose it the hole where the sand passeth) betwixt the parts thereof, — Mexicana and Peruana. Now the English had a design to march by land over this Isthmus, from Porto Rico to Panama, where the Spanish treasure was laid up. Sir Thomas Baskerville, general of the land-forces, undertook the service with seven hundred and fifty armed men. They marched through deep ways, the Spaniards much annoying them with shot out of the woods. One fort in the passage they assaulted in vain, and heard two others were built to stop them, besides Panama itself. They had so much of this breakfast they thought they should surfeit of a dinner and supper of the same. No hope of conquest, except with cloying the jaws of death, and thrusting men on the mouth of the cannon. Wherefore, fearing to find the proverb true, that "gold may be bought too dear," they returned to their ships. Drake afterwards fired Nombre de Dios, and many other petty towns (whose treasure the Spaniards had conveyed away), burning the empty casks, when their precious liquor was run out before, and then prepared for their returning home.

Great was the difference betwixt the Indian cities now, from what they were when Drake first haunted these coasts. At first, the Spaniards here were safe and secure, counting their treasure sufficient to defend itself, the remoteness thereof being the greatest (almost only) resistance, and the fetching of it more than the fighting for it. Whilst the king of Spain guarded

the head and heart of his dominions in Europe, he left his long legs in America open to blows; till, finding them to smart, being beaten black and blue by the English, he learned to arm them at last, fortifying the most important of them to make them impregnable.

Now began Sir Francis's discontent to feed upon him. He conceived, that expectation, a merciless usurer, computing each day since his departure, exacted an interest and return of honour and profit proportionable to his great preparations, and transcending his former achievements. He saw that all the good which he had done in this voyage, consisted in the evil he had done to the Spaniards afar off, whereof he could present but small visible fruits in England. These apprehensions, accompanying, if not causing, the disease of the flux, wrought his sudden death, January 28th, 1595. And sickness did not so much untie his clothes, as sorrow did rend at once the robe of his mortality asunder. He lived by the sea, died on it, and was buried in it. Thus an extempore performance (scarce heard to be begun, before we hear it is ended!) comes off with better applause, or miscarries with less disgrace, than a long-studied and openly-premeditated action. Besides, we see how great spirits, having mounted to the highest pitch of performance, afterwards strain and break their credits in striving to go beyond it. Lastly, God oftentimes leaves the brightest man in an eclipse, to show that they do but borrow their lustre from his reflexion. We will not justify all the actions of any man, though of a tamer profession than a sea-captain, in whom civility is often counted preciseness. For the main, we say that this our captain was a religious man towards God and his houses (generally sparing churches where he came), chaste in his life, just in his dealings, true of his word, and merciful to those that were under him, hating nothing so much as idleness: and therefore, lest his soul should rust in peace, at spare hours he brought ²⁴ fresh water to Plymouth. Careful he was for posterity (though men of his profession have as well an ebb of riot, as a float ²⁵ of fortune) and providently raised

a worshipful family of his kindred. In a word: should those that speak against him fast till they fetch their bread where

he did his, they would have a good stomach²⁶ to eat it.

1642

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674)

FROM "AREOPAGITICA"

I DENY not, but that it is of greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors: for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth;¹ and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet on the other hand unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom, and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life. . . .

Good and evil we know in the field of this world grow up together almost in-

separably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds² which were imposed on Psyche as an incessant labor to cull out, and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. It was from out of the rind of one apple tasted, that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil, that is to say of knowing good by evil. As therefore the state of man now is; what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather; that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue, therefore, which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure; her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness; which was the reason why our sage and serious poet *Spenser*, whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than *Scotus*³ or *Aquinas*,⁴ describing true temperance under the person of *Guyon*, brings him in with his palmer through the cave of Mammon, and the bower of earthly bliss that he might see and know, and yet abstain. Since therefore the

knowledge and survey of vice is in this world so necessary to the constituting of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth, how can we more safely, and with less danger scout into the regions of sin and falsity than by reading all manner of tracts, and hearing all manner of reason? And this is the benefit which may be had of books promiscuously read. . . .

For as in a body, when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous, not only to⁵ vital, but to rational faculties, and those in the acutest and the pertest⁶ operations of wit and subtlety, it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is, so when the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up,⁷ as that it has, not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare, and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new invention, it betokens us not degenerated, nor drooping in a fatal decay, but casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption to outlive these pangs and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of truth and prosperous virtue destined to become great and honorable in these latter ages. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing⁸ her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance, while the whole noise⁹ of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight,

flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

What should ye do then, should ye suppress all this flowery crop of knowledge and new light sprung up and yet springing daily in this city, should ye set an oligarchy of twenty ingrossers¹⁰ over it, to bring a famine upon our minds again, when we shall know nothing but what is measured to us by their bushel? Believe it, Lords and Commons, they who counsel ye to such a suppressing, do as good as bid ye suppress yourselves; and I will soon show how. If it be desired to know the immediate cause of all this free writing and free speaking, there can not be assigned a truer than your own mild, and free, and human government: it is the liberty, Lords and Commons, which your own valorous and happy counsels have purchased¹¹ us, liberty which is the nurse of all great wits; this is that which hath rarified and enlightened our spirits like the influence of heaven; this is that which hath enfranchised, enlarged, and lifted up our apprehensions degrees above themselves. Ye can not make us now less capable, less knowing, less eagerly pursuing of the truth, unless ye first make yourselves, that made us so, less the lovers, less the founders of our true liberty. We can grow ignorant again, brutish, formal, and slavish, as ye found us; but ye then must first become that which ye cannot be, oppressive, arbitrary, and tyrannous, as they were from whom ye have freed us. . . .

The Classical Period

JOHN DRYDEN

(1631-1700)

ACHITOPHEL

Of these the false Achitophel was first;
A name to all succeeding ages curst:
For close designs, and crooked counsels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfixed in principles and place; 5
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity, 10
Pleased with the danger, when the waves
went high,
He sought the storms; but for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands, to boast
his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds 15
divide:
Else, why should he, with wealth and
honour blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he 20
won,
To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a
son;
Got, while his soul did huddled notions try;
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate;
Resolved to ruin, or to rule the state. 25
To compass this the triple bond he broke;
The pillars of the public safety shook;
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke;
Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting
fame,
Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name. 30
So easy still it proves in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's
will,

Where crowds can wink, and no offence be
known, 35
Since in another's guilt they find their
own?

Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the
judge.

In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin
With more discerning eyes, or hands more
clean, 40

Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to re-
dress;

Swift of despatch and easy of access.

Oh! had he been content to serve the
crown,

With virtue only proper to the gown;
Or had the rankness of the soil been

freed 45
From cockle, that oppressed the noble
seed;

David for him his tuneful harp had
strung,

And heaven had wanted one immortal
song.

But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's
land. 50

Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
Disdained the golden fruit to gather
free,

And lent the crowd his arm to shake the
tree.

1681

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:

When nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,

And could not heave her head, 5
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
"Arise, ye more than dead."

Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey. 10

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
 This universal frame began;
 From harmony to harmony
 Through all the compass of the notes it
 ran,

The diapason closing full in man. 15

What passion cannot music raise and
 quell?

When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
 His listening brethren stood around,
 And, wondering, on their faces fell
 To worship that celestial sound. 20
 Less than a god they thought there could
 not dwell

Within the hollow of that shell
 That spoke so sweetly and so well.
 What passion cannot Music raise and
 quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor 25
 Excites us to arms,
 With shrill notes of anger
 And mortal alarms.

The double double double beat
 Of the thundering drum — 30
 Cries "Hark! the foes come;
 Charge, charge, 't is too late to
 retreat!"

The soft complaining flute
 In dying notes discovers
 The woes of hopeless lovers, 35
 Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling
 lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
 Their jealous pangs and desperation,
 Fury, frantic indignation,
 Depth of pains, and height of passion 40
 For the fair disdainful dame.

But oh! what art can teach,
 What human voice can reach
 The sacred organ's praise?
 Notes inspiring holy love, 45
 Notes that wing their heavenly ways
 To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
 And trees unrooted left their place
 Sequacious of the lyre: 50
 But bright Cecilia raised the wonder
 higher:

When to her Organ vocal breath was given
 An Angel heard, and straight appear'd —
 Mistaking Earth for Heaven.

Grand Chorus

As from the power of sacred lays 55
 The spheres began to move;
 And sung the great Creator's praise
 To all the blest above;
 So when the last and dreadful hour
 This crumbling pageant shall devour, 60
 The trumpet shall be heard on high,
 The dead shall live, the living die,
 And Music shall untune the sky.

1687

LINES PRINTED UNDER THE EN- GRAVED PORTRAIT OF MILTON

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn,
 The first, in loftiness of thought surpassed;
 The next, in majesty; in both, the last.
 The force of Nature could no further go; 5
 To make a third, she joined the former
 two.

1688

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR THE POWER OF MUSIC

I

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia
 won
 By Philips' warlike son:
 Aloft, in awful state,
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne. 5

His valiant peers were placed around;
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles
 bound;
 (So should desert in arms be crowned)
 The lovely Thais, by his side,
 Sate like a blooming eastern bride, 10
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair. 15

II

Timotheus, placed on high
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touched the lyre:
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire. 20

The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 (Such is the power of mighty love):
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god;
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode; 25
 When he to fair Olympia pressed,
 And while he sought her snowy breast;
 Then, round her slender waist he curled,
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov-
 ereign of the world.
 — The listening crowd admire the lofty
 sound; 30
 A present deity! they shout around:
 A present deity! the vaulted roofs re-
 bound:
 With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god; 35
 Affects to nod
 And seems to shake the spheres.

III

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet
 musician sung,
 Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
 The jolly god in triumph comes; 40
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!
 Flush'd with a purple grace
 He shows his honest face:
 Now give the hautboys breath: he comes,
 he comes!
 Bacchus, ever fair and young, 45
 Drinking joys did first ordain;
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure, 50
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

IV

Soothed with the sound, the king grew
 vain:
 Fought all his battles o'er again;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice
 he slew the slain.
 The master saw the madness rise, 55
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
 And, while he heaven and earth defied,
 Changed his hand, and checked his
 pride.
 He chose a mournful muse,
 Soft pity to infuse, 60
 He sung Darius great and good
 By too severe a fate,

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltering in his blood: 65
 Deserted, at his utmost need,
 By those his former bounty fed;
 On the bare earth exposed he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With downcast looks the joyless victor
 sate, 70
 Revolving, in his altered soul,
 The various turns of chance below;
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

V

The mighty master smiled, to see 75
 That love was in the next degree;
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he soothed his soul to
 pleasures: 80
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
 Honour, but an empty bubble;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying:
 If the world be worth thy win-
 ning, 85
 Think, O think it worth enjoying;
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide
 thee —
 The many rend the skies with loud ap-
 plause;
 So Love was crowned, but Music won the
 cause. 90
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair,
 Who caused his care,
 And sighed and looked, sighed and
 looked,
 Sighed and looked, and sighed
 again; 95
 At length, with love and wine at once
 oppressed
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her
 breast.

VI

Now strike the golden lyre again;
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep asunder, 100
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of
 thunder.

Hark, hark! the horrid sound
 Has raised up his head;
 As awaked from the dead,
 And amazed, he stares around. 105
 Revenge, revenge! Timotheus cries,
 See the furies arise;
 See the snakes, that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their
 eyes! 110
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand!
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle
 were slain,
 And, unburied, remain
 Inglorious on the plain: 115
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew.
 Behold how they toss their torches on
 high,
 How they point to the Persian
 abodes,
 And glittering temples of their hostile
 gods. — 120
 The princes applaud, with a furious
 joy,
 And the king seized a flambeau with zeal
 to destroy;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another
 Troy. 125

VII

— Thus, long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
 While organs yet were mute,
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre 130
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft
 desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast from her sacred
 store
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds, 135
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts un-
 known before.
 — Let old Timotheus yield the prize
 Or both divide the crown;
 He raised a mortal to the skies; 140
 She drew an angel down!
 1697

ALEXANDER POPE
 (1688-1744)

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM

From Part I

'T is hard to say, if greater want of skill
 Appear in writing or in judging ill;
 But, of the two, less dangerous is th'
 offence
 To tire our patience, than mislead our
 sense.
 Some few in that, but numbers err in
 this; 5
 Ten censure wrong for one who writes
 amiss;
 A fool might once himself alone expose;
 Now one in verse makes many more in
 prose.
 'Tis with our judgments as our watches,
 none
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own. 10
 In poets as true genius is but rare,
 True taste as seldom is the critic's share;
 Both must alike from Heaven derive their
 light,
 These born to judge, as well as those to
 write.
 Let such teach others who themselves
 excel, 15
 And censure freely who have written well.
 Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
 But are not critics to their judgment too?

First follow Nature, and your judgment
 frame
 By her just standard, which is still the
 same;
 Unerring Nature, still divinely bright, 70
 One clear, unchanged, and universal
 light,
 Life, force, and beauty, must to all
 impart,
 At once the source, and end, and test of
 Art.
 Art from that fund each just supply pro-
 vides,
 Works without show, and without pomp
 presides. 75
 In some fair body thus th' informing soul
 With spirits feeds, with vigor fills the
 whole,
 Each motion guides, and every nerve sus-
 tains;
 Itself unseen, but in th' effects, remains.

Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been
profuse, 80
Want as much more, to turn it to its use;
For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man
and wife.

'Tis more to guide than spur the Muse's
steed; 84
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed;
The winged courser, like a generous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check
his course.

Those rules of old, discovered, not de-
vised,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodized;
Nature, like liberty, is but restrained 90
By the same laws which first herself or-
dained.

You, then, whose judgment the right
course would steer,
Know well each ancient's proper char-
acter;
His fable, subject, scope in every
page; 120
Religion, country, genius of his age:
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticise.
Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by
night; 125
Thence form your judgment, thence your
maxims bring,
And trace the Muses upward to their
spring,
Still with itself compared, his text peruse;
And let your comment be the Mantuan
Muse.

When first young Maro in his boundless
mind 130
A work t' outlast immortal Rome de-
signed,
Perhaps he seemed above the critic's
law,
And but from nature's fountains scorned
to draw:
But when t' examine every part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the
same. 135
Convinced, amazed, he checks the bold
design;
And rules as strict his labored work con-
fine,
As if the Stagirite o'erlooked each line.

Learn hence for ancient rules a just es-
teem;
To copy nature is to copy them. 140

From Part II

. . . A little learning is a dangerous
thing; 15
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian
spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the
brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fired at first sight with what the Muse
imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of
arts, 20
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor see the lengths
behind;
But, more advanced, behold with strange
surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleased at first the towering Alps we
try, 25
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread
the sky,
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem
the last;
But, those attained, we tremble to survey
The growing labors of the lengthened way,
Th' increasing prospects tire our wander-
ing eyes, 31
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps
arise!

Some to conceit alone their taste con-
fine,
And glittering thoughts struck out at
every line; 90
Pleased with a work where nothing's just
or fit;
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets, like painters, thus unskilled to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part, 95
And hide with ornaments their want of
art.
True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well
expressed;
Something whose truth convinced at sight
we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.

As shades more sweetly recommend the
light, 101

So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.
For works may have more wit than does
'em good, •

As bodies perish through excess of blood.
Others for language all their care ex-
press, 105

And value books, as women men, for
dress:

Their praise is still — the style is excellent:
The sense they humbly take upon con-
tent.

Words are like leaves; and where they
most abound,

Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely
found. 110

False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colors spreads on every place;
The face of nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true expression, like th' unchanging
sun, 115

Clears and improves whate'er it shines
upon;

It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and
still

Appears more decent, as more suitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words ex-
pressed 120

Is like a clown in regal purple dressed:
For different styles with different subjects
sort,

As several garbs with country, town, and
court.

Some by old words to fame have made
pretence,

Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their
sense; 125

Such labored nothings, in so strange a
style,

Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the
learned smile.

Unlucky as Fungoso in the play.
These sparks with awkward vanity dis-
play

What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;
And but so mimic ancient wits at best, 131
As apes our grandsires, in their doublets
dressed.

In words, as fashions, the same rule will
hold;

Alike fantastic if too new or old:

Be not the first by whom the new are
tried, 135

Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
But most by numbers judge a poet's
song;

And smooth or rough, with them, is right
or wrong.

In the bright Muse though thousand
charms conspire,

Her voice is all these tuneful fools ad-
mire; 140

Who haunt Parnassus but to please their
ear,

Not mend their minds; as some to church
repair,

Not for the doctrine, but the music
there.

These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels
tire; 145

While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull
line:

While they ring round the same unvaried
chimes,

With sure returns of still expected rhymes:
Where'er you find "the cooling western
breeze," 150

In the next line, it "whispers through the
trees;"

If crystal streams "with pleasing mur-
murs creep,"

The reader's threatened (not in vain) with
"sleep:"

Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a
thought, 155

A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its
slow length along.

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes,
and know

What's roundly smooth or languishingly
slow;

And praise the easy vigor of a line, 160
Where Denham's strength, and Waller's
sweetness join.

True ease in writing comes from art, not
chance,

As those move easiest who have learned
to dance.

'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence:
The sound must seem an echo to the
sense. 165

Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently
blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother num-
bers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding
shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the
torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight
to throw, 170
The line, too, labors, and the words move
slow.
Not so when swift Camilla scours the
plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims
along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' varied lays
surprise
And bid alternate passions fall and
rise! 175
While, at each change, the son of Libyan
Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with
love;
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury
glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to
flow:
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature
found, 180
And the world's victor stood subdued by
sound!
The power of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden
now.
Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of
such
Who still are pleased too little or too
much. 185
At every trifle scorn to take offence;
That always shows great pride, or little
sense;
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure
the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can
digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture
move; 190
For fools admire, but men of sense ap-
prove:
As things seem large which we through
mists descry,
Dullness is ever apt to magnify. . . .
1711

From "AN ESSAY ON MAN"

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest:
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come. . . .

All nature is but art, unknown to thee, 5
All chance, direction which thou canst not
see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is
right. . . . 10

Know then thyself, presume not God to
scan,
The proper study of mankind is man. . . .

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her
face. 15
We first endure, then pity, then em-
brace. . . .

Behold the child, by nature's kindly
law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth
delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite: 20
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys
of age:
Pleased with this bauble still, as that
before;
Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is
o'er. . . .

For forms of government let fools con-
test; 25
Whate'er is best administered is best:
For modes of faith, let graceless zealots
fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the
right:
In faith and hope the world will
disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity: 30
All must be false that thwart this one great
end;
And all of God, that bless mankind, or
mend. . . .

Order is heaven's first law; and this con-
 fest,
 'Some are, and must be, greater than the
 rest,
 More rich, more wise; but who infers
 from hence 35
 That such are happier, shocks all common
 sense. . . .

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
 Act well your part, there all the honor
 lies. . . .

An honest man's the noblest work of
 God. . . .

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon
 shined, 40
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of man-
 kind:
 Or ravished with the whistling of a name,
 See Cromwell, damned to everlasting
 fame! . . .

Slave to no sect, who takes no private
 road,
 But looks through nature up to nature's
 God. 45

1732-1734

From "EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT"

. . . Why did I write? what sin to me
 unknown
 Dipped me in ink, my parents', or my
 own?

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
 I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.
 I left no calling for this idle trade, 5
 No duty broke, no father disobeyed.
 The Muse but served to ease some friend,
 not wife,

To help me through this long disease, my
 life,

To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
 And teach the being you preserved, to
 bear. 10

But why then publish? Granville the
 polite,
 And knowing Walsh would tell me I could
 write;

Well-natured Garth inflamed with early
 praise,
 And Congreve loved, and Swift endured
 my lays;

The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield
 read, 15

Even mitred Rochester would nod the
 head,

And St. John's self (great Dryden's
 friends before)

With open arms received one poet more.
 Happy my studies, when by these ap-
 proved!

Happier their author, when by these
 beloved! 20

From these the world will judge of men
 and books,

Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and
 Cookes.

Soft were my numbers; who could take
 offense

While pure description held the place of
 sense?

Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery
 theme, 25

A painted mistress, or a purling stream.
 Yet then did Gildon draw his venal
 quill; —

I wished the man a dinner, and sat still.
 Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;
 I never answered — I was not in debt. 30
 If want provoked, or madness made them
 print,

I waged no war with Bedlam or the Mint,
 Did some more sober critic come abroad.

If wrong, I smiled; if right, I kissed the
 rod.

Pains, reading, study are their just
 pretence, 35

And all they want is spirit, taste, and
 sense.

Commas and points they set exactly right,
 And 'twere a sin to rob them of their
 mite;

Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel graced these
 ribalds,

From slashing Bentley down to pid-
 dling Tibbalds: 40

Each wight, who reads not, and but scans
 and spells,

Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables,
 Even such small critics, some regard may
 claim,

Preserved in Milton's or in Shakespeare's
 name.

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms 45
 Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or
 worms!

The things, we know, are neither rich nor
rare,
But wonder how the devil they get there.
Were others angry, I excused them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but
their due. 50
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his
mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to empti-
ness,
This, who can gratify? for who can guess?
The bard whom pilfered Pastorals re-
nown, 55
Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains, eight
lines a year;
He, who still wanting, though he lives on
theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has noth-
ing left: 60
And he, who now to sense, now nonsense
learning,
Means not, but blunders round about a
meaning:
And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
All these, my modest satire bade trans-
late, 65
And owned that nine such poets made a
Tate.
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar,
and chafe!
And swear, not Addison himself was safe.

Peace to all such! but were there one
whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame in-
spires; 70
Blessed with each talent and each art to
please,
And born to write, converse, and live with
ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the
throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous
eyes, 75
And hate for arts that caused himself to
rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil
leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to
sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike; 80
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws, 85
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and Templars every sentence
raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise —
Who but must laugh, if such a man there
be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were
he! . . . 90
1735

JOHN DRYDEN (1631-1700)

ELIZABETHAN DRAMATISTS

To begin then with Shakespeare. He was the man who of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily: when he describes anything, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot

say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches,² his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him: no man can say, he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,
*Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cup-
ressi.*³

The consideration of this made Mr.

Hales⁴ of Eton say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in Shakespeare; and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him, Fletcher and Jonson, never equaled them to him in their esteem; and in the last king's⁵ court, when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakespeare far above him. . . .

Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had with the advantage of Shakespeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study; Beaumont especially being so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure,⁶ and 't is thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving all his plots. What value he had for him, appears by the verses he writ to him; and therefore I need speak no farther of it. The first play that brought Fletcher and him in esteem, was their *Philaster*; for before that, they had written two or three very unsuccessfully: as the like is reported of Ben Jonson, before he writ *Every Man in his Humor*. Their plots were generally more regular than Shakespeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better; whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet before them could paint as they have done. Humor, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe; they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection; what words have since been taken in, are rather superfluous than ornamental. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's: the reason is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all men's humors. Shakespeare's language

is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs.

As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages), I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theater ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit and language, and humor also in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama, till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavoring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such a height. Humor was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them: there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times, whom he has not translated in *Sejanus* and *Catiline*. But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed⁷ by any law. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represents old Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, it was, that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially: perhaps, too, he did a little too much Romanize our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them; wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakespeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakespeare the greater wit. Shakespeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets; Jonson was the Virgil,

the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakespeare. To conclude of him; as he has given us the most correct plays, so in the precepts which he has laid

down in his *Discoveries*, we have as many and profitable rules for perfecting the stage, as any wherewith the French can furnish us. 1668

JOHN EVELYN (1620-1706)

THE GREAT FIRE

September 2, 1666. This fatal night about ten, began that deplorable fire near Fish Street¹ in London.

September 3. I had public prayers at home. The fire continuing, after dinner, I took coach with my wife and son and went to the Bankside in Southwark,² where we beheld the dismal spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames near the water side; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapside, down to the Three Cranes, were now consumed; and so returned, exceedingly astonished at what would become of the rest.

The fire having continued all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner), when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season; I went on foot to the same place, and saw the whole south part of the city burning from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it likewise kindled back against the wind as well as forward), Tower Street, Fen-church Street, Gracious Street, and so along to Baynard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and street to street, at great distances one from the other; for the heat with a long

set of fair and warm weather had even ignited the air and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured after an incredible manner houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on the other, the carts, etc., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewn with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration of it. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen above forty miles round about for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame; the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses and churches, was like an hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed that at the last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds also of smoke were dismal and reached upon computation near fifty-six miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom,³ or the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage *non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem*;⁴ the ruins resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more! Thus I returned home.

September 4. The burning still rages, and it was now gotten as far as the Inner Temple; all Fleet Street, the Old Bailey,

Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Street, now flaming, and most of it reduced to ashes; the stones of Paul's flew like granados,⁵ the melting lead running down the streets in a stream, and the very pavements glowing with fiery redness, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopped all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously driving the flames forward. Nothing but the Almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vain was the help of man.

September 5. It crossed towards Whitehall;⁶ but oh, the confusion there was then at that Court! It pleased his Majesty to command me among the rest to look after the quenching of Fetter Lane end, to preserve if possible that part of Holborn whilst the rest of the gentlemen took their several posts, some at one part, some at another (for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands across) and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any had yet been made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines; this some stout seamen proposed early enough to have saved nearly the whole City, but this some tenacious and avaricious men, aldermen etc., would not permit, because their houses must have been of the first. It was therefore now commanded to be practised,⁷ and my concern being particularly for the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, near Smithfield, where I had my wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it; nor was my care for the Savoy less.

It now pleased God by abating the wind, and by the industry of the people, when almost all was lost, infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noon, so as it came no farther than the Temple westward, nor than the entrance of Smithfield north; but continued all this day and night so impetuous toward Cripple-gate and the Tower as made us all despair; it also brake out again in the Temple, but the courage of

the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soon made, as with the former three days' consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing near the burning and glowing ruins by near a furlong's space.

The coal and wood wharves and magazines of oil, rosin, etc., did infinite mischief, so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his Majesty and published, giving warning what might probably be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the City, was looked on as a prophecy.

The poor inhabitants were dispersed about St. George's Fields, and Moorfields, as far as Highgate, and several miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels, many without a rag or any necessary utensils, bed or board, who from delicateness, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well furnished houses, were now reduced to extreme misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition I returned with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the distinguishing mercy of God to me and mine who in the midst of all this ruin was like Lot, in my little Zoar,⁸ safe and sound.

September 7. I went this morning on foot from Whitehall as far as London Bridge, through the late Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill by St. Paul's, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorfields, thence through Cornhill, etc., with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was: the ground under my feet so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the meantime, his Majesty got to the Tower by water, to demolish the houses about the graff,⁹ which, being built entirely about it, had they taken fire and attacked the White Tower, where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroyed all the bridge, but sunk and torn the vessels in the river, and rendered the demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the country.

At my return, I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly Church, St. Paul's, now a sad ruin, and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repaired by the late King) now rent in pieces, flakes of large stones split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defaced! It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcined, so that all the ornaments, columns, friezes, capitals, and projectures of massy Portland stone, flew off, even to the very roof, where a sheet of lead covering a great space (no less than 6 acres by measure) was totally melted. The ruins of the vaulted roof falling, broke into St. Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of books belonging to the Stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consumed, burning for a week following. It is also observable that the lead over the altar at the east end was untouched, and among the divers monuments the body of one bishop remained entire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides near one hundred more. The lead, iron-work, bells, plate, etc., melted; the exquisitely wrought Mercers' Chapel, the sumptuous Exchange, the august fabric of Christ Church, all the rest of the Companies' Halls, splendid build-ings, arches, entries, all in dust; the fountains dried up and ruined, whilst the very waters remained boiling; the voragos¹⁰ of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke; so that in five or six miles traversing about I did not see one load of timber unconsumed, nor many stones but what were calcined white as snow.

The people, who now walked about the ruins, appeared like men in some dismal desert, or rather, in some great city laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, and other combustible goods. Sir Thomas Gresham's statue, though fallen from its niche in the Royal Exchange, remained entire, when

all those of the Kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces. Also the standard in Cornhill, and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some arms on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast iron chains of the City-streets, hinges, bars, and gates of prisons, were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat. Nor was I yet able to pass through any of the narrow streets, but kept the widest; the ground and air, smoke and fiery vapour, continued so intense, that my hair was almost singed, and my feet unsufferably surbated.¹¹ The by-lanes and narrow streets were quite filled up with rubbish; nor could one possibly have known where he was, but by the ruins of some Church, or Hall, that had some remarkable tower, or pinnacle remaining.

I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispersed, and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss; and, though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeed took all imaginable care for their relief, by proclamation for the country to come in, and refresh them with provisions.

In the midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarm begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not only landed, but even entering the City. There was, in truth, some days before, great suspicion of those two nations joining; and now that they had been the occasion of firing the town. This report did so terrify, that on a sudden there was such an uproar and tumult that they ran from their goods, and, taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopped from falling on some of those nations whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamour and peril grew so excessive, that it made the whole Court amazed, and they did with infinite pains and great difficulty, reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards, to cause them to retire into the fields again, where they were

watched all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repair into the suburbs about the City, where such as had friends, or opportunity, got shelter for the present; to which his Majesty's proclamation also invited them.

Still, the plague continuing in our parish, I could not, without danger, adventure to our church.

ON THE DEATH OF PEPYS

MAY 26, 1703. This day died Mr. Sam. Pepys, a very worthy, industrious, and curious person, none in England exceeding him in knowledge of the Navy, in which

he had passed through all the most considerable offices (clerk of the Acts, and secretary of the Admiralty), all which he performed with great integrity. When King James II. went out of England, he laid down his office, and would serve no more, but withdrawing himself from all public affairs, he lived at Clapham with his partner Mr. Hewer, formerly his clerk, in a very noble house and sweet place, where he enjoyed the fruit of his labours in great prosperity. He was universally beloved, hospitable, generous, learned in many things, skilled in music, a very great cherisher of learned men of whom he had the conversation. His library and collection of other curiosities were of the most considerable.

SAMUEL PEPYS (1633-1703)

FROM HIS "DIARY"

MAY 25, 1660. I went, and Mr. Mansell, and one of the King's footmen, and a dog that the King¹ loved, in a boat by ourselves, and so got on shore when the King did, who was received by General Monk with all imaginable love and respect at his entrance upon the land at Dover. Infinite the crowd of people and the gallantry of the horsemen, citizens, and noblemen of all sorts. The Mayor of the town came and gave him his white staff, the badge of his place, which the King did give him again. The Mayor also presented him from the town a very rich Bible, which he took, and said it was the thing that he loved above all things in the world. A canopy was provided for him to stand under, which he did, and talked awhile with General Monk and others, and so in a stately coach there set for him, and so away through the town towards Canterbury, without making any stay at Dover. The shouting and joy expressed by all is past imagination.

October 13. I went out to Charing Cross, to see Major-General Harrison hanged, drawn, and quartered; which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shown to the people, at which there

was great shouts of joy. It is said, that he said that he was sure to come shortly at the right hand of Christ to judge them that now had judged him; and that his wife do expect his coming again. Thus it was my chance to see the King beheaded at White Hall, and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the King at Charing Cross. Setting up shelves in my study.

October 14. (Lord's day.) To White Hall chapel, where one Dr. Crofts made an indifferent sermon, and after it an anthem ill-sung, which made the King laugh. Here I first did see the Princess Royal since she came into England. Here I also observed, how the Duke of York and Mrs. Palmer did talk to one another very wantonly through the hangings that parts the King's closet² where the ladies sit.

January 3, 1661. To the Theatre, where was acted "Beggars Bush," it being very well done; and here the first time³ that ever I saw women come upon the stage.

January 30. To my Lady Batten's; where my wife and she are lately come back from being abroad, and seeing of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw, hanged and buried at Tyburne.

March 2, 1667. After dinner, with my wife, to the King's house to see *The Maiden Queene*, a new play of Dryden's

mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit; and the truth is, there is a comical part done by Nell Gwynne,⁴ which is Florimell, that I never can hope ever to see the like done again, by man or woman. The King and Duke of York were at the play. But so great performance of a comical part was never I believe, in the world before as Nell do this both as a mad girl, then most and best of all, when she comes in like a young gallant; and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her.

August 18. To Cree Church, to see it how it is: but I find no alteration there, as they say there was, for my Lord Mayor and Alderman to come to sermon, as they do every Sunday, as they did formerly to Paul's. There dined with me Mr. Turner and his daughter Betty. Betty is grown a fine young lady as to carriage and discourse. We had a good haunch of venison, powdered and boiled, and a good dinner. I walked towards White Hall, but, being wearied, turned into St. Dunstan's Church, where I heard an able sermon of the minister of the place; and stood by a pretty, modest maid, whom I did labor to take by the hand; but she would not, but got further and further from me; and, at last, I could perceive her to take pins out of her pocket to prick me if I should touch her again — which seeing, I did forbear, and was glad I did spy her design. And then I fell to gaze upon another pretty maid, in a pew close to me, and she on me; and I did go about to take her by the hand, which she suffered a little and then withdrew. So the sermon ended.

October 5. To the King's house; and there, going in, met with Knipp, and she took us up into the tiring-rooms:⁵ and to the woman's shift,⁶ where Nell was dressing herself, and was all unready, and is very pretty, prettier than I thought. And into the scene-room, and there sat down, and she gave us fruit: and there I read the questions to Knipp, while she answered me, through all her part of *Flora's Vagaries* which was acted to-day. But, Lord! to see how they were both painted would make a man mad, and did make me loath them; and what base company of men comes among them, and how lewdly they talk! and how poor the men are in clothes, and yet what a show they make on the stage by candle-light, is very observable. But to see how Nell cursed for having so few people in the pit,⁷ was pretty; the other house⁸ carrying away all the people at the new play, and is said, now-a-days, to have generally most company, as being better players. By and by into the pit, and there saw the play, which is pretty good.

December 2, 1667. Abroad with my wife, the first time that ever I rode in my own coach, which do make my heart rejoice, and praise God and pray Him to bless it to me and continue it. So she and I to the King's playhouse, and there saw *The Usurper*; a pretty good play, in all but what is designed to resemble Cromwell and Hugh Peters, which is mighty silly. The play done, we to White Hall; where my wife staid while I up to the Duchess's and Queen's side, to speak with the Duke of York: and here saw all the ladies, and heard the silly discourse of the King, with his people about him.

DANIEL DEFOE (1660 or 1661–1731)

A TRUE RELATION OF THE APPARITION OF MRS. VEAL,

THE NEXT DAY AFTER HER DEATH, TO MRS. BARGRAVE, AT CANTERBURY, THE EIGHTH OF SEPTEMBER, 1705, WHICH APPARITION RECOMMENDS THE PERUSAL OF DREINCOURT'S BOOK OF CONSOLATIONS AGAINST THE FEARS OF DEATH.

THE PREFACE

THIS relation¹ is matter of fact, and attended with such circumstances as may

induce any reasonable man to believe it. It was sent by a gentleman, a justice of peace at Maidstone, in Kent, and a very intelligent person, to his friend in London, as it is here worded; which discourse is attested by a very sober and understanding gentleman, who had it from his kinswoman, who lives in Canterbury, within a few doors of the house in which the within

named Mrs. Bargrave lived; and who he believes to be of so discerning a spirit, as not to be put upon² by any fallacy, and who positively assured him that the whole matter as it is related and laid down is really true, and what she herself had in the same words, as near as may be, from Mrs. Bargrave's own mouth, who, she knows, had no reason to invent and publish such a story, or any design to forge and tell a lie, being a woman of much honesty and virtue, and her whole life a course, as it were, of piety. The use which we ought to make of it is to consider that there is a life to come after this, and a just God who will retribute to every one according to the deeds done in the body, and therefore to reflect upon our past course of life we have led in the world; that our time is short and uncertain; and that if we would escape the punishment of the ungodly and receive the reward of the righteous, which is the laying hold of eternal life, we ought, for the time to come to return to God by a speedy repentance, ceasing to do evil, and learning to do well; to seek after God early, if haply He may be found of us, and lead such lives for the future as may be well pleasing in His sight.

A RELATION, ETC.

This thing is so rare in all its circumstances, and on so good authority, that my reading and conversation have not given me anything like it. It is fit to gratify the most ingenious and serious inquirer. Mrs. Bargrave is the person to whom Mrs. Veal appeared after her death; she is my intimate friend, and I can avouch for her reputation for these last fifteen or sixteen years, on my own knowledge; and I can confirm the good character she had from her youth to the time of my acquaintance; though since this relation she is calumniated by some people that are friends to the brother of Mrs. Veal who appeared, who think the relation of this appearance to be a reflection, and endeavour what they can to blast Mrs. Bargrave's reputation, and to laugh the story out of countenance. But by the circumstances thereof, and the cheerful disposition of Mrs. Bargrave, notwithstanding the ill-usage of a very wicked husband, there is

not the least sign of dejection in her face; nor did I ever hear her let fall a desponding or murmuring expression; nay, not when actually under her husband's barbarity, which I have been witness to, and several other persons of undoubted reputation.

Now you must know Mrs.³ Veal was a maiden gentlewoman of about thirty years of age, and for some years last past had been troubled with fits, which were perceived coming on by her going off from her discourses very abruptly to some impertinence. She was maintained by an only brother, and kept his house in Dover. She was a very pious woman, and her brother a very sober man, to all appearance; but now he does all he can to null or quash the story. Mrs. Veal was intimately acquainted with Mrs. Bargrave from her childhood. Mrs. Veal's circumstances were then mean; her father did not take care of his children as he ought, so that they were exposed to hardships; and Mrs. Bargrave in those days had as unkind a father, though she wanted neither for food nor clothing, whilst Mrs. Veal wanted for both, insomuch that she would often say, "Mrs. Bargrave, you are not only the best, but the only friend I have in the world; and no circumstance in life shall ever dissolve my friendship." They would often console each other's adverse fortunes, and read together, "*Drelincourt upon Death*,"⁴ and other good books; and so, like two Christian friends, they comforted each other under their sorrow.

Some time after, Mr. Veal's friends got him a place in the custom-house at Dover, which occasioned Mrs. Veal, by little and little, to fall off from her intimacy with Mrs. Bargrave, though there never was any such thing as a quarrel; but an indifference came on by degrees, till at last Mrs. Bargrave had not seen her in two years and a half; though about a twelvemonth of the time Mrs. Bargrave had been absent from Dover, and this last half-year had been in Canterbury about two months of the time, dwelling in a house of her own.

In this house, on the 8th of September, 1705, she was sitting alone, in the forenoon, thinking over her unfortunate life, and arguing herself into a due resignation to Providence, though her condition seemed

hard. "And," said she, "I have been provided for hitherto, and doubt not but I shall be still; and am well satisfied that my afflictions shall end when it is most fit for me;" and then took up her sewing-work, which she had no sooner done but she hears a knocking at the door. She went to see who was there, and this proved to be Mrs. Veal, her old friend, who was in riding-habit; at that moment of time the clock struck twelve at noon.

"Madam," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I am surprised to see you, you have been so long a stranger;" but told her she was glad to see her, and offered to salute her, which Mrs. Veal complied with, till their lips almost touched; and then Mrs. Veal drew her hand across her own eyes and said, "I am not very well," and so waived it. She told Mrs. Bargrave she was going a journey, and had a great mind to see her first. "But," says Mrs. Bargrave, "how came you to take a journey alone? I am amazed at it, because I know you have a good brother." "Oh," says Mrs. Veal, "I gave my brother the slip, and came away, because I had so great a desire to see you before I took my journey." So Mrs. Bargrave went in with her into another room within the first, and Mrs. Veal set her down in an elbow-chair, in which Mrs. Bargrave was sitting when she heard Mrs. Veal knock. Then says Mrs. Veal, "My dear friend, I am come to renew our old friendship again, and beg your pardon for my breach of it; and if you can forgive me, you are the best of women." "Oh," says Mrs. Bargrave, "do not mention such a thing. I have not had an uneasy thought about it; I can easily forgive it." "What did you think of me?" said Mrs. Veal. Says Mrs. Bargrave, "I thought you were like the rest of the world, and that prosperity had made you forget yourself and me." Then Mrs. Veal reminded Mrs. Bargrave of the many friendly offices she did in her former days, and much of the conversation they had with each other in the times of their adversity; what books they read, and what comfort in particular they received from Drelincourt's "Book of Death," which was the best, she said, on that subject ever written. She also mentioned Dr. Sherlock,⁵ the two Dutch

books which were translated, written upon Death, and several others; but Drelin-court, she said, had the clearest notions of death and of the future state of any who had handled that subject. Then she asked Mrs. Bargrave whether she had Drelin-court. She said, "Yes." Says Mrs. Veal, "Fetch it." And so Mrs. Bargrave goes up stairs and brings it down. Says Mrs. Veal, "Dear Mrs. Bargrave, if the eyes of our faith were as open as the eyes of our body, we should see numbers of angels about us for our guard. The notions we have of heaven now are nothing like to what it is, as Drelincourt says. Therefore be comforted under your afflictions, and believe that the Almighty has a particular regard to you, and that your afflictions are marks of God's favour; and (when they have done the business they are sent for,) they shall be removed from you. And believe me, my dear friend, believe what I say to you, one minute of future happiness will infinitely reward you for all your sufferings; for I can never believe" (and claps her hands upon her knees with great earnestness, which indeed ran through most of her discourse) "that ever God will suffer you to spend all your days in this afflicted state; but be assured that your afflictions shall leave you, or you them, in a short time." She spake in that pathetic and heavenly manner that Mrs. Bargrave wept several times, she was so deeply affected with it.

Then Mrs. Veal mentioned Dr. Horneck's "Ascetick,"⁶ at the end of which he gives an account of the lives of the primitive Christians. Their pattern she recommended to our imitation, and said, "Their conversation was not like this of our age; for now," says she, "there is nothing but frothy, vain discourse, which is far different from theirs. Theirs was to edification, and to build one another up in faith; so that they were not as we are, nor are we as they were; but," said she, "we ought to do as they did. There was a hearty friendship among them; but where is it now to be found?" Says Mrs. Bargrave, "It is hard indeed to find a true friend in these days." Says Mrs. Veal, "Mr. Norris has a fine copy of verses, called 'Friendship in Perfection,' which I wonderfully admire.

"Have you seen the book?" says Mrs. Veal. "No," says Mrs. Bargrave, "but I have the verses of my own writing out." "Have you?" says Mrs. Veal; "then fetch them." Which she did from above-stairs, and offered them to Mrs. Veal to read, who refused, and waived the thing, saying holding down her head would make it ache; and then desired Mrs. Bargrave to read them to her, which she did. As they were admiring "Friendship" Mrs. Veal said, "Dear Mrs. Bargrave, I shall love you for ever." In these verses there is twice used the word Elysian. "Ah!" says Mrs. Veal, "these poets have such names for heaven!" She would often draw her hand across her own eyes and say, "Mrs. Bargrave, do not you think I am mightily impaired by my fits?" "No," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I think you look as well as ever I knew you."

After all this discourse, which the apparition put in much finer words than Mrs. Bargrave said she could pretend to, and as much more than she can remember, for it cannot be thought that an hour and three-quarters' conversation could be retained, though the main of it she thinks she does, she said to Mrs. Bargrave she would have her write a letter to her brother, and tell him she would have him give rings to such and such, and that there was a purse of gold in her cabinet, and that she would have two broad pieces given to her cousin Watson.

Talking at this rate, Mrs. Bargrave thought that a fit was coming upon her, and so placed herself in a chair just before her knees, to keep her from falling to the ground, if her fits should occasion it (for the elbow-chair, she thought, would keep her from falling on either side); and to divert Mrs. Veal, as she thought, took hold of her gown-sleeve several times and commended it. Mrs. Veal told her it was a scoured silk, and newly made up. But for all this, Mrs. Veal persisted in her request, and told Mrs. Bargrave that she must not deny her, and she would have her tell her brother all their conversation when she had an opportunity. "Dear Mrs. Veal," says Mrs. Bargrave, "this seems so impertinent that I cannot tell how to comply with it; and what a mortifying story will

our conversation be to a young gentleman? Why," says Mrs. Bargrave, "it is much better, methinks, to do it yourself." "No," says Mrs. Veal, "though it seems impertinent to you now, you will see more reason for it hereafter." Mrs. Bargrave then, to satisfy her importunity, was going to fetch a pen and ink, but Mrs. Veal said, "Let it alone now, but do it when I am gone; but you must be sure to do it;" which was one of the last things she enjoined her at parting. So she promised her.

Then Mrs. Veal asked for Mrs. Bargrave's daughter. She said she was not at home, "but if you have a mind to see her," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I'll send for her." "Do," says Mrs. Veal. On which she left her, and went to a neighbour's to see for her; and by the time Mrs. Bargrave was returning, Mrs. Veal was got without the door into the street, in the face of the beast-market, on a Saturday (which is market-day), and stood ready to part. As soon as Mrs. Bargrave came to her, she asked her why she was in such haste. She said she must be going, though perhaps she might not go her journey until Monday; and told Mrs. Bargrave she hoped she should see her again at her cousin Watson's before she went whither she was going. Then she said she would take her leave of her, and walked from Mrs. Bargrave in her view, till a turning interrupted the sight of her, which was three-quarters after one in the afternoon.

Mrs. Veal died the 7th of September, at twelve o'clock at noon, of her fits, and had not above four hours' sense^a before death, in which time she received the sacrament. The next day after Mrs. Veal's appearing, being Sunday, Mrs. Bargrave was so mightily indisposed with a cold and a sore throat, that she could not go out that day; but on Monday morning she sent a person to Captain Watson's to know if Mrs. Veal was there. They wondered at Mrs. Bargrave's inquiry, and sent her word that she was not there, nor was expected. At this answer, Mrs. Bargrave told the maid she had certainly mistook the name or made some blunder. And though she was ill, she put on her hood, and went herself to Captain Watson's, though she knew none of the family, to see

if Mrs. Veal was there or not. They said they wondered at her asking, for that she had not been in town; they were sure, if she had, she would have been there. Says Mrs. Bargrave, "I am sure she was with me on Saturday almost two hours." They said it was impossible; for they must have seen her, if she had. In comes Captain Watson while they are in dispute, and said that Mrs. Veal was certainly dead, and her escutcheons ⁹ were making. This strangely surprised Mrs. Bargrave, when she sent to the person immediately who had the care of them, and found it true. Then she related the whole story to Captain Watson's family, and what gown she had on, and how striped, and that Mrs. Veal told her it was scoured. Then Mrs. Watson cried out, "You have seen her indeed, for none knew but Mrs. Veal and myself that the gown was scoured." And Mrs. Watson owned that she described the gown exactly; "for," said she, "I helped her to make it up." This Mrs. Watson blazed all about the town, and avouched the demonstration of the truth of Mrs. Bargrave's seeing Mrs. Veal's apparition; and Captain Watson carried two gentlemen immediately to Mrs. Bargrave's house to hear the relation from her own mouth. And when it spread so fast that gentlemen and persons of quality, the judicious and sceptical part of the world, flocked in upon her, it at last became such a task that she was forced to go out of the way; for they were in general extremely well satisfied of the truth of the thing, and plainly saw that Mrs. Bargrave was no hypochondriac, for she always appears with such a cheerful air and pleasing mien, that she has gained the favour and esteem of all the gentry, and it is thought a great favour if they can but get the relation from her own mouth. I should have told you before that Mrs. Veal told Mrs. Bargrave that her sister and brother-in-law were just come down from London to see her. Says Mrs. Bargrave, "How came you to order matters so strangely?" "It could not be helped," said Mrs. Veal. And her brother and sister did come to see her, and entered the town of Dover just as Mrs. Veal was expiring. Mrs. Bargrave asked her whether she would drink some tea. Says Mrs. Veal, "I do not care if I do; but

I'll warrant you this mad fellow" (meaning Mrs. Bargrave's husband) "has broken all your trinkets." "But," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I'll get something to drink in for all that." But Mrs. Veal waived it, and said, "It is no matter; let it alone;" and so it passed.

All the time I sat with Mrs. Bargrave, which was some hours, she recollected fresh sayings of Mrs. Veal. And one material thing more she told Mrs. Bargrave — that old Mr. Breton allowed Mrs. Veal ten pounds a year, which was a secret, and unknown to Mrs. Bargrave till Mrs. Veal told it her. Mrs. Bargrave never varies in her story, which puzzles those who doubt of the truth or are unwilling to believe it. A servant in the neighbour's yard adjoining to Mrs. Bargrave's house heard her talking to somebody an hour of the time Mrs. Veal was with her. Mrs. Bargrave went out to her next neighbour's the very moment she parted with Mrs. Veal, and told her what ravishing conversation she had with an old friend, and told the whole of it. Drelincourt's "Book of Death" is, since this happened, bought up strangely. And it is to be observed that, notwithstanding all the trouble and fatigue Mrs. Bargrave has undergone upon this account, she never took the value of a farthing, nor suffered her daughter to take anything of anybody, and therefore can have no interest in telling the story.

But Mr. Veal does what he can to stifle the matter, and said he would see Mrs. Bargrave; but yet it is certain matter of fact that he has been at Captain Watson's since the death of his sister, and yet never went near Mrs. Bargrave; and some of his friends report her to be a liar, and that she knew of Mr. Breton's ten pounds a year. But the person who pretends to say so has the reputation of a notorious liar among persons whom I know to be of undoubted credit. Now, Mr. Veal is more of a gentleman than to say she lies, but says a bad husband has crazed her. But she needs only present herself and it will effectually confute that pretence. Mr. Veal says he asked his sister on her death-bed whether she had a mind to dispose of anything, and she said no. Now, the things that Mrs. Veal's apparition would have disposed of

were so trifling, and nothing of justice aimed at in their disposal, that the design of it appears to me to be only in order to make Mrs. Bargrave so to demonstrate the truth of her appearance, as to satisfy the world of the reality thereof as to what she had seen and heard, and to secure her reputation among the reasonable and understanding part of mankind. And then again Mr. Veal owns that there was a purse of gold; but it was not found in her cabinet, but in a comb-box. This looks improbable; for that Mrs. Watson owned that Mrs. Veal was so very careful of the key of the cabinet that she would trust nobody with it; and if so, no doubt she would not trust her gold out of it. And Mrs. Veal's often drawing her hand over her eyes, and asking Mrs. Bargrave whether her fits had not impaired her, looks to me as if she did it on purpose to remind Mrs. Bargrave of her fits, to prepare her not to think it strange that she should put her upon writing to her brother to dispose of rings and gold, which looks so much like a dying person's request; and it took accordingly with Mrs. Bargrave, as the effects of her fits coming upon her; and was one of the many instances of her wonderful love to her and care of her that she should not be affrighted, which indeed appears in her whole management, particularly in her coming to her in the day-time, waiving the salutation,¹⁰ and when she was alone, and then the manner of her parting to prevent a second attempt to salute her.

Now, why Mr. Veal should think this relation a reflection, as it is plain he does by his endeavouring to stifle it, I cannot imagine, because the generality believe her to be a good spirit, her discourse was so heavenly. Her two great errands were to comfort Mrs. Bargrave in her affliction, and to ask her forgiveness for the breach of friendship, and with a pious discourse to encourage her. So that after all to suppose

that Mrs. Bargrave could hatch such an invention as this from Friday noon to Saturday noon, supposing that she knew of Mrs. Veal's death the very first moment, without jumbling circumstances, and without any interest too, she must be more witty, fortunate, and wicked too than any indifferent person, I dare say, will allow. I asked Mrs. Bargrave several times if she was sure she felt the gown. She answered modestly, "If my senses are to be relied on, I am sure of it." I asked her if she heard a sound when she clapped her hands upon her knees. She said she did not remember she did, but said she appeared to be as much a substance as I did, who talked with her. "And I may," said she, "be as soon persuaded that your apparition is talking to me now as that I did not really see her; for I was under no manner of fear, and received her as a friend, and parted with her as such. I would not," says she, "give one farthing to make any one believe it; I have no interest in it. Nothing but trouble is entailed upon me for a long time, for aught I know; and had it not come to light by accident, it would never have been made public." But now she says she will make her own private use of it, and keep herself out of the way as much as she can; and so she has done since. She says she had a gentleman who came thirty miles to her to hear the relation, and she told it to a room full of people at a time. Several particular gentlemen have had the story from Mrs. Bargrave's own mouth.

This thing has very much affected me, and I am as well satisfied as I am of the best grounded matter of fact. And why we should dispute matter of fact because we cannot solve things of which we have no certain or demonstrative notions, seems strange to me. Mrs. Bargrave's authority and sincerity alone would have been undoubted in any other case.

1706

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745)

A MEDITATION UPON A BROOMSTICK

THIS single stick, which you now behold ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flourishing state in a

forest; it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs; but now in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature,

by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk; 't is now at best but the reverse of what it was, a tree turned upside down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air; 't is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and, by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make other things clean, and be nasty itself; at length, worn to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of door, or condemned to the last use, of kindling a fire. When I beheld this, I sighed, and said within myself: SURELY MAN IS A BROOMSTICK! nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reasoning vegetable, until the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk; he then flies to art, and puts on a periwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs, all covered with powder, that never grew on his head; but now should this our broomstick pretend to enter the scene, proud of those birchen spoils it never

bore, and all covered with dust, though the sweepings of the finest lady's chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and despise its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellences, and other men's defaults!

But a broomstick, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head; and pray, what is man but a topsyturvy creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational; his head where his heels should be, groveling on the earth! and yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances; rakes into every slut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruption to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before; sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away: his last days are spent in slavery to women, and generally the least deserving, till, worn out to the stumps, like his brother besom,¹ he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.

1710

THE ISLE OF THE PHILOSOPHERS

At my alighting, I was surrounded with a crowd of people, but those who stood nearest seemed to be of better quality. They beheld me with all the marks and circumstances of wonder; neither indeed was I much in their debt, having never till then seen a race of mortals so singular in their shapes, habits, and countenances. Their heads were all reclined, either to the right or the left: one of their eyes turned inwards, and the other directly up to the zenith. Their outward garments were adorned with the figures of suns, moons, and stars, interwoven with those of fiddles, flutes, harps, trumpets, guitars, harpsichords, and many other instruments of music unknown to us in Europe. I observed here and there many in the habit of servants, with a blown bladder fastened like a flail to the end of a short stick which they carried in their hands. In each bladder was a small quantity of dried pease, or little pebbles, as I was afterwards informed. With these bladders they now and then flapped the mouths and ears of

those who stood near them, of which practice I could not then conceive the meaning. It seems the minds of these people are so taken up with intense speculations, that they neither can speak, nor attend to the discourses of others, without being roused by some external taction upon the organs of speech and hearing; for which reason, those persons who are able to afford it always keep a flapper (the original is *climénole*,) in their family, as one of their domestics, nor ever walk abroad or make visits without him. And the business of this officer is, when two, three, or more persons are in company, gently to strike with his bladder the mouth of him who is to speak, and the right ear of him or them to whom the speaker addresses himself. This flapper is likewise employed diligently to attend his master in his walks, and upon occasion to give him a soft flap on his eyes, because he is always so wrapped up in cogitation, that he is in manifest danger of falling down every precipice, and bouncing his head against every post; and in the

streets of justling others or being justled himself into the kennel.

It was necessary to give the reader this information, without which he would be at the same loss with me to understand the proceedings of these people, as they conducted me up the stairs to the top of the island, and thence to the royal palace. While we were ascending they forgot several times what they were about, and left me to myself, till their memories were again roused by their flappers; for they appeared altogether unmoved by the sight of my foreign habit and countenance, and by the shouts of the vulgar, whose thoughts and minds were more disengaged.

At last we entered the palace, and proceeded into the chamber of presence, where I saw the king seated on his throne, attended on each side by persons of prime quality. Before the throne was a large table filled with globes, and spheres, and mathematical instruments of all kinds. His majesty took not the least notice of us, although our entrance was not without sufficient noise, by the concourse of all persons belonging to the court. But he was then deep in a problem, and we attended at least an hour, before he could solve it. There stood by him on each side a young page with flaps in their hands, and when they saw he was at leisure, one of them gently struck his mouth, and the other his right ear; at which he startled like one awaked on the sudden, and looking towards me and the company I was in, recollected the occasion of our coming, whereof he had been informed before. He spoke some words, whereupon immediately a young man with a flap came up to my side, and flapped me gently on the right ear; but I made signs as well as I could that I had no occasion for such an instrument; which, as I afterwards found, gave his majesty and the whole court a very mean opinion of my understanding. The king, as far as I could conjecture, asked me several questions, and I addressed myself to him in all the languages I had. When it was found I could neither understand nor be understood, I was conducted by his order to an apartment in his palace, (this prince being distinguished above all his predecessors for his hospital-

ity to strangers,) where two servants were appointed to attend me. My dinner was brought, and four persons of quality, whom I remember to have seen very near the king's person, did me the honour to dine with me. We had two courses, of three dishes each. In the first course there was a shoulder of mutton cut into an equilateral triangle, a piece of beef into a rhomboid, and a pudding into a cycloid. The second course was two ducks trussed up in the form of fiddles, sausages and puddings resembling flutes and hautboys, and a breast of veal in the shape of a harp. The servants cut our bread into cones, cylinders, parallelograms, and several other mathematical figures.

While we were at dinner, I made bold to ask the names of several things in their language, and those noble persons by the assistance of their flappers delighted to give me answers, hoping to raise my admiration of their great abilities if I could be brought to converse with them. I was soon able to call for bread, or drink, or whatever else I wanted.

After dinner my company withdrew, and a person was sent to me by the king's order, attended by a flapper. He brought with him pen, ink, and paper, and three or four books, giving me to understand by signs that he was sent to teach me the language. We sat together four hours, in which time I wrote down a great number of words in columns, with the translations over against them; I likewise made a shift to learn several short sentences. For my tutor would order one of my servants to fetch something, to turn about, to make a bow, to sit, or to stand or walk, and the like: then I took down the sentence in writing. He showed me also in one of his books the figures of the sun, moon, and stars, the zodiac, the tropics and polar circles, together with the denominations of many planes and solids. He gave me the names and descriptions of all the musical instruments, and the general terms of art in playing on each of them. After he had left me, I placed all my words with their interpretations in alphabetical order; and thus in a few days, by the help of a very faithful memory, I got some insight into their language.

The word which I interpret the flying or floating island is in the original *Laputa*, whereof I could never learn the true etymology. *Lap*, in the old obsolete language, signifies high, and *untuh* a governor; from which they say by corruption was derived *Laputa*, from *Lapuntuh*. But I do not approve of this derivation, which seems to be a little strained. I ventured to offer to the learned among them a conjecture of my own, that *Laputa* was *quasi lap outed*; *lap* signifying properly the dancing of the sunbeams in the sea, and *outed*, a wing; which however I shall not obtrude, but submit to the judicious reader.

Those to whom the king had entrusted me, observing how ill I was clad, ordered a tailor to come next morning and take measure for a suit of clothes. This operator did his office after a different manner from those of his trade in Europe. He first took my altitude by a quadrant, and then with rule and compasses described the dimensions and outlines of my whole body, all which he entered upon paper; and in six days brought my clothes, very ill made, and quite out of shape, by happening to mistake a figure in the calculation. But my comfort was, that I observed such accidents very frequent, and little regarded.

During my confinement for want of clothes, and by an indisposition that held me some days longer, I much enlarged my dictionary; and when I went next to court was able to understand many things the king spoke, and to return him some kind of answers. His majesty had given orders that the island should move north-east and by east to the vertical point over *Lagado*, the metropolis of the whole kingdom below upon the firm earth. It was about ninety leagues distant, and our voyage lasted four days and a half. I was not in the least sensible of the progressive motion made in the air by the island. On the second morning, about eleven o'clock, the king himself in person, attended by his nobility, courtiers, and officers, having prepared all their musical instruments, played on them for three hours without intermission, so that I was quite stunned with the noise; neither could I possibly guess the meaning till my tutor informed me. He said that the people of their island

had their ears adapted to hear the music of the spheres, which always played at certain periods, and the court was now prepared to bear their part in whatever instrument they most excelled.

In our journey towards *Lagado*, the capital city, his majesty ordered that the island should stop over certain towns and villages, whence he might receive the petitions of his subjects: and to this purpose several pack-threads were let down, with small weights at the bottom. On these pack-threads the people strung their petitions, which mounted up directly, like the scraps of paper fastened by schoolboys at the end of the string that holds their kite. Sometimes we received wine and victuals from below, which were drawn up by pulleys.

The knowledge I had in mathematics gave me great assistance in acquiring their phraseology, which depended much upon that science, and music; and in the latter I was not unskilled. Their ideas are perpetually conversant in lines and figures. If they would, for example, praise the beauty of a woman, or any other animal, they describe it by rhombs, circles, parallelograms, ellipses, and other geometrical terms; or by words of art drawn from music, needless here to repeat. I observed in the king's kitchen all sorts of mathematical and musical instruments, after the figures of which they cut up the joints that were served to his majesty's table.

Their houses are very ill built, the walls bevel, without one right angle in any apartment; and this defect arises from the contempt they bear to practical geometry, which they despise as vulgar and mechanic; those instructions they give being too refined for the intellectuals of their workmen, which occasions perpetual mistakes. And although they are dexterous enough upon a piece of paper in the management of the rule, the pencil, and the divider, yet in the common actions and behaviour of life I have not seen a more clumsy, awkward, and unhandy people, nor so slow and perplexed in their conceptions upon all other subjects except those of mathematics and music. They are very bad reasoners, and vehemently given to opposition, unless when they happen to be of the right opinion, which is seldom their

case. Imagination, fancy, and invention, they are wholly strangers to, nor have any words in their language by which those ideas can be expressed; the whole compass of their thoughts and mind being shut up within the two fore-mentioned sciences.

Most of them, and especially those who deal in the astronomical part, have great faith in judicial astrology, although they are ashamed to own it publicly. But what I chiefly admired, and thought altogether unaccountable, was the strong disposition I observed in them towards news and politics, perpetually inquiring into public affairs, giving their judgments in matters of state, and passionately disputing every inch of a party opinion. I have indeed observed the same disposition among most of the mathematicians I have known in Europe, although I could never discover the least analogy between the two sciences; unless those people suppose that, because the smallest circle has as many degrees as the largest, therefore the regulation and management of the world require no more abilities than the handling and turning of a globe: but I rather take this quality to spring from a very common infirmity of human nature, inclining us to be most curious and conceited in matters where we have least concern, and for which we are least adapted by study or nature.

These people are under continual inquietudes, never enjoying a minute's peace of mind; and their disturbances proceed from causes which very little affect the rest of mortals. Their apprehensions arise from several changes they dread in the celestial bodies. For instance, that the earth, by the continual approaches of the sun towards it, must in course of time be absorbed or swallowed up. That the face of the sun will by degrees be encrusted with its own effluvia, and give no more light to the world. That the earth very narrowly escaped a brush from the tail of the last comet, which would have infallibly reduced it to ashes; and that the next, which they have calculated for one-and-

thirty years hence, will probably destroy us: for if in its perihelion it should approach within a certain degree of the sun, (as by their calculations they have reason to dread,) it will receive a degree of heat ten thousand times more intense than that of red-hot glowing iron, and in its absence from the sun carry a blazing tail ten hundred thousand and fourteen miles long; through which if the earth should pass at the distance of one hundred thousand miles from the nucleus or main body of the comet, it must on its passage be set on fire and reduced to ashes. That the sun, daily spending its rays without any nutriment to supply them, will at last be wholly consumed and annihilated; which must be attended with the destruction of this earth and of all the planets that receive their light from it.

They are so perpetually alarmed with the apprehensions of these and the like impending dangers, that they can neither sleep quietly in their beds, nor have any relish for the common pleasures and amusements of life. When they meet an acquaintance in the morning, the first question is about the sun's health, how he looked at his setting and rising, and what hopes they have to avoid the stroke of the approaching comet. This conversation they are apt to run into with the same temper that boys discover in delighting to hear terrible stories of spirits and hobgoblins, which they greedily listen to, and dare not go to bed for fear. . . .

In about a month's time I had made a tolerable proficiency in their language, and was able to answer most of the king's questions when I had the honour to attend him. His majesty discovered not the least curiosity to inquire into the laws, government, history, religion, or manners of the countries where I had been; but confined his questions to the state of mathematics, and received the account I gave him with great contempt and indifference, though often roused by his flapper on each side.

1726

HINTS TOWARD AN ESSAY ON CONVERSATION

I have observed few obvious subjects to have been so seldom, or at least so

slightly, handled as this; and, indeed, I know few so difficult to be treated as it

ought, nor yet upon which there seems so much to be said.

Most things pursued by men for the happiness of public or private life, our wit or folly have so refined, that they seldom subsist but in idea; a true friend, a good marriage, a perfect form of government, with some others, require so many ingredients, so good in their several kinds, and so much niceness in mixing them, that for some thousands of years men have despaired of reducing their schemes to perfection: but in conversation it is, or might be, otherwise; for here we are only to avoid a multitude of errors, which, although a matter of some difficulty, may be in every man's power, for want of which it remains as mere an idea as the other. Therefore it seems to me, that the truest way to understand conversation, is to know the faults and errors to which it is subject, and from thence every man to form maxims to himself whereby it may be regulated, because it requires few talents to which most men are not born, or at least may not acquire, without any great genius or study. For nature has left every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining in company; and there are a hundred men sufficiently qualified for both, who, by a very few faults that they might correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable.

I was prompted to write my thoughts upon this subject by mere indignation, to reflect that so useful and innocent a pleasure, so fitted for every period and condition of life, and so much in all men's power, should be so much neglected and abused.

And in this discourse it will be necessary to note those errors that are obvious, as well as others which are seldomer observed, since there are few so obvious, or acknowledged, into which most men, some time or other, are not apt to run.

For instance: nothing is more generally exploded than the folly of talking too much; yet I rarely remember to have seen five people together, where some one among them has not been predominant in that kind, to the great constraint and disgust of all the rest. But among such as deal in multitudes of words, none are comparable to the sober, deliberate talker,

who proceeds with much thought and caution, makes his preface, branches out into several digressions, finds a hint that puts him in mind of another story, which he promises to tell you when this is done; comes back regularly to his subject, cannot readily call to mind some person's name, holding his head, complains of his memory; the whole company all this while in suspense; at length says, it is no matter, and so goes on. And, to crown the business, it perhaps proves at last a story the company has heard fifty times before; or, at best, some insipid adventure of the relater.

Another general fault in conversation is that of those who affect to talk of themselves: some, without any ceremony, will run over the history of their lives; will relate the annals of their diseases, with the several symptoms and circumstances of them; will enumerate the hardships and injustice they have suffered in court, in parliament, in love, or in law. Others are more dexterous, and with great art will lie on the watch to hook in their own praise: they will call a witness to remember they always foretold what would happen in such a case, but none would believe them; they advised such a man from the beginning, and told him the consequences, just as they happened; but he would have his own way. Others make a vanity of telling their faults; they are the strangest men in the world; they cannot dissemble; they own it is a folly; they have lost abundance of advantages by it; but if you would give them the world, they cannot help it; there is something in their nature that abhors insincerity and constraint; with many other insufferable topics of the same altitude.

Of such mighty importance every man is to himself, and ready to think he is so to others; without once making this easy and obvious reflection, that his affairs can have no more weight with other men, than theirs have with him; and how little that is he is sensible enough.

Where a company has met, I often have observed two persons discover, by some accident, that they were bred together at the same school or university; after which the rest are condemned to silence, and to listen while these two are refreshing each

other's memory with the arch tricks and passages of themselves and their comrades.

I know a great officer of the army who will sit for some time with a supercilious and impatient silence, full of anger and contempt for those who are talking; at length, of a sudden, demanding audience, decide the matter in a short dogmatical way; then withdraw within himself again, and vouchsafe to talk no more, until his spirits circulate again to the same point.

There are some faults in conversation which none are so subject to as the men of wit, nor ever so much as when they are with each other. If they have opened their mouths without endeavouring to say a witty thing, they think it is so many words lost: it is a torment to the hearers, as much as to themselves, to see them upon the rack for invention, and in perpetual constraint, with so little success. They must do something extraordinary in order to acquit themselves, and answer their character, else the standers-by may be disappointed, and be apt to think them only like the rest of mortals. I have known two men of wit industriously brought together in order to entertain the company, where they have made a very ridiculous figure, and provided all the mirth at their own expense.

I know a man of wit who is never easy but where he can be allowed to dictate and preside: he neither expects to be informed or entertained, but to display his own talents. His business is to be good company, and not good conversation; and therefore he chooses to frequent those who are content to listen, and profess themselves his admirers. And, indeed, the worst conversation I ever remember to have heard in my life was that at Will's coffee-house,¹ where the wits (as they were called) used formerly to assemble; that is to say, five or six men who had writ plays, or at least prologues, or had share in a miscellany, came thither, and entertained one another with their trifling composures, in so important an air as if they had been the noblest efforts of human nature, or that the fate of kingdoms depended on them; and they were usually attended with an humble audience of young students from the inns of court, or the universities; who,

at due distance, listened to these oracles, and returned home with great contempt for their law and philosophy, their heads filled with trash, under the name of politeness, criticism, and belles lettres.

By these means the poets, for many years past, were all overrun with pedantry. For, as I take it, the word is not properly used; because pedantry is the too frequent or unreasonable obtruding our own knowledge in common discourse, and placing too great a value upon it; by which definition, men of the court, or the army, may be as guilty of pedantry as a philosopher or a divine; and it is the same vice in women, when they are over copious upon the subject of their petticoats, or their fans, or their china. For which reason, although it be a piece of prudence, as well as good manners, to put men upon talking on subjects they are best versed in, yet that is a liberty a wise man could hardly take; because, besides the imputation of pedantry, it is what he would never improve by.

The great town is usually provided with some player, mimic, or buffoon, who has a general reception at the good tables; familiar and domestic with persons of the first quality, and usually sent for at every meeting to divert the company; against which I have no objection. You go there as to a farce or a puppet-show; your business is only to laugh in season, either out of inclination or civility, while this merry companion is acting his part. It is a business he has undertaken, and we are to suppose he is paid for his day's work. I only quarrel, when, in select and private meetings, where men of wit and learning are invited to pass an evening, this jester should be admitted to run over his circle of tricks, and make the whole company unfit for any other conversation, beside the indignity of confounding men's talents at so shameful a rate.

Raillery is the finest part of conversation; but, as it is our usual custom to counterfeit and adulterate whatever is too dear for us, so we have done with this, and turned it all into what is generally called repartee, or being smart, just as when an expensive fashion comes up, those who are not able to reach it content themselves

with some paltry imitation. It now passes for raillery to run a man down in discourse, to put him out of countenance, and make him ridiculous; sometimes to expose the defects of his person or understanding; on all which occasions, he is obliged not to be angry, to avoid the imputation of not being able to take a jest. It is admirable to observe one who is dexterous at this art, singling out a weak adversary, getting the laugh on his side, and then carrying all before him. The French, from whence we borrow the word, have a quite different idea of the thing, and so had we in the politer age of our fathers. Raillery was to say something that at first appeared a reproach or reflection, but, by some turn of wit, unexpected and surprising, ended always in a compliment, and to the advantage of the person it was addressed to. And surely one of the best rules in conversation is, never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid: nor can there anything be well more contrary to the ends for which people meet together, than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.

There are two faults in conversation, which appear very different, yet arise from the same root, and are equally blameable; I mean an impatience to interrupt others; and the uneasiness of being interrupted ourselves. The two chief ends of conversation are to entertain and improve those we are among, or to receive those benefits ourselves; which whoever will consider, cannot easily run into either of these two errors; because, when any man speaks in company, it is to be supposed he does it for his hearers' sake, and not his own; so that common discretion will teach us not to force their attention, if they are not willing to lend it; nor, on the other side, to interrupt him who is in possession, because that is in the grossest manner to give the preference to our own good sense.

There are some people whose good manners will not suffer them to interrupt you, but, what is almost as bad, will discover abundance of impatience, and lie upon the watch until you have done, because they have started something in their own thoughts, which they long to be de-

livered of. Meantime, they are so far from regarding what passes, that their imaginations are wholly turned upon what they have in reserve, for fear it should slip out of their memory; and thus they confine their invention, which might otherwise range over a hundred things full as good, and that might be much more naturally introduced.

There is a sort of rude familiarity, which some people, by practising among their intimates, have introduced into their general conversation, and would have it pass for innocent freedom or humour; which is a dangerous experiment in our northern climate, where all the little decorum and politeness we have are purely forced by art, and are so ready to lapse into barbarity. This, among the Romans, was the raillery of slaves, of which we have many instances in Plautus.² It seems to have been introduced among us by Cromwell, who, by preferring the scum of the people, made it a court entertainment, of which I have heard many particulars; and, considering all things were turned upside down, it was reasonable and judicious; although it was a piece of policy found out to ridicule a point of honour in the other extreme, when the smallest word misplaced among gentlemen ended in a duel.

There are some men excellent at telling a story, and provided with a plentiful stock of them, which they can draw out upon occasion in all companies; and, considering how low conversation runs now among us, it is not altogether a contemptible talent; however, it is subject to two unavoidable defects, frequent repetition, and being soon exhausted; so that, whoever values this gift in himself, has need of a good memory, and ought frequently to shift his company, that he may not discover the weakness of his fund; for those who are thus endued have seldom any other revenue, but live upon the main stock.

Great speakers in public are seldom agreeable in private conversation, whether their faculty be natural, or acquired by practice, and often venturing. Natural elocution, although it may seem a paradox, usually springs from a barrenness of invention, and of words; by which men who

have only one stock of notions upon every subject, and one set of phrases to express them in, they swim upon the superficies, and offer themselves on every occasion; therefore men of much learning, and who know the compass of a language, are generally the worst talkers on a sudden, until much practice has inured and emboldened them; because they are confounded with plenty of matter, variety of notions and of words, which they cannot readily choose, but are perplexed and entangled by too great a choice; which is no disadvantage in private conversation; where, on the other side, the talent of haranguing is, of all others, most unsupportable.

Nothing has spoiled men more for conversation than the character of being wits; to support which they never fail of encouraging a number of followers and admirers, who list themselves in their service, wherein they find their accounts on both sides by pleasing their mutual vanity. This has given the former such an air of superiority, and made the latter so pragmatical, that neither of them are well to be endured. I say nothing here of the itch of dispute and contradiction, telling of lies, or of those who are troubled with the disease called the wandering of the thoughts, so that they are never present in mind at what passes in discourse; for whoever labours under any of these possessions, is as unfit for conversation as a madman in Bedlam.

I think I have gone over most of the errors in conversation that have fallen under my notice or memory, except some that are merely personal, and others too gross to need exploding; such as lewd or profane talk; but I pretend only to treat the errors of conversation in general, and not the several subjects of discourse, which would be infinite. Thus we see how human nature is most debased, by the abuse of that faculty which is held the great distinction between men and brutes: and how little advantage we make of that, which might be the greatest, the most lasting, and the most innocent, as well as useful pleasure of life: in default of which we are forced to take up with those poor amusements of dress and visiting, or the more pernicious ones of play, drink, and vicious

amours; whereby the nobility and gentry of both sexes are entirely corrupted, both in body and mind, and have lost all notions of love, honour, friendship, generosity: which, under the name of fopperies, have been for some time laughed out of doors.

This degeneracy of conversation, with the pernicious consequences thereof upon our humours and dispositions, has been owing, among other causes, to the custom arisen, for some time past, of excluding women from any share in our society, further than in parties at play, or dancing, or in the pursuit of an amour. I take the highest period of politeness in England (and it is of the same date in France) to have been the peaceable part of King Charles I.'s reign, and from what we read of those times, as well as from the accounts I have formerly met with from some who lived in that court, the methods then used for raising and cultivating conversation were altogether different from ours: several ladies, whom we find celebrated by the poets of that age, had assemblies at their houses, where persons of the best understanding, and of both sexes, met to pass the evenings in discoursing upon whatever agreeable subjects were occasionally started; and although we are apt to ridicule the sublime Platonic notions they had, or personated, in love and friendship, I conceive their refinements were grounded upon reason, and that a little grain of the romance is no ill ingredient to preserve and exalt the dignity of human nature, without which it is apt to degenerate into everything that is sordid, vicious, and low. If there were no other use in the conversation of ladies, it is sufficient that it would lay a restraint upon those odious topics of immodesty and indecencies, into which the rudeness of our northern genius is so apt to fall. And, therefore, it is observable in those sprightly gentlemen about the town, who are so very dexterous at entertaining a vizard mask^s in the park or the playhouse, that in the company of ladies of virtue and honour, they are silent and disconcerted, and out of their element.

There are some people who think they sufficiently acquit themselves, and entertain their company, with relating facts of

no consequence, nor at all out of the road of such common incidents as happen every day; and this I have observed more frequently among the Scots than any other nation, who are very careful not to omit the minutest circumstances of time or place; which kind of discourse, if it were not a little relieved by the uncouth terms and phrases, as well as accent and gesture peculiar to that country, would be hardly

tolerable. It is not a fault in company to talk much; but to continue it long is certainly one; for, if the majority of those who are got together be naturally silent or cautious, the conversation will flag, unless it be often renewed by one among them, who can start new subjects, provided he does not dwell upon them, that leave room for answers and replies.

1731, 1738

SIR RICHARD STEELE (1672-1729)

A RECOLLECTION

THE first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a-beating the coffin, and calling "Papa"; for I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms, and transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embrace, and told me in a flood of tears, "Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again." She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport, which, methought struck me

with an instinct of sorrow which, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo, and receives impressions so forcible that they are as hard to be removed by reason, as any mark with which a child is born is to be taken away by any future application. Hence it is that goodness in me is no merit; but, having been so frequently overwhelmed with her tears before I knew the cause of any affliction, or could draw defenses from my own judgment, I imbibed commiseration, remorse, and an unmanly gentleness of mind, which has since insnared me into ten thousand calamities, and from whence I can reap no advantage, except it be that, in such a humor as I am now in, I can the better indulge myself in the softnesses of humanity, and enjoy that sweet anxiety which arises from the memory of past afflictions.

1710

THE CLUB

The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name is Sir Roger de Coverley. His great grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behavior, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is

in the wrong. However, this humor creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho Square. It is said, he keeps himself a bachelor, by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine

gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege,¹ fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson² in a public coffee house for calling him youngster. But, being ill used by the above mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which in his merry humors, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind: but there is such a mirthful cast in his behavior, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company; when he comes into a house, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir Roger is a justice of the *quorum*; that he fills the chair at a quarter-sessions with great abilities, and three months ago, gained universal applause, by explaining a passage in the game-act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us, is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple; a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humorsome father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus³ are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke.⁴ The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage articles, leases and tenures, in the neighborhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of

Demosthenes and Tully,⁵ but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool, but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable; as few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through New Inn, crosses through Russell court, and takes a turn at Will's, till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed, and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose.⁶ It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play; for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London. A person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms, for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue, that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation, — and if another, from another. I have heard him prove that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valor, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favorite is, "A penny saved is a penny got." A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himself; and says that Eng-

land may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life, in which no man can rise suitably to his merit, who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world, because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even, regular behavior are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds who endeavor at the same end with himself, the favor of a commander. He will, however, in his way of talk, excuse generals for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it: for, says he, that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: therefore, he will conclude, that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says, it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candor does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very

agreeable to the company; for he is never over-bearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from a habit of obeying men highly above him.

But, that our society may not appear a set of humorists,⁷ unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a gentleman who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his life, but, having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but a very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces on his brain. His person is well turned, of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from what Frenchwomen our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge have been in the female world; as other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you, when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court, such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park. For all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present lord such-a-one.

This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation, among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of, as one of our company; for he visits us but seldom,

but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution; and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments^s in his function would oblige him to; he is therefore among divines what a chamber-councillor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind, and the integrity of

his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interest in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions. 1711

SIR ROGER IN LOVE

In my first description of the company in which I pass most of my time, it may be remembered, that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth; which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened this evening, that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house. As soon as we came into it, "It is," quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, "very hard, that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees, but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. You are to know, this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that custom I can never come into it, but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind, as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love, to attempt the removing of their passion by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long pause, he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life, with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above

what I had ever had before; and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his, before it received that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows:—

"I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighborhood, for the sake of my fame; and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county; and in my servants, officers, and whole equipage, indulged the pleasure of a young man (who did not think ill of his own person) in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behavior to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, ride well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But, when I came there, a beautiful creature in a widow's habit¹ sat in a court to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature (who was born for the destruction of all who behold her) put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another,

until she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it but I bowed like a great surprised booby; and knowing her cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a captivated calf as I was, 'Make way for the defendant's witnesses.' This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial, she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I but the whole court was prejudiced in her favor; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage. You must understand, sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no farther consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train of admirers, and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country, according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship. She is always accompanied by a confidante, who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex, and consequently a bar to her first steps towards love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.

"However, I must needs say, this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most humane of all the brutes in the country. I was told she said so by one who thought he rallied me; and upon the strength of this slender encouragement of being thought least detestable, I made new liveries, new-paired my coach-horses, sent them all to town to be bitted, and taught to throw their legs well, and

move all together, before I pretended to cross the country, and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my retinue suitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. The particular skill of this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes, and yet command respect. To make her mistress of this art, she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good sense than is usual even among men of merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you will not let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes, and the skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real charms, and strike you with admiration instead of desire. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole woman, there is that dignity in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate scholar that no country gentleman can approach her without being a jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her house, I was admitted to her presence with great civility; at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an attitude, as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she discovered new charms, and I at last came towards her with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her advantage of it, and began a discourse to me concerning love and honor, as they both are followed by pretenders, and the real votaries to them. When she discussed these points in a discourse which, I verily believe, was as learned as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars. Her confidante sat by her, and on my being in the last confusion and silence, this malicious aid of hers turning to her, says, 'I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak.' They both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before such profound casuists, I rose up and took my leave. Chance has since that

time thrown me very often in her way, and she as often directed a discourse to me which I do not understand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all mankind, and you must make love to her as you would conquer the sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the pleasure of that man be, who could converse with such a creature. But, after all, you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other: and yet I have been credibly informed — but who can believe half that is said! After she had done speaking to me, she put her hand to her bosom, and adjusted her tucker; then she cast her eyes a little down, upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently; her voice in her ordinary speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a public table the day after I first saw

her, and she helped me to some tansy³ in the eye of all the gentlemen in the country. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. I can assure you, sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same condition; for as her speech is music, her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but indeed it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection. Oh, the excellent creature! she is as inimitable to all women, as she is inaccessible to all men."

I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the house, that we might be joined by some other company; and am convinced that the widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse; though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that of Martial,⁴ which one knows not how to render into English, *dum tacet hanc loquitur*.⁵

1711

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719)

SIR ROGER AT THE PLAY

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy with me, assuring me at the same time, that he had not been at a play these twenty years. "The last I saw," said Sir Roger, "was *The Committee*,¹ which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told before-hand that it was a good Church of England comedy." He then proceeded to inquire of me who this "Distressed Mother"² was; and upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school-boy he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks³ should be abroad. "I assure you," says he, "I thought I had fallen into their hands last night; for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half way up Fleet-street, and mended their pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to get

away from them. You must know," continued the knight, with a smile, "I fancied they had a mind to *hunt* me; for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighborhood, who was served such a trick in King Charles II's time, for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport, had this been their design; for as I am an old fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before." Sir Roger added, that if these gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it; "for I threw them out," says he, "at the end of Norfolk-street, where I doubled the corner, and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However," says the knight, "if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for

John tells me he has got the fore-wheels mended."

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk.⁴ Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest, my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the Captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the playhouse, where, having marched up the entry in good order, the Captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure, which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself, at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper center to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus,⁵ the knight told me that he did not believe the king of France himself had a better strut. I was indeed very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism; and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache,⁶ and a little while after as much for Hermione;⁷ and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's⁸ importunities, he whispered me in the ear, that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, "You can't imagine, sir, what it is to have to do with a widow." Upon Pyrrhus his threatening afterwards to leave her, the knight shook his head, and muttered to himself, "Ay, do if you can."

This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered me in my ear, "These widows, sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray," says he, "you that are a critic, is this play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of."

The fourth act very unluckily began before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer: "Well," says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, "I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost." He then renewed his attention, and from time to time fell a-praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at his first entering he took for Astyanax:⁹ but he quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy. "Who," says he, "must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him." Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap; to which Sir Roger added, "On my word, a notable young baggage!"

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of the intervals between the acts, to express their opinion of the players, and of their respective parts. Sir Roger hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes,¹⁰ struck in with them, and told them that he thought his friend Pylades¹¹ was a very sensible man; as they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time, "And let me tell you," says he, "though he speak but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them." Captain Sentry, seeing two or three wags who sat near us, lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke¹² the knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus his death,

and at the conclusion of it told me, it was such a bloody piece of work, that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit,¹² he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding, that Orestes, in his madness, looked as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear pas-

sage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the justling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodging in the same manner that we brought him to the playhouse; being highly pleased for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the old man.

1712

THE USES OF THE *Spectator*

*Non aliter quam qui adverso vix flumine
lembum*

*Remigis subigit: si brachia forte remisit,
Atque illum in praeceps prono rapit alveus
amni.*

— VIRGIL.¹

It is with much satisfaction that I hear this great city inquiring day by day after these my papers, and receiving my morning lectures with a becoming seriousness and attention. My publisher tells me, that there are already² three thousand of them distributed every day: So that if I allow twenty readers to every paper, which I look upon as a modest computation, I may reckon about threescore thousand disciples in London and Westminster, who I hope will take care to distinguish themselves from the thoughtless herd of their ignorant and unattentive brethren. Since I have raised to myself so great an audience, I shall spare no pains to make their instruction agreeable, and their diversion useful. For which reasons I shall endeavour to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality, that my readers may, if possible, both ways find their account in the speculation of the day. And to the end that their virtue and discretion may not be short, transient, intermitting starts of thoughts, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate state of vice and folly into which the age is fallen. The mind that lies fallow but a single day sprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous culture. It was said of Socrates,

that he brought philosophy down from heaven, to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses.

I would therefore in a very particular manner recommend these my speculations to all well-regulated families, that set apart an hour in every morning for tea and bread and butter; and would earnestly advise them for their good to order this paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as a part of the tea equipage.

Sir Francis Bacon observes, that a well-written book, compared with its rivals and antagonists, is like Moses's serpent, that immediately swallowed up and devoured those of the Egyptians. I shall not be so vain as to think, that where the *Spectator* appears, the other public prints will vanish; but shall leave it to my reader's consideration, whether, is it not much better to be let into the knowledge of one's self, than to hear what passes in Muscovy or Poland; and to amuse ourselves with such writings as tend to the wearing out of ignorance, passion, and prejudice, than such as naturally conduce to inflame hatreds, and make enmities irreconcilable?

In the next place, I would recommend this paper to the daily perusal of those gentlemen whom I cannot but consider as my good brothers and allies, I mean the fraternity of Spectators, who live in the world without having anything to do in it;

and either by the affluence of their fortunes, or laziness of their dispositions, have no other business with the rest of mankind, but to look upon them. Under this class of men are comprehended all contemplative tradesmen,³ titular physicians,⁴ Fellows of the Royal Society, Templars⁵ that are not given to be contentious, and statesmen that are out of business; in short, every one that considers the world as a theatre, and desires to form a right judgment of those who are the actors on it.

There is another set of men that I must likewise lay a claim to, whom I have lately called the blanks of society, as being altogether unfurnished with ideas, till the business and conversation of the day has supplied them. I have often considered these poor souls with an eye of great commiseration, when I have heard them asking the first man they have met with, whether there was any news stirring, and by that means gathering together materials for thinking. These needy persons do not know what to talk of, till about twelve a clock in the morning; for by that time they are pretty good judges of the weather, know which way the wind sits, and whether the Dutch mail be come in. As they lie at the mercy of the first man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all the day long, according to the notions which they have imbibed in the morning, I would earnestly entreat them not to stir out of their chambers till they have read this paper, and do promise them that I will daily instil into them such sound and wholesome sentiments, as shall have a good effect on their conversation for the ensuing twelve hours.

But there are none to whom this paper will be more useful, than to the female world. I have often thought there has not been sufficient pains taken in finding out proper employments and diversions for the fair ones. Their amusements seem contrived for them, rather as they are women, than as they are reasonable creatures; and are more adapted to the sex than to the species. The toilet is their great scene of business, and the right adjusting of their hair the principal employment of their lives. The sorting of a suit of ribbons is

reckoned a very good morning's work; and if they make an excursion to a mercer's or a toy-shop, so great a fatigue makes them unfit for any thing else all the day after. Their more serious occupations are sewing and embroidery, and their greatest drudgery the preparation of jellies and sweetmeats. This, I say, is the state of ordinary women; though I know there are multitudes of those of a more elevated life and conversation, that move in an exalted sphere of knowledge and virtue, that join all the beauties of the mind to the ornaments of dress, and inspire a kind of awe and respect, as well as love, into their male beholders. I hope to increase the number of these by publishing this daily paper, which I shall always endeavour to make an innocent if not an improving entertainment, and by that means at least divert the minds of my female readers from greater trifles. At the same time, as I would fain give some finishing touches to those which are already the most beautiful pieces in human nature, I shall endeavour to point out all those imperfections that are the blemishes, as well as those virtues which are the embellishments of the sex. In the meanwhile I hope these my gentle readers, who have so much time on their hands, will not grudge throwing away a quarter of an hour in a day on this paper, since they may do it without any hindrance to business.

I know several of my friends and well-wishers are in great pain for me, lest I should not be able to keep up the spirit of a paper which I oblige myself to furnish every day: but to make them easy in this particular, I will promise them faithfully to give it over as soon as I grow dull. This I know will be matter of great raillery to the small wits, who will frequently put me in mind of my promise, desire me to keep my word, assure me that it is high time to give over, with many other little pleasantries of the like nature, which men of a little smart genius cannot forbear throwing out against their best friends, when they have such a handle given them of being witty. But let them remember that I do hereby enter my caveat⁶ against this piece of raillery.

THE HEAD-DRESS

Tanta est quaerendi cura decoris.

— *Juv. Sat.*¹ VI, 500.

There is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress. Within my own memory I have known it rise and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height, inasmuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men. The women were of such an enormous stature, that "we appeared as grasshoppers before them;"² at present the whole sex is in a manner dwarfed, and shrunk into a race of beauties that seems almost another species. I remember several ladies, who were once very near seven foot high, that at present want some inches of five. How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn. Whether the whole sex be at present under any penance which we know nothing of; or whether they have cast their head-dresses in order to surprise us with something in that kind which shall be entirely new; or whether some of the tallest of the sex, being too cunning for the rest, have contrived this method to make themselves appear sizeable, is still a secret; though I find most are of opinion, they are at present like trees now lopped and pruned, that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater heads than before. For my own part, as I do not love to be insulted by women who are taller than myself, I admire the sex much more in their present humiliation, which has reduced them to their natural dimensions, than when they had extended their persons and lengthened themselves out into formidable and gigantic figures. I am not for adding to the beautiful edifices of nature, nor for raising any whimsical superstructure upon her plans: I must therefore repeat it, that I am highly pleased with the coiffure now in fashion, and think it shows the good sense which at present very much reigns among the valuable part of the sex. One may observe that women in all ages have taken more pains than men to adorn the outside of their heads; and indeed I very much admire, that those female architects who raise such wonderful structures out of

ribands, lace, and wire, have not been recorded for their respective inventions. It is certain there have been as many orders in these kinds of building, as in those which have been made of marble. Sometimes they rise in the shape of a pyramid, sometimes like a tower, and sometimes like a steeple. In Juvenal's time the building grew by several orders and stories, as he has very humorously described it:

Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum

Aedificat caput: Andromachen a fronte videbis;

*Post minor est: aliam credas.*³

— *Juv. Sat.* VI. 501.

But I do not remember in any part of my reading, that the head-dress aspired to as great an extravagance as in the fourteenth century, when it was built up in a couple of cones or spires, which stood so excessively high on each side of the head, that a woman, who was but a Pigmy without her head-dress, appeared like a Colossus upon putting it on. Monsieur Paradin⁴ says, "That these old-fashioned fontanges⁵ rose an ell above the head; that they were pointed like steeples; and had long loose pieces of crape fastened to the tops of them, which were curiously fringed, and hung down their backs like streamers."

The women might possibly have carried this Gothic building much higher, had not a famous monk, Thomas Conecte⁶ by name, attacked it with great zeal and resolution. This holy man travelled from place to place to preach down this monstrous commode;⁷ and succeeded so well in it, that, as the magicians sacrificed their books to the flames upon the preaching of an apostle, many of the women threw down their head-dresses in the middle of his sermon, and made a bonfire of them within sight of the pulpit. He was so renowned, as well for the sanctity of his life as his manner of preaching, that he had often a congregation of twenty thousand people; the men placing themselves on the one side of his pulpit, and the

women on the other, that appeared (to use the similitude of an ingenious writer) like a forest of cedars with their heads reaching to the clouds. He so warmed and animated the people against this monstrous ornament, that it lay under a kind of persecution; and, whenever it appeared in public, was pelted down by the rabble, who flung stones at the persons that wore it. But notwithstanding this prodigy vanished while the preacher was among them, it began to appear again some months after his departure, or, to tell it in Monsieur Paradin's own words, "the women, that like snails in a fright had drawn in their horns, shot them out again as soon as the danger was over." This extravagance of the women's head-dresses in that age is taken notice of by Monsieur d'Argentre ^s in his *History of Bretagne*, and by other historians, as well as the person I have here quoted.

It is usually observed, that a good reign is the only proper time for the making of laws against the exorbitance of power; in the same manner an excessive head-dress may be attacked the most effectually when the fashion is against it. I do there-

fore recommend this paper to my female readers by way of prevention.

I would desire the fair sex to consider how impossible it is for them to add anything that can be ornamental to what is already the masterpiece of nature. The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station, in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermillion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with the curious organs of sense, giving it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light. In short, she seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works; and when we load it with such a pile of supernumerary ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties, to childish gewgaws, ribands, and bone-lace.

The Transition Period

WILLIAM COLLINS
(1721-1759)

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blessed!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay; 10
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

1746

ODE TO EVENING

If ought of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to sooth thy
modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs and dying gales,

O nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-
hair'd sun 5
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy
skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-
ey'd bat,
With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern
wing, 10
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:

Now teach me, maid compos'd, 15
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing thro' thy dark-
'ning vale

May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return! 20

For when thy folding-star arising shews
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, the elves
Who sleep in flow'rs the day,

And many a nymph who wreaths her
brows with sedge, 25
And sheds the fresh'ning dew, and,
lovelier still
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then lead, calm vot'ress, where some
sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-
hallow'd pile 30
Or upland fallows grey
Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when chill blust'ring winds, or driving
rain,
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the
hut
That from the mountain's side 35
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd
spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er
all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil. 40

While Spring shall pour his show'rs, as oft
he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest
Eve;
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy ling'ring light;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with
leaves; 45
Or Winter, yelling thro' the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, sure-found beneath the sylvan
shed,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-
lipp'd Health, 50
Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy fav'rite name!

1746

THOMAS GRAY
(1716-1771)

ODE ON THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM
VICISSITUDE

Now the golden Morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
She woos the tardy Spring:
Till April starts, and calls around 5
The sleeping fragrance from the ground,
And lightly, o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet; 10
Forgetful of their wintry trance
The birds his presence greet:
But chief, the sky-lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstasy;
And lessening from the dazzled sight, 15
Melts into air and liquid light.

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by; 20
Their raptures now that wildly flow
No yesterday nor morrow know;
'Tis Man alone that joy descries
With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past Misfortune's brow 25
Soft Reflection's hand can trace,
And o'er the cheek of Sorrow throw
A melancholy grace;
While Hope prolongs our happier hour,
Or deepest shades, that dimly lour 30
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy Pleasure leads,
See a kindred Grief pursue;
Behind the steps that Misery treads 35
Approaching Comfort view:
The hues of bliss more brightly glow
Chastised by sabler tints of woe,
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life. 40

See the wretch that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost
And breathe and walk again:
The meanest floweret of the vale, 45
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.

1754(?), 1775

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF
ETON COLLEGE

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow 5
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers
among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way. 10

Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shade!
Ah fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales, that from ye blow, 15
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring. 20

Say, Father Thames, for thou has seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margin green
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave 25
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball? 30

While some on earnest business bent
 Their murm'ring labours ply
 'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
 To sweeten liberty:

Some bold adventurers disdain 35
 The limits of their little reign,
 And unknown regions dare descry;
 Still as they run they look behind,
 They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy. 40

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess'd;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast: 45
 Their buxom health of rosy hue,
 Wild wit, invention ever-new,
 And lively cheer of vigour born;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
 That fly th' approach of morn. 50

Alas, regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play!
 No sense have they of ills to come,
 Nor care beyond to-day:
 Yet see how all around 'em wait 55
 The Ministers of human fate,
 And black Misfortune's baleful train!
 Ah, show them where in ambush stand
 To seize their prey the murth'rous band!
 Ah, tell them, they are men! 60

These shall the fury Passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind,
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
 And Shame that skulks behind;
 Or pining Love shall waste their youth, 65
 Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
 That inly gnaws the secret heart,
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,
 Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
 And Sorrow's piercing dart. 70

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
 Then whirl the wretch from high,
 To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
 And grinning Infamy.
 The stings of Falsehood those shall try, 75
 And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
 That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
 And keen Remorse with blood defil'd,
 And moody Madness laughing wild
 Amid severest woe. 80

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
 A grisly troop are seen,
 The painful family of Death,
 More hideous than their Queen.
 This racks the joints, this fires the 85
 veins,
 That every labouring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage:
 Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And slow-consuming Age. 90

To each his suff'rings: all are men,
 Condemn'd alike to groan,
 The tender for another's pain;
 Th' unfeeling for his own:
 Yet ah! why should they know their 95
 fate?
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies.
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more; where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise. 100

1747

ELEGY

Written In a Country Churchyard

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the
 lea,
 The plowman homeward plods his weary 1
 way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and
 to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on
 the sight, 5
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning
 flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant
 folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
 The moping owl does to the moon com- 10
 plain
 Of such as, wand'ring near her secret
 bow'r,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-
 tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould-
 'ring heap, .

Each in his narrow cell for ever laid, 15
The rude forefathers of the hamlet
sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-
built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing
horn,
No more shall rouse them from their
lowly bed. 20

For them no more the blazing hearth shall
burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to
share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield, 25
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has
broke;

How jocund did they drive their team
afield!

How bow'd the woods beneath their
sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny ob-
scure; 30

Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er
gave,

Awaits alike th' inevitable hour. 35
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the
fault,

If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies
raise,

Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and
fretted vault

The pealing anthem swells the note of
praise. 40

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting
breath?

Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of
Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid 45
Some heart once pregnant with celestial
fire;

Hands, that the rod of empire might have
sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample
page

Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er
unroll; 50

Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean
bear:

Full many a flower is born to blush un-
seen, 55

And waste its sweetness on the desert
air.

Some village Hampden, that with daunt-
less breast

The little Tyrant of his fields withstood:
Some mute inglorious Milton here may
rest,

Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's
blood. 60

Th' applause of list'ning senates to com-
mand,

The threats of pain and ruin to
despise,

To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd
alone 65

Their growing virtues, but their crimes
confin'd;

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a
throne,

And shut the gates of mercy on man-
kind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to
hide,

To quench the blushes of ingenuous
shame, 70

Or heap the shrine of Luxury and
Pride

With incense kindled at the Muse's
flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble
 strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to
 stray;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life 75
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their
 way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless
 sculpture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh. 80

Their name, their years, spelled by th'
 unletter'd Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply:
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey, 85
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful
 day,
 Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye re-
 quires; 90
 E'en from the tomb the voice of nature
 cries,
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonor'd
 dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale
 relate;
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led, 95
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of
 dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews
 away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn; 100

"There at the foot of yonder nodding
 beech
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so
 high,
 His listless length at noontide would he
 stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in
 scorn, 105
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would
 rove;
 Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one for-
 lorn,
 Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hope-
 less love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd
 hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favorite
 tree; 110
 Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was
 he;

"The next with dirges due in sad array
 Slow through the church-way path we
 saw him borne, —
 Approach and read (for thou canst read)
 the lay 115
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged
 thorn."

THE EPITAPH

*Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
 A youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her
 own 120*

*Large was his bounty and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
 He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
 He gained from Heaven ('t was all he
 wished) a friend.*

*No farther seek his merits to disclose, 125
 Or draw his frailties from their dread
 abode
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose),
 The bosom of his Father and his God.
 1751*

POPULAR BALLADS

THE CRUEL BROTHER

There was three ladies play'd at the ba,
 With a hey ho and a lillie gay
 There came a knight and played o'er
 them a',
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

The eldest was baith tall and fair, 5
But the youngest was beyond compare.

The midmost had a graceful mien,
But the youngest look'd like beautie's
queen.

The knight bow'd low to a' the three,
But to the youngest he bent his knee. 10

The ladie turned her head aside,
The knight he wooed her to be his bride.

The ladie blush'd a rosy red,
And said, "Sir knight, I'm too young to
wed."

"O ladie fair, give me your hand, 15
And I'll make you ladie of a' my land."

"Sir knight, ere ye my favor win,
You maun get consent frae a' my kin."

He's got consent frae her parents dear,
And likewise frae her sisters fair. 20

He's got consent frae her kin each one,
But forgot to speak to her brother John.

Now, when the wedding day was come,
The knight would take his bonny bride
home.

And many a lord and many a knight 25
Came to behold that ladie bright.

And there was nae man that did her see
But wish'd himself bridegroom to be.

Her father dear led her down the stair,
And her sisters twain they kiss'd her
there. 30

Her mother dear led her thro' the closs,
And her brother John set her on her
horse.

She lean'd her o'er the saddle-bow,
To give him a kiss ere she did go.

He has taen a knife, baith lang and
sharp, 35
And stabbed that bonny bride to the
heart.

She hadno ridden half thro' the town,
Until her heart's blude stain'd her gown.

"Ride softly on," says the best young man,
"For I think our bonny bride looks pale
and wan." 40

"O lead me gently up yon hill,
And I'll there sit down, and make my
will."

"O what will you leave to your father
dear?"
"The silver-shode steed that brought me
here."

"What will you leave to your mother
dear?" 45
"My velvet pall and my silken gear."

"What will you leave to your sister
Anne?"
"My silken scarf and my gowden fan."

"What will you leave to your sister
Grace?"
"My bloody cloaths to wash and dress." 50

"What will you leave to your brother
John?"
"The gallows-tree to hang him on."

"What will you leave to your brother
John's wife?"
"The wilderness to end her life."

This ladie fair in her grave was laid, 55
And many a mass was o'er her said.

But it would have made your heart right
sair,
To see the bridegroom rive his hair.

EDWARD

"Why does your brand sae drap wi'
bluid,

Edward, Edward,
Why does your brand sae drap wi'
bluid,

And why sae sad gang ye O?"
"O I hae killed my hawk sae guid, 5
Mither, mither,
O I hae killed my hawk sae guid,
And I had nae mair but he O."

- "Your hawkis bluid was never sae red,
Edward, Edward, 10
Your hawkis bluid was never sae red,
My dear son, I tell thee O."
"O I hae killed my red-roan steed,
Mither, mither,
O I hae killed my red-roan steed, 15
That erst was sae fair and free O."
- "Your steed was old, and ye hae got
mair,
Edward, Edward,
Your steed was old, and ye hae got
mair,
Some other dule ye drie O." 20
"O I hae killed my fadir dear,
Mither, mither,
O I hae killed my fadir dear,
Alas, and wae is me O!"
- "And whatten penance will ye drie for
that, 25
Edward, Edward,
And whatten penance will ye drie for
that?
My dear son, now tell me O."
"I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
Mither, mither, 30
I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
And I'll fare over the sea O."
- "And what will ye do wi' your towers and
your ha',
Edward, Edward?
And what will ye do wi' your towers and
your ha', 35
That were sae fair to see O?"
"I'll let them stand till they down fa',
Mither, mither,
I'll let them stand till they down fa',
For here never mair maun I be O." 40
- "And what will ye leave to your bairns
and your wife,
Edward, Edward?
And what will ye leave to your bairns and
your wife,
When ye gang over the sea O?"
"The worldis room, let them beg through
life, 45
Mither, mither,
The worldis room, let them beg through
life,
For them never mair will I see O."
- "And what will ye leave to your own
mither dear,
Edward, Edward? 50
And what will ye leave to your own
mither dear?
My dear son, now tell me O."
"The curse of hell frae me shall ye bear,
Mither, mither,
The curse of hell frae me shall ye bear, 55
Such counsels ye gave to me O."
- LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET
Lord Thomas and Fair Annet
Sat a' day on a hill;
When night was come and sun was set,
They had not talked their fill.
- Lord Thomas said a word in jest, 5
Fair Annet took it ill:
"O, I will never wed a wife
Against my own friends' will."
- "If ye will never wed a wife,
A wife will ne'er wed ye:" 10
So he is home to tell his mither,
And knelt upon his knee.
- "O rede, O rede, mither," he says,
"A good rede give to me;
O shall I take the nut-brown bride, 15
And let Fair Annet be?"
- "The nut-brown bride has gold and
gear,
Fair Annet she has nane;
And the little beauty Fair Annet has
O it will soon be gane." 20
- And he has to his brother gone:
"Now, brother, rede ye me;
O shall I marry the nut-brown bride,
And let Fair Annet be?"
- "The nut-brown bride has oxen,
brother, 25
The nut-brown bride has kye;
I would have ye marry the nut-brown
bride,
And cast Fair Annet by."
- "Her oxen may die i' the house, Billy,
And her kye into the byre, 30
And I shall have nothing to myself
But a fat fadge by the fire."

And he has to his sister gone: "Now, sister, rede ye me; O shall I marry the nut-brown bride, And set Fair Annet free?"	35	And when she came into the kirk, She shimmered like the sun; The belt that was about her waist Was a' wi' pearls bedone.	80
"I rede ye take Fair Annet, Thomas, And let the brown bride alone; Lest ye should sigh, and say, 'Alas! What is this we brought home!' "	40	She sat her by the nut-brown bride, And her een they were so clear, Lord Thomas he clean forgot the bride, When Fair Annet drew near.	
"No, I will take my mither's counsel, And marry me out o' hand; And I will take the nut-brown bride, Fair Annet may leave the land."		He had a rose into his hand, He gave it kisses three, And reaching by the nut-brown bride, Laid it in Fair Annet's knee.	85
Up then rose Fair Annet's father, Two hours ere it were day, And he is gone into the bower Wherein Fair Annet lay.	45	Up then spake the nut-brown bride, She spake wi' mickle spite: "And where got ye that rose-water, That does make ye so white?"	90
"Rise up, rise up, Fair Annet," he says, "Put on your silken sheen; Let us go to St. Mary's kirk, And see that rich weddeen."	50	"O I did get the rose-water Where ye will ne'er get none, For I did get that very rose-water Into my mither's womb."	95
"My maids, go to my dressing-room, And dress to me my hair; Where'er ye laid a plait before, See ye lay ten times mair.	55	The bride she drew a long bodkin Frae out her gay head-gear, And struck Fair Annet unto the heart, That word spake never mair.	100
"My maids, go to my dressing-room, And dress to me my smock; The one half is o' the holland fine, The other o' needle-work."	60	Lord Thomas he saw Fair Annet wax pale, And marveled what might be; But when he saw her dear heart's blood, A' wod-wroth waxed he.	
The horse Fair Annet rode upon, He ambled like the wind; Wi' silver he was shod before, Wi' burning gold behind.		He drew his dagger, that was so sharp, That was so sharp and meet, And drove it into the nut-brown bride, That fell dead at his feet.	105
Four and twenty silver bells Were tied to his mane, And each tift o' the norland wind, They tinkled ane by ane.	65	"Now stay for me, dear Annet," he said, "Now stay, my dear," he cried; Then struck the dagger until his heart, And fell dead by her side.	110
Four and twenty gay good knights Rode by Fair Annet's side, And four and twenty fair ladies, As gin she had been a bride.	70	Lord Thomas was buried without kirkwa', Fair Annet within the quire; And o' the tane there grew a birk, And other a bonny brier.	115
And when she came to Mary's kirk, She sat on Mary's stean: The cleading that Fair Annet had on It skinkled in their een.	75	And ay they grew, and ay they threw, As they would fain be near; And by thus ye may ken right well They were two lovers dear.	120

BONNY BARBARA ALLAN

It was in and about the Martinmas
time,

When the green leaves were a falling,
That Sir John Graeme, in the West
Country,
Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down through the town, 5
To the place where she was dwelling;
"O haste and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan."

O hooley, hooley rose she up,
To the place where he was lying, 10
And when she drew the curtain by,
"Young man, I think you're dying."

"O it's I'm sick, and very, very sick,
And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan:"
"O the better for me ye's never be, 15
Tho your heart's blood were a spilling.

"O dinna ye mind, young man," said
she,
"When ye was in the tavern a drinking,
That ye made the healths gae round and
round,
And slighted Barbara Allan?" 20

He turned his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing:
"Adieu, adieu, my dear frinds all,
And be kind to Barbara Allan."

And slowly, slowly raise she up, 25
And slowly, slowly left him,
And sighing said, she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead-bell ringing, 30
And every jow that the dead-bell gied,
It cry'd, Woe to Barbara Allan!

"O mother, mother, make my bed!
O make it saft and narrow!
Since my love died for me to-day, 35
I'll die for him to-morrow."

SIR PATRICK SPENCE

The king sits in Dumferling town,
Drinking the blood-red wine:

"O where will I get a good sailor,
To sail this ship of mine?"

Up and spake an eldern knight, 5
Sat at the king's right knee:
"Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor
That sails upon the sea."

The king has written a broad letter,
And signed it wi' his hand, 10
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick read,
A loud laugh laughed he;
The next line that Sir Patrick read, 15
The tear blinded his ee.

"O who is this has done this deed,
This ill deed done to me,
To send me out this time o' the year, 20
To sail upon the sea!

"Make haste, make haste, my merry men
all,
Our good ship sails the morn:"
"O say not so, my master dear,
For I fear a deadly storm.

"Late, late yestreen I saw the new
moon, 25
Wi' the old moon in her arm,
And I fear, I fear, my master dear,
That we will come to harm."

O our Scots nobles were right loath
To wet their cork-heel'd shoon; 30
But long e'er a' the play were play'd,
Their hats they swam aboon.

O long, long may their ladies sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Or ere they see Sir Patrick Spence 35
Come sailing to the land.

O long, long may the ladies stand,
Wi' their gold combs in their hair,
Waiting for their own dear lords, 40
For they'll see them nae mair.

Half o'er, half o'er to Aberdour,
It's fifty fathom deep,
And there lies good Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

THOMAS RYMER

True Thomas lay o'er yond grassy bank,
And he beheld a ladie gay,
A ladie that was brisk and bold,
Come riding o'er the fernie brae.

Her skirt was of the grass-green silk, 5
Her mantel of the velvet fine,
At ilka tett of her horse's mane
Hung fifty silver bells and nine.

True Thomas he took off his hat
And bowed him low down till his
knee: 10
"All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!
For your peer on earth I never did
see."

"O no, O no, True Thomas," she says,
"That name does not belong to me;
I am but the queen of fair Elfland, 15
And I'm come here for to visit thee.

"But ye maun go wi' me now, Thomas,
True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me,
For ye maun serve me seven years,
Thro' weel or wae as may chance to 20
be."

She turned about her milk-white steed,
And took True Thomas up behind,
And aye whene'er her bridle rang,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

For forty days and forty nights 25
He wade thro' red blude to the knee,
And he saw neither sun nor moon,
But heard the roaring of the sea.

O they rode on and further on,
Until they came to a garden green: 30
"Light down, light down, ye ladie free,
Some of that fruit let me pull to thee."

"O no, O no, True Thomas," she says,
"That fruit maun not be touched by
thee,
For a' the plagues that are in hell 35
Light on the fruit of this countrie.

"But I have a loaf here in my lap,
Likewise a bottle of claret wine,
And here ere we go farther on,
We'll rest a while, and ye may dine." 40

When he had eaten and drunk his fill,
"Lay down your head upon my knee,"
The lady said, "ere we climb yon hill,
And I will show you fairlies three.

"O see ye not yon narrow road, 45
So thick beset wi' thorns and briers?
That is the path of righteousness,
Tho' after it but few enquires.

"And see not ye that braid braid road,
That lies across yon lillie leven? 50
That is the path of wickedness,
Tho some call it the road to heaven.

"And see ye not that bonny road,
Which winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland, 55
Where you and I this night maun gae.

"But Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see,
For gin ae word you should chance to speak,
You will ne'er get back to your ain
countrie." 60

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green,
And till seven years were past and gone
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

THE DEMON LOVER

"O where have you been, my long, long
love,
This long seven years and mair?"
"O I'm come to seek my former vows
Ye granted me before."

"O hold your tongue of your former
vows, 5
For they will breed sad strife;
O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For I am become a wife."

He turned him right and round about,
And the tear blinded his ee: 10
"I wad never hae trodden on Irish
ground,
If it had not been for thee.

"I might hae had a king's daughter,
Far, far beyond the sea;
I might hae had a king's daughter, 15
Had it not been for love o' thee."

- "If ye might have had a king's daughter,
Yersel ye had to blame;
Ye might have had taken the king's
daughter,
For ye kend that I was nane. 20
- "If I was to leave my husband dear,
And my two babes also,
O what have you to take me to,
If with you I should go?"
- "I hae seven ships upon the sea — 25
The eighth brought me to land —
With four-and-twenty bold mariners,
And music on every hand."
- She has taken up her two little babes,
Kiss'd them baith cheek and chin: 30
"O fair ye weel, my ain two babes,
For I'll never see you again."
- She set her foot upon the ship,
No mariners could she behold;
But the sails were o' the taffetie, 35
And the masts o' the beaten gold.
- She had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When dismal grew his countenance,
And drumlie grew his ee. 40
- They had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Until she espied his cloven foot,
And she wept right bitterlie.
- "O hold your tongue of your weeping,"
says he, 45
"Of your weeping now let me be;
I will shew you how the lilies grow
On the banks of Italy."
- "O what hills are yon, yon pleasant
hills,
That the sun shines sweetly on?" 50
"O yon are the hills of heaven," he said,
"Where you will never win."
- "O whaten a mountain is yon," she
said,
"All so dreary wi' frost and snow?"
"O yon is the mountain of hell," he
cried, 55
"Where you and I will go."
- He strack the tap-mast wi' his hand,
The fore-mast wi' his knee,
And he brake that gallant ship in twain,
And sank her in the sea. 60
- CHEVY CHASE
- God prosper long our noble king,
our lives and safeties all!
A woeful hunting once there did
in Chevy Chase befall.
- To drive the deer with hound and horn 5
Earl Percy took the way:
The child may rue that is unborn
the hunting of that day!
- The stout Earl of Northumberland
a vow to God did make 10
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
three summers days to take,
- The chiefest harts in Chevy Chase
to kill and bear away:
These tidings to Earl Douglas came 15
in Scotland, where he lay;
- Who sent Earl Percy present word
he would prevent his sport;
The English earl, not fearing that,
did to the woods resort, 20
- With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
all chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
to aim their shafts aright.
- The gallant greyhound[s] swiftly ran 25
to chase the fallow deer;
On Monday they began to hunt,
ere daylight did appear.
- And long before high noon they had
a hundred fat bucks slain; 30
Then having dined, the drouyers went
to rouse the deer again.
- The bowmen mustered on the hills,
well able to endure;
Their backsides all with special care 35
that day were guarded sure.
- The hounds ran swiftly through the
woods
the nimble deer to take,

- That with their cries the hills and dales
an echo shrill did make. 40
- Lord Percy to the quarry went
to view the tender deer;
Quoth he, "Earl Douglas promised once
this day to meet me here;
- "But if I thought he would not come, 45
no longer would I stay."
- With that a brave young gentleman
thus to the earl did say:
- "Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
his men in armor bright; 50
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
all marching in our sight.
- "All men of pleasant Tivydale,
fast by the river Tweed:"
- "O cease your sports!" Earl Percy
said, 55
"and take your bows with speed.
- "And now with me, my countrymen,
your courage forth advance!
For there was never champion yet,
in Scotland nor in France, 60
- "That ever did on horseback come,
[but], and if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear."
- Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed, 65
most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
whose armor shone like gold.
- "Show me," said he, "whose men
you be
that hunt so boldly here, 70
That without my consent do chase
and kill my fallow deer."
- The first man that did answer make
was noble Percy he,
Who said, "We list not to declare
nor show whose men we be; 75
- "Yet we will spend our dearest blood
thy chiefest harts to slay."
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
and thus in rage did say: 80
- "Ere thus I will outbraved be,
one of us two shall die;
I know thee well, an earl thou art;
Lord Percy, so am I.
- "But trust me, Percy, pity it were, 85
and great offense, to kill
Then any of these our guiltless men,
for they have done none ill.
- "Let thou and I the battle try,
and set our men aside:" 90
- "Accurst be [he]!" Earl Percy said,
"by whom it is denied."
- Then stepped a gallant squire forth —
Witherington was his name —
Who said, "I would not have it told 95
to Henry our king, for shame,
- "That e'er my captain fought on foot,
and I stand looking on.
You be two Earls," quoth Witherington,
"and I a squire alone; 100
- "I'll do the best that do I may,
while I have power to stand;
While I have power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand."
- Our English archers bent their bows; 105
their hearts were good and true;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
full four score Scots they slew.
- To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Douglas bade on the bent; 110
Two captains moved with mickle might,
their spears to shivers went.
- They closed full fast on every side
no slackness there was found,
But many a gallant gentleman 115
lay gasping on the ground.
- O Christ! it was great grief to see
how each man chose his spear,
And how the blood out of their breasts
did gush like water clear. 120
- At last these two stout earls did meet,
like captains of great might;
Like lions wode they laid on lode;
they made a cruel fight.

- They fought until they both did sweat, 125
with swords of tempered steel,
Till blood down their cheeks like rain
the trickling down did feel.
- "O yield thee, Percy!" Douglas said,
"And in faith I will thee bring 130
Where thou shall high advanced be
by James our Scottish king.
- "Thy ransom I will freely give,
and this report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight 135
[That ever I did see.]"
- "No, Douglas!" quoth Earl Percy then,
"thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
that ever yet was born!" 140
- With that there came an arrow keen,
out of an English bow,
Which stroke Earl Douglas on the breast
a deep and deadly blow.
- Who never said more words than these: 145
"Fight on, my merry men all!
For why, my life is at [an] end,
Lord Percy sees my fall."
- Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
the dead man by the hand; 150
Who said, "Earl Douglas, for thy life,
would I had lost my land!"
- "O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
for sorrow for thy sake,
For sure, a more redoubted knight 155
mischance could never take."
- A knight amongst the Scots there was
which saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in heart did vow revenge
upon the Lord Percy. 160
- Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he called,
who, with a spear full bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
ran fiercely through the fight,
- And past the English archers all, 165
without all dread or fear,
And through Earl Percy's body then
he thrust his hateful spear.
- With such a vehement force and might
his body he did gore, 170
The staff ran through the other side
a large cloth-yard and more.
- Thus did both those nobles die,
whose courage none could stain;
An English archer then perceived 175
the noble earl was slain.
- He had [a] good bow in his hand,
made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
to the hard head halèd he. 180
- Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery
his shaft full right he set;
The grey-goose-wing that was thereon
in his heart's blood was wet.
- This fight from break of day did last 185
till setting of the sun,
For when they rung the evening-bell
the battle scarce was done.
- With stout Earl Percy there was slain
Sir John of Egerton, 190
Sir Robert Harclife and Sir William,
Sir James, that bold baron.
- And with Sir George and Sir James,
both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Rebby there was slain, 195
whose prowess did surmount.
- For Witherington needs must I wail
as one in doleful dumps,
For when his legs were smitten off,
he fought upon his stumps. 200
- And with Earl Douglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Mountgomery,
And Sir Charles Morrell, that from field
one foot would never flee;
- Sir Roger Hever of Harclife too, 205
his sister's son was he;
Sir David Lambwell, well esteemed,
but saved he could not be.
- And the Lord Maxwell, in like case,
with Douglas he did die; 210
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen
 went home but fifty-three;
 The rest in Chevy Chase were slain, 215
 under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come
 their husbands to bewail;
 They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
 but all would not prevail. 220

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,
 they bore with them away;
 They kissed them dead a thousand times
 ere they were clad in clay.

The news was brought to Edinburgh, 225
 where Scotland's king did reign,
 That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
 was with an arrow slain.

"O heavy news!" King James can say;
 "Scotland may witness be 230
 I have not any captain more
 of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came,
 within as short a space,
 That Percy of Northumberland 235
 was slain in Chevy Chase.

"Now God be with him!" said our king,
 "sith it will no better be;
 I trust I have within my realm
 five hundred as good as he. 240

"Yet shall not Scots nor Scotland say
 but I will vengeance take,
 And be revenged on them all
 For brave Earl Percy's sake."

This vow the king did well perform 245
 after on Humble-down;
 In one day fifty knights were slain,
 with lords of great renown.

And of the rest, of small account,
 did many hundreds die: 250
 Thus endeth the hunting in Chevy Chase,
 made by the Earl Percy.

God save our king, and bless this land
 with plenty, joy, and peace,
 And grant henceforth that foul debate 255
 twixt noblemen may cease!

JOHNNIE ARMSTRONG

There dwelt a man in fair Westmoreland,
 Johnnie Armstrong men did him call,
 He had neither lands nor rents com-
 ing in,
 Yet he kept eight score men in his hall.

He had horse and harness for them all, 5
 Goodly steeds were all milk-white;
 And the golden bands about their necks,
 And their weapons, they were all alike.

News then was brought unto the king,
 That there was such a one as he, 10
 That lived like a bold outlaw,
 And robbed all the north country.

The king he wrote a letter then,
 A letter which was large and long;
 He signed it with his own hand, 15
 And he promised to do him no wrong.

When this letter came Johnnie until,
 His heart was as blithe as birds on the
 tree:

"Never was I sent for before any king,
 My father, my grandfather, nor none 20
 but me.

"And if we go the king before,
 I would we went most orderly;
 Every man of you shall have his scarlet
 cloak,
 Laced with silver, laces three.

"Every one of you shall have his velvet
 coat, 25
 Laced with silver lace so white;
 And the golden bands about your necks,
 Black hats, white feathers, all alike."

By the morrow morning at ten of the
 clock,
 Towards Edinboro gone was he, 30
 And with him all his eight score men;
 Good Lord, it was a goodly sight for to
 see!

When Johnnie came before the king,
 He fell down on his knee;
 "O pardon, my sovereign liege," he
 said, 35
 "O pardon my eight score men and
 me!"

"Thou shalt have no pardon, thou traitor
strong,
For thy eight score men nor thee;
For to-morrow morning by ten of the
clock,
Both thou and they shall hang on the
gallow-tree." 40

But Johnnie looked over his left shoulder,
Good Lord, what a grievous look looked
he!
Saying, "Asking grace of a graceless
face —
Why, there is none for you nor me."

But Johnnie had a bright sword by his
side, 45
And it was made of the mettle so free,
That had not the king stepped his foot
aside,
He had smitten his head from his fair
body.

Saying, "Fight on, my merry men all,
And see that none of you be ta'en; 50
For rather than men shall say we were
hanged,
Let them report how we were slain."

Then, Got wot, fair Edinboro rose,
And so beset poor Johnnie round,
That fourscore and ten of Johnnie's best
men 55
Lay gasping all upon the ground.

Then like a mad man Johnnie laid about,
And like a mad man then fought he,
Until a false Scot came Johnnie behind,
And ran him through the fair body. 60

Saying, "Fight on, my merry men all,
And see that none of you be ta'en;
For I will stand by and bleed but
awhile,
And then will I come and fight
again."

News then was brought to young Johnnie
Armstrong, 65
As he stood by his nurse's knee.
Who vowed if ere he lived for to be a
man,
On the treacherous Scots revenged he'd
be.

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL

High upon Highlands, and low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell rode out on a
day.
Saddled and bridled and gallant rode he;
Home came his good horse, but never
came he!

Out came his old mither, greeting fu'
sair, 5
And out came his bonnie bride, rivin' her
hair.
Saddled and bridled and booted rode he;
Toom home came the saddle, but never
came he!

"My meadow lies green, and my corn is
unshorn;
My barn is to big, and my baby's un-
born." 10
Saddled and bridled and booted rode he;
Toom home came the saddle, but never
came he.

ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE

When shaws be sheen, and shradds full
fair,
And leaves both large and long,
It is merry, walking in the fair forest,
To hear the small birds' song.

The witwall sang, and would not cease, 5
Sitting upon the spray,
So loud, he wakened Robin Hood,
In the greenwood where he lay.

"Now by my fay," said jolly Robin,
"A sweaven I had this night, 10
I dreamt me of two wight yeomen,
That fast with me gan fight.

"Me thought they did me beat and bind,
And took my bow me fro;
If I be Robin alive in this land, 15
I'll be wrocken on both them two."

"Sweavens are swift, master," quoth
John,
"As the wind that blows o'er a hill:
For if it be never so loud this night,
Tomorrow it may be still." 20

"Busk ye, bowne ye, my merry men all,
For John shall go with me;

For I'll go seek yond wight yeomen
In greenwood where they be."

They cast on their gown of green, 25
A shooting gone are they,
Until they came to the merry greenwood,
Where they had gladdest be;
There were they ware of a wight yeoman,
His body leaned to a tree. 30

A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,
Had been many a man's bane,
And he was clad in his capull-hide,
Top, and tail, and mane.

"Stand you still, master," quoth Little
John, 35
"Under this trusty tree,
And I will go to yonder wight yeoman,
To know his meaning truly."

"Ah, John, by me thou sett'st no store,
And that's a furley thing; 40
How oft send I my men before,
And tarry myself behind?"

"It is no cunning a knave to ken,
An a man but hear him speak;
An it were not for bursting of my bow, 45
John, I would thy head break."

But often words they breeden bale,
That parted Robin and John;
John is gone to Barnesdale,
The gates he knows each one. 50

And when he came to Barnesdale,
Great heaviness there he had;
He found two of his fellowes
Were slain both in a slade,

And Scarlett afoot a-flying was, 55
Over stocks and stone,
For the sheriff with seven score men
Fast after him is gone.

"Yet one shot I'll shoot," says Little
John, 60
"With Christ his might and main;
I'll make yond fellow that flies so fast
To be both glad and fain."

John bent up a good yew bow,
And fettled him to shoot;

The bow was made of a tender bough, 65
And fell down to his foot.

"Woe worth thee, wicked wood," said
Little John,
"That ere thou grew on a tree!
For this day thou art my bale,
My boot when thou should be!" 70

This shot it was but loosely shot,
The arrow flew in vain,
And it met one of the sheriff's men;
Good William of Trent was slain.

It had been better for William of Trent 75
To hang upon a gallow
Than for to lie in the greenwood,
There slain with an arrow.

And it is said, when men be met,
Six can do more than three: 80
And they have ta'en Little John,
And bound him fast to a tree.

"Thou shalt be drawn by dale and down,"
quoth the sheriff,
"And hanged high on a hill:"
"But thou may fail," quoth Little John, 85
"If it be Christ's own will."

Let us leave talking of Little John,
For he is bound fast to a tree,
And talk of Guy and Robin Hood
In the greenwood where they be. 90

How these two yeomen together they
met,
Under the leaves of lime,
To see what merchandise they made
Even at that same time.

"Good morrow, good fellow," quoth Sir
Guy; 95
"Good morrow, good fellow," quoth
he;
"Methinks by this bow thou bear'st in thy
hand
A good archer thou seems to be."

"I am wilful of my way," quoth Sir Guy,
"And of my morning tide:" 100
"I'll lead thee through the wood," quoth
Robin,
"Good fellow, I'll be thy guide."

"I seek an outlaw," quoth Sir Guy,
 "Men call him Robin Hood;
 I had rather meet with him upon a
 day 105
 Than forty pound of gold."

"If you two met, it would be seen whether
 were better
 Afore ye did part away;
 Let us some other pastime find,
 Good fellow, I thee pray. 110

"Let us some other masteries make,
 And we will walk in the woods even;
 We may chance meet with Robin Hood
 At some unset steven."

They cut them down the summer
 shroggs 115
 Which grew both under a brere,
 And set them three score rods in twain,
 To shoot the pricks full near.

"Lead on, good fellow," said Sir Guy,
 "Lead on, I do bid thee:" 120
 "Nay, by my faith," quoth Robin Hood,
 "The leader thou shalt be."

The first good shot that Robin led,
 Did not shoot an inch the prick fro;
 Guy was an archer good enough, 125
 But he could ne'er shoot so.

The second shot Sir Guy shot,
 He shot within the garland;
 But Robin Hood shot it better than he,
 For he clove the good prick-wand. 130

"God's blessing on thy heart!" says Guy,
 "Good fellow, thy shooting is good;
 For an thy heart be as good as thy hands,
 Thou were better than Robin Hood.

"Tell me thy name, good fellow," quoth
 Guy, 135
 "Under the leaves of lyne:"
 "Nay, by my faith," quoth good Robin,
 "Till thou have told me thine."

"I dwell by dale and down," quoth Guy,
 "And I have done many a curst
 turn; 140
 And he that calls me by my right name,
 Calls me Guy of good Gisborne."

"My dwelling is in the wood," says Robin
 "By thee I set right nought;
 My name is Robin Hood of Barnesdale, 145
 A fellow thou hast long sought."

He that had neither been of kith nor kin
 Might have seen a full fair sight,
 To see how together these yeomen
 went,
 With blades both brown and bright. 150

To have seen how these yeomen together
 fought
 Two hours of a summer's day;
 It was neither Guy nor Robin Hood
 That fettled them to fly away.

Robin was reckless of a root, 155
 And stumbled at that tide,
 And Guy was quick and nimble withal,
 And hit him o'er the left side.

"Ah, dear Lady!" said Robin Hood,
 "Thou art both mother and may!" 160
 I think it was never man's destiny
 To die before his day."

Robin thought on Our Lady dear,
 And soon leapt up again,
 And thus he came with an awkward
 stroke; 165
 Good Sir Guy he has slain.

He took Sir Guy's head by the hair,
 And stuck it on his bow's end:
 "Thou hast been traitor all thy life,
 Which thing must have an end." 170

Robin pulled forth an Irish knife,
 And nicked Sir Guy in the face,
 That he was never of a woman born
 Could tell who Sir Guy was.

Says, "Lie there, lie there, good Sir
 Guy, 175
 And with me be not wroth;
 If thou have had the worse strokes at my
 hand,
 Thou shalt have the better cloth."

Robin did off his gown of green,
 Sir Guy he did it throw; 180
 And he put on that capull-hide
 That clad him top to toe.

"The bow, the arrows, and little horn,
And with me now I'll bear;
For now I will go to Barnesdale, 185
To see how my men do fare."

Robin set Guy's horn to his mouth,
A loud blast in it he did blow;
That beheard the sheriff of Nottingham,
As he leanèd under a lowe. 190

"Hearken! hearken!" said the sheriff,
"I heard no tidings but good;
For yonder I hear Sir Guy's horn blow,
For he hath slain Robin Hood.

"For yonder I hear Sir Guy's horn
blow, 195
It blows so well in tide,
For yonder comes that wighty yeoman,
Clad in his capull-hide.

"Come hither, thou good Sir Guy,
Ask of me what thou wilt have:" 200
"I'll none of thy gold," says Robin Hood,
"Nor I'll none of it have.

"But now I have slain the master," he
said,
"Let me go strike the knave;
This is all the reward I ask, 205
Nor no other will have."

"Thou art a madman," said the sheriff,
"Thou should'st have had a knight's
fee;
Seeing thy asking hath been so bad,
Well granted it shall be." 210

But Little John heard his master speak,
Well he knew that was his steven;
"Now shall I be loosed," quoth Little
John,
"With Christ's might in heaven."

But Robin he hied him towards Little
John, 215
He thought he would loose him belive;
The sheriff and all his company
Fast after him did drive.

"Stand aback! stand aback!" said Robin;
"Why draw you me so near?" 220
It was never the use in our country
One's shrift another should hear."

But Robin pulled forth an Irish knife,
And loosed John hand and foot,
And gave him Sir Guy's bow in his
hand, 225
And bade it be his boot.

But John took Guy's bow in his hand
(His arrows were rusty by the root);
The sheriff saw Little John draw a bow
And fettle him to shoot. 230

Towards his house in Nottingham
He fled full fast away,
And so did all his company,
Not one behind did stay.

But he could neither so fast go, 235
Nor away so fast run,
But Little John, with an arrow broad,
Did cleave his heart in twinn.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH
(1728-1774)

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the
plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the
labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms
delay'd:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and
ease, 5
Seats of my youth, when every sport could
please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each
scene!
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm, 10
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neigh-
bouring hill,
The hawthorn bush with seats beneath
the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers
made!
How often have I blest the coming day 15
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading
tree;

While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old survey'd, 20
 And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round!
 And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown 25
 By holding out to tire each other down,
 The swain mistrustless of his smutt'd face,
 While secret laughter titter'd round the place,
 The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove. 30
 These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
 With sweet succession, taught even toil to please;
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed;
 These were thy charms — but all these charms are fled.
 Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn, 35
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green:
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain. 40
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But chok'd with sedges, works its weedy way;
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies, 45
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries:
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
 And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
 Far, far away thy children leave the land. 50

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade —
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made —
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride, 55
 When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.
 A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
 When every rood of ground maintain'd its man:
 For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
 Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more; 60
 His best companions, innocence and health,
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.
 But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
 Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain:
 Along the lawn where scatter'd hamlets rose, 65
 Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
 And every want to opulence allied,
 And every pang that folly pays to pride.
 Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
 Those calm desires that ask'd but little room, 70
 Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
 Liv'd in each look and brighten'd all the green —
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.
 Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour, 75
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds
 Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
 And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew, 80
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of
 care
 In all my griefs — and God has given my
 share —
 I still had hopes, my latest hours to
 crown, 85
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me
 down;
 To husband out life's taper at the close,
 And keep the flame from wasting by
 repose.
 I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
 Amidst the swains to show my book-
 learn'd skill, 90
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
 And as an hare whom hounds and horns
 pursue
 Pants to the place from whence at first
 she flew,
 I still had hopes, my long vexations
 past, 95
 Here to return — and die at home at last.
 O blest retirement, friend to life's de-
 cline,
 Retreats from care, that never must be
 mine!
 How happy he who crowns, in shades like
 these,
 A youth of labour with an age of ease; 100
 Who quits a world where strong tempt-
 ations try,
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to
 fly!
 For him no wretches, born to work and
 weep,
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous
 deep;
 Nor surly porter stands, in guilty state, 105
 To spurn imploring famine from the
 gate;
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend,
 Bends to the grave with unperceiv'd
 decay,
 While resignation gently slopes the
 way, 110
 And, all his prospects brightening to the
 last,
 His heaven commences ere the world be
 past.
 Sweet was the sound, when oft at eve-
 ning's close
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.

There as I passed with careless steps and
 slow, 115
 The mingling notes came soften'd from
 below:
 The swain responsive as the milkmaid
 sung,
 The sober herd that low'd to meet their
 young,
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the
 pool,
 The playful children just let loose from
 school, 120
 The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the
 whispering wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant
 mind —
 These all in sweet confusion sought the
 shade,
 And fill'd each pause the nightingale had
 made.
 But now the sounds of population fail, 125
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
 No busy steps the grass-grown footway
 tread,
 For all the bloomy flush of life is fled —
 All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
 That feebly bends beside the plashy,
 spring; 130
 She, wretched matron — forc'd in age, for
 bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses
 spread,
 To pick her wintry faggot from the
 thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till
 morn —
 She only left of all the harmless train, 135
 The sad historian of the pensive plain!
 Near yonder copse, where once the
 garden smil'd,
 And still where many a garden-flower
 grows wild,
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place
 disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion
 rose. 140
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change
 his place;
 Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for
 power 145
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;

Far other aims his heart had learn'd to
prize,
More skill'd to raise the wretched than to
rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant
train,
He chid their wanderings, but reliev'd
their pain; 150
The long-remember'd beggar was his
guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged
breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer
proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims
allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to
stay, 155
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night
away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow
done,
Shoulder'd his crutch and show'd how
fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man
learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their
woe; 160
Careless their merits or their faults to
scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
*Thus to relieve the wretched was his
pride,
And even his failings lean'd to virtue's
side;
But in his duty prompt at every call, 165
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt
for all:
And, as a bird each fond endearment
tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the
skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull
delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the
way. 170
Beside the bed where parting life was
laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dis-
may'd,
The reverend champion stood: at his
control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling
soul;

Comfort came down the trembling wretch
to raise, 175
And his last faltering accents whisper'd
praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected
grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double
sway,
And fools who came to scoff remained to
pray. 180
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good
man's smile:
His ready smile a parent's warmth ex-
prest, 185
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares
distrest.
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were
given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in
heaven:
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves
the storm, 190
Though round its breast the rolling clouds
are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
Beside yon straggling fence that skirts
the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to
rule, 195
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to
trace
The day's disasters in his morning
face; 200
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited
glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he
frown'd;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught 205
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declar'd how much he
knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher
too,

Lands he could measure, terms and tides
 presage,
 And even the story ran that he could
 gauge. 210
 In arguing too the parson own'd his skill,
 For even though vanquish'd, he could
 argue still;
 While words of learned length and thun-
 dering sound
 Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
 And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder
 grew 215
 That one small head could carry all he
 knew.

But past is all his fame: the very spot,
 Where many a time he triumph'd, is
 forgot.
 Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on
 high,
 Where once the sign-post caught the
 passing eye, 220
 Low lies that house where nut-brown
 draughts inspir'd,
 Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil
 retir'd,
 Where village statesmen talk'd with looks
 profound,
 And news much older than their ale went
 round.
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace 225
 The parlour splendours of that festive
 place:
 The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sanded
 floor,
 The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the
 door;
 The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by
 day; 230
 The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of
 goose;
 The hearth, except when winter chill'd the
 day,
 With aspen boughs, and flowers, and
 fennel gay,
 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for
 show, 235
 Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a
 row.

Vain transitory splendours! could not
 all
 Reprieve the tottering mansion from its
 fall?

Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's
 heart. 240
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's
 tale,
 No more the woodman's ballad shall pre-
 vail;
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall
 clear, 245
 Relax his ponderous strength, and lean
 to hear;
 The host himself no longer shall be found
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go
 round;
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest. 250
 Yes! let the rich deride, the proud dis-
 dain,
 These simple blessings of the lowly train;
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of
 art;
 Spontaneous joys, where nature has its
 play, 255
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born
 sway;
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd.
 But the long pomp, the midnight mas-
 querade,
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth
 array'd, 260
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
 And, even while fashion's brightest arts
 decoy,
 The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?
 Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who
 survey 265
 The rich man's joys increase, the poor's
 decay,
 'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits
 stand
 Between a splendid and a happy land.
 Proud swells the tide with loads of
 freighted ore,
 And shouting Folly hails them from her
 shore; 270
 Hoards even beyond the miser's wish
 abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world
 around;

Yet count our gains: this wealth is but a
 name
 That leaves our useful products still the
 same.
 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and
 pride 275
 Takes up a space that many poor sup-
 plied —
 Space for his lake, his park's extended
 bounds,
 Space for his horses, equipage, and
 hounds:
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken
 sloth
 Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half
 their growth; 280
 His seat, where solitary spots are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the
 green;
 Around the world each needful product
 flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies.
 While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure,
 all 285
 In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.
 As some fair female, unadorn'd and
 plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her
 reign,
 Slight every borrow'd charm that dress
 supplies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her
 eyes; 290
 But when those charms are past, for
 charms are frail,
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of dress:
 Thus fares the land, by luxury be-
 tray'd; 295
 In nature's simplest charms at first
 array'd,
 But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
 While, scourg'd by famine from the
 smiling land,
 The mournful peasant leads his humble
 band; 300
 And while he sinks, without one arm to
 save,
 The country blooms — a garden, and a
 grave.
 Where then, ah! where shall poverty
 reside,

To 'scape the pressure of contiguous
 pride?
 If to some common's fenceless limits
 stray'd 305
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty
 blade,
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth
 divide,
 And even the bare-worn common is
 denied.
 If to the city sped — what waits him
 there?
 To see profusion that he must not
 share; 310
 To see ten thousand baneful arts com-
 bin'd
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
 To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
 Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
 Here, while the courtier glitters in bro-
 cade, 315
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
 Here, while the proud their long-drawn
 pomps display,
 There, the black gibbet glooms beside the
 way.
 The dome where pleasure holds her mid-
 night reign,
 Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous
 train; 320
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing
 square,
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches
 glare.
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er
 annoy!
 Sure these denote one universal joy!
 Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah, turn
 thine eyes 325
 Where the poor houseless shivering female
 lies.
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distress;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the
 thorn; 330
 Now lost to all — her friends, her virtue
 fled —
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her
 head,
 And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking
 from the shower,
 With heavy heart deplores that luckless
 hour

When idly first, ambitious of the town, 335
She left her wheel, and robes of country
brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the
loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger
led,

At proud men's doors they ask a little
bread. 340

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary
scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes be-
tween,

Through torrid tracts with fainting steps
they go,

Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd
before, 345

The various terrors of that horrid shore:
Those blazing suns that dart a downward
ray,

And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget
to sing,

But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling; 350
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuri-
ance crown'd,

Where the dark scorpion gathers death
around;

Where at each step the stranger fears to
wake

The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless
prey, 355

And savage men more murderous still than
they;

While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the
skies.

Far different these from every former
scene,

The cooling brook, the grassy-vested
green, 360

The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd
that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks
away;

When the poor exiles, every pleasure
past, 365

Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd
their last,

And took a long farewell, and wish'd in
vain

For seats like these beyond the western
main;

And shuddering still to face the distant
deep,

Return'd and wept, and still return'd to
weep. 370

The good old sire the first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for other's
woe;

But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the
grave.

His lovely daughter, lovelier in her
tears, 375

The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.

With louder plaints the mother spoke her
woes,

And blest the cot where every pleasure
rose, 380

And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with
many a tear,

And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly
dear;

Whilst her fond husband strove to lend
relief

In all the silent manliness of grief.

O Luxury! thou curst by Heaven's
decree, 385

How ill exchang'd are things like these for
thee!

How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!

Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness
grown,

Boast of a florid vigour not their own: 390
At every draught more large and large

they grow,
A bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe;

Till sapp'd their strength, and every part
unsound,

Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin
round.

Even now the devastation is begun, 395
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I
stand,

I see the rural Virtues leave the land.

Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads
the sail

That idly waiting flaps with every gale, 400

Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the
strand.

Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
And kind connubial Tenderness are there;
And Piety with wishes placed above, 405
And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest
maid,

Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame
To catch the heart, or strike for honest
fame; 410

Dear, charming nymph, neglected and
decried,

My shame in crowds, my solitary pride,
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my
woe,

Thou found'st me poor at first, and keep'st
me so;

Thou guide by which the noble arts
excel, 415

Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell! and O where'er thy voice be
tried,

On Torno's cliffs or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in
snow, 420

Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of the inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive
strain;

Teach erring man to spurn the rage of
gain;

Teach him, that states of native strength
possest, 425

Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift
decay,

As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky. 430

1770

WILLIAM COWPER

(1731-1800)

LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

Toll for the Brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave 5
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel
And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds
And she was overset; 10
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea fight is fought, 15
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock. 20

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

— Weigh the vessel up 25
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tears that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again 30
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plow the distant main:

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred 35
Shall plow the wave no more.

1782

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

O That those lips had language! Life has
passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee
last.
Those lips are thine — thy own sweet
smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they
say, 5
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears
away!"

The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blessed be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the
same. 10

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidst me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly alone, 15
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian revery,
A momentary dream, that thou art she. 20

My mother! when I learnt that thou
wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I
shed?

Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just
begun?

Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a
kiss: 25

Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss —
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers —
Yes.

I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window,
drew 30

A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such? It was. — Where thou
art gone

Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful
shore,

The parting word shall pass my lips no
more! 35

Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my
concern,

Off gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled, 40
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.

Thus many a sad *to-morrow* came and
went,

Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learnt at last submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er
forgot. 45

Where once we dwelt our name is heard
no more,

Children not thine have trod my nursery
floor;

And where the gardener Robin, day by
day,

Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and
wrapped 50

In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet
capped,

'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house
our own.

Short-lived possession! But the record fair
That memory keeps, of all thy kindness
there, 55

Still outlives many a storm that has
effaced

A thousand other themes less deeply
traced.

Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and
warmly laid;

Thy morning bounties ere I left my
home, 60

The biscuit, or confectionery plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks be-
stowed

By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and
glowed;

All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no
fall, 65

Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and
breaks

That humour interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,

Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to
pay 70

Such honours to thee as my numbers
may;

Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little
noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore
the hours,

When, playing with thy vesture's tissued
flowers, 75

The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the
while,

Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head
and smile).

Could those few pleasant days again ap-
pear, 80

Might one wish bring them, would I wish
them here?

I would not trust my heart — the dear
delight

Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might. —
But no — what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much, 85
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's
coast

(The storms all weathered and the ocean
crossed)

Shoots into port at some well-havened
isle, 90

Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons
smile,

There sits quiescent on the floods that
show

Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers
gay; 95

So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached
the shore,

'Where tempests never beat nor billows
roar.'

And thy loved consort on the dangerous
tide

Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that
rest 100

Always from port withheld, always dis-
tressed —

Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest
tost,

Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and
compass lost,

And day by day some current's thwarting
force

Sets me more distant from a prosperous
course. 105

Yet, oh, the thought that thou art safe,
and he!

That thought is joy, arrive what may to
me.

My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned and rulers of the
earth;

But higher far my proud pretensions
rise — 110

The son of parents passed into the skies!

And now, farewell — Time unrevoked has
run

His wonted course, yet what I wished is
done.

By contemplation's help, not sought in
vain,

I seem to have lived my childhood o'er
again; 115

To have renewed the joys that once were
mine,

Without the sin of violating thine:

And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his
theft — 120

Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me
left.

c. 1790, 1798

THE CASTAWAY

Obscurest night involved the sky,
The Atlantic billows roar'd,
When such a destined wretch as I,
Wash'd headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft, 5
His floating home forever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast
Than he with whom he went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
With warmer wishes sent. 10
He loved them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
Expert to swim, he lay;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline, 15
Or courage die away;
But waged with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted: nor his friends had fail'd
To check the vessel's course, 20
But so the furious blast prevail'd,
That, pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succor yet they could afford; 25
And such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
Delayed not to bestow.
But he (they knew) nor ship nor shore,
What e'er they gave, should visit more. 30

Nor, cruel as it seemed, could he
 Their haste himself condemn,
 Aware that flight, in such a sea,
 Alone could rescue them;
 Yet bitter felt it still to die
 Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour
 In ocean, self-upheld:
 And so long he, with unspent power,
 His destiny repelled;
 And ever, as the minutes flew,
 Entreated help, or cried — "Adieu!"

At length, his transient respite past,
 His comrades, who before
 Had heard his voice in every blast,
 Could catch the sound no more:
 For then, by toil subdued, he drank
 The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him; but the page
 Of narrative sincere,
 That tells his name, his worth, his age,
 Is wet with Anson's tear:
 And tears by bards or heroes shed
 Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
 Descanting on his fate,
 To give the melancholy theme
 A more enduring date:
 But misery still delights to trace
 Its semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allayed,
 No light propitious shone,
 When, snatched from all effectual aid,
 We perished, each alone:
 But I beneath a rougher sea,
 And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.
 1799

ROBERT BURNS
 (1759-1796)

MARY MORISON

O Mary, at thy window be,
 It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
 Those smiles and glances let me see,
 That make the miser's treasure poor:
 How blythely wad I bide the stoure,
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,

Could I the rich reward secure,
 The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha' 10
 To thee my fancy took its wing,
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
 Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sigh'd, and said amang them a', 15
 "Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,
 Whase only faut is loving thee? 20
 If love for love thou wilt na gie
 At least be pity to me shown:
 A thought ungentle canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

1781

FROM "EPISTLE TO JOHN LAPRAIK"

I am nae Poet, in a sense,
 But just a Rhymer like by chance,
 An' hae to learning nae pretence;
 Yet what the matter?
 Whene'er my Muse does on me glance, 5
 I jingle at her.

Your critic-folk may cock their nose,
 And say, "How can you e'er propose,
 You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
 To mak a sang?" 10
 But, by your leave, my learned foes,
 Ye're maybe wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your schools,
 Your Latin names for horns an' stools?
 If honest nature made you fools, 15
 What sairs your grammars?
 Ye'd better taen up spades and shoofs,
 Or knappin-hammers.

A set o' dull, conceited hashes
 Confuse their brains in college classes! 20
 They gang in stirks and come out
 asses,

Plain truth to speak;
 An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
 By dint o' Greek!

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire, 25
 That's a' the learnin I desire;

Then, tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
 At plough or cart,
 My Muse, though hamely in attire,
 May touch the heart. 30

1785

TO A MOUSE

On Turning Up Her Nest with the Plough

Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
 Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!
 Thou need na start awa sae hasty
 Wi' bickerin' brattle!
 I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee 5
 Wi' murdering pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken Nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion
 Which makes thee startle 10
 At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
 An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve:
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun
 live!
 A daimen icker in a thrave 15
 'S a sma' request;
 I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
 An' never miss 't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
 Its silly wa's the win's are strewn!
 An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green!
 An' bleak December's winds ensuin
 Baith snell an' keen! 20

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste, 25
 An' weary winter comin fast,
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till crash! the cruel coulter past
 Out thro' thy cell. 30

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
 Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
 Now thou's turned out for a' thy
 trouble,
 But house or hald,
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble 35
 An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane
 In proving foresight may be vain:

The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
 Gang aft a-gley, 40
 An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain
 For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
 The present only toucheth thee:
 But, och! I backward cast my ee 45
 On prospects drear!
 An' forward, tho' I canna see,
 I guess an' fear!

1785

TO A LOUSE

On Seeing One on a Lady's Bonnet at Church

Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie!
 Your impudence protects you sairly:
 I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
 Owre gauze and lace;
 Tho' faith, I fear, ye dine but sparely 5
 On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin', blastit wonner,
 Detested, shunn'd, by saunt an' sinner,
 How dare you set your fit upon her,
 Sae fine a lady! 10
 Gae somewhere else, and seek your
 dinner
 On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle;
 There ye may creep, and sprawl, and
 sprattle
 Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle, 15
 In shoals and nations;
 Where horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle
 Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o'
 sight,
 Below the fatt' rells, snug and tight; 20
 Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right
 Till ye've got on it
 The vera topmost, tow'ring height
 O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose
 out, 25
 As plump an' grey as ony groset:
 O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
 Or fell, red smeddum,
 I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,
 Wad dress your droddum. 30

I wad na been surpris'd to spy
You on an auld wife's flainen toy;
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
 On's wyliecoat;
But Miss's fine Lunardi! fyel
 How daur ye do 't?

25

O Jeany, dinna toss your head,
An' set your beauties a' abroad!
Ye little ken what cursed speed
 The blastie's makin:
Thae winks an' finger-ends, I dread,
 Are notice takin.

40

O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
 An' foolish notion:
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
 An ev'n devotion!

1786

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID, OR
THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS

O ye wha are sae guid yoursel,
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your neibour's fauts and folly!
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
 Supply'd wi' store o' water,
The heapet happer's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter, —

5

Hear me, ye venerable core,
As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door
For glaiket Folly's portals;
I for their thoughtless, careless sakes
Would here propone defences —
Their donsie tricks, their black mis-
 takes,
Their failings and mischances.

10

15

Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd,
And shudder at the niffer;
But cast a moment's fair regard,
What makes the mighty differ?
Discount what scant occasion gave,
That purity ye pride in,
And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hidin.

20

Think, when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a wallop,

25

What ragings must his veins convulse
That still eternal gallop:
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It maks an unco leeway.

30

See Social Life and Glee sit down,
All joycus and unthinking,
Till, quite transmugrify'd, they're
 grown
Debauchery and Drinking:
O would they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences;
Or — your more dreaded hell to state —
 Damnation of expenses!

35

40

Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames,
Tied up in godly laces,
Before you gie poor Frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases:
A dear lov'd lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination —
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're ailblins nae temptation.

45

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving Why they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

50

55

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord, its various tone,
Each spring, its various bias:
Then at the balance, let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly can compute,
But know not what's resisted.

1786

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLOW
Of a' the airts the wind can blow
I dearly like the West,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best:
There wild woods grow, and rivers row, &
And mony a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

5

- I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair: 10
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings 15
But minds me o' my Jean.
- O blaw ye westlin winds, blaw saft
Amang the leafy trees;
Wi' balmy gale, frae hill and dale
Bring hame the laden bees; 20
And bring the lassie back to me
That's aye sae neat and clean;
Ae smile o' her wad banish care,
Sae charming is my Jean.
- What sighs and vows amang the knowes 25
Hae pass'd atween us twa!
How fond to meet, how wae to part
That night she gaed awa!
The Powers aboon can only ken
To whom the heart is seen, 30
That nane can be sae dear to me
As my sweet lovely Jean!
- 1788
- AULD LANG SYNE
- Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne?
- Chorus*
- For auld lang syne, my dear, 5
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
- And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine; 10
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.
- We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine; 15
But we've wander'd monie a weary fit
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.
- We twa hae paidl'd i' the burn,
From morning sun till dine; 20
- But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.
- 1788
- TO MARY IN HEAVEN
- Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade! 5
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his
breast?
- That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove, 10
Where by the winding Ayr we met
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past,
Thy image at our last embrace — 15
Ah! little thought we t'was our last!
- Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebb'l'd shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning
green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd 20
scene:
- The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.
- Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes, 25
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but th' impression stronger
makes,
As streams their channels deeper
wear.
- My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest? 30
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his
breast?
- 1789

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John, 5
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither; 10
And monie a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot, 15
John Anderson, my jo.

1789

TAM O'SHANTER

"Of Brownie and of Bogillie full is this
Buke." GAWIN DOUGLAS.

When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neibors, neibors meet;
As market days are wearing late,
And folk begin to tak the gate,
While we sit bousing at the nappy, 5
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Where sits our sulky, sullen dame, 10
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm,

This truth fand honest TAM O' SHANTER,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter:
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town sur-
passes, 15
For honest men and bonie lasses).

O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum;
A blethering, blustering, drunken blle-
lum; 20
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou wasna sober;
That ilka melder wi' the Miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on 25
The Smith and thee gat roarin fou on;

That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday;
She prophesied that late or soon,
Thou wad be found deep drown'd in
Doon, 30
Or catch'd wi' warlocks i' the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how many counsels sweet,
How many lengthen'd sage advices, 35
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: — Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely; 40
And at his elbow, Souter Johnie,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony:
Tam lo'ed him like a very brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter; 45
And aye the ale was growing better:
The Landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious:
The Souter tauld his queerest stories;
The Landlord's laugh was ready chorus: 50
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy.
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure, 55
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glo-
rious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed; 60
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white — then melts forever;
Or like the Borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the Rainbow's lovely form, 65
Evanishing amid the storm. —
Nae man can tether Time or Tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride:
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-
stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast 70
in;
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 't wad blawn its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swal-
low'd; 75

Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bel-
low'd:

That night, a child might understand,
The deil had business on his hand.

Weel-mounted on his gray mare Meg,
A better never lifted leg, 80

Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet,
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots son-
net,

Whiles glow'rin round wi' prudent cares, 85
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
Where in the snaw the chapman
smoor'd; 90

And past the birks and meikle stane,
Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well, 95
Where Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the
woods,

The lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Near and more near the thunders roll, 100
When, glimmering thro' the groaning
trees,

Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze,
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn! 105
What dangers thou can'st make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquebae we'll face the devil!

The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle. 110
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!

Warlocks and witches in a dance; 115
Nae cotillion brent-new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels
Put life and mettle in their heels:

A winnock bunker in the east,
There sat Auld Nick in shape o' beast; 120
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge;
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl. —

Coffins stood round like open presses, 125
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantraip sleight
Each in its cauld hand held a light,
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table 130

A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae the rape —
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted; 135
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled;
Whom his ain son o' life bereft —
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft; 140
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu'
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
The piper loud and louder blew; 145
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reeled, they set, they crossed, they
cleekit,

Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark! 150

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been
queans,

A' plump and strapping in their teens;
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair, 155
That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
For æ blink o' the bonie burdies!

But withered beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwooddie hags wad spean a foal, 160
Lowping and flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kend what was what fu'
brawlie,

There was æ winsome wench and walie,
That night enlisted in the core, 165
(Lang after kend on Carrick shore;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perished mony a bonie boat,

And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country side in fear, 170
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie. —
Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie, 175
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever graced a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her power; 180
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jade she was, and strang,)
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitched,
And thought his very een enriched;
Even Satan glowred, and fidget fu'
fain, 185
And hotched and blew wi' might and
main:

Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark: 190
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes, 195
When, "pop!" she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market crowd,
When, "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' monie an eldritch skreich and
hollow. 200

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy
fairin!

In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg, 205
And win the key-stane of the brig:
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross,
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake! 210
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle —
Ae spring brought aff her master hale, 215
But left behind her ain grey tail.
The carlin caught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall
read,
Ilk man, and mother's son, take heed: 220
Whene'er to Drink you are inclin'd,
Or Cutty-sarks rin in your mind,
Think ye may buy the joys o'er dear;
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

1790

SWEET AFTON

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy
green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy
praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring
stream —
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her
dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds
through the glen, 5
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny
den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming
forbear —
I charge you disturb not my slumbering
fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring
hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear
winding rills; 10
There daily I wander as noon rises
high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my
eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys
below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses
blow;
There, oft as mild evening weeps over the
lea, 15
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary
and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it
glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary
resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet
lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems
thy clear wave. 20

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green
bracs,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my
lays:
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring
stream —
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her
dream! 1791

BONIE DOON

Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care?

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird, s
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days,
When my fause luvie was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings beside thy mate; 10
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon
To see the wood-bine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its luvie, 15
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Frae aff its thorny tree;
And my fause luvie staw my rose
But left the thorn wi' me. 20
1791

AE FOND KISS

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, and then forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him, s
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy; 10
But to see her was to love her;
Love but her, and love forever.
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met — or never parted — 15
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure! 20
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!
1791

HIGHLAND MARY

Ye banks, and bracs, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods and fair your
flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes, s
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel,
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom, 10
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life, 15
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and lock'd embrace
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder; 20
But O! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips, 25
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mould'ring now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly! 30
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

1792

BANNOCKBURN

Scots, wha hae wi' WALLACE bled,
Scots, wham BRUCE has often led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to Victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour; 5
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud EDWARD's power —
Chains and Slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave? 10
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or Freeman fa', 15
Let him follow me!

By Oppression's woes and pains!
By your Sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free! 20

Lay the proud Usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
LIBERTY's in every blow! —
Let us Do or Die! 1793

A RED, RED ROSE
O my Luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O my Luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonie lass, 5
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun: 10
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare-thee-weel, my only Luve!
And fare-thee-weel awhile!
And I will come again, my Luve, 15
Though it were ten thousand mile!
1793

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT
Is there, for honest poverty,
That hings his head, an' a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that, 5
Our toils obscure, an' a' that;

The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-gray, an' a' that; 10
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor, 15
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that. 20
For a' that, an' a' that,
His riband, star, an' a' that;
The man o' independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight, 25
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities, an' a' that, 30
The pith o' sense, an' pride o'
worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth, 35
May bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that. 40
1795

O, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST
O, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee;
Or did Misfortune's bitter storms 5
Around thee blow, around thee blow,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and
bare, 10

The desert were a Paradise,
 If thou wert there, if thou wert
 there;
 Or were I monarch o' the globe,
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
 The brightest jewel in my Crown 15
 Wad be my Queen, wad be my Queen.
 1796

WILLIAM BLAKE
 (1757-1827)

TO THE EVENING STAR

Thou fair-haired angel of the evening,
 Now, whilst the sun rests on the mountain,
 light
 Thy brilliant torch of love; thy radiant
 crown
 Put on, and smile upon our evening bed!
 Smile on our loves; and whilst thou
 drawest round 5
 The curtains of the sky, scatter thy
 dew
 On every flower that closes its sweet
 eyes
 In timely sleep. Let thy west wind sleep
 on
 The lake; speak silence with thy glim-
 mering eyes,
 And wash the dusk with silver. Soon, full
 soon 10
 Dost thou withdraw; then the wolf rages
 wide,
 And then the lion glares through the dun
 forest.

The fleeces of our flocks are covered
 with
 Thy sacred dew: protect them with thine
 influence. 1783

THE TIGER

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies 5
 Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
 On what wings dare he aspire?
 What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
 Could twist the sinews of thy heart? 10
 And when thy heart began to beat,
 What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
 In what furnace was thy brain?
 What the anvil? what dread grasp 15
 Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
 And watered heaven with their tears,
 Did he smile his work to see?
 Did he who made the Lamb make thee? 20

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?
 1794

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, LORD CHESTERFIELD
 (1694-1773)

ON GOOD BREEDING

Spa, 25th July, 1741

DEAR BOY — I have often told you in my
 former letters (and it is most certainly
 true) that the strictest and most scrupu-
 lous honour and virtue can alone make
 you esteemed and valued by mankind;
 that parts and learning can alone make
 you admired and celebrated by them; but
 that the possession of lesser talents was
 most absolutely necessary towards mak-

ing you liked, beloved, and sought after
 in private life. Of these lesser talents
 good breeding is the principal and most
 necessary one, not only as it is very im-
 portant in itself, but as it adds lustre to
 the more solid advantages both of the
 heart and mind. I have often touched
 upon good breeding to you before; so that
 this letter shall be upon the next necessary
 qualification to it, which is a genteel, easy

manner, and carriage, wholly free from those odd tricks, ill habits, and awkwardnesses, which even many very worthy and sensible people have in their behaviour. However trifling a genteel manner may sound, it is of very great consequence towards pleasing in private life, especially the women; which, one time or other, you will think worth pleasing; and I have known many a man from his awkwardness, give people such a dislike of him at first, that all his merit could not get the better of it afterwards. Whereas a genteel manner prepossesses people in your favour, bends them towards you, and makes them wish to like you. Awkwardness can proceed from two causes; either from not having kept good company, or from not having attended to it. As for your keeping good company, I will take care of that; do you take care to observe their ways and manners, and to form your own upon them. Attention is absolutely necessary to this, as indeed it is for everything else; and a man without attention is not fit to live in the world. When an awkward fellow first comes into the room, it is highly probable, that his sword gets between his legs, and throws him down, or makes him stumble at least; when he has recovered this accident, he goes and places himself in the very place of the whole room where he should not; then he soon lets his hat fall down, and, in taking it up again, throws down his cane; in recovering his cane, his hat falls down a second time; so that he is a quarter of an hour before he is in order again. If he drinks tea or coffee, he certainly scalds his mouth, and lets either the cup or the saucer fall, and spills the tea or coffee in his breeches. At dinner, his awkwardness distinguishes itself particularly as he has more to do: there he holds his knife, fork, and spoon differently from other people; eats with his knife to the great danger of his mouth, picks his teeth with his fork, and puts his spoon which has been in his throat twenty times, into the dishes again. If he is to carve, he can never hit the joint; but, in his vain efforts to cut through the bone, scatters the sauce in everybody's face. He generally daubs himself with soup and grease, though his

napkin is commonly stuck through a button-hole and tickles his chin. . . . All this, I own, is not in any degree criminal; but it is highly disagreeable and ridiculous in company, and ought most carefully to be avoided by whoever desires to please.

From this account of what you should not do, you may easily judge of what you should do; and a due attention to the manners of people of fashion, and who have seen the world, will make it habitual and familiar to you.

There is likewise an awkwardness of expression and words, most carefully to be avoided; such as false English, bad pronunciation, old sayings, and common proverbs; which are so many proofs of having kept bad and low company. For example; if, instead of saying that tastes are different, and that every man has his own peculiar one, you should let off a proverb, and say, That what is one man's meat is another man's poison; or else, Everyone as they like, as the good man said when he kissed his cow; everybody would be persuaded that you had never kept company with anybody above footmen and housemaids.

Attention will do all this; and without attention, nothing is to be done; want of attention, which is really want of thought, is either folly or madness. You should not only have attention to everything, but a quickness of attention, so as to observe, at once, all the people in the room; their motions, their looks, and their words, and yet without staring at them, and seeming to be an observer, this quick and unobserved observation is of infinite advantage in life, and is to be acquired with care; and, on the contrary, what is called absence, which is a thoughtlessness, and want of attention about what is doing, makes a man so like either a fool or a madman, that, for my part, I see no real difference. A fool never has thought; a madman has lost it; and an absent man is, for the time, without it.

Adieu! Direct your next to me, *Chez Monsieur Chabert, Banquier, à Paris*; and take care I find the improvements I expect, at my return.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728-1774)

THE CHINESE GOES TO SEE A PLAY

THE English are as fond of seeing plays acted as the Chinese; but there is a vast difference in the manner of conducting them. We play our pieces in the open air, the English theirs under cover; we act by daylight, they by the blaze of torches. One of our plays continues eight or ten days successively; an English piece seldom takes up above four hours in the representation.

My companion in black, with whom I am now beginning to contract an intimacy, introduced me a few nights ago to the playhouse, where we placed ourselves conveniently at the foot of the stage. As the curtain was not drawn before my arrival, I had an opportunity of observing the behaviour of the spectators, and indulging those reflections which novelty generally inspires.

The rich in general were placed in the lowest seats, and the poor rose above them in degrees proportioned to their poverty. The order of precedence seemed here inverted; those who were undermost all the day, now enjoyed a temporary eminence, and became masters of the ceremonies. It was they who called for the music, indulging every noisy freedom, and testifying all the insolence of beggary in exaltation.

They who held the middle region seemed not so riotous as those above them, nor yet so tame as those below: to judge by their looks, many of them seemed strangers there as well as myself. They were chiefly employed, during this period of expectation, in eating oranges, reading the story of the play, or making assignations.

Those who sat in the lowest rows, which are called the pit,¹ seemed to consider themselves as judges of the merit of the poet and the performers; they were assembled partly to be amused, and partly to show their taste; appearing to labour under that restraint which an affectation of superior discernment generally produces. My companion, however, informed me, that not one in a hundred of them knew

even the first principles of criticism; that they assumed the right of being censors because there was none to contradict their pretensions; and that every man who now called himself a connoisseur became such to all intents and purposes.

Those who sat in the boxes appeared in the most unhappy situation of all. The rest of the audience came merely for their own amusement; these, rather to furnish out a part of the entertainment themselves. I could not avoid considering them as acting parts in dumb show — not a courtesy or nod, that was not all the result of art; not a look nor a smile that was not designed for murder. Gentlemen and ladies ogled each other through spectacles; for, my companion observed, that blindness was of late become fashionable; all affected indifference and ease, while their hearts at the same time burned for conquest. Upon the whole, the lights, the music, the ladies in their gayest dresses, the men with cheerfulness and expectation in their looks, all conspired to make a most agreeable picture, and to fill a heart that sympathises at human happiness with inexpressible serenity.

The expected time for the play to begin at last arrived; the curtain was drawn, and the actors came on. A woman, who personated a queen, came in curtsying to the audience, who clapped their hands upon her appearance. Clapping of hands is, it seems, the manner of applauding in England; the manner is absurd, but every country, you know, has its peculiar absurdities. I was equally surprised, however, at the submission of the actress, who should have considered herself as a queen, as at the little discernment of the audience who gave her such marks of applause before she attempted to deserve them. Preliminaries between her and the audience being thus adjusted, the dialogue was supported between her and a most hopeful youth, who acted the part of her confidant. They both appeared in extreme distress, for it seems the queen had

lost a child some fifteen years before, and still kept its dear resemblance next her heart, while her kind companion bore a part in her sorrows.

Her lamentations grew loud; comfort is offered, but she detests the very sound: she bids them preach comfort to the winds. Upon this her husband comes in, who, seeing the queen so much afflicted, can himself hardly refrain from tears, or avoid partaking in the soft distress. After thus grieving through three scenes, the curtain dropped for the first act.

"Truly," said I to my companion, "these kings and queens are very much disturbed at no very great misfortune: certain I am, were people of humbler stations to act in this manner, they would be thought divested of common sense." I had scarcely finished this observation, when the curtain rose, and the king came on in a violent passion. His wife had, it seems, refused his proffered tenderness, had spurned his royal embrace, and he seemed resolved not to survive her fierce disdain. After he had thus fretted, and the queen had fretted through the second act, the curtain was let down once more.

"Now," says my companion, "you perceive the king to be a man of spirit; he feels at every pore: one of your phlegmatic sons of clay would have given the queen her own way, and let her come to herself by degrees; but the king is for immediate tenderness, or instant death: death and tenderness are leading passions of every modern buskined hero; this moment they embrace, and the next stab, mixing daggers and kisses in every period."

I was going to second his remarks, when my attention was engrossed by a new object; a man came in balancing a straw upon his nose, and the audience were clapping their hands, in all the raptures of applause. "To what purpose," cried I, "does this unmeaning figure make his appearance? is he a part of the plot?" — "Unmeaning do you call him?" replied my friend in black; "this is one of the most important characters of the whole play; nothing pleases the people more than seeing a straw balanced: there is a good deal of meaning in the straw: there is something suited to every apprehension in

the sight; and a fellow possessed of talents like these is sure of making his fortune."

The third act now began with an actor who came to inform us that he was the villain of the play, and intended to show strange things before all was over. He was joined by another who seemed as much disposed for mischief as he: their intrigues continued through this whole division. "If that be a villain," said I, "he must be a very stupid one to tell his secrets without being asked; such soliloquies of late are never admitted in China."

The noise of clapping interrupted me once more; a child of six years old was learning to dance on the stage, which gave the ladies and mandarines² infinite satisfaction. "I am sorry," said I, "to see the pretty creature so early learning so very bad a trade; dancing being, I presume, as contemptible here as in China," — "Quite the reverse," interrupted my companion; "dancing is a very reputable and genteel employment here; men have a greater chance for encouragement from the merit of their heels than their heads. One who jumps up and flourishes his toes three times before he comes to the ground, may have three hundred a year; he who flourishes them four times, gets four hundred; but he who arrives at five is inestimable, and may demand what salary he thinks proper. The female dancers, too, are valued for this sort of jumping and crossing; and it is a cant word amongst them, that she deserves most who shows highest. But the fourth act is begun; let us be attentive."

In the fourth act the queen finds her long lost child, now grown up into a youth of smart parts and great qualifications; wherefore she wisely considers that the crown will fit his head better than that of her husband, whom she knows to be a driveller. The king discovers her design, and here comes on the deep distress: he loves the queen, and he loves the kingdom; he resolves, therefore, in order to possess both, that her son must die. The queen exclaims at his barbarity, is frantic with rage, and at length, overcome with sorrow, falls into a fit; upon which the curtain drops, and the act is concluded.

"Observe the art of the poet," cries my companion. "When the queen can say no more, she falls into a fit. While thus her eyes are shut, while she is supported in the arms of Abigail,³ what horrors do we not fancy! We feel it in every nerve: take my word for it, that fits are the true *aposiopesis* ⁴ of modern tragedy."

The fifth act began, and a busy piece it was. Scenes shifting, trumpets sounding, mobs hallooing, carpets spreading, guards bustling from one door to another; gods, demons, daggers, racks, and ratsbane. But whether the king was killed, or the queen was drowned, or the son was poisoned, I have absolutely forgotten.

When the play was over, I could not avoid observing, that the persons of the drama appeared in as much distress in the first act as the last. "How is it possible," said I, "to sympathise with them through five long acts? Pity is but a short lived passion. I hate to hear an actor mouth-ing trifles. Neither startings, strainings,

nor attitudes, affect me, unless there be cause: after I have been once or twice deceived by those unmeaning alarms, my heart sleeps in peace, probably unaffected by the principal distress. There should be one great passion aimed at by the actor as well as the poet; all the rest should be subordinate, and only contribute to make that the greater; if the actor, therefore, exclaims upon every occasion, in the tones of despair, he attempts to move us too soon; he anticipates the blow, he ceases to affect, though he gains our applause."

I scarce perceived that the audience were almost all departed; wherefore, mixing with the crowd, my companion and I got into the street, where, essaying a hundred obstacles from coach-wheels and palanquin ⁵ poles, like birds in their flight through the branches of a forest, after various turnings, we both at length got home in safety. Adieu.

1760

SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709-1784)

LETTER TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

February 7, 1755.

MY LORD:

I have lately been informed by the proprietor of *The World*, that two papers, in which my *Dictionary* is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honor which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address; and I could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*;¹ that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly

scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil² grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I

am solitary,² and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of

learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long awakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble,

Most obedient servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

LETTER TO MACPHERSON

MR. JAMES MACPHERSON:

I received your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence offered me I shall do my best to repel; and what I cannot do for myself the law shall do for me. I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat, by the menaces of a ruffian.

What would you have me retract? I thought your book an imposture; I think it an imposture still. For this opinion I

have given my reasons to the public, which I here dare you to refute. Your rage I defy. Your abilities, since your *Homer*, are not so formidable; and what I hear of your morals, inclines me to pay regard not to what you shall say, but to what you shall prove. You may print this if you will.

SAM. JOHNSON.

1775

THE CHARACTER OF POPE

THE person of Pope is well known not to have been formed by the nicest model. He has, in his account of the "Little Club,"¹ compared himself to a spider, and by another is described as protuberant behind and before. He is said to have been beautiful in his infancy; but he was of a constitution originally feeble and weak; and, as bodies of a tender frame are easily distorted, his deformity was probably in part the effect of his application. His stature was so low, that, to bring him to a level with common tables, it was necessary to raise his seat. But his face was not displeasing, and his eyes were animated and vivid.

By natural deformity, or accidental distortion, his vital functions were so much disordered that his life was "long disease." His most frequent assailment was the headache, which he used to relieve by inhaling the steam of coffee, which he very frequently required.

Most of what can be told concerning his petty peculiarities was communicated by a female domestic of the Earl of Oxford,² who knew him perhaps after the

middle of life. He was then so weak as to stand in perpetual need of female attendance; extremely sensible of cold, so that he wore a kind of fur doublet, under a shirt of very coarse warm linen with fine sleeves. When he rose, he was invested in bodice made of stiff canvas, being scarcely able to hold himself erect till they were laced, and he then put on a flannel waistcoat. One side was contracted. His legs were so slender, that he enlarged their bulk with three pair of stockings, which were drawn on and off by the maid; for he was not able to dress or undress himself, and neither went to bed nor rose without help. His weakness made it very difficult for him to be clean.

His hair had fallen almost all away; and he used to dine sometimes with Lord Oxford, privately, in a velvet cap. His dress of ceremony was black, with a tie-wig, and a little sword.

The indulgence and accommodation which his sickness required had taught him all the unpleasing and unsocial qualities of a valetudinary man. He expected that every thing should give way to his

ease or humour; as a child, whose parent will not hear her cry, has an unresisted dominion in the nursery.

*C'est que l'enfant toujours est homme,
C'est que l'homme est toujours enfant.*³

When he wanted to sleep he "nodded in company;" and once slumbered at his own table while the Prince of Wales was talking of poetry.

The reputation which his friendship gave procured him many invitations; but he was a very troublesome inmate. He brought no servant, and had so many wants, that a numerous attendance was scarcely able to supply them. Wherever he was he left no room for another, because he exacted the attention, and employed the activity, of the whole family. His errands were so frequent and frivolous, that the footmen in time avoided and neglected him; and the Earl of Oxford discharged some of the servants for their resolute refusal of his messages. The maids, when they had neglected their business, alleged that they had been employed by Mr. Pope. One of his constant demands was of coffee in the night, and to the woman that waited on him in his chamber he was very burthensome: but he was careful to recompense her want of sleep; and Lord Oxford's servant declared, that in the house where her business was to answer his call, she would not ask for wages.

He had another fault, easily incident to those who, suffering much pain, think themselves entitled to what pleasures they can snatch. He was too indulgent to his appetite: he loved meat highly seasoned and of strong taste; and, at the intervals of the table, amused himself with biscuits and dry conserves. If he sat down to a variety of dishes, he would oppress his stomach with repletion; and though he seemed angry when a dram was offered him, did not forbear to drink it. His friends, who knew the avenues to his heart, pampered him with presents of luxury, which he did not suffer to stand neglected. The death of great men is not always proportioned to the lustre of their lives. Hannibal, says Juvenal, did not perish by the javelin or the sword; the slaughters of Cannæ were revenged by a

ring.⁴ The death of Pope was imputed by some of his friends to a silver saucepan, in which it was his delight to heat potted lampreys.

That he loved too well to eat is certain; but that his sensuality shortened his life will not be hastily concluded, when it is remembered that a conformation so irregular lasted six and fifty years, notwithstanding such pertinacious diligence of study and meditation.

In all his intercourse with mankind, he had great delight in artifice, and endeavoured to attain all his purposes by indirect and unsuspected methods, "He hardly drank tea without a stratagem." If, at the house of friends, he wanted any accommodation, he was not willing to ask for it in plain terms, but would mention it remotely as something convenient; though, when it was procured, he soon made it appear for whose sake it had been recommended. Thus he teased Lord Orrery till he obtained a screen. He practised his arts on such small occasions, that Lady Bolingbroke used to say, in a French phrase, that "he played the politician about cabbages and turnips." His unjustifiable impression of the "Patriot King,"⁵ as it can be imputed to no particular motive, must have proceeded from his general habit of secrecy and cunning; he caught an opportunity of a sly trick, and pleased himself with the thought of outwitting Bolingbroke.

In familiar or convivial conversation, it does not appear that he excelled. He may be said to have resembled Dryden, as being not one that was distinguished by vivacity in company. It is remarkable that so near his time, so much should be known of what he has written, and so little of what he has said: traditional memory retains no sallies of railery, nor sentences of observation; nothing either pointed or solid, either wise or merry. One apothegm only stands upon record. When an objection, raised against his inscription for Shakspeare, was defended by the authority of "Patrick,"⁶ he replied — *horresco referens* — that "he would allow the publisher of a Dictionary to know the meaning of a single word, but not of two words put together."

He was fretful and easily displeased, and allowed himself to be capriciously resentful. He would sometimes leave Lord Oxford silently, no one could tell why, and was to be courted back by more letters and messages than the footmen were willing to carry. The table was indeed *infested* by Lady Mary Wortley,⁸ who was the friend of Lady Oxford, and who, knowing his peevishness, could by no intreaties be restrained from contradicting him, till their disputes were sharpened to such asperity, that one or the other quitted the house.

He sometimes condescended to be jocular with servants or inferiors; but by no merriment, either of others or his own, was he ever seen excited to laughter. . . .

It is evident that his own importance swells often in his mind. He is afraid of writing, lest the clerks of the Post-office should know his secrets; he has many enemies; he considers himself as surrounded by universal jealousy: "after many deaths, and many dispersions, two or three of us," says he, "may still be brought together, not to plot, but to divert ourselves, and the world too, if it pleases;" and they can live together, and "show what friends wits may be, in spite of all the fools in the world." All this while it was likely that the clerks did not know his hand: he certainly had no more enemies than a public character like his inevitably excites; and with what degree of friendship the wits might live, very few were so much fools as ever to enquire.

Some part of this pretended discontent he learned from Swift, and expresses it, I think, most frequently in his correspondence with him. Swift's resentment was unreasonable, but it was sincere; Pope's was the mere mimicry of his friend, a fictitious part which he began to play before it became him. When he was only twenty-five years old, he related that "a glut of study and retirement had thrown him on the world," and that there was danger lest "a glut of the world should throw him back upon study and retirement." To this Swift answered, with great propriety, that Pope had not yet acted or suffered enough in the world, to have become weary of it. And, indeed, it must

have been some very powerful reason that can drive back to solitude him who has once enjoyed the pleasures of society.

In the letters both of Swift and Pope there appears such narrowness of mind, as makes them insensible of any excellence that has not some affinity with their own, and confines their esteem and approbation to so small a number, that whoever should form his opinion of their age from their representation, would suppose them to have lived among ignorance and barbarity, unable to find among their contemporaries either virtue or intelligence, and persecuted by those that could not understand them.

When Pope murmurs at the world, when he professes contempt of fame, when he speaks of riches and poverty, of success and disappointment, with negligent indifference, he certainly does not express his habitual and settled resentments, but either wilfully disguises his own character or, what is more likely, invests himself with temporary qualities, and sallies out in the colours of the present moment. His hopes and fears, his joys and sorrows, acted strongly upon his mind; and, if he differed from others, it was not by carelessness; he was irritable and resentful; his malignity to Phillips, whom he had first made ridiculous, and then hated for being angry, continued too long. Of his vain desire to make Bentley⁹ contemptible, I never heard any adequate reason. He was sometimes wanton in his attacks; and, before Chandos, Lady Wortley, and Hill, was mean in his retreat.

The virtues which seem to have had most of his affection were liberality and fidelity of friendship, in which it does not appear that he was other than he describes himself. His fortune did not suffer his charity to be splendid and conspicuous; but he assisted Dodsley with a hundred pounds, that he might open a shop; and, of the subscription of forty pounds a year that he raised for Savage, twenty were paid by himself. He was accused of loving money; but his love was eagerness to gain, not solicitude to keep it.

In the duties of friendship he was zealous and constant; his early maturity of mind commonly united him with men older

than himself, and therefore, without attaining any considerable length of life, he saw many companions of his youth sink into the grave; but it does not appear that he lost a single friend by coldness or by injury; those who loved him once, continued their kindness. His ungrateful mention of Allen in his will, was the effect of his adherence to one whom he had known much longer, and whom he naturally loved with greater fondness. His violation of the trust reposed in him by Bolingbroke could have no motive inconsistent with the warmest affection; he either thought the action so near to indifferent that he forgot it, or so laudable that he expected his friend to approve it.

It was reported, with such confidence as almost to enforce belief, that in the papers entrusted to his executors was found a defamatory life of Swift, which he had prepared as an instrument of vengeance, to be used if any provocation should be ever given. About this I enquired of the Earl of Marchmont, who assured me that no such piece was among his remains.

The religion in which he lived and died was that of the Church of Rome, to which in his correspondence with Racine he professes himself a sincere adherent. That he was not scrupulously pious in some part of his life, is known by many idle and indecent applications of sentences taken from the Scriptures; a mode of merriment which a good man dreads for its profaneness; and a witty man disdains for its easiness and vulgarity. But to whatever levities he has been betrayed, it does not appear that his principles were ever corrupted, or that he ever lost his belief of Revelation. The positions which he transmitted from Bolingbroke he seems not to have understood, and was pleased with an interpretation that made them orthodox.

A man of such exalted superiority, and so little moderation, would naturally have all his delinquencies observed and aggravated; those who could not deny that he was excellent, would rejoice to find that he was not perfect.

Perhaps it may be imputed to the unwillingness with which the same man is

allowed to possess many advantages, that his learning has been depreciated. He certainly was, in his early life, a man of great literary curiosity; and, when he wrote his "Essay on Criticism," had, for his age, a very wide acquaintance with books. When he entered into the living world, it seems to have happened to him as to many others, that he was less attentive to dead masters; he studied in the academy of Paracelsus¹⁰ and made the universe his favourite volume. He gathered his notions fresh from reality, not from the copies of authors, but the originals of nature. Yet there is no reason to believe that literature ever lost his esteem; he always professed to love reading; and Dobson, who spent some time at his house translating his "Essay on Man," when I asked him what learning he found him to possess, answered, "More than I expected." His frequent references to history, his allusions to various kinds of knowledge, and his images selected from art and nature, with his observations on the operations of the mind and the modes of life, show an intelligence perpetually on the wing, excursive, vigorous, and diligent, eager to pursue knowledge, and attentive to retain it.

From this curiosity arose the desire of travelling, to which he alludes in his verse to Jervas, and which, though he never found an opportunity to gratify it, did not leave him till his life declined.

Of his intellectual character, the constituent and fundamental principle was good sense, a prompt and intuitive perception of consonance and propriety. He saw immediately, of his own conceptions, what was to be chosen, and what to be rejected; and, in the works of others, what was to be shunned, and what was to be copied.

But good sense alone is a sedate and quiescent quality, which manages its possessions well, but does not increase them; it collects few materials for its own operations, and preserves safety, but never gains supremacy. Pope had likewise genius; a mind active, ambitious, and adventurous, always investigating, always aspiring; in its widest searches still longing to go forward, in its highest flights still

wishing to be higher; always imagining something greater than it knows, always endeavouring more than it can do.

To assist these powers, he is said to have had great strength and exactness of memory. That which he had heard or read was not easily lost; and he had before him not only what his own meditations suggested, but what he had found in other writers that might be accommodated to his present purpose.

These benefits of nature he improved by incessant and unwearied diligence; he had recourse to every source of intelligence, and lost no opportunity of information; he consulted the living as well as the dead; he read his compositions to his friends, and was never content with mediocrity, when excellence could be attained. He considered poetry as the business of his life; and, however he might seem to lament his occupation, he followed it with constancy; to make verses was his first labour, and to mend them was his last.

From his attention to poetry he was never diverted. If conversation offered anything that could be improved, he committed it to paper; if a thought, or perhaps an expression more happy than was common, rose to his mind, he was careful to write it; an independent distich was preserved for an opportunity of insertion; and some little fragments have been found containing lines, or parts of lines, to be wrought upon at some other time.

He was one of those few whose labour is their pleasure: he was never elevated to negligence, nor wearied to impatience; he never passed a fault unamended by indifference, nor quitted it by despair. He laboured his works first to gain reputation, and afterwards to keep it.

Of composition there are different methods. Some employ at once memory and invention, and, with little intermediate use of the pen, form and polish large masses by continued meditation, and write their productions only when, in their own opinion, they have completed them. It is related of Virgil, that his custom was to pour out a great number of verses in the morning, and pass the day in retrenching exuberances, and correcting

inaccuracies. The method of Pope, as may be collected from his translation, was to write his first thoughts in his first words, and gradually to amplify, decorate, rectify, and refine them.

With such faculties and such dispositions, he excelled every other writer in poetical prudence: he wrote in such a manner as might expose him to few hazards. He used almost always the same fabric of verse; and, indeed, by those few essays which he made of any other, he did not enlarge his reputation. Of this uniformity the certain consequence was readiness and dexterity. By perpetual practice, language had, in his mind, a systematical arrangement; having always the same use for words, he had words so selected and combined as to be ready at his call. This increase of facility he confessed himself to have perceived in the progress of his translation.

But what was yet of more importance, his effusions were always voluntary, and his subjects chosen by himself. His independence secured him from drudging at a task, and labouring upon a barren topic; he never exchanged praise for money, nor opened a shop of condolence or congratulation. His poems, therefore, were scarcely ever temporary. He suffered coronations and royal marriages to pass without a song; and derived no opportunities from recent events, nor any popularity from the accidental disposition of his readers. He was never reduced to the necessity of soliciting the sun to shine upon a birth-day, of calling the Graces and Virtues to a wedding, or of saying what multitudes have said before him. When he could produce nothing new, he was at liberty to be silent.

His publications were for the same reason never hasty. He is said to have sent nothing to the press till it had lain two years under his inspection; it is at least certain, that he ventured nothing without nice examination. He suffered the tumult of imagination to subside, and the novelties of invention to grow familiar. He knew that the mind is always enamoured of its own productions, and did not trust his first fondness. He consulted his friends, and listened with great willing-

ness to criticism; and, what was of more importance, he consulted himself, and let nothing pass against his own judgment.

He professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with unvaried liberality; and perhaps his character may receive some illustration; if he be compared with his master.

Integrity of understanding and nicety of discernment were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shown by the dismissal of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never deserved to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleased others, he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often, to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration; when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and, when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for, when he had no pecuniary interest, he had no further solicitude.

Pope was not content to satisfy; he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavoured to do his best; he did not court the candour, but dared the judgment of his reader, and expecting no indulgence from others, he showed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

For this reason he kept his pieces very long in his hands, while he considered and reconsidered them. The only poems which can be supposed to have been written with such regard to the times as might hasten their publication, were the two satires of "Thirty-eight;" of which Dodsley told me that they were brought to him by the author, that they might be fairly copied. "Almost every line," he said, "was then written twice over; I

gave him a clean transcript, which he sent some time afterwards to me for the press, with almost every line written twice over a second time."

His declaration, that his care for his works ceased at their publication, was not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them; what he found amiss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the "Iliad," and freed it from some of its imperfections; and the "Essay on Criticism" received many improvements after its first appearance. It will seldom be found that he altered without adding clearness, elegance, or vigour. Pope had perhaps the judgment of Dryden; but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation; and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either; for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden observes the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.

Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet; that quality without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert; that

energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates; the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred, that of this poetical vigour Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that, if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply

his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden therefore are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

This parallel will, I hope, when it is well considered, be found just; and if the reader should suspect me, as I suspect myself, of some partial fondness for the memory of Dryden, let him not too hastily condemn me; for meditation and inquiry may, perhaps, show him the reasonableness of my determination. 1779-1781

WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800)

ON JOHNSON'S "MILTON"

October 31, 1779.

MY DEAR FRIEND — I wrote my last letter merely to inform you that I had nothing to say, in answer to which you have said nothing. I admire the propriety of your conduct, though I am a loser by it.] I will endeavour to say something now, and shall hope for something in return.

I have been well entertained with Johnson's biography,¹ for which I thank you: with one exception, and that a swinging one, I think he has acquitted himself with his usual good sense and sufficiency. His treatment of Milton is unmerciful to the last degree. A pensioner² is not likely to spare a republican, and the Doctor, in order, I suppose to convince his royal patron of the sincerity of his monarchical principles, has belaboured that great poet's character with the most industrious cruelty. As a man, he has hardly left him the shadow of one good quality. Churlishness in his private life, and a rancorous hatred of everything royal in his public, are the two colours with which he has smeared all the canvas. If he had any virtues, they are not to be found in the Doctor's picture of him, and it is well for Milton that some sourness in his temper is

the only vice with which his memory has been charged; it is evident enough that if his biographer could have discovered more he would not have spared him. As a poet, he has treated him with severity enough, and has plucked one or two of the most beautiful feathers out of his Muse's wing, and trampled them under his great foot. He has passed sentence of condemnation upon *Lycidas*, and has taken occasion, from that charming poem, to expose to ridicule (what is indeed ridiculous enough) the childish prattlement of pastoral compositions, as if *Lycidas* was the prototype and pattern of them all. The liveliness of the description, the sweetness of the numbers, the classical spirit of antiquity, that prevails in it, go for nothing. I am convinced, by the way, that he has no ear for poetical numbers, or that it was stopped by prejudice against the harmony of Milton's. Was there ever anything so delightful as the music of the *Paradise Lost*? It is like that of a fine organ, has the fullest and the deepest tones of majesty, with all the softness and elegance of the Dorian flute; variety without end, and never equalled, unless perhaps by Virgil. Yet the Doctor has little or nothing to say upon this copious theme, but talks some-

thing about the unfitness of the English language for blank verse, and how apt it is, in the mouth of some readers, to degenerate into declamation. Oh! I could thrash his old jacket till I made his pension jingle in his pockets.

I could talk a good while longer, but I have no room. Our love attends yourself, Mrs. Unwin, and Miss Shuttleworth, not forgetting the two miniature pictures at your elbow. Yours affectionately, W.C.
1779.

EDMUND BURKE (1729-1797)

THE DEATH OF CHIVALRY

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France,¹ then the Dauphiness,² at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour, and of cavaliers. I thought that ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and to sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defense of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment, and heroic enterprise, is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that charity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

This mixed system of opinion and sentiment had its origin in the ancient chivalry; and the principle, though varied in its appearance by the varying state of human affairs, subsisted and influenced through a long succession of generations, even to the time we live in. If it should ever be totally extinguished, the loss I fear will be great. It is this which has given its character to modern Europe. It is this which has distinguished it under all its forms of government, and distinguished it to its advantage, from the states of Asia, and possibly from those states which flourished in the most brilliant periods of the antique world. It was this, which, without confounding ranks, had produced a noble equality, and handed it down through all the gradations of social life. It was this opinion that mitigated kings into companions, and raised private men to be fellows with kings. Without force or opposition, it subdued the fierceness of pride and power; it obliged sovereigns to submit to the soft collar of social esteem, compelled stern authority to submit to elegance, and gave a dominating vanquisher of laws to be subdued by manners.

But now all is to be changed. All the pleasing illusions, which made power gentle and obedience liberal, which harmonized the different shades of life, and which, by a bland assimilation, incorporated into politics the sentiments which beautify and soften private society, are to be dissolved by this new conquering empire of light and reason. All the decent drapery of life is to be rudely torn off. All the superadded ideas, furnished from the wardrobe of a moral imagination, which the heart owns, and the understanding ratifies, as necessary to cover the defects of our naked, shivering nature, and to

raise it to dignity in our own estimation, are to be exploded as a ridiculous, absurd, and antiquated fashion.

On this scheme of things, a king is but a man, a queen is but a woman; a woman is but an animal, and an animal not of the highest order. All homage paid to the sex in general as such, and without distinct views, is to be regarded as romance and folly. Regicide, and parricide, and sacrilege, are but fictions of superstition, corrupting jurisprudence by destroying its simplicity. The murder of a king, or a queen, or a bishop, or a father, are only common homicide; and if the people are by any chance, or in any way, gainers by

it, a sort of homicide much the most pardonable, and into which we ought not to make too severe a scrutiny.

On the scheme of this barbarous philosophy, which is the offspring of cold hearts and muddy understandings, and which is as void of solid wisdom as it is destitute of all taste and elegance, laws are to be supported only by their own terrors, and by the concern which each individual may find in them from his own private speculations, or can spare to them from his own private interests. In the groves of *their* academy, at the end of every vista, you see nothing but the gallows.

1790

JAMES BOSWELL (1740-1795)

FROM THE LIFE OF JOHNSON

THIS is to me a memorable year;¹ for in it I had the happiness to obtain the acquaintance of that extraordinary man whose memoirs I am now writing; an acquaintance which I shall ever esteem as one of the most fortunate circumstances in my life. Though then but two-and-twenty, I had for several years read his works with delight and instruction, and had the highest reverence for their author, which had grown up in my fancy into a kind of mysterious veneration, by figuring to myself a state of solemn elevated abstraction, in which I supposed him to live in the immense metropolis of London. Mr. Gentleman, a native of Ireland, who passed some years in Scotland as a player, and as an instructor in the English language, a man whose talents and worth were depressed by misfortunes, had given me a representation of the figure and manner of DICTIONARY JOHNSON! as he was then generally called; and during my first visit to London, which was for three months in 1760, Mr. Derrick² the poet, who was Gentleman's friend and countryman, flattered me with hopes that he would introduce me to Johnson, an honour of which I was very ambitious. But he never found an opportunity; which made me doubt³ that he had promised to do what was not in his power; till Johnson some years afterwards told me, "Derrick, sir,

might very well have introduced you. I had a kindness for Derrick, and am sorry he is dead."

In the summer of 1761 Mr. Thomas Sheridan⁴ was at Edinburgh, and delivered lectures upon the English Language and Public Speaking to large and respectable audiences. I was often in his company, and heard him frequently expatiate on Johnson's extraordinary knowledge, talents, and virtues, repeat his pointed sayings, describe his particularities, and boast of his being his guest sometimes till two or three in the morning. At his house I hoped to have many opportunities of seeing the sage, as Mr. Sheridan obligingly assured me I should not be disappointed.

When I returned to London in the end of 1762, to my surprise and regret I found an irreconcilable difference had taken place between Johnson and Sheridan. A pension of two hundred pounds a year had been given to Sheridan. Johnson, who, as has been already mentioned, thought slightly of Sheridan's art, upon hearing that he was also pensioned, exclaimed, "What! have they given *him* a pension? Then it is time for me to give up mine." Whether this proceeded from a momentary indignation, as if it were an affront to his exalted merit that a player should be rewarded in the same manner with him, or

was the sudden effect of a fit of peevishness, it was unluckily said, and, indeed, cannot be justified. Mr. Sheridan's pension was granted to him not as a player, but as a sufferer in the cause of Government, when he was manager of the Theatre Royal in Ireland, when parties ran high in 1753. And it must also be allowed that he was a man of literature, and had considerably improved the arts of reading and speaking with distinctness and propriety. . . .

Mr. Thomas Davies the actor, who then kept a bookseller's shop in Russell Street, Covent Garden, told me that Johnson was very much his friend, and came frequently to his house, where he more than once invited me to meet him; but by some unlucky accident or other he was prevented from coming to us.

Mr. Thomas Davies was a man of good understanding and talents, with the advantage of a liberal education. Though somewhat pompous, he was an entertaining companion; and his literary performances have no inconsiderable share of merit. He was a friendly and very hospitable man. Both he and his wife (who has been celebrated for her beauty), though upon the stage for many years, maintained a uniform decency of character: and Johnson esteemed them, and lived in as easy an intimacy with them as with any family he used to visit. Mr. Davies recollected several of Johnson's remarkable sayings, and was one of the best of the many imitators of his voice and manner while relating them. He increased my impatience more and more to see the extraordinary man whose works I highly valued, and whose conversation was reported to be so peculiarly excellent.

At last, on Monday, the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back parlour, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies having perceived him through the glass door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing towards us, — he announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, "Look, my lord, it

comes." I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds⁶ soon after he had published his *Dictionary*, in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation; which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua very kindly presented to me, and from which an engraving has been made for this work. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell where I come from." "From Scotland," cried Davies roguishly. "Mr. Johnson (said I), I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression "come from Scotland," which I used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, "That, sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat down I felt myself not a little embarrassed and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies: "What do you think of Garrick?"⁶ He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "O, sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you." "Sir, (said he, with a stern look) I have known David Garrick longer than you have done; and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject." Perhaps I deserved this check; for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of the animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil. I now felt myself much mortified, and began to think that the hope

which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And, in truth, had not my ardour been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me forever from making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited; and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation. . . .

I was highly pleased with the extraordinary vigour of his conversation, and regretted that I was drawn away from it by an engagement at another place. I had, for a part of the evening, been left alone with him, and had ventured to make an observation now and then, which he received very civilly; so that I was satisfied that though there was a roughness in his manner there was no ill-nature in his disposition. Davies followed me to the door, and when I complained to him a little of the hard blows which the great man had given me, he kindly took upon him to console me by saying, "Don't be uneasy. I can see he likes you very well."

A few days afterwards I called on Davies, and asked him if he thought I might take the liberty of waiting on Mr. Johnson at his chambers in the Temple.⁷ He said I certainly might, and that Mr. Johnson would take it as a compliment. So upon Tuesday the 24th of May, after having been enlivened by the witty sallies of Messieurs Thornton, Wilkes, Churchill, and Lloyd, with whom I had passed the morning, I boldly repaired to Johnson. His chambers were on the first floor of No. 1 Inner Temple Lane, and I entered under an impression given me by the Rev. Dr. Blair⁸ of Edinburgh, who had been introduced to him not long before, and described his having "found the Giant in his den;" an expression which, when I came to be pretty well acquainted with Johnson, I repeated to him, and he was diverted at this picturesque account of himself. Dr. Blair had been presented to him by Dr. James Fordyce. At this time the controversy concerning the pieces published by Mr. James Macpherson, as translations of Ossian, was at its height. Johnson had all along denied their authenticity; and, what was still more pro-

voking to their admirers, maintained that they had no merit. The subject having been introduced by Dr. Fordyce, Dr. Blair, relying on the internal evidence of their antiquity, asked Dr. Johnson whether he thought any man of a modern age could have written such poems? Johnson replied, "Yes, sir, many men, many women, and many children." Johnson, at this time, did not know that Dr. Blair had just published a Dissertation, not only defending their authenticity, but seriously ranking them with the poems of Homer and Virgil; and when he was afterwards informed of this circumstance, he expressed some displeasure at Dr. Fordyce's having suggested the topic, and said, "I am not sorry that they got thus much for their pains. Sir, it was like leading one to talk of a book, when the author is concealed behind the door."

He received me very courteously; but it must be confessed that his apartment, and furniture, and morning dress were sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty; he had on a little old shrivelled unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt-neck and knees of his breeches were loose; his black worsted stockings ill drawn up; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly particularities were forgotten the moment he began to talk. Some gentlemen, whom I do not recollect, were sitting with him; and when they went away I also rose; but he said to me, "Nay, don't go." "Sir (said I), I am afraid that I intrude upon you. It is benevolent to allow me to sit and hear you." He seemed pleased with this compliment, which I sincerely paid him, and answered, "Sir, I am obliged to any man who visits me." I have preserved the following short minute of what passed this day:—

"Madness frequently discovers itself merely by unnecessary deviation from the usual modes of the world. My poor friend Smart showed the disturbance of his mind, by falling upon his knees, and saying his prayers in the street, or in any other unusual place. Now, although, rationally speaking, it is greater madness not to pray at all, than to pray as Smart did, I

am afraid there are so many who do not pray, that their understanding is not called in question."

Concerning this unfortunate poet, Christopher Smart, who was confined in a madhouse, he had, at another time, the following conversation with Dr. Burney. BURNAY: "How does poor Smart do, sir; is he likely to recover?" — JOHNSON: "It seems as if his mind had ceased to struggle with the disease: for he grows fat upon it." — BURNAY: "Perhaps, sir, that may be from want of exercise." — JOHNSON: "No, sir; he has partly as much exercise as he used to have, for he digs in the garden. Indeed, before his confinement, he used for exercise to walk to the alehouse; but he was *carried* back again. I did not think he ought to be shut up. His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying with him, and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as any one else. Another charge was, that he did not love clean linen; and I have no passion for it."

Johnson continued: "Mankind have a great aversion to intellectual labor; but even supposing knowledge to be easily attainable, more people would be content to be ignorant than would take even a little trouble to acquire it."

("The morality of an action depends on the motive from which we act.) If I fling half-a-crown to a beggar, with intention to break his head, and he picks it up and buys victuals with it, the physical effect is good; but, with respect to me, the action is very wrong. So religious exercises, if not performed with an intention to please God, avail us nothing. As our Saviour says of those who perform them from other motives, 'Verily they have their reward.'"

Talking of Garrick, he said, "He is the first man in the world for sprightly conversation." When I rose a second time he again pressed me to stay, which I did.

He told me that he generally went abroad at four in the afternoon, and seldom came home until two in the morning. I took the liberty to ask if he did not think it wrong to live thus, and not make more use of his great talents. He owned it was a bad habit. On reviewing, at the distance

of many years, my journal of this period, I wonder how, at my first visit, I ventured to talk to him so freely, and that he bore it with so much indulgence.

Before we parted he was so good as to promise to favour me with his company one evening at my lodgings; and as I took my leave, shook me cordially by the hand. It is almost needless to add, that I felt no little elation at having now so happily established an acquaintance of which I had been so long ambitious. . . .

On Wednesday, July 6, he was engaged to sup with me at my lodgings in Downing-street, Westminster. But on the preceding night my landlord having behaved very rudely to me and some company who were with me, I had resolved not to remain another night in his house. I was exceedingly uneasy at the awkward appearance I supposed I should make to Johnson and the other gentlemen whom I had invited, not being able to receive them at home, and being obliged to order supper at the Mitre. I went to Johnson in the morning, and talked of it as a serious distress. He laughed and said, "Consider, sir, how insignificant this will appear a twelvemonth hence." Were this consideration to be applied to most of the little vexatious incidents of life, by which our quiet is too often disturbed, it would prevent many painful sensations. I have tried it frequently with good effect. "There is nothing," continued he, "in this mighty misfortune; nay, we shall be better at the Mitre." I told him that I had been at Sir John Fielding's office, complaining of my landlord, and had been informed that though I had taken my lodgings for a year, I might, upon proof of his bad behavior, quit them when I pleased, without being under an obligation to pay rent for any longer time than while I possessed them. The fertility of Johnson's mind could show itself even upon so small a matter as this. "Why, sir," said he, "I suppose this must be the law, since you have been told so in Bow-street. But if your landlord could hold you to your bargain, and the lodgings should be yours for a year, you may certainly use them as you think fit. So, sir, you may quarter two life-guardsmen upon him; or you may send

the greatest scoundrel you can find into your apartments; or you may say that you want to make some experiments in natural philosophy, and may burn a large quantity of assafoetida in his house."

I had as my guests this evening at the Mitre Tavern, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Thomas Davies, Mr. Eccles, an Irish gentleman for whose agreeable company I was obliged to Mr. Davies, and the Rev. Mr. John Ogilvie, who was desirous of being in company with my illustrious friend, while I, in my turn, was proud to have the honor of showing one of my countrymen upon what easy terms Johnson permitted me to live with him.

Goldsmith, as usual, endeavored with too much eagerness to *shine*, and disputed very warmly with Johnson against the well-known maxim of the British constitution, "the king can do no wrong"; affirming that "what was morally false could not be politically true; and as the king might, in the exercise of his regal power, command and cause the doing of what was wrong, it certainly might be said, in sense and in reason, that he could do wrong." JOHNSON: "Sir, you are to consider that in our constitution, according to its true principles, the king is the head, he is supreme; he is above everything, and there is no power by which he can be tried. Therefore, it is, sir, that we hold the king can do no wrong; that whatever may happen to be wrong in government, may not be above our reach by being ascribed to majesty. Redress is always to be had against oppression by punishing the immediate agents. The king, though he should command, cannot force a judge to condemn a man unjustly; therefore it is the judge whom we prosecute and punish. Political institutions are formed upon the consideration of what will most frequently tend to the good of the whole, although now and then exceptions may occur. Thus it is better in general that a nation should have a supreme legislative power, although it may at times be abused. And then, sir, there is this consideration, that *if the abuse be enormous, nature will rise up, and claiming her original rights, overturn a corrupt political system.*" I mark this animated sentence

with peculiar pleasure, as a noble instance of that truly dignified spirit of freedom which ever glowed in his heart, though he was charged with slavish tenets by superficial observers; because he was at all times indignant against that false patriotism, that pretended love of freedom, that unruly restlessness, which is inconsistent with the stable authority of any good government. This generous sentiment, which he uttered with great fervor, struck me exceedingly, and stirred my blood to that pitch of fancied resistance, the possibility of which I am glad to keep in mind, but to which I trust I never shall be forced.

"Great abilities," said he, "are not requisite for an historian, for in historical composition all the greatest powers of the human mind are quiescent. He has facts ready to his hand, so there is no exercise of invention. Imagination is not required in any high degree; only about as much as is used in the lower kinds of poetry. Some penetration, accuracy, and coloring, will fit a man for the task, if he can give the application which is necessary."

"*Baile's Dictionary*" is a very useful work for those to consult who love the biographical part of literature, which is what I love most."

Talking of the eminent writers in Queen Anne's reign, he observed, "I think Dr. Arbuthnot¹⁰ the first man among them. He was the most universal genius, being an excellent physician, a man of deep learning, and a man of much humor. Mr. Addison was, to be sure, a great man; his learning was not profound, but his morality, his humor, and his elegance of writing set him very high."

Mr. Ogilvie was unlucky enough to choose for the topic of his conversation the praises of his native country. He began with saying, that there was very rich land around Edinburgh. Goldsmith, who had studied physic there, contradicted this, very untruly, with a sneering laugh. Disconcerted a little by this, Mr. Ogilvie then took a new ground, where, I suppose, he thought himself perfectly safe; for he observed, that Scotland had a great many noble wild prospects. JOHNSON: "I believe, sir, you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble wild pros-

pects; and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious noble wild prospects. But, sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high-road that leads him to England!" This unexpected and pointed sally produced a roar of applause. After all, however, those who admire the rude grandeur of nature cannot deny it to Caledonia.

On Saturday, July 9, I found Johnson surrounded with a numerous levee, but have not preserved any part of his conversation. On the 14th we had another evening by ourselves at the Mitre. It happening to be a very rainy night, I made some commonplace observations on the relaxation of nerves and depression of spirits which such weather occasioned; adding, however, that it was good for the vegetable creation. Johnson, who, as we have already seen, denied that the temperature of the air had any influence on the human frame, answered, with a smile of ridicule, "Why, yes, sir, it is good for vegetables, and for the animals who eat those vegetables, and for the animals who eat those animals." This observation of his aptly enough introduced a good supper; and I soon forgot, in Johnson's company, the influence of a moist atmosphere.

Feeling myself now quite at ease as his companion, though I had all possible reverence for him, I expressed a regret that I could not be so easy with my father, though he was not much older than Johnson, and certainly, however respectable, had not more learning and greater abilities to depress me. I asked him the reason of this. JOHNSON: "Why sir, I am a man of the world. I live in the world, and I take, in some degree, the color of the world as it moves along. Your father is a judge in a remote part of the island, and all his notions are taken from the old world. Besides, sir, there must always be a struggle between a father and a son, while one aims at power and the other at independence." I said I was afraid my father would force me to be a lawyer. JOHNSON: "Sir, you need not be afraid of his forcing you to be a laborious practising lawyer; that is not in his power. For, as the proverb says, 'One man may lead a horse to the water,

but twenty cannot make him drink.' He may be displeased that you are not what he wishes you to be; but that displeasure will not go far. If he insists only on your having as much law as is necessary for a man of property, and then endeavors to get you into parliament, he is quite in the right."

He enlarged very convincingly upon the excellence of rime over blank verse in English poetry. I mentioned to him that Dr. Adam Smith,¹¹ in his lectures upon composition, when I studied under him in the College of Glasgow, had maintained the same opinion strenuously, and I repeated some of his arguments. JOHNSON: "Sir, I was once in company with Smith, and we did not take to each other; but had I known that he loved rime as much as you tell me he does, I should have hugged him."

Talking of those who denied the truth of Christianity, he said: "It is always easy to be on the negative side. If a man were now to deny that there is salt upon the table, you could not reduce him to an absurdity. Come, let us try this a little further. I deny that Canada is taken, and I can support my denial by pretty good arguments. The French are a much more numerous people than we; and it is not likely that they would allow us to take it. 'But the ministry have assured us, in all the formality of *The Gazette*, that it is taken.' — Very true. But the ministry have put us to an enormous expense by the war in America, and it is their interest to persuade us that we have got something for our money. 'But the fact is confirmed by thousands of men who were at the taking of it.' Ay, but these men have still more interest in deceiving us. They don't want that you should think the French have beat them, but that they have beat the French. Now suppose you should go over and find that it really is taken, that would only satisfy yourself; for when you come home we will not believe you. We will say, you have been bribed. Yet, sir, notwithstanding all these plausible objections, we have no doubt that Canada is really ours. Such is the weight of common testimony. How much stronger are the evidences of the Christian religion!"

"Idleness is a disease which must be combated; but I would not advise a rigid adherence to a particular plan of study. I myself have never persisted in any plan for two days together. A man ought to read just as inclination leads him; for what he reads as a task will do him little good. A young man should read five hours in a day, and so may acquire a great deal of knowledge."

To such a degree of unrestrained frankness had he now accustomed me that in the course of this evening I talked of the numerous reflections which had been thrown out against him, on account of his having accepted a pension from his present Majesty. "Why, sir," said he, with a

hearty laugh, "it is a mighty foolish noise that they make. I have accepted of a pension as a reward which has been thought due to my literary merit; and now that I have this pension, I am the same man in every respect that I have ever been; I retain the same principles. It is true, that I cannot now curse (smiling) the house of Hanover; nor would it be decent for me to drink King James's health in the wine that King George gives me money to pay for. But, sir, I think that the pleasure of cursing the house of Hanover, and drinking King James's health, are amply overbalanced by three hundred pounds a year."

1791

HORACE WALPOLE (1717-1797)

ON BOSWELL'S "JOHNSON"

. . . Boswell's book is gossiping; but having numbers of proper names, would be more readable, at least by me, were it reduced from two volumes to one; but there are woeful longueurs, both about his hero and himself, the *fidus Achates*,¹ about whom one has not the smallest curiosity. But I wrong the original Achates: one is satisfied with his fidelity in keeping his master's secrets and weaknesses, which modern led captains betray for their patron's glory and to hurt their own enemies, — which Boswell has done shamefully, particularly against Mrs. Piozzi² and Mrs. Montagu³ and Bishop Percy.⁴ Dr. Blagden⁵ says justly that it is a new kind of libel, by which you may abuse anybody by saying some dead person said so and so of somebody alive. Often, indeed, Johnson made the most brutal speeches to living persons; for though he was good-natured at bottom, he was very ill-natured at top. He loved to dispute to show his superiority. If his opponents were weak, he told them they were fools; if they vanquished him, he was scurrilous, — to nobody more than Boswell himself, who was contemptible for flattering him so grossly, and for enduring the coarse things he was continually vomiting on Boswell's own country, Scotland. I expected, amongst the excommunicated, to

find myself, but am very gently treated. I never would be in the least acquainted with Johnson; or, as Boswell calls it, I had not a just value for him, — which the biographer imputes to my resentment for the Doctor's putting bad arguments (purposely, out of Jacobitism) into the speeches which he wrote fifty years ago for my father in the *Gentleman's Magazine*; which I did not read then, or ever knew Johnson wrote till Johnson died, nor have looked at since. Johnson's blind Toryism and known brutality kept me aloof; nor did I ever exchange a syllable with him: nay, I do not think I ever was in a room with him six times in my days. Boswell came to me, said Dr. Johnson was writing the "Lives of the Poets," and wished I would give him anecdotes of Mr. Gray.⁶ I said, very coldly, I had given what I knew to Mr. Mason.⁷ Boswell hummed and hawed, and then dropped, "I suppose you know Dr. Johnson does not admire Mr. Gray." Putting as much contempt as I could into my look and tone, I said, "Dr. Johnson don't! — hump!" — and with that monosyllable ended our interview. After the Doctor's death, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Boswell sent an ambling circular letter to me, begging subscriptions for a monument for him, — the two last, I think, impertinently, as they could not

but know my opinion, and could not suppose I would contribute to a monument for one who had endeavored, poor soul! to degrade my friend's superlative poetry. I would not deign to write an answer, but sent down word by my footman, as I would have done to parish officers with a brief, that I would not subscribe. In the two new volumes Johnson says, and very

probably did, or is made to say, that Gray's poetry is *dull*, and that he was a *dull* man! The same oracle dislikes Prior,⁸ Swift, and Fielding.⁹ If an elephant could write a book, perhaps one that had read a great deal would say that an Arabian horse is a very clumsy, ungraceful animal. Pass to a better chapter!

1791

The Romantic Revival

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
(1770-1850)

LINES

*Composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey
on revisiting the banks of the Wye during a
tour, July 13, 1798*

Five years have past; five summers, with
the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-
springs
With a soft inland murmur — Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs, 5
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and con-
nect

The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here under this dark sycamore, and
view 10
These plots of cottage-ground, these or-
chard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe
fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose them-
selves

'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, little
lines 15
Of sportive wood run wild; these pastoral
farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of
smoke
Sent up in silence, from among the trees,
With some uncertain notice, as might
seem,
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless
woods, 20
Or of some hermit's cave, where by his
fire
The hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to
me

As is a landscape to a blind man's eye: 25
But oft, in lonely rooms, and mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind, 30
With tranquil restoration:— feelings, too,
Of unremembered pleasure: such perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts 35
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed
mood,
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary
weight 40

Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened:— that serene and blessed
mood,
In which the affections gently lead us
on, —
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame,
And even the motion of our human
blood 45
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the
power

Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things. 50
If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft —
In darkness, and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world, 55
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! Thou wanderer through
the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extin-
guished thought, 60
With many recognitions dim and faint,

And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing
thoughts 65

That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope.
Though, changed, no doubt, from what I
was when first

I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the
sides 70

Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led; more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads,
than one

Who sought the thing he loved. For nature
then

(The coarser pleasures of my boyish
days, 75

And their glad animal movements all gone
by)

To me was all in all. — **C**annot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy
wood, 80

Their colors and their forms, were then to
me

An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. — That time
is past, 85

And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other
gifts

Have followed; for such loss, I would be-
lieve,

Abundant recompense. (For I have
learned 90

To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing often-
times

The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample
power

To chasten and subdue.) (And I have
felt 95

A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,

And the round ocean and the living air, 100
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all
thought,

And rolls through all things.) Therefore
am I still

A lover of the meadows and the woods, 105
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty
world

Of eye, and ear, — both what they half
create,

And what perceive; well pleased to recog-
nize

In nature and the language of the sense, 110
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the
nurse,

The guide, the guardian of my heart, and
soul

Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,

If I were not thus taught, should I the
more 115

Suffer my genial spirits to decay:

For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I
catch

The language of my former heart, and
read 120

My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,

My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I
make

Knowing that Nature never did be-
tray 125

The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our life, to
lead

From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress

With quietness and beauty, and so feed 130
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil
tongues,

Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish
men,

Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor
all

The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb 135
Our cheerful faith that all which we be-
hold

Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee: and, in after
years, 140

When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all the sweet sounds and harmonies; oh!
then, 145

If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing
thoughts

Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, per-
chance —

If I should be where I no more can hear 150
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes
these gleams

Of past existence — wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful
stream

We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came 155
Unwearied in that service; rather say
With warmer love — oh! with far deeper
zeal

Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty
cliffs, 160

And this green pastoral landscape, were to
me

More dear, both for themselves and for
thy sake! 1798

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant
thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link 5
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet
bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths; 10
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure:
But the least motion which they made, 15
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there. 20

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man? 1798

SIMON LEE

In the sweet shire of Cardigan,
Not far from pleasant Ivor Hall,
An old man dwells, a little man, —
'Tis said he once was tall.
Full five-and-thirty years he lived 5
A running huntsman merry;
And still the center of his cheek
Is red as a ripe cherry.

No man like him the horn could sound,
And hill and valley rang with glee, 10
When Echo banded, round and round,
The halloo of Simon Lee.
In those proud days he little cared
For husbandry or tillage;
To blither tasks did Simon rouse 15
The sleepers of the village.

He all the country could outrun,
Could leave both man and horse
behind;
And often, ere the chase was done
He reel'd and was stone blind. 20
And still there's something in the world
At which his heart rejoices;
For when the chiming hounds are out,
He dearly loves their voices.

But oh the heavy change! — bereft 25
Of health, strength, friends, and kindred,
see!

Old Simon to the world is left
In liveried poverty: —
His master's dead, and no one now
Dwells in the Hall of Ivor; 30
Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead;
He is the sole survivor.

And he is lean and he is sick,
His body, dwindled and awry,
Rests upon ankles swoln and thick; 35
His legs are thin and dry.
One prop he has, and only one, —
His wife, an aged woman,
Lives with him, near the waterfall,
Upon the village common. 40

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,
Not twenty paces from the door,
A scrap of land they have, but they
Are poorest of the poor.
This scrap of land he from the heath 45
Inclosed when he was stronger;
But what to them avails the land
Which he can till no longer?

Oft, working by her husband's side,
Ruth does what Simon cannot do; 50
For she, with scanty cause for pride,
Is stouter of the two.
And, though you with your utmost
skill
From labor could not wean them,
'Tis little, very little, all 55
That they can do between them.

Few months of life has he in store
As he to you will tell,
For still, the more he works, the more
Do his weak ankles swell. 60
My gentle Reader, I perceive
How patiently you've waited,
And now I fear that you expect
Some tale will be related.

O Reader! had you in your mind 65
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle Reader! you would find
A tale in everything.
What more I have to say is short,
And you must kindly take it: 70
It is no tale; but, should you think,
Perhaps a tale you'll make it.

One summer day I chanced to see
This old man doing all he could
To unearth the root of an old tree, 75
A stump of rotten wood.
The mattock tottered in his hand;
So vain was his endeavor
That at the root of the old tree
He might have worked forever. 80

"You're overtask'd, good Simon Lee,
Give me your tool," to him I said;
And at the word right gladly he
Received my proffered aid.
I struck, and with a single blow 85
The tangled root I severed,
At which the poor old man so long
And vainly had endeavored.

The tears into his eyes were brought,
And thanks and praises seemed to
run 90
So fast out of his heart, I thought
They never would have done.
— I've heard of hearts unkind, kind
deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men 95
Hath oftener left me mourning.
1798

SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone 6
Half hidden from the eye!
— Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be; 10
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

1799, 1800

I TRAVEL'D AMONG UNKNOWN MEN

I travel'd among unknown men
In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream! 6
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time; for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire; 10
And she I cherish'd turn'd her wheel
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings show'd, thy nights conceal'd
The bowers where Lucy play'd;
And thine too is the last green field 15
That Lucy's eyes survey'd.

1799, 1807

IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENING

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free:
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea. 5

Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder — everlastingly.
Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with
me here,

If thou appear untouched by solemn
thought, 10

Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the
year;

And worship'st at the Temple's inner
shrine,

God being with thee when we know it not.
1802, 1807

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:

This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare, 5
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie

Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless
air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or
hill; 10

Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!
1802, 1807

MILTON

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this
hour:

England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,

Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and
bower,

Have forfeited their ancient English
dower 5

Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;

And give us manners, virtue, freedom,
power.

Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like
the sea: 10

Pure as the naked heavens, majestic,
free,

So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

1802, 1807

TWO VOICES

Two Voices are there; one is of the Sea,
One of the Mountains; each a mighty
voice:

In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!

There came a tyrant, and with holy glee 5
Thou fought'st against him, — but hast
vainly striven:

Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art
driven,

Where not a torrent murmurs heard by
thee.

— Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been
bereft;

Then cleave, O cleave to that which still
is left — 10

For, high-soul'd Maid, what sorrow would
it be

That Mountain floods should thunder as
before,

And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful Voice be heard by thee!

1802, 1807

MY HEART LEAPS UP

My heart leaps up when I behold

A rainbow in the sky:

So was it when my life began;

So is it now I am a man;

So be it when I shall grow old, 5

Or let me die!

The Child is father of the Man;

And I could wish my days to be

Bound each to each by natural piety.

1802, 1807

TO THE DAISY

With little here to do or see
Of things that in the great world be,
Sweet Daisy! oft I talk to thee

For thou art worthy,
Thou unassuming commonplace 5
Of Nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace
Which love makes for thee!

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
I sit and play with similes, 10
Loose types of things through all degrees,
Thoughts of thy raising;
And many a fond and idle name
I give to thee, for praise or blame
As is the humour of the game, 15
While I am gazing.

A nun demure, of lowly port;
Or sprightly maiden, of Love's court,
In thy simplicity the sport
Of all temptations; 20
A queen in crown of rubies dressed;
A starveling in a scanty vest;
Are all, as seems to suit thee best,
Thy appellations.

A little Cyclops, with one eye 25
Staring to threaten and defy,
That thought comes next — and instantly
The freak is over,
The shape will vanish, and behold!
A silver shield with boss of gold 30
That spreads itself, some fairy bold
In fight to cover!

I see thee glittering from afar —
And then thou art a pretty star,
Not quite so fair as many are 35
In heaven above thee!
Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest; —
May peace come never to his nest
Who shall reprove thee! 40

Sweet Flower! for by that name at last
When all my reveries are past
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
Sweet silent Creature!
That breath'st with me in sun and air, 45
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature! 1802, 1807

THE SOLITARY REAPER

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain, 5
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands 10
Of travelers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In springtime from the cuckoo bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas 15
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago: 20
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again!

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang 25
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending; —
I listen'd, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill, 30
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

1803, 1807

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT

She was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair; 5
Like Twilight's too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay. 10

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;

A countenance in which did meet 15
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food:
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and 20
smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveler between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will, 25
Endurance, foresight, strength, and
skill,
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light. 30

1804, 1807

THE DAFFODILS

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees, 5
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance. 10

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee: —
A poet could not but be gay 15
In such a jocund company:
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood, 20
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

1804, 1807

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?

It is the generous Spirit, who, when
brought

Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish
thought: 5

Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path before him always
bright:

Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent
to learn;

Abides by this resolve, and stops not
there, 10

But makes his moral being his prime care;
Who doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;

In face of these doth exercise a power 15
Which is our human nature's highest
dower;

Controls them and subdues, transmutes,
bereaves,

Of their bad influence, and their good
receives;

By objects, which might force the soul to
abate

Her feeling, rendered more compas-
sionate; 20

Is placable — because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;

More skilful in self-knowledge, even more
pure,

As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and dis-
tress; 25

Thence, also more alive to tenderness.

'T is he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;

Whence, in a state where men are tempted
still

To evil for a guard against worse ill, 30
And what in quality or act is best

Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labors good on good to fix, and owes

To virtue every triumph that he knows;
Who, if he rise to station of command, 35

Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honorable terms, or else retire,

And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the
same

Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim; 40
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait

For wealth, or honors or for worldly state;

Whom they must follow; on whose head
must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at
all:

Whose powers shed round him in the com-
mon strife, 45

Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has
joined

Great issues, good or bad for human
kind, 50

Is happy as a Lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a Man in-
spired;

And, through the heat of conflict keeps
the law

In calmness made, and sees what he fore-
saw;

Or if an unexpected call succeed, 55
Come when it will, is equal to the need:

He who though thus endued as with a
sense

And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle
scenes; 60

Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this that he hath much to
love: —

'T is, finally, the Man, who, lifted high 65
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity, —

Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,
Plays, in the many games of life, that
one 70

Where what he most doth value must be
won:

Whom neither shape of danger can dis-
may,

Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand
fast,

Looks forward, persevering to the last, 75
From well to better, daily self-surpast:
Who, whether praise of him must walk the
earth

For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name, 80

Finds comfort in himself and in his
cause;

And, while the mortal mist is gathering,
draws

His breath in confidence of Heaven's ap-
plause:

This is the happy Warrior; this is He
Whom every Man in arms should wish to
be. 85

1805, 1807

ODE TO DUTY

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou, who art victory and law 5
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail
humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth, 10
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot;
Who do thy work, and know it not.
Oh! if through confidence misplaced 15
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power!
around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security. 20
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support according to
their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried; 25
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust:
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred 30
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly,
if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,

I supplicate for thy control; 35
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance-desires:
My hopes no more must change their
name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same. 40

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds 45
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through
Thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend 50
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give; 55
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let
me live! 1805, 1807

NATURE AND THE POET

I was thy neighbor once, thou rugged Pile!
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of
thee:
I saw thee every day; and all the while
Thy form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air! 5
So like, so very like, was day to day!
Whene'er I looked, thy image still was
there;
It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm! It seemed no
sleep,
No mood, which season takes away, or
brings: 10
I could have fancied that the mighty Deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

Ah! then — if mine had been the painter's
hand
To express what then I saw; and add the
gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land, 15
The consecration, and the Poet's dream, —

I would have planted thee, thou hoary
pile,
Amid a world how different from this!
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile;
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss. 20

Thou shouldst have seemed a treasure
house divine
Of peaceful years; a chronicle of heaven; —
Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine
The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A picture had it been of lasting ease, 25
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;
No motion but the moving tide; a breeze;
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
Such picture would I at that time have
made; 30
And seen the soul of truth in every part,
A steadfast peace that might not be be-
trayed.

So once it would have been, — 'tis so no
more;
I have submitted to a new control:
A power is gone, which nothing can re-
store; 35
A deep distress hath humanized my soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
A smiling sea, and be what I have been:
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old;
This, which I know, I speak with mind
serene. 40

Then, Beaumont, Friend! who would have
been the friend,
If he had lived, of him whom I deplore,
This work of thine I blame not, but com-
mend;
This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O 'tis a passionate work! — yet wise and
well, 45
Well chosen is the spirit that is here;
That hulk which labors in the deadly
swell,
This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,
I love to see the look with which it
braves, 50

— Cased in the unfeeling armor of old
time —
The lightning, the fierce wind, and tram-
pling waves.

— Farewell, farewell the heart that lives
alone,
Housed in a dream, at distance from the
Kind!
Such happiness, wherever it be known, 55
Is to be pitied; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is borne!
Such sights, or worse, as are before me
here: —
Not without hope we suffer and we
mourn. 60

1805

ODE ON INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY
FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY
CHILDHOOD

There was a time when meadow, grove,
and stream,
The earth, and every common sight
To me did seem
Apparel'd in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream. 5
It is not now as it hath been of yore: —
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can
see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes, 10
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are
bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair; 15
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from
the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous
song,
And while the young lambs bound 20
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought
relief,

And I again am strong.
The cataracts blow their trumpets from
the steep; — 25
No more shall grief of mine the season
wrong:
I hear the echoes through the mountains
throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of
sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea 30
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday; —
Thou child of joy
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts,
thou happy Shepherd boy! 35

Ye blessèd Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your
jubilee;

My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal, 40
The fullness of your bliss, I feel — I feel
it all.

Oh evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the Children are culling 45
On every side,

In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines
warm,
And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's
arm: —

I hear, I hear, with joy I hear! 50
— But there's a Tree, of many, one,
A single Field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is
gone:

The Pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat: 55
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting, 60
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home: 65

Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it
flows

He sees it in his joy; 70
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;

At length the Man perceives it die away, 75
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her
own;

Yearnings she hath in her own natural
kind,

And even with something of a Mother's
mind,

And no unworthy aim, 80
The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate
Man,

Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the Child among his new-born
blisses, 85

A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he
lies,

Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart, 90
Some fragment from his dream of human
life,

Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;

A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral,
And this hath now his heart, 95

And unto this he frames his song:

Then will he fit his tongue

To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long

Ere this be thrown aside, 100
And with new joy and pride

The little Actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his "humorous
stage"

With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equip-
age; 105

As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy Soul's immensity;

Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost
keep 110

Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal
deep,

Haunted forever by the eternal Mind, —
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest 115

Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality

Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by; 120
Thou little child, yet glorious in the
might

Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's
height,

Why with such earnest pains dost thou
provoke

The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at
strife? 125

Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly
freight,

And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live, 130
That Nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth
breed

Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be
blest, 135

Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in
his breast: —

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise; 140

But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature

Moving about in worlds not realized, 145
High instincts, before which our mortal
nature

Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may, 150
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;

Uphold us, cherish, and have power
to make

Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that

wake, 155

To perish never;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad en-
deavor,

Nor man nor boy

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,

Can utterly abolish or destroy! 160

Hence, in a season of calm weather

Though inland far we be,

Our souls have sight of that immortal sea

Which brought us hither;

Can in a moment travel

thither — 165

And see the children sport upon the shore,

And hear the mighty waters rolling ever-
more.

(Then, sing ye birds, sing, sing a joyous
song!

And let the young lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound! 170

We, in thought, will join your throng,

Ye that pipe and ye that play,

Ye that through your hearts to-day

Feel the gladness of the May!

What though the radiance which was once
so bright 175

Be now forever taken from my sight,

Though nothing can bring back the
hour

Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the
flower;

We will grieve not, rather find

Strength in what remains be-
hind; 180

In the primal sympathy

Which having been must ever be;

In the soothing thoughts that
spring

Out of human suffering;

In the faith that looks through
death 185

In years that bring the philosophic mind.

(And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills and
Groves,

Forebode not any severing of our loves!

Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your
might;

I only have relinquished one delight 190
To live beneath your more habitual
sway.

I love the Brooks which down their
channels fret,

Even more than when I tripped lightly as
they;

The innocent brightness of a new-born
Day

Is lovely yet; 195

The Clouds that gather round the setting
sun

Do take a sober coloring from an eye

That hath kept watch o'er man's mor-
tality;

Another race hath been, and other palms
are won.

Thanks to the human heart by which we
live, 200

Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and
fears,

To me the meanest flower that blows can
give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for
tears.

1803-1806, 1807

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

The world is too much with us: late and
soon,

Getting and spending, we lay waste our
powers:

Little we see in Nature that is ours;

We have given our hearts away, a sordid
boon!

This Sea that bares her bosom to the
moon; 5

The winds that will be howling at all
hours,

And are up-gathered now like sleeping
flowers;

For this, for everything, we are out of
tune;

It moves us not. — Great God! I'd
rather be

A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn; 10
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,

Have glimpses that would make me less
forlorn;

Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

1806, 1807

ON THE SONNET

Scorn not the sonnet; critic, you have
frowned,
Mindless of its just honours; — with this
key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the
melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's
wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso
sound: 5
Camöens soothed with it an exile's grief;
The sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante
crowned
His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from faery-
land 10
To struggle through dark ways; and when
a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his
hand
The thing became a trumpet, whence he
blew
Soul-animating strains — alas, too few!
1827

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE
(1772-1834)

FRANCE: AN ODE

I

Ye Clouds! that far above me float and
pause,
Whose pathless march no mortal may
control!
Ye Ocean-Waves! that, whereso'er ye
roll,
Yield homage only to eternal laws!
Ye Woods! that listen to the night-birds'
singing, 5
Midway the smooth and perilous slope
reclined,
Save when your own imperious branches
swinging,
Have made a solemn music of the wind!
Where, like a man beloved of God,
Through glooms, which never woodman
trod, 10
How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I
wound,
Inspired, beyond the guess of folly,

By each rude shape and wild uncon-
querable sound!
O ye loud Waves! and O ye Forests high! 15
And O ye Clouds that far above me
soared!
Thou rising Sun! thou blue rejoicing Sky!
Yea, everything that is and will be free!
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still
adored 20
The spirit of divinest liberty.

II

When France in wrath her giant-limbs up-
reared,
And with that oath, which smote air,
earth, and sea,
Stamped her strong foot and said she
would be free,
Bear witness for me, how I hoped and
feared! 25
With what a joy my lofty gratulation
Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band:
And when to whelm the disenchanted
nation,
Like fiends embattled by a wizard's
wand,
The monarchs marched in evil day, 30
And Britain joined the dire array;
Though dear her shores and circling
ocean,
Though many friendships, many youthful
loves
Had swoll'n the patriot emotion
And flung a magic light o'er all her hills
and groves; 35
Yet still my voice, unaltered, sang defeat
To all that braved the tyrant-quelling
lance,
And shame too long delayed and vain
retreat!
For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim
I dimmed thy light or damped thy holy
flame; *Japan song* 40
But blessed the paeans of delivered
France,
And hung my head and wept at Britain's
name.

III

"And what," I said, "though Blasphemy's
loud scream
With that sweet music of deliverance
strove!

Though all the fierce and drunken pas-
sions wove 45
A dance more wild than e'er was maniac's
dream!

Ye storms, that round the dawning east
assembled,
The Sun was rising, though ye hid his
light!"

And when, to soothe my soul, that
hoped and trembled,
The dissonance ceased, and all seemed
calm and bright; 50

When France her front deep-scarr'd and
gory
Concealed with clustering wreaths of
glory;

When, insupportably advancing,
Her arm made mockery of the warrior's
tramp;

While timid looks of fury glancing, 55 ✓
Domestic treason crushed beneath her
fatal stamp,

Writhed like a wounded dragon in his gore;
Then I reproached my fears that would
not flee;

"And soon," I said, "shall Wisdom teach
her lore

In the low huts of them that toil and
groan! 60

And, conquering by her happiness alone,
Shall France compel the nations to be
free,

Till Love and Joy look round, and call the
Earth their own."

IV

Forgive me, Freedom! O forgive those
dreams!

I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud
lament, 65

From bleak Helvetia's icy caverns
sent —

I hear thy groans upon her blood-stained
streams!

Heroes, that for your peaceful country
perished,

And ye that, fleeing, spot your mountain-
snows

With bleeding wounds; forgive me, that
I cherished 70

One thought that ever blessed your cruel
foes!

To scatter rage and traitorous guilt
Where Peace her jealous home had built;

A patriot-race to disinherit
Of all that made their stormy wilds so
dear; 75

And with inexpiable spirit
To taint the bloodless freedom of the
mountaineer —

O France, that mockst Heaven, adul-
terous, blind,

And patriot only in pernicious toils,
Are these thy boasts, Champion of human
kind? 80

To mix with Kings in the low lust of sway,
Yell in the hunt, and share the murderous
prey;

To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils
From freemen torn; to tempt and to
betray?

V

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in
vain, 85

Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad
game

They burst their manacles and wear the
name

Of Freedom, graven on a heavier
chain!

O Liberty! with profitless endeavor
Have I pursued thee, many a weary
hour; 90

But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain,
nor ever

Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human
power.

Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee,
(Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays
thee)

Alike from Priestcraft's harpy
minions, 95

And factious Blasphemy's obscener
slaves,

Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
The guide of homeless winds, and play-
mate of the waves!

And there I felt thee! — on that sea-
cliff's verge,

Whose pines, scarce travelled by the
breeze above, 100

Had made one murmur with the distant
surge!

Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples
bare,

And shot my being through earth, sea and
air,

Possessing all things with intensest love,
O Liberty! my spirit felt thee
there.

105
1798

KUBLA KHAN

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea. 5
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinu-
ous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing
tree:
And here were forests ancient as the
hills, 10
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery
But oh! that deep romantic chasm which
slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn
cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was
haunted 15
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless tur-
moil seething,
As if this earth in fact thick pants were
breathing,
A mighty fountain momentarily was forced:
Amid whose swift half-intermitted
burst 20
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding
hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail;
And mid these dancing rocks at once and
ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy mo-
tion 25
Through wood and dale the sacred river
ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to
man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from
far
Ancestral voices prophesying war! 30
The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;

Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device, 35
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw;
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played, 40
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win
me,
That with music loud and long, 45
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, "Beware! Beware!"
His flashing eyes, his floating hair! 50
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise."
1797, 1816

SIR WALTER SCOTT
(1771-1832)

HUNTING SONG

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day;
All the jolly chase is here
With hawk and horse and hunting
spear;
Hounds are in their couples yelling, 5
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily mingle they,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."
Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray, 10
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming;
And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay, 15
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."
Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greenwood haste away,
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size; 20

We can show the marks he made
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;
You shall see him brought to bay;
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay; 25
Waken, lords and ladies gay!
Tell them youth and mirth and glee
Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman! who can balk,
Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk; 30
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay!

1808

HAIL TO THE CHIEF

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!

Honored and blessed be the ever-green
Pine!

Long may the tree, in his banner that
glances,

Flourish, the shelter and grace of our
line!

Heaven send it happy dew, 5

Earth lend it sap anew,

Gayly to burgeon, and broadly to grow,

While every Highland glen

Sends back our shout again,

Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe! 10

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the
fountain,

Blooming at Beltane, in winter to
fade;

When the whirlwind has stripped every
leaf on the mountain,

The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her
shade.

Moored in the rifted rock, 15

Proof to the tempest's shock,

Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;

Menteith and Breadalbane, then,

Echo his praise again,

Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe! 20

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen
Fruin,

And Bannochar's groans to our slogan
replied;

Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking
in ruin,

And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead
on her side.

Widow and Saxon maid 25

Long shall lament our raid,

Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with
woe;

Lennox and Leven-glen

Shake when they hear again,

Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe! 30

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the
Highlands!

Stretch to your oars for the ever-green
Pine!

O! that the rose-bud that graces yon
islands

Were wreathed in a garland around him
to twine!

O that some seedling gem, 35

Worthy such noble stem,

Honored and blessed in their shadow
might grow!

Loud should Clan-Alpine then

Ring from her deepmost glen,

Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe! 40
1810

SOLDIER, REST!

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;

Dream of battled fields no more,

Days of danger, nights of waking.

In our isle's enchanted hall, 5

Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,

Fairy strains of music fall,

Every sense in slumber dewing.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,

Dream of fighting fields no more; 10

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,

Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,

Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,

Trump nor pibroch summon here 15

Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.

Yet the lark's shrill fife may come

At the daybreak from the fallow,

And the bittern sound his drum,

Booming from the sedgy shallow. 20

Ruder sounds shall none be near,

Guards nor warders challenge here;

Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,

Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done, 25

While our slumbrous spells assail ye,

Dream not, with the rising sun,
 Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
 Sleep! the deer is in his den;
 Sleep! thy hounds are by thee
 lying; 30
 Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen
 How thy gallant steed lay dying.
 Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
 Think not of the rising sun,
 For, at dawning to assail ye, 35
 Here no bugles sound reveillé. 1810

CORONACH

He is gone on the mountain,
 He is lost to the forest,
 Like a summer-dried fountain,
 When our need was the sorest. 5
 The font, reappearing,
 From the rain-drops shall borrow,
 But to us comes no cheering,
 To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
 Takes the ears that are hoary, 10
 But the voice of the weeper
 Wails manhood in glory.
 The autumn winds rushing
 Waft the leaves that are scarest,
 But our flower was in flushing, 15
 When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
 Sage counsel in cumber,
 Red hand in the foray,
 How sound is thy slumber! 20
 Like the dew on the mountain,
 Like the foam on the river,
 Like the bubble on the fountain,
 Thou art gone, and for ever! 1810

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?
 Why weep ye by the tide?
 I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
 And ye sall be his bride; 5
 And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
 Sae comely to be seen" —
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock of Hazeldean.
 "Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
 And dry that cheek so pale; 10

Young Frank is chief of Errington,
 And lord of Langley-dale;
 His step is first in peaceful ha',
 His sword in battle keen" —
 But aye she loot the tears down fa' 15
 For Jock of Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
 Nor braid to bind your hair;
 Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair; 20
 And you, the foremost o' them a',
 Shall ride our forest queen" —
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide, 25
 The tapers glimmered fair;
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
 And dame and knight are there.
 They sought her baith by bower and ha';
 The lady was not seen! 30
 She's o'er the Border, and awa'
 Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

1816

THE ANSWER

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
 To all the sensual world proclaim,
 One crowded hour of glorious life
 Is worth an age without a name. 1816

BONNY DUNDEE

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Clav-
 er'se who spoke,
 "Ere the King's crown shall fall there are
 crowns to be broke;
 So let each Cavalier who loves honor and
 me,
 Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
 Come fill up my cup, come fill up my
 can, 5
 Come saddle your horses, and call up
 your men;
 Come open the West Port and let me
 gang free,
 And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny
 Dundee!"

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the
 street,
 The bells are rung backward, the drums
 they are beat; 10

But the Provost, douce man, said, "Just
e'en let him be,
The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil
of Dundee."

Come fill up my cup, etc.

As he rode down the sanctified bends of
the Bow,
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her
pow;

But the young plants of grace they looked
couthie and slee,
Thinking, "Luck to thy bonnet, thou
Bonny Dundee!"

Come fill up my cup, etc.

With sour-featured Whigs the Grass-
market was crammed,
As if half the West had set tryst to be
hanged;

There was spite in each look, there was
fear in each e'e,

As they watched for the bonnets of
Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, etc.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and
had spears,

And lang-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers; 25
But they shrunk to close-heads and the
causeway was free,

At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny
Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, etc.

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle
rock,

And with the gay Gordon he gallantly
spoke;

"Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak
twa words or three,

For the love of the bonnet of Bonny
Dundee."

Come fill up my cup, etc.

The Gordon demands of him which way
he goes —

"Where'er shall direct me the shade of
Montrose!

Your Grace in short space shall hear
tidings of me,

Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny
Dundee."

Come fill up my cup, etc.

"There are hills beyond Pentland and
lands beyond Forth,

If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's
chiefs in the North; 40

There are wild Duniewassals three thou-
sand times three,

Will cry *hoigh!* for the bonnet of Bonny
Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, etc.

"There's brass on the target of blackened
bull-hide;

There's steel in the scabbard that dangles
beside; 45

The brass shall be burnished, the steel
shall flash free,

At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, etc.

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the
rocks —

Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the
fox; 50

And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of
your glee,

You have not seen the last of my bonnet
and me!"

Come fill up my cup, etc.

He waved his proud hand, the trumpets
were blown,

The kettle-drums clashed, and the horse-
men rode on, 55

Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermis-
ton's lee

Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny
Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my
can,

Come saddle the horses, and call up the
men,

Come open your gates, and let me gae
free, 60

For it's up with the bonnets of Bonny
Dundee! 1825

GEORGE GORDON LORD BYRON
(1788-1824)

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:

Thus mellowed to that tender light 5
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face; 10
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear, their dwelling-
place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow, 15
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent! 1815

YOUTH AND AGE

There's not a joy the world can give like
that it takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines
in feeling's dull decay;
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush
alone, which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere
youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the
wreck of happiness 5
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt, or ocean
of excess:
The magnet of their course is gone, or
only points in vain
The shore to which their shivered sail shall
never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like
death itself comes down;
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not
dream its own; 10
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the
fountain of our tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis
where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips,
and mirth distract the breast,
Through midnight hours that yield no
more their former hope of rest;
'Tis but as ivy leaves around the ruined
turret wreathe, 15
All green and wildly fresh without, but
worn and gray beneath.

Oh could I feel as I have felt, or be what
I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept o'er
many a vanished scene, —
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all
brackish though they be,
So midst the withered waste of life, those
tears would flow to me! 20
1815

SONNET ON CHILLON

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou
art,
For there thy habitation is the heart —
The heart which love of thee alone can
bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are con-
signed — 5
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless
gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyr-
dom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every
wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar — for 't was
trod, 10
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks
efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.
1816

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

My hair is gray, but not from years;
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears:
My limbs are bow'd, though not with
toil, 5
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd, and barr'd — forbidden
fare; 10
But this was for my father's faith
I suffer'd chains and courted death:
That father perish'd at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race 15
In darkness found a dwelling-place.

We were seven — who now are one;
 Six in youth, and one in age,
 Finish'd as they had begun,
 Proud of Persecution's rage;
 One in fire, and two in field,
 Their belief with blood have seal'd
 Dying as their father died,
 For the God their foes denied; —
 Three were in a dungeon cast,
 Of whom this wreck is left the last.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
 In Chillon's dungeon deep and old;
 There are seven columns, massy and gray,
 Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,
 A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
 And through the crevice and the cleft
 Of the thick wall is fallen and left:
 Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
 Like a marsh's meteor lamp:
 And in each pillar there is a ring,
 And in each ring there is a chain;
 That iron is a cankering thing,
 For in these limbs its teeth remain,
 With marks that will not wear away,
 Till I have done with this new day,
 Which now is painful to these eyes,
 Which have not seen the sun so rise
 For years — I cannot count them o'er;
 I lost their long and heavy score
 When my last brother droop'd and died,
 And I lay living by his side.

They chain'd us each to a column stone,
 And we were three — yet each alone;
 We could not move a single pace,
 We could not see each other's face,
 But with that pale and livid light
 That made us strangers in our sight:
 And thus together — yet apart,
 Fetter'd in hand, but join'd in heart,
 'Twas still some solace in the dearth
 Of the pure elements of earth,
 To hearken to each other's speech,
 And each turn comforter to each,
 With some new hope, or legend old,
 Or song heroically bold;
 But even these at length grew cold.
 Our voices took a dreary tone,
 An echo of the dungeon-stone,
 A grating sound — not full and free,
 As they of yore were wont to be:
 It might be fancy — but to me
 They never sounded like our own.

I was the eldest of the three;
 And to uphold and cheer the rest
 I ought to do — and did — my best,
 And each did well in his degree.
 The youngest, whom my father loved,
 Because our mother's brow was given
 To him — with eyes as blue as
 heaven, —
 For him my soul was sorely moved.
 And truly might it be distress'd
 To see such bird in such a nest;
 For he was beautiful as day —
 (When day was beautiful to me
 As to young eagles, being free) —
 A polar day, which will not see
 A sunset till its summer's gone,
 Its sleepless summer of long light,
 The snow-clad offspring of the sun:
 And thus he was as pure and bright,
 And in his natural spirit gay,
 With tears for naught but others' ills,
 And then they flow'd like mountain rills,
 Unless he could assuage the woe
 Which he abhorr'd to view below.

The other was as pure of mind,
 But form'd to combat with his kind;
 Strong in his frame, and of a mood
 Which 'gainst the world in war had
 stood,
 And perish'd in the foremost rank
 With joy — but not in chains to pine:
 His spirit wither'd with their clank,
 I saw it silently decline —
 And so perchance in sooth did mine;
 But yet I forced it on to cheer
 Those relics of a home so dear.
 He was a hunter of the hills,
 Had follow'd there the deer and wolf;
 To him this dungeon was a gulf,
 And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

Lake Lemán lies by Chillon's walls:
 A thousand feet in depth below
 Its massy waters meet and flow;
 Thus much the fathom line was sent
 From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
 Which round about the wave
 enthralls:
 A double dungeon wall and wave
 Have made — and like a living grave.
 Below the surface of the lake
 The dark vault lies wherein we lay,
 We heard it ripple night and day;

Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd;
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were
high 120

And wanton in the happy sky;
And then the very rock hath rock'd,
And I have felt it shake, unshock'd,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free. 125

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined,
He loathed and put away his food:
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunters' fare, 130
And for the like had little care:
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat;
Our bread was such as captives' tears
Have moisten'd many a thousand
years, 135

Since man first pent his fellow-men
Like brutes within an iron den;
But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart or limb;
My brother's soul was of that mould 140
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free-breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side.
But why delay the truth? — he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head, 145
Nor reach his dying hand — nor dead —
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died — and they unlock'd his chain
And scoop'd for him a shallow grave 150
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begg'd them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine — it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought, 155
That even in death his free-born breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer —
They coldly laugh'd — and laid him there:
The flat and turfless earth above 160
The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument!

But he, the favourite and the flower,
Most cherish'd since his natal hour, 165
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,

His martyr'd father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be 170
Less wretched now, and one day free;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired —
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was wither'd on the stalk away. 175

O God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood: —
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean 180
Strive with a swell'd convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of Sin delirious with its dread:
But these were horrors — this was woe
Unmix'd with such, — but sure and
slow: 185

He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender, — kind,
And grieved for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom 190
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray —
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright, 195
And not a word of murmur — not
A groan o'er his untimely lot!
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence — lost 200
In this last loss, of all the most:
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less.
I listen'd, but I could not hear — 205
I call'd, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonish'd;
I call'd, and thought I heard a sound —
I burst my chain with one strong
bound, 210

And rush'd to him; — I found him not;
I only stirr'd in this black spot,
I only lived — I only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon-dew;
The last, — the sole, — the dearest link 215
Between me and the eternal brink
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.

One on the earth, and one beneath —
 My brothers — both had ceased to
 breathe: 220
 I took that hand which lay so still;
 Alas, my own was full as chill;
 I had not strength to stir or strive,
 But felt that I was still alive —

A frantic feeling, when we know 225
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.
 I know not why
 I could not die;
 I had no earthly hope — but faith,
 And that forbade a selfish death. 230

What next befell me then and there
 I know not well — I never knew: —
 First came the loss of light, and air,
 And then of darkness too:
 I had no thought, no feeling — none — 235
 Among the stones I stood a stone,
 And was scarce conscious what I wist,
 As shrubless crags within the mist;
 For all was blank, and bleak, and gray,
 It was not night — it was not day; 240
 It was not even the dungeon-light,
 So hateful to my heavy sight,
 But vacancy absorbing space,
 And fixedness, without a place:
 There were no stars, — no earth, — no
 time, — 245
 No check, — no change, — no good, — no
 crime, —
 But silence, and a stirless breath
 Which neither was of life nor death;
 A sea of stagnant idleness,
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless! 250

A light broke in upon my brain —
 It was the carol of a bird;
 It ceased, and then it came again,
 The sweetest song ear ever heard;
 And mine was thankful, till my eyes 255
 Ran over with the glad surprise,
 And they that moment could not see
 I was the mate of misery;
 But then by dull degrees came back
 My senses to their wonted track, 260
 I saw the dungeon walls and floor
 Close slowly round me as before,
 I saw the glimmer of the sun
 Creeping as it before had done,
 But through the crevice where it came 265
 That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,

And tamer than upon the tree;
 A lovely bird, with azure wings,
 And song that said a thousand things,
 And seem'd to say them all for me! 270
 I never saw its like before,
 I ne'er shall see its likeness more:
 It seem'd, like me, to want a mate,
 But was not half so desolate,
 And it was come to love me when 275
 None lived to love me so again,
 And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
 Had brought me back to feel and think.
 I know not if it late were free,
 Or broke its cage to perch on mine, 280
 But knowing well captivity,
 Sweet bird, I could not wish for thine!
 Or if it were, in wing'd guise,
 A visitant from Paradise;
 For — Heaven forgive that thought, the
 while 285
 Which made me both to weep and smile —
 I sometimes deem'd that it might be
 My brother's soul come down to me;
 But then at last away it flew,
 And then 'twas mortal — well I knew, 290
 For he would never thus have flown,
 And left me twice so doubly lone —
 Lone, — as the corse within its shroud;
 Lone, — as a solitary cloud,
 A single cloud on a sunny day, 295
 While all the rest of heaven is clear,
 A frown upon the atmosphere,
 That hath no business to appear
 When skies are blue and earth is gay.

A kind of change came in my fate, 300
 My keepers grew compassionate:
 I know not what had made them so,
 They were inured to sights of woe;
 But so it was — my broken chain
 With links unfasten'd did remain, 305
 And it was liberty to stride
 Along my cell from side to side,
 And up and down, and then athwart,
 And tread it over every part;
 And round the pillars one by one, 310
 Returning where my walk begun,
 Avoiding only, as I trod,
 My brothers' graves without a sod;
 For if I thought with heedless tread
 My step profaned their lowly bed, 315
 My breath came gaspingly and thick,
 And my crush'd heart fell blind and
 sick.

I made a footing in the wall,
 It was not therefrom to escape,
 For I had buried one and all 320
 Who loved me in a human shape;
 And the whole earth would henceforth be
 A wider prison unto me:
 No child — no sire — no kin had I,
 No partner in my misery; 325
 I thought of this, and I was glad,
 For thought of them had made me mad;
 But I was curious to ascend
 To my barr'd windows, and to bend
 Once more, upon the mountains high, 330
 The quiet of a loving eye.

I saw them — and they were the same,
 They were not changed like me in
 frame;
 I saw their thousand years of snow
 On high — their wide long lake below, 335
 And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
 I heard the torrents leap and gush
 O'er channell'd rock and broken bush;
 I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
 And whiter sails go skimming down; 340
 And then there was a little isle,
 Which in my very face did smile,
 The only one in view:

A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
 Scarce broader than my dungeon floor; 345
 But in it there were three tall trees,
 And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
 And by it there were waters flowing,
 And on it there were young flowers
 growing,

Of gentle breath and hue. 350
 The fish swam by the castle wall,
 And they seem'd joyous, each and all;
 The eagle rode the rising blast,
 Methought he never flew so fast
 As then to me he seem'd to fly, 355
 And then new tears came in my eye,
 And I felt troubled — and would fain
 I had not left my recent chain;
 And when I did descend again,
 The darkness of my dim abode 360
 Fell on me as a heavy load;
 It was as is a new-dug grave,
 Closing o'er one we sought to save.
 And yet my glance, too much oppress'd,
 Had almost need of such a rest. 365

It might be months, or years, or days,
 I kept no count — I took no note,

I had no hope my eyes to raise,
 And clear them of their dreary mote;
 At last men came to set me free, 370
 I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where;
 It was at length the same to me,
 Fetter'd or fetterless to be,
 I learn'd to love despair.
 And thus, when they appear'd at last, 375
 And all my bonds aside were cast,
 These heavy walls to me had grown
 A hermitage — and all my own!
 And half I felt as they were come
 To tear me from a second home: 380
 With spiders I had friendship made,
 And watch'd them in their sullen trade,
 Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
 And why should I feel less than they?
 We were all inmates of one place, 385
 And I, the monarch of each race,
 Had power to kill — yet, strange to tell!
 In quiet we had learn'd to dwell —
 My very chains and I grew friends,
 So much a long communion tends 390
 To make us what we are: — even I
 Regain'd my freedom with a sigh. 1816

WHEN WE TWO PARTED

When we two parted
 In silence and tears,
 Half broken-hearted
 To sever for years,
 Pale grew thy cheek and cold, 5
 Colder thy kiss;
 Truly that hour foretold
 Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
 Sunk chill on my brow — 10
 It felt like the warning
 Of what I feel now.
 Thy vows are all broken,
 And light is thy fame:
 I hear thy name spoken, 15
 And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
 A knell to mine ear;
 A shudder comes o'er me —
 Why wert thou so dear? 20
 They know not I knew thee,
 Who knew thee too well: —
 Long, long shall I rue thee,
 Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met — 25
 In silence I grieve,
 That thy heart could forget,
 Thy spirit deceive.
 If I should meet thee
 After long years, 30
 How should I greet thee? —
 With silence and tears.

1816

WATERLOO

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and
 bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and
 brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and
 when 5
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake
 again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell;
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like
 a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? — No; 'twas but the
 wind, 10
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
 On with the dance! let joy be uncon-
 fined;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and
 Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing Hours with flying
 feet. —
 But hark! that heavy sound breaks in
 once more, 15
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than be-
 fore!
 Arm! arm! it is — it is — the cannon's
 opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high
 hall
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did
 hear 20
 That sound the first amidst the festival,
 And caught its tone with Death's
 prophetic ear,
 And when they smiled because he
 deem'd it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal
 too well

Which stretch'd his father on a bloody
 bier, 25
 And roused the vengeance blood alone
 could quell.
 He rush'd into the field, and, foremost
 fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and
 fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of
 distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour
 ago 30
 Blush'd at the praise of their own loveli-
 ness;
 And there were sudden partings, such as
 press
 The life from out young hearts, and
 choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated: who
 could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual
 eyes, 35
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn
 could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste:
 the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the
 clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous
 speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of
 war; 40
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
 And near, the beat of the alarming
 drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning
 star;
 While throng'd the citizens with terror
 dumb,
 Or whispering with white lips — "The
 foe! They come! they come!" 45

And wild and high the "Cameron's
 Gathering" rose,
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's
 hills
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her
 Saxon foes;
 How in the noon of night that pibroch
 thrills,
 Savage and shrill! But with the breath
 which fills 50

Their mountain-pipe, so fill the moun-
taineers
With the fierce native daring which in-
stils
The stirring memory of a thousand
years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each
clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her
green leaves, 55
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they
pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave, — alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above
shall grow 60
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder
cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly
gay, 65
The midnight brought the signal-sound
of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms, —
the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which
when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with other
clay, 70
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd
and pent,
Rider and horse, — friend, foe, — in one
red burial blent!

1816

LAC LEMAN

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to for-
sake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing 5
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice re-
proved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have
been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between 10
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet
clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly
seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose capt heights
appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the
shore, 15
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the
ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night
carol more;

He is an evening reveler, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill; 20
At intervals, some bird from out the
brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the
hill,
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil, 25
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into nature's breast the spirit of her
hues.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the
fate
Of men and empires, — 'tis to be for-
given, 30
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar, 35
That fortune, fame, power, life, have
named themselves a star.

All heaven and earth are still — though
not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling
most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too
deep: —
All heaven and earth are still: from the
high host 40
Of stars, to the lulled lake and mountain
coast,
All is concentrated in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,

But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and de-
fence. 45

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude, where we are *least* alone;
A truth, which through our being then
doth melt,
And purifies from self: it is a tone,
The soul and source of music, which makes
known 50

Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
Binding all things with beauty: — 't would
disarm
The specter Death, had he substantial
power to harm.

Not vainly did the early Persian make 55
His altar the high places, and the peak
Of earth-o'-ergazing mountains, and thus
take

A fit and unvalled temple, there to seek
The Spirit, in whose honor shrines are
weak,
Upreared of human hands. Come, and
compare 60

Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or
Greek,
With Nature's realms of worship, earth
and air,
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy
prayer!

The sky is changed! — and such a change!
Oh, night,

And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous
strong, 65

Yet, lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags
among

Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone
cloud,

But every mountain now hath found a
tongue, 70

And Jura answers, through her misty
shroud,

Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her
aloud!

And this is in the night: — Most glorious
night!

Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be

A sharer in thy fierce and far delight, — 75
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the
earth!

And now again 't is black — and now, the
glee

Of the loud hills shakes with its moun-
tain-mirth, 80

As if they did rejoice o'er a young earth-
quake's birth.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his
way between

Heights which appear as lovers who have
parted

In hate, whose mining depths so inter-
vene,

That they can meet no more, though
broken-hearted; 85

Though in their souls, which thus each
other thwarted,

Love was the very root of the fond rage
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then
departed:

Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years all winters, — war within them-
selves to wage: 90

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath
cleft his way,

The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his
stand:

For here, not one, but many, make their
play,

And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to
hand,

Flashing and cast around; of all the
band, 95

The brightest through these parted hills
hath forked

His lightnings, — as if he did understand,
That in such gaps as desolation worked,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever
therein lurked.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, light-
nings! ye! 100

With night, and clouds, and thunder, and
a soul

To make these felt and feeling, well may
be

Things that have made me watchful; the
far roll

Of your departing voices, is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless, — if I rest. 105
But where of ye, O tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some
high nest?

Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me, — could I
wreak 110
My thoughts upon expression, and thus
throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong
or weak,
All that I would have sought, and all I
seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe — into
one word,
And that one word were Lightning, I
would speak; 115
But as it is, I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing
it as a sword.

1816

VENICE

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of
Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures
rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's
wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings
expand 5
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times when many a subject
land
Looked to the winged Lion's marble
pile,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on
her hundred isles!

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from
ocean, 10
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers:
And such she was; her daughters had
their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaust-
less East 15
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling
showers.

In purple was she robed, and of her
feast
Monarchs partook, and deemed their
dignity increased.

In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gond-
lier; 20
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the
ear:
Those days are gone — but Beauty still
is here.
States fall, arts fade — but Nature doth
not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was
dear, 25
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of
Italy!

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms
despond 30
Above the Dogeless city's vanished
sway;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto; Shylock and the
Moor,
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn
away —
The keystones of the arch! though all
were o'er, 35
For us repeople were the solitary shore.
1818

THE OCEAN

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean
— roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in
vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin — his
control
Stops with the shore; — upon the wa-
tery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth
remain 5
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling
groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined
and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths — thy
 fields 10
 Are not a spoil for him — thou dost
 arise
 And shake him from thee; the vile
 strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all
 despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the
 skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy play-
 ful spray, 15
 And howling, to his Gods, where haply
 lies
 His petty hope in some near port or
 bay,
 And dashest him again to earth — there
 let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the
 walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations
 quake, 20
 And monarchs tremble in their
 capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs
 make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy
 flake, 25
 They melt into thy yeast of waves,
 which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of
 Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all
 save thee —
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what
 are they?
 Thy waters washed them power while
 they were free, 30
 And many a tyrant since; their shores
 obey
 The stranger, slave or savage; their
 decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts: — not
 so thou,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves'
 play —
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure
 brow — 35
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou
 rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Al-
 mighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests: in all time,
 Calm or convulsed — in breeze, or gale,
 or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime 40
 Dark-heaving; — boundless, endless,
 and sublime —
 The image of Eternity — the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy
 slime
 The monsters of the deep are made;
 each zone
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread,
 fathomless, alone. 45

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my
 joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast
 to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from
 a boy
 I wanted with thy breakers — they to
 me
 Were a delight; and if the freshening
 sea, 50
 Made them a terror — 'twas a pleasing
 fear,
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I
 do here.

1818

ROME

O Rome! my country! city of the soul!
 The orphans of the heart must turn to
 thee,
 Lone mother of dead empires! and control
 In their shut breasts their petty
 misery.
 What are our woes and sufferance?
 Come and see 5
 The cypress, hear the owl, and plod
 your way
 O'er steps of broken thrones and
 temples, ye
 Whose agonies are evils of a day —
 A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! there she
 stands, 10
 Childless and crownless in her voiceless
 woe;

An empty urn within her wither'd
hands,
Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago;
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes
now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless 15
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou
flow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle
her distress.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War,
Flood, and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's
pride: 20
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs
ride,
Where the car climb'd the Capitol; far
and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left
a site:—
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the
void, 25
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar
light,
And say, "Here was, or is," where all is
doubly night?

1818

FIRST LOVE

From "Don Juan"

'Tis sweet to hear
At midnight on the blue and moonlit
deep
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
By distance mellowed, o'er the waters
sweep;
'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear; s
'Tis sweet to listen as the night-winds
creep
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on
high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the
sky.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest
bark
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw
near home; 10
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will
mark

Our coming, and look brighter when we
come;
'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,
Or lull'd by falling waters; sweet the
hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of
birds, 15
The lip of children, and their earliest
words.

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering
grapes
In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,
Purple and gushing; sweet are our escapes
From civic revelry to rural mirth; 20
Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps,
Sweet to the father is his first-born's
birth,
Sweet is revenge — especially to women,
Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.

Sweet is a legacy, and passing sweet 25
The unexpected death of some old lady
Or gentleman of seventy years complete,
Who've made "us youth" wait too —
too long already
For an estate, or cash, or country seat,
Still breaking, but with stamina so
steady 30
That all the Israelites are fit to rob its
Next owner for their double-damn'd post-
obits.

'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, one's
laurels,
By blood or ink; 'tis sweet to put an
end
To strife; 'tis sometimes sweet to have our
quarrels, 35
Particularly with a tiresome friend:
Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels;
Dear is the helpless creature we defend
Against the world; and dear the schoolboy
spot
We ne'er forget, though there we are
forgot. 40

But sweeter still than this, than these,
than all,
Is first and passionate love — it stands
alone.
Like Adam's recollection of his fall;
The tree of knowledge has been pluck'd
— all's known —

And life yields nothing to recall 45
 Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so
 shown,
 No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven
 Fire which Prometheus filch'd for us from
 heaven.

1819

ALL FOR LOVE

O talk not to me of a name great in
 story;
 The days of our youth are the days of our
 glory;
 And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-
 twenty
 Are worth all your laurels, though ever so
 plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow
 that is wrinkled? 5
 'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew
 besprinkled:
 Then away with all such from the head
 that is hoary —
 What care I for the wreaths that can only
 give glory?

Oh Fame! — if I e'er took delight in thy
 praises,
 'Twas less for the sake of thy high-
 sounding phrases, 10
 Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one
 discover
 She thought that I was not unworthy to
 love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I
 found thee;
 Her glance was the best of the rays that
 surround thee;
 When it sparkled o'er aught that was
 bright in my story, 15
 I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

1821

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-
SIXTH YEAR

MISSOLONGHI, Jan. 22, 1824.

I

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
 Since others it hath ceased to move!
 Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
 Still let me love!

II

My days are in the yellow leaf; 5
 The flowers and fruits of love are gone:
 The worm, the canker, and the grief
 Are mine alone!

III

The fire that on my bosom preys
 Is lone as some volcanic isle; 10
 No torch is kindled at its blaze —
 A funeral pile!

IV

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
 The exalted portion of the pain
 And power of love I cannot share, 15
 But wear the chain.

V

But 'tis not *thus* — and 'tis not *here* —
 Such thoughts would shake my soul,
 nor *now*,
 Where glory decks the hero's hier,
 Or binds his brow. 20

VI

The sword, the banner, and the field,
 Glory and Greece around me see!
 The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
 Was not more free.

VII

Awake (not Greece — she is awake!) 25
 Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
 Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
 And then strike home!

VIII

Tread these reviving passions down,
 Unworthy manhood! — unto thee 30
 Indifferent should the smile or frown
 Of beauty be.

IX

If thou regret'st thy youth, *why live*:
 The land of honourable death
 Is here: — up to the field, and give 35
 Away thy breath!

X

Seek out — less often sought than found —
 A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
 Then look around, and choose thy ground.
 And take thy rest. 40

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
(1792-1822)

HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY

The awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats though unseen amongst us, —
visiting
This various world with as inconstant
wing
As summer winds that creep from flower
to flower; —
Like moonbeams that behind some piny
mountain shower, 5
It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance;
Like hues and harmonies of evening, —
Like clouds in starlight widely
spread, —
Like memory of music fled, — 10
Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

Spirit of BEAUTY, that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine
upon
Of human thought or form, — where art
thou gone? 15
Why dost thou pass away and leave our
state,
This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and
desolate?
Ask why the sunlight not forever
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain
river,
Why aught should fail and fade that once
is shown, 20
Why fear and dream and death and
birth
Cast on the daylight of this earth
Such gloom, — why man has such a
scope
For love and hate, despondency and hope?

No voice from some sublimer world hath
ever 25
To sage or poet these responses given —
Therefore the names of Dæmon, Ghost,
and Heaven,
Remain the records of their vain en-
deavour,
Frail spells — whose uttered charm might
not avail to sever,
From all we hear and all we see, 30
Doubt, chance, and mutability.

Thy light alone — like mist o'er moun-
tains driven,
Or music by the night wind sent,
Through strings of some still instru-
ment,
Or moonlight on a midnight stream, 35
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet
dream.

Love, Hope, and Self-esteem, like clouds
depart
And come, for some uncertain moments
lent.
Man were immortal, and omnipotent,
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou
art, 40
Keep with thy glorious train firm state
within his heart.
Thou messenger of sympathies,
That wax and wane in lovers' eyes —
Thou — that to human thought art nour-
ishment,
Like darkness to a dying flame! 45
Depart not as thy shadow came,
Depart not — lest the grave should be,
Like life and fear, a dark reality.

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and
sped
Through many a listening chamber,
cave and ruin, 50
And starlight wood, with fearful steps
pursuing
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.
I called on poisonous names with which
our youth is fed,
I was not heard — I saw them not —
When musing deeply on the lot 55
Of life, at the sweet time when winds are
wooing
All vital things that wake to bring
News of birds and blossoming, —
Sudden, thy shadow fell on me;
I shrieked, and clasped my hands in
ecstasy! 60

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine — have I not kept
the vow?
With beating heart and streaming eyes,
even now
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
Each from his voiceless grave: they have
in visioned bowers 65

Of studious zeal or love's delight
 Outstretched with me the envious
 night —
 They know that never joy illumed my
 brow
 Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst
 free
 This world from its dark slavery, 70
 That thou — O awful *LOVELINESS*,
 Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot
 express.

The day becomes more solemn and
 serene

When noon is past — there is a harmony
 In autumn, and a lustre in its sky, 75
 Which through the summer is not heard
 or seen,
 As if it could not be, as if it had not been!
 Thus let thy power, which like the
 truth

Of nature on my passive youth
 Descended, to my onward life supply 80
 Its calm — to one who worships thee,
 And every form containing thee,
 Whom, *SPIRIT* fair, thy spells did
 bind

To fear himself, and love all human kind.
 1816, 1817

OZYMANDIAS

I met a traveler from an antique land
 Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of
 stone
 Stand in the desert. Near them on the
 sand,
 Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose
 frown
 And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold com-
 mand 5
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions
 read
 Which yet survive, stamp'd on these life-
 less things,
 The hand that mock'd them and the heart
 that fed;
 And on the pedestal these words appear:
 "My name is *Ozymandias*, king of kings: 10
 Look on my works, ye *Mighty*, and de-
 spair!"

Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.
 1817

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION NEAR NAPLES

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
 The waves are dancing fast and
 bright,
 Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
 The purple noon's transparent might:
 The breath of the moist earth is light 5
 Around its unexpanded buds;
 Like many a voice of one delight —
 The winds', the birds', the ocean-
 floods' —
 The city's voice itself is soft like Soli-
 tude's.

I see the deep's untrampled floor 10
 With green and purple seaweeds strown;
 I see the waves upon this shore
 Like light dissolved in star showers
 thrown:

I sit upon the sands alone;
 The lightning of the noontide ocean 15
 Is flashing round me, and a tone
 Arises from its measured motion —
 How sweet! did any heart now share in my
 emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
 Nor peace within nor calm around, 20
 Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
 The sage in meditation found,
 And walk'd with inward glory
 crown'd —

Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor
 leisure;

Others I see whom these surround — 25
 Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
 To me that cup has been dealt in another
 measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild
 Even as the winds and waters are;
 I could lie down like a tired child, 30
 And weep away the life of care
 Which I have borne, and yet must
 bear, —
 Till death like sleep might steal on me,
 And I might feel in the warm air
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea 35
 Breathe o'er my dying brain its last
 monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
 As I when this sweet day is gone,

Which my lost heart, too soon grown
old,
Insults with this untimely moan; 40
They might lament — for I am one .
Whom men love not, — and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in
memory yet. 45
1818

THE INDIAN SERENADE

I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low
And the stars are shining bright:
I arise from dreams of thee, 5
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me — who knows how? —
To thy chamber window, sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream; 10
And the champak odors fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint
It dies upon her heart,
As I must on thine, 15
O belovéd as thou art!

Oh lift me from the grass!
I die! I faint! I fail!
Let thy Love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale. 20
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast;
Oh! press it close to thine again
Where it will break at last.

1819, 1822

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

I

O wild West Wind, thou breath of
Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the
leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter
fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic
red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes! O thou 5
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and
low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and
fill 10
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in
air)
With living hues and odors plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and Preserver; Hear, oh hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep
sky's commotion, 15
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves
are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven
and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are
spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the
head 20

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim
verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou
dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing
night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulcher, 25
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst:
O, hear!

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer
dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay, 30
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline
streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baia's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser
day,

All overgrown with azure moss and
 flowers 35
 So sweet, the sense faints picturing them!
 Thou
 For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
 Cleave themselves into chasms, while far
 below
 The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which
 wear
 The sapless foliage of the ocean, know 40
 Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with
 fear,
 And tremble and despoil themselves: O
 hear!

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
 If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
 A wave to pant beneath thy power, and
 share 45

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
 Than thou, O, uncontrollable! If even
 I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over
 heaven,
 As then, when to outstrip thy skiey
 speed 50
 Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have
 striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore
 need.
 Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
 I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and
 bowed 55
 One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and
 proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
 What if my leaves are falling like its own!
 The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal
 tone, 60
 Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit
 fierce,
 My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
 Like withered leaves to quicken a new
 birth!

And, by the incantation of this verse, 65

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
 Ashes and sparks, my words among man-
 kind!

Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O, wind,
 If Winter comes, can Spring be far be-
 hind? 70

1820

THE CLOUD

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting
 flowers,

From the seas and the streams;
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noon-day dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that
 waken 5

The sweet buds every one,
 When rocked to rest on their mother's
 breast,

As she dances about the sun.
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under, 10
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast;
 And all the night 't is my pillow white, 15
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
 Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
 Lightning my pilot sits;
 In a cavern under is fettered the thun-
 der, —

It struggles and howls at fits; 20
 Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
 This pilot is guiding me,
 Lured by the love of the genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea;
 Over the rills, and the crags, and the 25
 hills,

Over the lakes and the plains,
 Wherever he dream, under mountain or
 stream,

The Spirit he loves remains;
 And I all the while bask in heaven's blue
 smile,

Whilst he is dissolving in rains. 30

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead,
As on the jag of a mountain crag, 35
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the
lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love, 40
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire
laden, 45
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear, 50
May have broken the woof of my tent's
thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built
tent, 55
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on
high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning
zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl; 60
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel
and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like
shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof, 65
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to
my chair,
Is the million-colored bow; 70
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing be-
low.

I am the daughter of earth's dawn, 15
And the nursling of the
I pass through the pores of the dew was
shores;
I change, but I cannot die. and tree,
For after the rain when, with new rest,
The pavilion of heaven is bare, 20
And the winds and sunbeams wit.
convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost
from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

1820

TO A SKYLARK

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert, *Lia*
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art. 5
spontaneous
Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
note The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring 10
ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just
begun 15

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad day-light
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill
delight, 20

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere, *—*
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is
there. 25

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,

All overgrown ght is bare,
 flowers lonely cloud
 So sweet, the se out her beams, and heaven
 Thou rflowed. 30
 For whose p

thou art we know not;
 Cleave thnat is most like thee?
 bom rainbow clouds there flow not
 The se Drops so bright to see
 rom thy presence showers a rain of
 The melody. 35

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden, *as if he were*
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it
 heeded not: 40

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which overflows
 her bower: 45

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbehouden
 Its aërial hue *as if he were*
 Among the flowers and grass which screen
 it from the view: 50

Like a rose embowered *as if he were*
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these
 heavy-wingèd thieves: 55

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music
 doth surpass. 60

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine;
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so
 divine: 65

Chorus Hymenæal,
 Or triumphal chaunt,
 Matched with thine, would be all
 But an empty vaunt,
 A thing wherein we feel there is some
 hidden want. 70

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?
 What shapes of sky or plain?
 What love of thine own kind? what igno-
rance of pain? 75

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be:
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee:
 Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad
satiety. 80

Waking or asleep
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a
 crystal stream? 85

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not:
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of
 saddest thought. 90

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should
 come near. 95

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the
 ground! 100

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness

From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am
listening now! 105

1820

ONE WORD IS TOO OFTEN PROFANED

One word is too often profaned
For me to profane it,
One feeling too falsely disdained
For thee to disdain it.
One hope is too like despair 5
For prudence to smother,
And pity from thee more dear
Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love,
But wilt thou accept not 10
The worship the heart lifts above
And the Heavens reject not,
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar 15
From the sphere of our sorrow?
1821

MUSIC, WHEN SOFT VOICES DIE

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken;

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead, 5
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art
gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.
1821

TO THE NIGHT

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear 5
Which make thee terrible and dear, —
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day; 10
Kiss her until she be wearied out;
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand —
Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn, 15
I sighed for thee;

When light rode high, and the dew was
gone,

And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest, 20
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
"Wouldst thou me?"
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmur'd like a noontide bee, 25
"Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me?" — And I replied
"No, not thee!"

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon; 30
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night —
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon! 35

1821

JOHN KEATS
(1795–1821)

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S
HOMER

MUCH have I travel'd in the realms of
gold
And many goodly states and kingdoms
seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told 5
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his
demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and
bold:
— Then felt I like some watcher of the
skies
When a new planet swims into his ken; 10
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific — and all his
men
Look'd at each other with a wild sur-
mise —
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

1816

FROM "ENDYMION"

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
 Its loveliness increases; it will never
 Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and
 quiet breathing.

Therefore, on every morrow, are we
 wreathing

A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman
 dearth

Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened
 ways

Made for our searching: yes, in spite of
 all,

Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the
 moon,

Trees old and young, sprouting a shady
 boon

For simple sheep: and such are daffodils 15
 With the green world they live in; and
 clear rills

That for themselves a cooling covert make
 'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest
 brake,

Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose
 blooms:

And such too is the grandeur of the
 dooms

We have imagined for the mighty dead;
 All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
 An endless fountain of immortal drink,
 Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences 25
 For one short hour; no, even as the trees
 That whisper round a temple become soon
 Dear as the temple's self, so does the
 moon,

The passion poesy, glories infinite,
 Haunt us till they become a cheering
 light

Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
 That, whether there be shine, or gloom
 o'er-cast,

They alway must be with us, or we die.

Therefore, 'tis with full happiness that I
 Will trace the story of Endymion. 35
 The very music of the name has gone
 Into my being, and each pleasant scene
 Is growing fresh before me as the green

Of our own valleys: so I will begin
 Now while I cannot hear the city's din; 40
 Now while the early budders are just new,
 And run in mazes of the youngest hue
 About old forests; while the willow trails
 Its delicate amber; and the dairy pails
 Bring home increase of milk. And, as the

year 45
 Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly
 steer

My little boat, for many quiet hours,
 With streams that deepen freshly into
 bowers.

Many and many a verse I hope to write,
 Before the daisies, vermeil rimmed and
 white,

Hide in deep herbage; and ere yet the bees 50
 Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas,
 I must be near the middle of my story.

O may no wintry season, bare and hoary,
 See it half finished; but let Autumn
 bold,

With universal tinge of sober gold,
 Be all about me when I make an end.

And now at once, adventuresome, I send
 My herald thought into a wilderness:
 There let its trumpet blow, and quickly
 dress

My uncertain path with green, that I may
 speed

Easily onward, through flowers and weed.
 1818

WHEN I HAVE FEARS

When I have fears that I may cease to be
 Before my pen has glean'd my teeming
 brain,

Before high-pil'd books, in charact'ry
 Hold like rich garners the full-ripen'd
 grain;

When I behold, upon the night's starr'd
 face,

Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
 And think that I may never live to trace
 Their shadows, with the magic hand of
 chance;

And when I feel, fair Creature of an hour!
 That I shall never look upon thee more, 10
 Never have relish in the faery power
 Of unreflecting love — then on the shore
 Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
 Till Love and Fame to nothingness do
 sink.

1818, 1848

TO SLEEP

O soft embalmer of the still midnight!
 Shutting with careful fingers and benign
 Our gloom-pleased eyes, embower'd from
 the light,
 Enshaded in forgetfulness divine;
 O soothest Sleep! if so it please thee,
 close, 5
 In midst of this thine hymn, my willing
 eyes,
 Or wait the amen, ere thy poppy throws
 Around my bed its lulling charities;
 Then save me, or the passèd day will shine
 Upon my pillow, breeding many woes; 10
 Save me from curious conscience, that still
 lords
 Its strength for darkness, burrowing
 like a mole;
 Turn the key deftly in the oilèd wards,
 And seal the hushèd casket of my soul.
 1819, 1848

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

BALLAD

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms! 5
 Alone and palely loitering!
 The sedge has withered from the lake,
 And no birds sing.
 O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms! 5
 So haggard and so woe-begone?
 The squirrel's granary is full,
 And the harvest's done.
 I see a lily on thy brow
 With anguish moist and fever dew,
 And on thy cheeks a fading rose
 Fast withereth too.
 "I met a lady in the meads,
 Full beautiful — a faery's child,
 Her hair was long, her foot was light, 15
 And her eyes were wild.
 "I made a garland for her head,
 And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
 She looked at me as she did love,
 And made sweet moan. 20
 "I set her on my pacing steed,
 And nothing else saw all day long..
 For sidelong would she bend, and sing
 A faery's song.

"She found me roots of relish sweet, 25
 And honey wild, and manna dew,
 And sure in language strange she said —
 'I love thee true.'

"She took me to her elfin grot,
 And there she wept, and sighed full
 sore, 30
 And there I shut her wild wild eyes
 With kisses four.

"And there she lullèd me asleep,
 And there I dreamed — Ah! woe
 betide!
 The latest dream I ever dreamed 35
 On the cold hill's side.

"I saw pale kings and princes too,
 Pale warriors, death-pale were they
 all;
 They cried — 'La Belle Dame sans
 Merci
 Hath thee in thrall!' 40

"I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
 With horrid warning gapèd wide;
 And I awoke, and found me here
 On the cold hill's side.

"And this is why I sojourn here, 45
 Alone and palely loitering,
 Though the sedge is wither'd from the
 lake,
 And no birds sing."

1819, 1820

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness
 pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had
 drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had
 sunk:
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot, 5
 But being too happy in thine happi-
 ness, —
 That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the
 trees —
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows number-
 less,
 Singest of summer in full-throated
 ease. 10

O for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delv'd
earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-
burnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South, 15
Full of the true, the blushful Hippo-
crene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the
brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world
unseen,
And with thee fade away into the
forest dim: 20

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget,
What thou among the leaves hast never
known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other
groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey
hairs, 25
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-
thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of
sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous
eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-
morrow. 30

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and
retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night, 35
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her
throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry
Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the
breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and wind-
ing mossy ways. 40

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the
boughs,

But, in embalm'd darkness, guess each
sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month en-
dows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree
wild; 45
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglan-
tine;
Fast fading violets cover'd up in
leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy
wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on
summer eves. 50

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with careful
Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mus'd
rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die, 55
To cease upon the midnight with no
pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul
abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears
in vain —
To thy high requiem become a sod. 60

Thou wast not born for death, immortal
Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was
heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown;
Perhaps the self-same song that found a
path 65
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when,
sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on
the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands for-
lorn. 70

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole
self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.

Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem
fades 75
Past the near meadows, over the still
stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried
deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music: — do I wake or
sleep?

W. M. W. 1819

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow
time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our
rhyme:
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy
shape 5
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What
maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to
escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild
ecstasy? 10
Heard melodies are sweet, but those un-
heard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes,
play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more en-
dear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst
not leave 15
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be
bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou
kiss,
Though winning near the goal — yet, do
not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not
thy bliss,
Forever wilt thou love, and she be
fair! 20

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot
shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring
adieu:

And, happy melodist, unwearied,
Forever piping songs forever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy
love! 25
Forever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
Forever panting, and forever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and
cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching
tongue. 30

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious
priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the
skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands
drest?
What little town by river or sea shore, 35
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious
morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er re-
turn. 40

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens over-
wrought,
With forest branches and the trodden
weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of
thought
As doth eternity. Cold pastoral! 45
When old age shall this generation
waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other
woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou
say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," — that
is all,
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to
know. 50

1820

TO AUTUMN

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the
thatch-eaves run;

To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-
trees,⁵
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the
core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the
hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the
bees,
Until they think warm days will never
cease,¹⁰
For Summer has o'er-brimmed their
clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may
find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing
wind;¹⁵
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while
thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its
twined flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost
keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook; 20
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozy hours
by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where
are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music
too, —
While barr'd clouds bloom the soft-dying
day,²⁵
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy
hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats
mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or
dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from
hilly bourn;³⁰
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with
treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden
croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the
skies.

1820

BRIGHT STAR! WOULD I WERE
STEADFAST AS THOU ART
Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou
art —
Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremité,
The moving waters at their priestlike
task⁵
Of pure ablution round earth's human
shores,
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the
moors —
No — yet still steadfast, still unchange-
able,
Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening
breast,¹⁰
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever — or else swoon to death.
1820

HENRY FRANCIS CARY
(1772-1844)

THE DIVINE COMEDY
HELL, CANTO V

ARGUMENT. — Coming into the second circle of Hell, Dante at the entrance beholds Minos the Infernal Judge, by whom he is admonished to beware how he enters those regions. Here he witnesses the punishment of carnal sinners, who are tossed about ceaselessly in the dark air by the most furious winds. Among these, he meets with Francesca of Rimini, through pity at whose sad tale he falls fainting to the ground.

FROM the first circle I descended thus
Down to the second, which, a lesser space
Embracing, so much more of grief con-
tains,
Provoking bitter moans. There Minos
stands,
Grinning with ghastly feature: he, of all 5
Who enter, strict examining the crimes,
Gives sentence, and dismisses them be-
neath,
According as he foldeth him around:
For when before him comes the ill-fated
soul,
It all confesses; and that judge severe 10
Of sins, considering what place in Hell
Suits the transgression, with his tail so oft
Himself encircles, as degrees beneath
He dooms it to descend. Before him stand

Always a numerous throng; and in his
 turn 15
 Each one to judgment passing, speaks,
 and hears
 His fate, thence downward to his dwelling
 hurl'd.
 "O thou! who to this residence of woe
 Approachest!" when he saw me coming,
 cried
 Minos, relinquishing his dread employ, 20
 "Look how thou enter here; beware in
 whom
 Thou place thy trust; let not the entrance
 broad
 Deceive thee to thy harm." To him my
 guide:
 "Wherefore exclaimest? Hinder not his
 way
 By destiny appointed; so 'tis will'd, 25
 Where will and power are one. Ask thou
 no more."
 Now 'gin the rueful wailings to be
 heard.
 Now am I come where many a plaining
 voice
 Smites on mine ear. Into a place I
 came
 Where light was silent all. Bellowing there
 groan'd 30
 A noise, as of a sea in tempest torn
 By warring winds. The stormy blast of
 Hell
 With restless fury drives the spirits on,
 Whirl'd round and dash'd amain with sore
 annoy.
 When they arrive before the ruinous
 sweep, 35
 There shrieks are heard, there lamenta-
 tions, moans,
 And blasphemies 'gainst the good Power in
 Heaven.
 I understood, that to this torment sad
 The carnal sinners are condemn'd, in
 whom
 Reason by lust is sway'd. As, in large
 troops 40
 And multitudinous, when winter reigns,
 The starlings on their wings are borne
 abroad;
 So bears the tyrannous gust those evil
 souls.
 On this side and on that, above, below,
 It drives them: hope of rest to solace
 them 45

Is none, nor e'en of milder pang. As
 cranes,
 Chanting their dolorous notes, traverse the
 sky,
 Stretch'd out in long array; so I beheld
 Spirits, who came loud wailing, hurried on
 By their dire doom. Then I: "Instructor!
 who 50
 Are these, by the black air so scourged?"
 "The first
 'Mong those, of whom thou question'st,"
 he replied,
 "O'er many tongues was empress. She in
 vice
 Of luxury was so shameless, that she made
 Liking be lawful by promulg'd decree, 55
 To clear the blame she had herself in-
 curr'd.
 This is Semiramis, of whom 'tis writ,
 That she succeeded Ninus her espoused;
 And held the land, which now the Soldan
 rules.
 The next in amorous fury slew herself, 60
 And to Sichæus' ashes broke her faith:
 Then follows Cleopatra, lustful queen."
 There mark'd I Helen, for whose sake so
 long
 The time was fraught with evil; there the
 great
 Achilles, who with love fought to the
 end. 65
 Paris I saw, and Tristan; and beside,
 A thousand more he show'd me, and by
 name
 Pointed them out, whom love bereaved of
 life.
 When I had heard my sage instructor
 name
 Those dames and knights of antique days,
 o'erpower'd 70
 By pity, well-nigh in amaze my mind
 Was lost; and I began: "Bard! willingly
 I would address those two together
 coming,
 Which seem so light before the wind." He
 thus:
 "Note thou, when nearer they to us ap-
 proach. 75
 Then by that love which carries them
 along,
 Entreat; and they will come." Soon as the
 wind
 Sway'd them towards us, I thus framed
 my speech:

"O wearied spirits! come, and hold discourse
 With us, if by none else restrain'd." As doves 80
 By fond desire invited, on wide wings
 And firm, to their sweet nest returning home,
 Cleave the air, wafted by their will along;
 Thus issued, from that troop where Dido ranks,
 They, through the ill air speeding: with such force 85
 My cry prevail'd, by strong affection urged.

"O gracious creature and benign! who go'st
 Visiting, through this element obscure,
 Us, who the world with bloody stain imbrued;
 If, for a friend, the King of all, we own'd, 90
 Our prayer to him should for thy peace arise,
 Since thou hast pity on our evil plight.
 Of whatsoe'er to hear or to discourse
 It pleases thee, that will we hear, of that
 Freely with thee discourse, while e'er the wind, 95
 As now, is mute. The land that gave me birth,
 Is situate on the coast, where Po descends
 To rest in ocean with his sequent streams.

"Love, that in gentle heart is quickly learnt,
 Entangled him by that fair form, from me 100
 Ta'en in such cruel sort as grieves me still:
 Love, that denial takes from none beloved,
 Caught me with pleasing him so passing well,
 That, as thou seest, he yet deserts me not.
 Love brought us to one death: Caïna waits 105
 The soul, who spilt our life." Such were their words;
 At hearing which, downward I bent my looks,
 And held them there so long, that the bard cried:
 "What art thou pondering?" I in answer thus:
 "Alas! by what sweet thoughts, what fond desire 110

Must they at length to that ill pass have reach'd!"

Then turning, I to them my speech address'd,
 And thus began: "Francesca! your sad fate
 Even to tears my grief and pity moves.
 But tell me; in the time of your sweet sighs, 115
 By what, and how Love granted, that ye knew

Your yet uncertain wishes?" She replied:
 "No greater grief than to remember days
 Of joy, when misery is at hand. That kens
 Thy learn'd instructor. Yet so eagerly 120
 If thou art bent to know the primal root,
 From whence our love gat being, I will do
 As one, who weeps and tells his tale. One day,

For our delight we read of Lancelot,
 How him love thrall'd. Alone we were, and no 125

Suspicion near us. Oft-times by that reading

Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue

Fled from our alter'd cheek. But at one point

Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,

The wished smile so rapturously kiss'd 130
 By one so deep in love, then he, who ne'er

From me shall separate, at once my lips
 All trembling kiss'd. The book and writer both

Were love's purveyors. In its leaves that day

We read no more." While thus one spirit spake, 135

The other wail'd so sorely, that heart-struck

I, through compassion fainting, seem'd not far

From death, and like a corse fell to the ground.

PURGATORY, CANTO IX

ARGUMENT. — Dante is carried up the mountain, asleep and dreaming, by Lucia; and, on awakening, finds himself, two hours after sunrise, with Virgil, near the gate of Purgatory, through which they are admitted by the Angel deputed by St. Peter to keep it.

Now the fair consort of Tithonus old,
 Arisen from her mate's beloved arms, 140

Look'd palely o'er the eastern cliff; her
brow,
Lucent with jewels, glitter'd, set in sign
Of that chill animal, who with his train
Smites fearful nations: and where then we
were,
Two steps of her ascent the night had
past; 145
And now the third was closing up its wing,
When I, who had so much of Adam with
me,
Sank down upon the grass, o'ercome with
sleep,
There where all five were seated. In that
hour,
When near the dawn the swallow her sad
lay, 150
Remembering haply ancient grief, renews;
And when our minds, more wanderers from
the flesh,
And less by thought restrain'd, are, as 't
were, full
Of holy divination in their dreams;
Then, in a vision, did I seem to view 155
A golden-feather'd eagle in the sky,
With open wings, and hovering for de-
scend;
And I was in that place, methought, from
whence
Young Ganymede, from his associates
'reft,
Was snatch'd aloft to the high con-
sistory. 160
"Perhaps," thought I within me, "here
alone
He strikes his quarry, and elsewhere dis-
dains
To pounce upon the prey." Therewith,
it seem'd,
A little wheeling in his æry tour,
Terrible as the lightning, rush'd he
down, 165
And snatch'd me upward even to the fire.
There both, I thought, the eagle and my-
self
Did burn; and so intense the imagined
flames,
That needs my sleep was broken off. As
erst
Achilles shook himself, and round him
roll'd 170
His waken'd eyeballs, wondering where
he was,
Whenas his mother had from Chiron fled

To Scyros, with him sleeping in her arms;
There whence the Greeks did after sunder
him;
E'en thus I shook me, soon as from my
face 175
The slumber parted, turning deadly pale
Like one ice-struck with dread. Sole at my
side
My comfort stood: and the bright sun was
now
More than two hours aloft: and to the sea
My looks were turn'd. "Fear not," my
master cried, 180
"Assured we are at happy point. Thy
strength
Shrink not, but rise dilated. Thou art
come
To Purgatory now. Lo! there the cliff
That circling bounds it Lo! the entrance
there,
Where it doth seem disparted. Ere the
dawn 185
Usher'd the day-light, when thy wearied
soul
Slept in thee, o'er the flowery vale beneath
A lady came, and thus bespake me: 'I
Am Lucia. Suffer me to take this man,
Who slumbers. Easier so his way shall
speed.' 190
Sordello and the other gentle shapes
Tarrying, she bare thee up: and, as day
shone,
This summit reach'd: and I pursued her
steps.
Here did she place thee. First, her lovely
eyes
That open entrance show'd me; then at
once 195
She vanish'd with thy sleep." Like one,
whose doubts
Are chased by certainty, and terror turn'd
To comfort on discovery of the truth,
Such was the change in me: and as my
guide
Beheld me fearless, up along the cliff 200
He moved, and I behind him, toward the
height.
Reader! thou markest how my theme
doth rise;
Nor wonder therefore, if more artfully
I prop the structure. Nearer now we drew,
Arrived whence, in that part, where first a
breach 205
As of a wall appear'd, I could descrie

A portal, and three steps beneath, that led
For inlet there, of different colour each;
And one who watch'd, but spake not yet
a word.

As more and more mine eye did stretch its
view, 210

I mark'd him seated on the highest step,
In visage such, as past my power to
bear.

Grasp'd in his hand, a naked sword
glanced back

The rays so toward me, that I oft in vain
My sight directed. "Speak, from whence
ye stand;" 215

He cried: "What would ye? Where is
your escort?"

Take heed your coming upward harm ye
not."

"A heavenly dame, not skillless of these
things,"

Replied the instructor, "told us, even
now,

'Pass that way: here the gate is'." —

"And may she, 220

Befriending, prosper your ascent," re-
sumed

The courteous keeper of the gate: "Come
then

Before our steps." We straightway thither
came.

The lowest stair was marble white, so
smooth

And polish'd, that therein my mirror'd
form 225

Distinct I saw. The next of hue more dark
Than sablest grain, a rough and singed
block,

Crack'd lengthwise and across. The third,
that lay

Massy above, seem'd porphyry, that
flamed

Red as the life-blood spouting from a
vein. 230

On this God's angel either foot sustain'd,
Upon the threshold seated, which ap-
pear'd

A rock of diamond. Up the trinal steps
My leader cheerly drew me. "Ask," said
he,

"With humble heart, that he unbar the
bolt." 235

Piously at his holy feet devolved
I cast me, praying him for pity's sake
That he would open to me; but first fell

Thrice on my bosom prostrate. Seven
times

The letter, that denotes the inward
stain, 240

He, on my forehead, with the blunted
point

Of his drawn sword, inscribed. And
"Look," he cried,

"When enter'd, that thou wash these
scars away."

Ashes, or earth ta'en dry out of the
ground,

Were of one colour with the robe he
wore. 245

From underneath that vestment forth he
drew

Two keys, of metal twain: the one was
gold,

Its fellow silver. With the pallid first,
And next the burnish'd, he so ply'd the

gate,

As to content me well. "Whenever one 250
Faileth of these, that in the key-hole

straight

It turn not, to this alley then expect
Access in vain." Such were the words he

spake.

"One is more precious: but the other needs
Skill and sagacity, large share of each, 255

Ere its good task to disengage the knot
Be worthily perform'd. From Peter these

I hold, of him instructed that I err
Rather in opening, than in keeping fast;

So but the suppliant at my feet im-
plore." 260

Then of that hallow'd gate he thrust the
door,

Exclaiming, "Enter, but this warning
hear:

He forth again departs who looks behind."

As in the hinges of that sacred ward

The swivels turn'd, sonorous metal
strong, 265

Harsh was the grating; nor so surlily
Roar'd the Tarpeian, when by force bereft

Of good Metellus, thenceforth from his loss
To leanness doom'd. Attentively I turn'd,

Listening the thunder that first issued
forth; 270

And "We praise thee, O God," methought
I heard,

In accents blended with sweet melody.

The strains came o'er mine ear, e'en as the
sound

Of choral voices, that in solemn chant
With organ mingle, and now high and
clear 275
Come swelling, now float indistinct away.

PURGATORY, CANTO XXX

ARGUMENT. — Beatrice descends from Heaven,
and rebukes the Poet.

. . . I have beheld, ere now, at break of
day,
The eastern clime all roseate; and the sky
Opposed, one deep and beautiful serene;
And the sun's face so shaded, and with
mists 280
Attemper'd, at his rising, that the eye
Long while endured the sight: thus, in a
cloud
Of flowers, that from those hands angelic
rose,
And down within and outside of the car
Fell showering, in white veil with olive
wreathed, 285
A virgin in my view appear'd, beneath
Green mantle, robed in hue of living flame:
And o'er my spirit, that so long a time
Had from her presence felt no shuddering
dread,
Albeit mine eyes discern'd her not, there
moved 290
A hidden virtue from her, at whose touch
The power of ancient love was strong
within me.
No sooner on my vision streaming,
smote
The heavenly influence, which, years past,
and e'en
In childhood, thrill'd me, than towards
Virgil I 295
Turn'd me to leftward; panting, like a babe,
That flees for refuge to his mother's
breast,
If aught have terrified or work'd him woe:
And would have cried, "There is no dram
of blood,
That doth not quiver in me. The old
flame 300
Throws out clear tokens of reviving fire."
But Virgil had bereaved us of himself;
Virgil, my best-loved father, Virgil, he
To whom I gave me up for safety: nor
All our prime mother lost avail'd to
save 305
My undew'd cheeks from blur of soiling
tears.

"Dante! weep not that Virgil leaves
thee; nay,
Weep thou not yet: behoves thee feel the
edge
Of other sword; and thou shalt weep for
that."
As to the prow or stern, some ad-
miral 310
Paces the deck, inspiriting his crew,
When 'mid the sail-yards all hands ply
aloof;
Thus, on the left side of the car, I saw
(Turning me at the sound of mine own
name,
Which here I am compell'd to register) 315
The virgin station'd, who before appear'd
Veil'd in that festive shower angelical.
Towards me, across the stream, she bent
her eyes;
Though from her brow the veil descending,
bound
With foliage of Minerva, suffer'd not 320
That I beheld her clearly: then with act
Full royal, still insulting o'er her thrall,
Added, as one who, speaking, keepeth back
The bitterest saying, to conclude the
speech:
"Observe me well. I am, in sooth, I
am 325
Beatrice. What! and hast thou deign'd
at last
Approach the mountain? Knewest not,
O man!
Thy happiness is here?" Down fell mine
eyes
On the clear fount; but there, myself es-
pying,
Recoil'd, and sought the greensward; such
a weight 330
Of shame was on my forehead. With a mien
Of that stern majesty, which doth sur-
round
A mother's presence to her awe-struck
child,
She look'd; a flavor of such bitterness
Was mingled in her pity. There her
words 335
Brake off; and suddenly the angels sang,
"In thee, O gracious Lord! my hope hath
been":
But went no further than, "Thou, Lord!
hast set
My feet in ample room." As snow, that
lies,

Amidst the living rafters on the back 340
 Of Italy, congeal'd, when drifted high
 And closely piled by rough Slavonian
 blasts;
 Breathe but the land whereon no shadow
 falls,
 And straightway melting it distils away,
 Like a fire-wasted taper: thus was I, 345
 Without a sigh or tear, or ever these
 Did sing, that, with the chiming of
 Heaven's sphere,
 Still in their warbling chime: but when
 the strain
 Of dulcet symphony express'd for me
 Their soft compassion, more than could
 the words, 350
 "Virgin! why so consumest him?" then,
 the ice
 Congeal'd about my bosom, turn'd itself
 To spirit and water; and with anguish
 forth
 Gush'd, through the lips and eyelids, from
 the heart.
 Upon the chariot's same edge still she
 stood, 355
 Immovable; and thus address'd her words
 To those bright semblances with pity
 touch'd:
 "Ye in the eternal day your vigils keep;
 So that nor night nor slumber, with close
 stealth,
 Conveys from you a single step, in all 360
 The goings on of time: thence, with more
 heed
 I shape mine answer, for his ear intended,
 Who there stands weeping; that the
 sorrow now
 May equal the transgression. Not alone
 Through operation of the mighty orbs, 365
 That mark each seed to some predestined
 aim,
 As with aspect or fortunate or ill
 The constellations meet; but through be-
 nign
 Largess of heavenly graces, which rain
 down

From such a height as mocks our vision,
 this man 370
 Was, in the freshness of his being, such,
 So gifted virtually, that in him
 All better habits wondrously had thrived.
 The more of kindly strength is in the soil,
 So much doth evil seed and lack of cul-
 ture 375
 Mar it the more, and make it run to wild-
 ness.
 These looks sometime upheld him; for I
 show'd
 My youthful eyes, and led him by their
 light
 In upright walking. Soon as I had reach'd
 The threshold of my second age, and
 changed 380
 My mortal for immortal; then he left me,
 And gave himself to others. When from
 flesh
 To spirit I had risen, and increase
 Of beauty and of virtue circled me,
 I was less dear to him, and valued less. 385
 His steps were turn'd into deceitful ways,
 Following false images of good, that make
 No promise perfect. Nor avail'd me aught
 To sue for inspirations, with the which,
 I, both in dreams of night, and other-
 wise, 390
 Did call him back; of them, so little reck'd
 him.
 Such depth he fell, that all device was
 short
 Of his preserving, save that he should view
 The children of perdition. To this end
 I visited the purlieus of the dead: 395
 And one, who hath conducted him thus
 high,
 Received my supplications urged with
 weeping.
 It were a breaking of God's high decree,
 If Lethe should be pass'd, and such food
 tasted,
 Without the cost of some repentant
 tear." 400

1805-1814

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772-1834)

LETTER TO JOSEPH COTTLE

APRIL 26, 1814.

YOU have poured oil in the raw and fes-
 tering wound of an old friend's conscience,

Cottle! ¹ but it is *oil of vitriol*! I but barely
 glanced at the middle of the first page of
 your letter, and have seen no more of it —

not from resentment (God forbid), but from the state of my bodily and mental sufferings, that scarcely permitted human fortitude to let in a new visitor of affliction.

The object of my present reply is to state the case just as it is. First, that for ten years the anguish of my spirit has been indescribable, the sense of my danger staring, but the consciousness of my GUILT worse, far worse than all. I have prayed, with drops of agony on my brow, trembling not only before the justice of my Maker, but even before the mercy of my Redeemer. "I gave thee so many talents, what hast thou done with them?" Secondly, overwhelmed as I am with a sense of my direful infirmity, I have never attempted to disguise or conceal the cause. On the contrary, not only to friends have I stated the whole case with tears and the very bitterness of shame, but in two instances I have warned young men, mere acquaintances, who had spoken of having taken laudanum, of the direful consequences, by an awful exposition of the tremendous effects on myself.

Thirdly, though before God I cannot lift up my eyelids, and only do not despair of his mercy, because to despair would be adding crime to crime, yet to my fellow-men I may say that I was seduced into the ACCURSED habit ignorantly. I had been almost bed-ridden for many months with swellings in my knees. In a medical journal, I unhappily met with an account of a cure performed in a similar case (or what appeared to me so), by rubbing in of laudanum, at the same time taking a given dose internally. It acted like a charm, like a miracle! I recovered the use of my limbs, of my appetite, of my spirits, and this continued for a fortnight. At length the unusual stimulus subsided, the complaint returned, the supposed remedy was

recurred to — but I cannot go through the dreary history.

Suffice it to say, that effects were produced which acted upon me by terror and cowardice, of pain and sudden death, not (so help me God!) by any temptation of pleasure, or expectation, or desire of exciting pleasurable sensations. On the very contrary, Mrs. Morgan² and her sister will bear witness, so far as to say, that the longer I abstained the higher my spirits were, the keener my enjoyments — till the moment, the direful moment, arrived when my pulse began to fluctuate, my heart to palpitate, and such a dreadful falling abroad, as it were, of my whole frame, such intolerable restlessness, and incipient bewilderment, that in the last of my several attempts to abandon the dire poison, I exclaimed in agony, which I now repeat in seriousness and solemnity, "I am too poor to hazard this." Had I but a few hundred pounds, but 200 pounds — half to send to Mrs. Coleridge, and half to place myself in a private madhouse, where I could procure nothing but what a physician thought proper, and where a medical attendant could be constantly with me for two or three months (in less than that time life or death would be determined), then there might be hope. Now there is none!! O God! how willingly would I place myself under Dr. Fox, in his establishment; for my case is a species of madness, only that it is a derangement, an utter impotency of the volition, and not of the intellectual faculties. You bid me rouse myself: go bid a man paralytic in both arms, to rub them briskly together, and that will cure him. "Alas!" he would reply, "that I cannot move my arms is my complaint and my misery."

May God bless you, and your affectionate, but most afflicted,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

1814

FROM "BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA"

DURING the first year¹ that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbours, our conversations turned frequently on the two cardinal points of poetry, the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a

faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colours of imagination. The sudden charm which accidents of light and shade, which moon

light or sunset, diffused over a known and familiar landscape, appeared to represent the practicability of combining both. These are the poetry of nature. The thought suggested itself (to which of us I do not recollect) that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one, the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; and the excellence aimed at was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real. And real in this sense they have been to every human being who, from whatever source of delusion, has at any time believed himself under supernatural agency. For the second class, subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life; the characters and incidents were to be such as will be found in every village and its vicinity where there is a meditative and feeling mind to seek after them, or to notice them when they present themselves.

In this idea originated the plan of the "Lyrical Ballads"; in which it was agreed that my endeavours should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic; yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith. Mr. Wordsworth, on the other hand, was to propose to himself as his object, to give the charm of novelty to things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural, by awakening the mind's attention from the lethargy of custom, and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us; an inexhaustible treasure, but for which, in consequence of the film of familiarity and selfish solicitude, we have eyes, yet see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that neither feel nor understand.

With this view I wrote the "Ancient Mariner," and was preparing, among other poems, the "Dark Ladie," and the "Christabel," in which I should have more nearly realised my ideal than I had done in my first attempt. But Mr. Wordsworth's industry had proved so much more suc-

cessful, and the number of his poems so much greater, that my compositions, instead of forming a balance, appeared rather an interpolation of heterogeneous matter. Mr. Wordsworth added two or three poems written in his own character, in the impassioned, lofty, and sustained diction which is characteristic of his genius. In this form the "Lyrical Ballads" were published; and were presented by him, as an experiment, whether subjects, which from their nature rejected the usual ornaments and extra-colloquial style of poems in general, might not be so managed in the language of ordinary life as to produce the pleasurable interest which it is the peculiar business of poetry to impart. To the second edition he added a preface of considerable length; in which, notwithstanding some passages of apparently a contrary import, he was understood to contend for the extension of this style to poetry of all kinds, and to reject as vicious and indefensible all phrases and forms of style that were not included in what he (unfortunately, I think, adopting an equivocal expression) called the language of real life. From this preface, prefixed to poems in which it was impossible to deny the presence of original genius, however mistaken its direction might be deemed, arose the whole long-continued controversy. For from the conjunction of perceived power with supposed heresy I explain the inveteracy, and in some instances, I grieve to say, the acrimonious passions, with which the controversy has been conducted by the assailants.

Had Mr. Wordsworth's poems been the silly, the childish things which they were for a long time described as being; had they been really distinguished from the compositions of other poets merely by meanness of language and inanity of thought; had they indeed contained nothing more than what is found in the parodies and pretended imitations of them; they must have sunk at once, a dead weight, into the slough of oblivion, and have dragged the preface along with them. But year after year increased the number of Mr. Wordsworth's admirers. They were found, too, not in the lower classes of the reading public, but chiefly among

young men of strong sensibility and meditative minds; and their admiration (inflamed perhaps in some degree by opposition) was distinguished by its intensity, I might almost say, by its religious fervour. These facts, and the intellectual energy of the author, which was more or less consciously felt, where it was outwardly and even boisterously denied, meeting with sentiments of aversion to his opinions, and of alarm at their consequences, produced an eddy of criticism, which would of itself have borne up the poems by the violence with which it whirled them round and round. With many parts of this preface, in the sense attributed to them, and which the words undoubtedly seem to authorise, I never concurred; but, on the contrary, objected to them as erroneous in principle, and as contradictory (in appearance at least) both to other parts of the same preface and to the author's own practice in the greater number of the poems themselves. Mr. Wordsworth, in his recent collection, has, I find, degraded this prefatory disquisition to the end of his second volume, to be read or not at the reader's choice. But he has not, as far as I can discover, announced any change in his poetic creed. At all events, considering it as the source of a controversy, in which I have been honoured more than I deserve by the frequent conjunction of my name with his, I think it expedient to declare, once for all, in what points I coincide with his opinions, and in what points I altogether differ. But in order to render myself intelligible, I must previously, in as few words as possible, explain my ideas, first, of a poem; and secondly, of poetry itself, in kind and in essence.

The office of philosophical disquisition consists in just distinction; while it is the privilege of the philosopher to preserve himself constantly aware that distinction is not division. In order to obtain adequate notions of any truth, we must intellectually separate its distinguishable parts; and this is the technical process of philosophy. But having so done, we must then restore them in our conceptions to the unity in which they actually coexist; and this is the result of philosophy. A poem contains the same elements as a

prose composition; the difference, therefore, must consist in a different combination of them, in consequence of a different object proposed. According to the difference of the object will be the difference of the combination. It is possible that the object may be merely to facilitate the recollection of any given facts or observations by artificial arrangement; and the composition will be a poem, merely because it is distinguished from prose by metre, or by rhyme, or by both conjointly. In this, the lowest sense, a man might attribute the name of a poem to the well-known enumeration of the days in the several months:

"Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November," etc.

and others of the same class and purpose. And as a particular pleasure is found in anticipating the recurrence of sound and quantities, all compositions that have this charm superadded, whatever be their contents, *may* be entitled poems.

So much for the superficial form. A difference of object and contents supplies an additional ground of distinction. The immediate purpose may be the communication of truths: either of truth absolute and demonstrable, as in works of science; or of facts experienced and recorded, as in history. Pleasure, and that of the highest and most permanent kind, may result from the attainment of the end; but it is not itself the immediate end. In other works the communication of pleasure may be the immediate purpose; and though truth, either moral or intellectual, ought to be the ultimate end, yet this will distinguish the character of the author, not the class to which the work belongs. Blest indeed is that state of society, in which the immediate purpose would be baffled by the perversion of the proper ultimate end; in which no charm of diction or imagery could exempt the Bathyllus even of an Anacreon, or the Alexis of Virgil, from disgust and aversion!

But the communication of pleasure may be the immediate object of a work not metrically composed; and that object may have been in a high degree attained, as in novels and romances. Would then the

mere superaddition of metre, with or without rhyme, entitle these to the name of poems? The answer is, that nothing can permanently please, which does not contain in itself the reason why it is so, and not otherwise. If metre be super-added, all other parts must be made consonant with it. They must be such as to justify the perpetual and distinct attention to each part, which an exact correspondent recurrence of accent and sound are calculated to excite. The final definition then, so deduced, may be thus worded. A poem is that species of composition, which is opposed to works of science, by proposing for its immediate object pleasure, not truth; and from all other species (having this object in common with it) it is discriminated by proposing to itself such delight from the whole, as is compatible with a distinct gratification from each component part.

Controversy is not seldom excited in consequence of the disputants attaching each a different meaning to the same word; and in few instances has this been more striking than in disputes concerning the present subject. If a man chooses to call every composition a poem, which is rhyme, or measure, or both, I must leave his opinion uncontroverted. The distinction is at least competent to characterise the writer's intention. If it were subjoined, that the whole is likewise entertaining or affecting as a tale, or as a series of interesting reflections, I of course admit this as another fit ingredient of a poem, and an additional merit. But if the definition sought for be that of a legitimate poem, I answer, it must be one the parts of which mutually support and explain each other; all in their proportion harmonising with, and supporting the purpose and known influences of metrical arrangement. The philosophic critics of all ages coincide with the ultimate judgment of all countries, in equally denying the praises of a just poem, on the one hand to a series of striking lines or distichs, each of which absorbing the whole attention of the reader to itself, disjoins it from its context, and makes it a separate whole, instead of a harmonising part; and on the other hand, to an unstained composition, from which the reader

collects rapidly the general result unattracted by the component parts. The reader should be carried forward, not merely or chiefly by the mechanical impulse of curiosity, or by a restless desire to arrive at the final solution; but by the pleasurable activity of mind excited by the attractions of the journey itself. Like the motion of a serpent, which the Egyptians made the emblem of intellectual power; or like the path of sound through the air, at every step he pauses and half recedes, and from the retrogressive movement collects the force which again carries him onward. *Praecipitandus est liber spiritus*,² says Petronius Abiter³ most happily. The epithet, *liber*, here balances the preceding verb: and it is not easy to conceive more meaning condensed in fewer words.

But if this should be admitted as a satisfactory character of a poem, we have still to seek for a definition of poetry. The writings of Plato, and Bishop Taylor,⁴ and the *Theoria Sacra* of Burnet,⁵ furnish undeniable proofs that poetry of the highest kind may exist without metre, and even without the contra-distinguishing objects of a poem. The first chapter of Isaiah (indeed a very large proportion of the whole book) is poetry in the most emphatic sense; yet it would be not less irrational than strange to assert, that pleasure, and not truth, was the immediate object of the prophet. In short, whatever specific import we attach to the word poetry, there will be found involved in it, as a necessary consequence, that a poem of any length neither can be, nor ought to be, all poetry. Yet if a harmonious whole is to be produced, the remaining parts must be preserved in keeping with the poetry; and this can be no otherwise effected than by such a studied selection and artificial arrangement as will partake of one, though not a peculiar, property of poetry. And this again can be no other than the property of exciting a more continuous and equal attention than the language of prose aims at, whether colloquial or written.

My own conclusions on the nature of poetry, in the strictest use of the word, have been in part anticipated in the preceding disquisition on the fancy and imagination. What is poetry? is so nearly

the same question with, what is a poet? that the answer to the one is involved in the solution of the other. For it is a distinction resulting from the poetic genius itself, which sustains and modifies the images, thoughts, and emotions of the poet's own mind. The poet, described in ideal perfection, brings the whole soul of man into activity, with the subordination of its faculties to each other, according to their relative worth and dignity. He diffuses a tone and spirit of unity, that blends, and (as it were) fuses, each into each, by that synthetic and magical power, to which we have exclusively appropriated the name of imagination. This power, first put in action by the will and understanding, and retained under their irre-

missive,⁶ though gentle and unnoticed, control (*laxis effortur habenis*⁷) reveals itself in the balance or reconciliation of opposite or discordant qualities: of sameness, with difference; of the general, with the concrete; the idea, with the image; the individual, with the representative; the sense of novelty and freshness, with old and familiar objects: a more than usual state of emotion, with more than usual order; judgment ever awake and steady self-possession, with enthusiasm and feeling profound or vehement; and while it blends and harmonises the natural and the artificial, still subordinates art to nature; the manner to the matter; and our admiration of the poet to our sympathy with the poetry. . . . 1817

THOMAS DE QUINCEY (1785-1859)

FROM "THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER"

JUNE, 1819. — I have had occasion to remark, at various periods of my life, that the deaths of those whom we love, and, indeed, the contemplation of death generally, is (*cæteris paribus*¹) more affecting in summer than in any other season of the year. And the reasons are these three, I think: first, that the visible heavens in summer appear far higher, more distant, and (if such a solecism may be excused) more infinite; the clouds by which chiefly the eye expounds the distance of the blue pavilion stretched over our heads are in summer more voluminous, more massed, and are accumulated in far grander and more towering piles; secondly, the light and the appearances of the declining and the setting sun are much more fitted to be types and characters of the infinite; and, thirdly (which is the main reason), the exuberant and riotous prodigality of life naturally forces the mind more powerfully upon the antagonist thought of death, and the wintry sterility of the grave. For it may be observed generally, that wherever two thoughts stand related to each other by a law of antagonism, and exist, as it were, by mutual repulsion, they are apt to suggest each other. On these accounts it is that I find it impossible to banish the thought of death when I am

walking alone in the endless days of summer; and any particular death, if not actually more affecting, at least haunts my mind more obstinately and besiegingly, in that season. Perhaps this cause, and a slight incident which I omit, might have been the immediate occasions of the following dream, to which, however, a predisposition must always have existed in my mind; but, having been once roused, it never left me, and split into a thousand fantastic variations, which often suddenly re-combined; locked back into startling unity, and restored the original dream.

I thought that it was a Sunday morning in May; that it was Easter Sunday, and as yet very early in the morning. I was standing, as it seemed to me, at the door of my own cottage. Right before me lay the very scene which could really be commanded from that situation, but exalted, as was usual, and solemnised by the power of dreams. There were the same mountains, and the same lovely valley at their feet; but the mountains were raised to more than Alpine height, and there was interspace far larger between them of savannahs² and forest lawns; the hedges were rich with white roses; and no living creature was to be seen, excepting that in the green churchyard there were cattle

tranquilly reposing upon the verdant graves, and particularly round about the grave of a child whom I had once tenderly loved, just as I had really beheld them, a little before sunrise, in the same summer when that child died. I gazed upon the well-known scene, and I said to myself, "It yet wants much of sunrise; and it is Easter Sunday; and that is the day on which they celebrate the first-fruits of Resurrection. I will walk abroad; old griefs shall be forgotten to-day: for the air is cool and still, and the hills are high, and stretch away to heaven; and the churchyard is as verdant as the forest lawns, and the forest lawns are as quiet as the churchyard; and with the dew I can wash the fever from my forehead; and then I shall be unhappy no longer." I turned, as if to open my garden gate, and immediately I saw upon the left a scene far different; but which yet the power of dreams had reconciled into harmony. The scene was an oriental one; and there also it was Easter Sunday, and very early in the morning. And at a vast distance were visible, as a stain upon the horizon, the domes and cupolas of a great city — an image or faint abstraction, caught perhaps in childhood from some picture of Jerusalem. And not a bow-shot from me, upon a stone, shaded by Judean palms, there sat a woman; and I looked, and it was — Ann!³ She fixed her eyes upon me earnestly; and I said to her at length, "So, then, I have found you at last." I waited; but she answered me not a word. Her face was the same as when I saw it last; the same, and yet, again, how different! Seventeen years ago, when the lamp-light of mighty London fell upon her face, as for the last time I kissed her lips (lips, Ann, that to me were not polluted!), her eyes were streaming with tears. The tears were now no longer seen. Sometimes she seemed altered; yet again sometimes *not* altered; and hardly older. Her looks were tranquil, but with unusual solemnity of expression, and I now gazed upon her with some awe. Suddenly her countenance grew dim; and, turning to the mountains, I perceived vapours rolling between us; in a moment all had vanished; thick darkness came on; and in the twinkling of

an eye I was far away from mountains, and by lamp-light in London, walking again with Ann — just as we had walked, when children, eighteen years before, along the endless terraces of Oxford Street.⁴

Then suddenly would come a dream of far different character — a tumultuous dream — commencing with a music such as now I often heard in sleep — music of preparation and of awakening suspense. The undulations of fast-gathering tumults were like the opening of the Coronation Anthem,⁵ and, like *that*, gave the feeling of a multitudinous movement, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day — a day of crisis and of ultimate hope for human nature, then suffering mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, but I knew not where — somehow, but I knew not how — by some beings, but I knew not by whom — a battle, a strife, an agony, was travelling through all its stages — was evolving itself, like the catastrophe of some mighty drama, with which my sympathy was the more insupportable, from deepening confusion as to its local scene, its cause, its nature, and its undecipherable issue. I (as is usual in dreams where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement) had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpressible guilt. "Deeper than ever plummet sounded,"⁶ I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake, some mightier cause, than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hurrys to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me; and but a moment allowed — and clasped hands, with heart-breaking partings, and then — everlasting farewells! and, with a sigh such as the

caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother⁷ uttered the abhorred name of Death, the sound was reverberated — everlasting farewells! and again, and yet

again reverberated — everlasting farewells! And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud, "I will sleep no more!"

1821-1822

ON THE KNOCKING AT THE GATE IN "MACBETH"

From my boyish days I had always felt a great perplexity on one point in Macbeth. It was this: the knocking at the gate, which succeeds to the murder of Duncan, produced to my feelings an effect for which I never could account. The effect was — that it reflected back upon the murder a peculiar awfulness and a depth of solemnity: yet, however obstinately I endeavoured with my understanding to comprehend this, for many years I never could see *why* it should produce such an effect. —

Here I pause for one moment to exhort the reader never to pay any attention to his understanding when it stands in opposition to any other faculty of his mind. The mere understanding, however useful and indispensable, is the meanest faculty in the human mind and the most to be distrusted: and yet the great majority of people trust to nothing else; which may do for ordinary life, but not for philosophic purposes. Of this, out of ten thousand instances that I might produce, I will cite one. Ask of any person whatsoever, who is not previously prepared for the demand by a knowledge of perspective, to draw in the rudest way the commonest appearance which depends upon the laws of that science — as for instance, to represent the effect of two walls standing at right angles to each other, or the appearance of the houses on each side of a street, as seen by a person looking down the street from one extremity. Now in all cases, unless the person has happened to observe in pictures how it is that artists produce these effects, he will be utterly unable to make the smallest approximation to it. Yet why? — For he has actually seen the effect every day of his life. The reason is — that he allows his understanding to overrule his eyes. His understanding, which includes no intuitive knowledge of the laws of vision, can furnish him with no reason why a line which is known and can be proved to be a horizontal line, should not appear

a horizontal line: a line, that made any angle with the perpendicular less than a right angle, would seem to him to indicate that his houses were all tumbling down together. Accordingly he makes the line of his houses a horizontal line, and fails of course to produce the effect demanded. Here then is one instance out of many, in which not only the understanding is allowed to overrule the eyes, but where the understanding is positively allowed to obliterate the eyes as it were: for not only does the man believe the evidence of his understanding in opposition to that of his eyes, but (which is monstrous!) the idiot is not aware that his eyes ever gave such evidence. He does not know that he has seen (and therefore *quoad* his consciousness has *not* seen) that which he *has* seen every day of his life.

But to return from this digression, — my understanding could furnish no reason why the knocking at the gate in Macbeth should produce any effect direct or reflected: in fact, my understanding said positively that it could *not* produce any effect. But I knew better: I felt that it did: and I waited and clung to the problem until further knowledge should enable me to solve it. — At length, in 1812, Mr. Williams made his *debut* on the stage of Ratcliffe Highway, and executed those unparalleled murders which have procured for him such a brilliant and undying reputation. On which murders, by the way, I must observe, that in one respect they have had an ill effect, by making the connoisseur in murder very fastidious in his taste, and dissatisfied with any thing that has been since done in that line. All other murders look pale by the deep crimson of his: and, as an amateur once said to me in a querulous tone, "There has been absolutely nothing *doing* since his time, or nothing that's worth speaking of." But this is wrong: for it is unreasonable to expect all men to be great artists, and born

with the genius of Mr. Williams. — Now it will be remembered that in the first of these murders (that of the Marrs) the same incident (of a knocking at the door soon after the work of extermination was complete) did actually occur which the genius of Shakspeare had invented: and all good judges and the most eminent dilettanti acknowledged the felicity of Shakspeare's suggestion as soon as it was actually realized. Here then was a fresh proof that I had been right in relying on my own feeling in opposition to my understanding; and again I set myself to study the problem: at length I solved it to my own satisfaction; and my solution is this. Murder in ordinary cases, where the sympathy is wholly directed to the case of the murdered person, is an incident of coarse and vulgar horror; and for this reason — that it flings the interest exclusively upon the natural but ignoble instinct by which we cleave to life; an instinct which, as being indispensable to the primal law of self-preservation, is the same in kind (though different in degree) amongst all living creatures; this instinct therefore, because it annihilates all distinctions, and degrades the greatest of men to the level of "the poor beetle that we tread on," exhibits human nature in its most abject and humiliating attitude. Such an attitude would little suit the purposes of the poet. What then must he do? He must throw the interest on the murderer: our sympathy must be with *him*; (of course I mean a sympathy of comprehension, a sympathy by which we enter into his feelings, and are made to understand them, — not a sympathy of pity or approbation:) in the murdered person all strife of thought, all flux and reflux of passion and of purpose, are crushed by one overwhelming panic: the fear of instant death smites him "with its petrific mace." But in the murderer, such a murderer as a poet will condescend to, there must be raging some great storm of passion, — jealousy, ambition, vengeance, hatred, — which will create a hell within him; and into this hell we are to look.

In Macbeth, for the sake of gratifying his own enormous and teeming faculty of creation, Shakspeare has introduced two murderers: and, as usual in his hands, they

are remarkably discriminated: but though in Macbeth the strife of mind is greater than in his wife, the tiger spirit not so awake, and his feelings caught chiefly by contagion from her, — yet, as both were finally involved in the guilt of murder, the murderous mind of necessity is finally to be presumed in both. This was to be expressed; and on its own account, as well as to make it a more proportionable antagonist to the unoffending nature of their victim, "the gracious Duncan," and adequately to expound "the deep damnation of his taking off," this was to be expressed with peculiar energy. We were to be made to feel that the human nature, i. e., the divine nature of love and mercy, spread through the hearts of all creatures, and seldom utterly withdrawn from man, — was gone, vanished, extinct; and that the fiendish nature had taken its place. And, as this effect is marvelously accomplished in the dialogues and soliloquies themselves, so it is finally consummated by the expedient under consideration; and it is to this that I now solicit the reader's attention. If the reader has ever witnessed a wife, daughter, or sister, in a fainting fit, he may chance to have observed that the most affecting moment in such a spectacle, is *that* in which a sigh and a stirring announce the recommencement of suspended life. Or, if the reader has ever been present in a vast metropolis on the day when some great national idol was carried in funeral pomp to his grave, and chancing to walk near to the course through which it passed, has felt powerfully in the silence and desertion of the streets and in the stagnation of ordinary business, the deep interest which at that moment was possessing the heart of man, — if all at once he should hear the death-like stillness broken up by the sound of wheels rattling away from the scene, and making known that the transitory vision was dissolved, he will be aware that at no moment was his sense of the complete suspension and pause in ordinary human concerns so full and affecting as at that moment when the suspension ceases, and the goings-on of human life are suddenly resumed. All action in any direction is best expounded, measured, and made

apprehensible, by reaction. Now apply this to the case in *Macbeth*. Here, as I have said, the retiring of the human heart and the entrance of the fiendish heart was to be expressed and made sensible. Another world has stepped in; and the murderers are taken out of the region of human things, human purposes, human desires. They are transfigured: Lady *Macbeth* is "unsexed;" *Macbeth* has forgot that he was born of woman; both are conformed to the image of devils; and the world of devils is suddenly revealed. But how shall this be conveyed and made palpable? In order that a new world may step in, this world must for a time disappear. The murderers, and the murder, must be insulated — cut off by an immeasurable gulph from the ordinary tide and succession of human affairs — locked up and sequestered in some deep recess: we must be made sensible that the world of ordinary life is suddenly arrested — laid asleep — tranced — racked into a dread armistice: time must be annihilated; relation to things without abolished; and all must pass self-withdrawn into a deep syncope and suspension of earthly passion. Hence it is that when the deed is done — when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds: the knocking at the gate is heard; and it makes known

audibly that the reaction has commenced: the human has made its reflux upon the fiendish: the pulses of life are beginning to beat again: and the re-establishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them.

Oh! mighty poet! — Thy works are not as those of other men, simply and merely great works of art; but are also like the phenomena of nature, like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers, — like frost and snow, rain and dew, hail-storm and thunder, which are to be studied with entire submission of our own faculties, and in the perfect faith that in them there can be no too much or too little, nothing useless or inert — but that, the further we press in our discoveries, the more we shall see proofs of design and self-supporting arrangement where the careless eye had seen nothing but accident!

N. B. In the above specimen of psychological criticism, I have purposely omitted to notice another use of the knocking at the gate: viz., the opposition and contrast which it produces in the porter's comments to the scenes immediately preceding; because this use is tolerably obvious to all who are accustomed to reflect on what they read.

1823

LORD BYRON (1788-1824)

LETTER TO SCOTT

Pisa, January 12th, 1822.

MY DEAR SIR WALTER — I need not say how grateful I am for your letter, but I must own my ingratitude in not having written to you again long ago. Since I left England ¹ (and it is not for all the usual term of transportation) I have scribbled to five hundred blockheads on business, etc., without difficulty, though with no great pleasure; and yet, with the notion of addressing you a hundred times in my head, and always in my heart, I have not done what I ought to have done. I can only account for it on the same principle of tremulous anxiety with which one sometimes makes love to a beautiful

woman of our own degree, with whom one is enamoured in good earnest; whereas we attack a fresh-colored housemaid without (I speak, of course, of earlier times) any sentimental remorse or mitigation of our virtuous purpose.

I owe to you far more than usual obligation for the courtesies of literature and common friendship; for you went out of your way in 1817 ² to do me a service, when it required not merely kindness, but courage to do so; to have been recorded by you in such a manner would have been a proud memorial at any time, but at such a time, when "all the world and his wife," as the proverb goes, were trying to trample

upon me, was something still higher to my self-esteem — I allude to the *Quarterly* review of the Third Canto of "Childe Harold," which Murray³ told me was written by you — and, indeed, I should have known it without his information, as there could not be two who could and would have done this at the time. Had it been a common criticism, however eloquent and panegyric, I should have felt pleased, undoubtedly, and grateful, but not to the extent which the extraordinary good-heartedness of the whole proceeding must induce in any mind capable of such sensations. The very tardiness of the acknowledgement will, at least, show that I have not forgotten the obligation; and I can assure you that my sense of it has been out at compound interest during the delay. I shall add only one word upon the subject, which is, that I think that you, and Jeffrey,⁴ and Leigh Hunt,⁵ were the only literary men, of numbers whom I know (and some of whom I had served), who dared venture even an anonymous word in my favor just then: and that, of those three, I had never seen one at all — of the second much less than I desired — and that the third was under no obligation to me whatever; while the other two had been actually attacked by me on a former occasion; one, indeed, with some provocation, but the other wantonly enough. So you see you have been heaping "coals of fire," etc., in the true gospel manner, and I can assure you that they have burned down to my very heart.

I am glad you accepted the Inscription.⁶ I meant to have inscribed "The Foscari" to you instead; but, first, I heard that "Cain" was thought the least bad of the two as a composition; and, secondly, I have abused Southey⁷ like a pick-pocket, in a note to "The Foscari," and I recollected that he is a friend of yours (though not of mine), and that it would not be the handsome thing to dedicate to one friend anything containing such matters about another. However, I'll work the Laureate before I have done with him, as soon as I can muster Billingsgate therefor. I like a row, and always did from a boy, in the course of which propensity, I must needs say, that I have found it the most easy of all to be gratified, personally and poetically. You disclaim "jealousies;" but I must ask, as Boswell did of Johnson, "Of whom could you be jealous?" — of none of the living certainly, and (taking all and all into consideration) of which of the dead? I don't like to bore you about the Scotch novels (as they call them, though two of them are wholly English, and the rest half so), but nothing can or could ever persuade me, since I was the first ten minutes in your company, that you are not the man.⁸ To me those novels have so much of "Auld lang syne" (I was bred a canny Scot till ten years old), that I never move without them; and when I removed from Ravenna to Pisa the other day, and sent on my library before, they were the only books that I kept by me, although I already have them by heart. . . .

CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834)

LETTER TO WORDSWORTH

Jan. 30th, 1801.

DEAR WORDSWORTH, —

I ought before this to have replied to your very kind invitation into Cumberland.¹ With you and your sister I could gang anywhere; but I am afraid whether I shall ever be able to afford so desperate a journey. Separate from the pleasure of your company, I don't much care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days² in London, until I have formed as many and as intense local

attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead Nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street; the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, waggons, playhouses; all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden; the very women of the Town; the watchman, drunken scenes, rattles; life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night; the possibility of being dull in F. . . . the crowds, the very dirt and mud, . . .

sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print-shops, the old book-stalls, parsons cheapening² books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes — London itself a pantomime and a masquerade — all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me, without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life. All these emotions must be strange to you; so are your rural emotions to me. But consider, what must I have been doing all my life, not to have lent great portions of my heart with usury to such scenes?

My attachments are all local, purely local. I have no passion (or have had none since I was in love, and then it was the spurious engendering of poetry and books) for groves and valleys. The rooms where I was born, the furniture which has been before my eyes all my life, a book-case which has followed me

about like a faithful dog (only exceeding him in knowledge) wherever I have moved, old chairs, old tables, streets, squares, where I have sunned myself, my old school, — these are my mistresses. Have I not enough, without your mountains? I do not envy you. I should pity you, did I not know that the mind will make friends of any thing. Your sun, and moon, and skies, and hills, and lakes, affect me no more, or scarcely come to me in more venerable characters, than as a gilded room with tapestry and ~~tapers~~, where I might live with handsome visible objects. I consider the clouds above me but as a roof beautifully painted, but unable to satisfy the mind: and at last like the pictures of the apartment of a connoisseur, unable to afford him any longer a pleasure. So fading upon me, from disuse, have been the beauties of Nature, as they have been confinedly called; so ever fresh, and green, and warm are all the inventions of men, and assembles of men in this great city. . . .

POOR RELATIONS

A poor Relation — is the most irrelevant thing in nature, — a piece of impertinent correspondency, — an odious approximation, — a haunting conscience, — a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noontide of our prosperity, — an unwelcome remembrancer, — a perpetually recurring mortification, — a drain on your purse, — a more intolerable dun upon your pride, — a drawback upon success, — a rebuke to your rising, — a stain in your blood, — a blot on your 'scutcheon, — a rent in your garment, — a death's head at your banquet, — Agathocles' pot,¹ — a Mordecai² in your gate, — a Lazarus³ at your door, — a lion in your path, — a frog in your chamber, — a fly in your ointment, — a mote in your eye, — a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends, — the one thing not needful,⁴ — the hail in harvest, — the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet.

He is known by his knock. Your heart says, "That is Mr. —." A rap, and familiarity and respect; that de-

mands, and, at the same time, seems to despair of, entertainment. He entereth smiling and — embarrassed. He holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and — draweth it back again. He casually looketh in about dinner-time — when the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company, but is induced to stay. He filleth a chair, and your visitor's two children are accommodated at a side table. He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says with some complacency, "My dear, perhaps Mr. — will drop in to-day." He remembereth birthdays — and professeth he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish, the turbot being small — yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port — yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder glass of claret, if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful of being too obsequious, or not civil enough to him. The guests think

"they have seen him before." Everyone speculateth upon his condition; and the most part take him to be — a tide waiter.⁵ He calleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same with your own. He is too familiar by half, yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity he might pass for a casual dependant; with more boldness he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is. He is too humble for a friend, yet taketh on him more state than befits a client. He is a worse guest than a country tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth up no rent — yet 't is odds, from his garb and demeanor, that your guests take him for one. He is asked to make one at the whist table; refuseth on the score of poverty, and — resents being left out. When the company break up he proffereth to go for a coach — and lets [the servant go. He recollects your grandfather; and will thrust in some mean and quite unimportant anecdote of — the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing as "he is blest in seeing it now." He reviveth past situations to institute what he calleth — favorable comparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation, he will inquire the price of your furniture; and insults you with a special commendation of your window curtains. He is of opinion that the urn is the more elegant shape, but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old tea-kettle — which you must remember. He dare say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own, and appealeth to your lady if it is not so. Inquireth if you have had your arms done on vellum yet; and did not know, till lately, that such-and-such had been the crest of the family. His memory is unseasonable; his compliments perverse; his talk a trouble; his stay pertinacious; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner, as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two nuisances.

There is a worse evil under the sun, and that is — a female Poor Relation. You may do something with the other; you may pass him off tolerably well; but your indigent she-relative is hopeless

"He is an old humorist," you may say, "and affects to go threadbare. His circumstances are better than folks would take them to be. You are fond of having a Character at your table, and truly he is one." But in the indications of female poverty there can be no disguise. No woman dresses below herself from caprice. The truth must out without shuffling. "She is plainly related to the L——s; or what does she at their house?" She is, in all probability, your wife's cousin. Nine times out of ten, at least, this is the case. Her garb is something between a gentlewoman and a beggar, yet the former evidently predominates. She is most provokingly humble, and ostentatiously sensible to her inferiority. He may require to be repressed sometimes — *aliquando sufflaminandus erat* — but there is no raising her. You send her soup at dinner, and she begs to be helped — after the gentlemen. Mr. — requests the honor of taking wine with her; she hesitates between Port and Madeira, and chooses the former — because he does. She calls the servant *Sir*; and insists on not troubling him to hold her plate. The housekeeper patronizes her. The children's governess takes upon her to correct her, when she has mistaken the piano for harpsichord.

Richard Amlet, Esq., in the play,⁶ is a noticeable instance of the disadvantages to which this chimerical notion of *affinity constituting a claim to an acquaintance*, may subject the spirit of a gentleman. A little foolish blood is all that is betwixt him and a lady with a great estate. His stars are perpetually crossed by the malignant maternity of an old woman, who persists in calling him "her son Dick." But she has wherewithal in the end to recompense his indignities, and float him again upon the brilliant surface, under which it had been her seeming business and pleasure all along to sink him. All men, besides, are not of Dick's temperament. I knew an Amlet in real life, who wanting Dick's buoyancy, sank indeed. Poor W—— was of my own standing at Christ's,⁷ a fine classic, and a youth of promise. If he had a blemish, it was in much pride; but its quality was in

sive; it was not of that sort which hardens the heart, and serves to keep inferiors at a distance; it only sought to ward off derogation from itself. It was the principle of self-respect carried as far as it could go, without infringing upon that respect, which he would have every one else equally maintain for himself. He would have you to think alike with him on this topic. Many a quarrel have I had with him, when we were rather older boys, and our tallness made us more obnoxious to observation in the blue clothes,⁸ because I would not thread the alleys and blind ways of the town with him to elude notice, when we have been out together on a holiday in the streets of this sneering and prying metropolis. W—— went, sore with these notions, to Oxford, where the dignity and sweetness of a scholar's life, meeting with the alloy of a humble introduction, wrought in him a passionate devotion to the place, with a profound aversion to the society. The servitor's gown⁹ (worse than his school array) clung to him with Nessian venom.¹⁰ He thought himself ridiculous in a garb, under which Latimer¹¹ must have walked erect; and in which Hooker,¹² in his young days, possibly flaunted in a vein of no discomendable vanity. In the depths of college shades, or in his lonely chamber, the poor student shrunk from observation. He found shelter among books, which insult not; and studies, that ask no questions of a youth's finances. He was lord of his library, and seldom cared for looking out beyond his domains. The healing influence of studious pursuits was upon him, to soothe and to abstract. He was almost a healthy man; when the waywardness of his fate broke out against him with a second and worse malignity. The father of W—— had hitherto exercised the humble profession of housepainter at N——, near Oxford. A supposed interest with some of the heads of colleges had now induced him to take up his abode in that city, with the hope of being employed upon some public works which were talked of. From that moment I read in the countenance of the young man, the determination which at length tore him from academical pursuits for ever. To a person

unacquainted with our Universities, the distance between the gownsmen and the townsmen, as they are called — the trading part of the latter especially — is carried to an excess that would appear harsh and incredible. The temperament of W——'s father was diametrically the reverse of his own. Old W—— was a little, busy, cringing tradesman, who, with his son upon his arm, would stand bowing and scraping, cap in hand, to anything that wore the semblance of a gown — insensible to the winks and opener remonstrances of the young man, to whose chamber-fellow, or equal in standing, perhaps, he was thus obsequiously and gratuitously ducking. Such a state of things could not last. W—— must change the air of Oxford or be suffocated. He chose the former; and let the sturdy moralist, who strains the point of the filial duties as high as they can bear, censure the dereliction; he cannot estimate the struggle. I stood with W——, the last afternoon I ever saw him, under the eaves of his paternal dwelling. It was in the fine lane leading from the High Street to the back of — college, where W—— kept his rooms. He seemed thoughtful, and more reconciled. I ventured to rally him — finding him in a better mood — upon a representation of the Artist Evangelist,¹³ which the old man, whose affairs were beginning to flourish, had caused to be set up in a splendid sort of frame over his really handsome shop, either as a token of prosperity, or badge of gratitude to his saint. W—— looked up at the Luke, and, like Satan, "knew his mounted sign — and fled."¹⁴ A letter on his father's table the next morning announced that he had accepted a commission in a regiment about to embark for Portugal. He was among the first who perished before the walls of St. Sebastian.¹⁵

I do not know how, upon a subject which I began with treating half seriously, I should have fallen upon a recital so eminently painful; but this theme of poor relationship is replete with so much matter for tragic as well as comic associations, that it is difficult to keep the account distinct without blending. The earliest impressions which I received on

this matter are certainly not attended with anything painful, or very humiliating, in the recalling. At my father's table (no very splendid one) was to be found, every Saturday, the mysterious figure of an aged gentleman, clothed in neat black, of a sad yet comely appearance. His deportment was of the essence of gravity; his words few or none; and I was not to make a noise in his presence. I had little inclination to have done so — for my cue was to admire in silence. A particular elbow chair was appropriated to him, which was in no case to be violated. A peculiar sort of sweet pudding, which appeared on no other occasion, distinguished the days of his coming. I used to think him a prodigiously rich man. All I could make out of him was, that he and my father had been schoolfellows a world ago at Lincoln, and that he came from the Mint.¹⁶ The Mint I knew to be a place where all the money was coined — and I thought he was the owner of all that money. Awful ideas of the Tower twined themselves about his presence. He seemed above human infirmities and passions. A sort of melancholy grandeur invested him. From some inexplicable doom I fancied him obliged to go about in an eternal suit of mourning; a captive — a stately being, let out of the Tower on Saturdays. Often have I wondered at the temerity of my father, who, in spite of an habitual general respect which we all in common manifested towards him, would venture now and then to stand up against him in some argument, touching their youthful days. The houses of the ancient city of Lincoln are divided (as most of my readers know) between the dwellers on the hill, and in the valley. This marked distinction formed an obvious division between the boys who lived above (however brought together in a common school) and the boys whose paternal residence was on the plain; a sufficient cause of hostility in the code of these young Grotiuses.¹⁷ My father had been a leading Mountaineer; and would still maintain the general superiority, in skill and hardihood, of the *Above Boys* (his own faction) over the *Below Boys* (so were they called), of which party his contemporary had been a chieftain. Many and

hot were the skirmishes on this topic — the only one upon which the old gentleman was ever brought out — and bad blood bred; even sometimes almost to the recommencement (so I expected) of actual hostilities. But my father, who scorned to insist upon advantages, generally contrived to turn the conversation upon some adroit by-commendation of the old Minister; in the general preference of which, before all other cathedrals in the island, the dweller on the hill, and the plain-born, could meet on a conciliating level, and lay down their less important differences. Once only I saw the old gentleman really ruffled, and I remembered with anguish the thought that came over me: "Perhaps he will never come here again." He had been pressed to take another plate of the viand, which I have already mentioned as the indispensable concomitant of his visits. He had refused with a resistance amounting to rigor, when my aunt — an old Lincolnian, but who had something of this in common with my cousin Bridget, that she would sometimes press civility out of season — uttered the following memorable application — "Do take another slice, Mr. Billet, for you do not get pudding every day." The old gentleman said nothing at the time — but he took occasion in the course of the evening, when some argument had intervened between them, to utter with an emphasis which chilled the company, and which chills me now as I write it — "Woman, you are superannuated." John Billet did not survive long, after the digesting of this affront; but he survived long enough to assure me that peace was actually restored! and, if I remember aright, another pudding was discreetly substituted in the place of that which had occasioned the offense. He died at the Mint (anno 1781) where he had long held, what he accounted, a comfortable independence; and with five pounds, fourteen shillings, and a penny, which were found in his *escritoire* after his decease, left the world, blessing God that he had enough to bury him, and that he had never been obliged to any man for a sixpence. This was — a Poor Relation.

THE SUPERANNUATED MAN

Sera tamen respexit
Libertas.

— VIRGIL.¹

A Clerk I was in London gay. — O'KEEFE²

If peradventure, Reader, it has been thy lot to waste the golden years of thy life, thy shining youth, in the irksome confinement of an office; to have thy prison days prolonged through middle age down to decrepitude and silver hairs, without hope of release or respite; to have lived to forget that there are such things as holidays, or to remember them but as the prerogatives of childhood; then, and then only, will you be able to appreciate my deliverance.

It is now six-and-thirty years since I took my seat at the desk in Mincing Lane.³ Melancholy was the transition at fourteen from the abundant playtime, and the frequently intervening vacations of school days, to the eight, nine, and sometimes ten hours a-day attendance at the counting-house. But time partially reconciles us to anything. I gradually became content; doggedly contented, as wild animals in cages.

It is true I had my Sundays to myself; but Sundays, admirable as the institution of them is for purposes of worship, are for that very reason the very worst adapted for days of unbending and recreation. In particular, there is a gloom for me attendant upon a City Sunday, a weight in the air. I miss the cheerful cries of London, the music, and the ballad-singers, the buzz and stirring murmur of the streets. Those eternal bells depress me. The closed shops repel me. Prints, pictures, all the glittering and endless succession of knacks and gew-gaws, and ostentatiously displayed wares of tradesmen, which make a week-day saunter through the less busy parts of the metropolis so delightful, are shut out. No book-stalls deliciously to idle over; no busy faces to recreate the idle man who contemplates them ever passing by, — the very face of business a charm by contrast to his temporary relaxation from it. Nothing to be seen but unhappy countenances — or half-happy at best — of emancipated 'prentices and little tradesfolk, with here and there a

servant-maid that has got leave to go out, who, slaving all the week, with the habit has lost almost the capacity of enjoying a free hour, and lively expressing the hollowness of a day's pleasuring. The very strollers in the fields on that day look anything but comfortable.

But besides Sundays, I had a day at Easter and a day at Christmas, with a full week in the Summer to go and air myself in my native fields⁴ of Hertfordshire. This last was a great indulgence; and the prospect of its recurrence, I believe, alone kept me up through the year, and made my durance tolerable. But when the week came round, did the glittering phantom of the distance keep touch with me? or rather was it not a series of seven uneasy days, spent in restless pursuit of pleasure, and a wearisome anxiety to find out how to make the most of them? Where was the quiet? Where the promised rest? Before I had a taste of it, it was vanished. I was at the desk again, counting upon the fifty-one tedious weeks that must intervene before such another snatch would come. Still the prospect of its coming threw something of an illumination upon the darker side of my captivity. Without it, as I have said, I could scarcely have sustained my thralldom.

Independently of the rigours of attendance, I have ever been haunted with a sense (perhaps a mere caprice) of incapacity for business. This, during my latter years, had increased to such a degree that it was visible in all the lines of my countenance. My health and my good spirits flagged. I had perpetually a dread of some crisis, to which I should be found unequal. Besides my daylight servitude, I served over again all night in my sleep, and would awake with terrors of imaginary false entries, errors in my accounts, and the like. I was fifty years of age, and no prospect of emancipation presented itself. I had grown to my desk, as it were; and the wood had entered into my soul.

My fellows in the office would sometimes rally me upon the trouble legible in my countenance; but I did not know that

it had raised the suspicions of any of my employers, when, on the fifth of last month, a day ever to be remembered by me, L——, the junior partner in the firm, calling me on one side, directly taxed me with my bad looks, and frankly inquired the cause of them. So taxed, I honestly made confession of my infirmity, and added that I was afraid I should eventually be obliged to resign his service. He spoke some words of course to hearten me, and there the matter rested. A whole week I remained labouring under the impression that I had acted imprudently in my disclosure; that I had foolishly given a handle against myself, and had been anticipating my own dismissal. A week passed in this manner, the most anxious one, I verily believe, in my whole life, when on the evening of the 12th of April, just as I was about quitting my desk to go home, (it might be about eight o'clock,) I received an awful summons to attend the presence of the whole assembled firm in the formidable back parlour. I thought now my time was surely come. I have done for myself. I am going to be told that they have no longer occasion for me. L——, I could see, smiled at the terror I was in, which was a little relief to me, — when to my utter astonishment B——, the eldest partner, began a formal harangue to me on the length of my services, my very meritorious conduct during the whole of the time (the deuce, thought I, how did he find out that? I protest I never had the confidence to think as much). He went on to descant on the expediency of retiring at a certain time of life (how my heart panted!), and asking me a few questions as to the amount of my own property, of which I have a little, ended with a proposal, to which his three partners nodded a grave assent, that I should accept from the house, which I had served so well, a pension for life to the amount of two-thirds of my accustomed salary, — a magnificent offer! I do not know what I answered between surprise and gratitude, but it was understood that I accepted their proposal, and I was told that I was free from that hour to leave their service. I stammered out a bow, and at just ten minutes after eight I went

home — forever. This noble benefit (gratitude forbids me to conceal their names) I owe to the kindness of the most munificent firm in the world, — the house of Boldero, Merryweather, Bosanquet, and Lacy.¹

Esto perpetual ²

For the first day or two I felt stunned, overwhelmed. I could only apprehend my felicity; I was too confused to taste it sincerely. I wandered about, thinking I was happy, and knowing that I was not. I was in the condition of a prisoner in the old Bastille,⁷ suddenly let loose after a forty years' confinement. I could scarce trust myself with myself. It was like passing out of Time into Eternity, for it is a sort of Eternity for a man to have his Time all to himself. It seemed to me that I had more Time on my hands than I could ever manage. From a poor man, poor in Time, I was suddenly lifted up into a vast revenue; I could see no end of my possessions: I wanted some steward, or judicious bailiff, to manage my estates in Time for me. And here let me caution persons grown old in active business, not lightly, nor without weighing their own resources, to forego their customary employment all at once, for there may be danger in it. I feel it by myself, but I know that my resources are sufficient; and now that those first giddy raptures have subsided, I have a quiet home feeling of the blessedness of my condition. I am in no hurry. Having all holidays, I am as though I had none. If Time hung heavy upon me, I could walk it away; but I do *not* walk all day long, as I used to do in those transient holidays, thirty miles a day, to make the most of them. If Time were troublesome, I could read it away; but I do *not* read in that violent measure, with which, having no Time my own but candlelight Time, I used to weary out my head and eyesight in by-gone Winters. I walk, read, or scribble, (as now), just when the fit seizes me. I no longer hunt after pleasure; I let it come to me. I am like the man

—— that's born, and has his years
come to him,
In some green desert.³

"Years!" you will say; "what is that superannuated simpleton calculating upon? He has already told us he is past fifty."

I have indeed lived nominally fifty years; but deduct out of them the hours which I have lived to other people, and not to myself, and you will find me still a young fellow: for *that* is the only true Time which a man can properly call his own, that which he has all to himself; the rest, though in some sense he may be said to live it, is other people's Time, not his. The remnant of my poor days, long or short, is at least multiplied for me three-fold. My ten next years, if I stretch so far, will be as long as any preceding thirty. 'Tis a fair Rule-of-Three sum.

Among the strange fantasies which beset me at the commencement of my freedom, and of which all traces are not yet gone, one was, that a vast tract of time had intervened since I quitted the Counting House. I could not conceive of it as an affair of yesterday. The partners and the clerks, with whom I had for so many years and for so many hours in each day of the year been closely associated, being suddenly removed from them, they seemed as dead to me. There is a fine passage, which may serve to illustrate this fancy, in a Tragedy by Sir Robert Howard,⁹ speaking of a friend's death:—

—— "Twas but just now he went away;
I have not since had time to shed a tear;
And yet the distance does the same appear
As if he had been a thousand years from
me!

Time takes no measure in Eternity.

To dissipate this awkward feeling, I have been fain to go among them once or twice since; to visit my old desk-fellows — my co-brethren of the quill — that I had left below in the state militant. Not all the kindness with which they received me could quite restore to me that pleasant familiarity which I had hitherto enjoyed among them. We cracked some of our old jokes, but methought they went off but faintly. My old desk, the peg where I hung my hat, were appropriated to another. I knew it must be, but I could not

take it kindly. D——I take me, if I did not feel some remorse — beast, if I had not — at quitting my old compeers, the faithful partners of my toils for six-and-thirty years, that smoothed for me with their jokes and conundrums the ruggedness of my professional road. Had it been so rugged then, after all? or was I simply a coward? Well, it is too late to repent; and I also know that these suggestions are a common fallacy of the mind on such occasions. But my heart smote me. I had violently broken the bands betwixt us. It was at least not courteous. I shall be some time before I get quite reconciled to the separation. Farewell, old cronies; yet not for long, for again and again I will come among ye, if I shall have your leave. Farewell, Ch——,¹⁰ dry, sarcastic, and friendly! Do——, mild, slow to move, and gentlemanly! Pl——, officious to do and to volunteer good services! — and thou, thou dreary pile, fit mansion for a Gresham¹¹ or a Whittington¹² of old, stately house of Merchants; with thy labyrinthine passages, and light-excluding, pent-up offices, where candles for one-half the year supplied the place of the sun's light; unhealthy contributor to my wear, stern fosterer of my living, farewell! In thee remain, and not in the obscure collection of some wandering bookseller, my "works!" There let them rest, as I do from my labours, piled on thy massy shelves, more MSS. in folio than ever Aquinas¹³ left, and full as useful! My mantle I bequeath among ye.

A fortnight has passed since the date of my first communication. At that period I was approaching to tranquillity, but had not reached it. I boasted of a calm indeed, but it was comparative only. Something of the first flutter was left; an unsettling sense of novelty; the dazzle to weak eyes of unaccustomed light. I missed my old chains, forsooth, as if they had been some necessary part of my apparel. I was a poor Carthusian,¹⁴ from strict cellular discipline suddenly by some revolution returned upon the world. I am now as if I had never been other than my own master. It is natural to me to go where I please, to do what I please. I

find myself at eleven o'clock in the day in Bond Street, and it seems to me that I have been sauntering there at that very hour for years past. I digress into Soho, to explore a bookstall. Methinks I have been thirty years a collector. There is nothing strange nor new in it. I find myself before a fine picture in the morning. Was it ever otherwise? What is become of Fish Street Hill? Where is Fenchurch Street? Stones of old Mincing Lane, which I have worn with my daily pilgrimage for six-and-thirty years, to the footsteps of what toil-worn clerk are your everlasting flints now vocal? I indent the gayer flags of Pall Mall. It is 'Change time, and I am strangely among the Elgin marbles.¹⁵ It was no hyperbole when I ventured to compare the change in my condition to a passing into another world. Time stands still in a manner to me. I have lost all distinction of season. I do not know the day of the week or of the month. Each day used to be individually felt by me in its reference to the foreign post days; in its distance from, or propinquity to, the next Sunday. I had my Wednesday¹⁶ feelings, my Saturday nights' sensations. The genius of each day was upon me distinctly during the whole of it, affecting my appetite, spirits, &c. The phantom of the next day, with the dreary five to follow, sate as a load upon my poor Sabbath recreations. What charm has washed that Ethiop white? What is gone of Black Monday? All days are the same. Sunday itself — that unfortunate failure of a holiday, as it too often proved, what with my sense of its fugitiveness, and over-care to get the greatest quantity of pleasure out of it — is melted down into a week-day. I can spare time to go to church

now, without grudging the huge cantle¹⁷ which it used to seem to cut out of the holiday. I have time for everything. I can visit a sick friend. I can interrupt the man of much occupation when he is busiest. I can insult over him with an invitation to take a day's pleasure with me to Windsor this fine May morning. It is Lucretian¹⁸ pleasure to behold the poor drudges, whom I have left behind in the world, carking and caring; like horses in a mill, drudging on in the same eternal round: and what is it all for? A man can never have too much Time to himself, nor too little to do. Had I a little son, I would christen him NOTHING-TO-DO; he should do nothing. Man, I verily believe, is out of his element as long as he is operative. I am altogether for the life contemplative. Will no kindly earthquake come and swallow up those accursed cotton mills? Take me that lumber of a desk there, and bowl it down

As low as to the fiends.¹⁹

I am no longer . . . , clerk to the Firm of, &c. I am Retired Leisure. I am to be met with in trim gardens.²⁰ I am already come to be known by my vacant face and careless gesture, perambulating to no fixed place, nor with any settled purpose. I walk about; not to and from. They tell me a certain *cum dignitate*²¹ air, that has been buried so long with my other good parts, has begun to shoot forth in my person. I grow into gentility perceptibly. When I take up a newspaper it is to read the state of the opera. *Opus operatum est.*²² I have done all that I came into this world to do. I have worked task-work, and have the rest of the day to myself.

1825

WILLIAM HAZLITT (1778-1830)

ON GOING A JOURNEY

ONE of the pleasantest things in the world is going a journey; but I like to go by myself. I can enjoy society in a room; but out of doors, nature is company enough for me. I am then never less alone than when alone.

"The fields his study, nature was his book."

I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country, I wish to vegetate like the country. I am not for criticising hedge-

rows and black cattle. I go out of town in order to forget the town and all that is in it. There are those who for this purpose go to watering-places and carry the metropolis with them. I like more elbow-room, and fewer encumbrances. I like solitude, when I give myself up to it, for the sake of solitude; nor do I ask for

—"a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper solitude is sweet." ¹

The soul of a journey is liberty, perfect liberty, to think, feel, do just as one pleases. We go a journey chiefly to be free of all impediments and of all inconveniences; to leave ourselves behind, much more to get rid of others. It is because I want a little breathing-space to muse on indifferent matters, where Contemplation

"May plume her feathers and let grow
her wings,

That in the various bustle of resort

Were all too ruffled, and sometimes im-
pair'd," ²

that I absent myself from the town for a while, without feeling at a loss the moment I am left by myself. Instead of a friend in a postchaise or in a Tilbury, ³ to exchange good things with, and vary the same stale topics over again, for once let me have a truce with impertinence. Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner — and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud, I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sunburnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then long-forgotten things, like "sunken wrack and sumless treasuries," ⁴ burst upon my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. Instead of an awkward silence, broken by attempts at wit or dull commonplaces, mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart which alone is perfect eloquence. No one likes puns, alliterations, antitheses, arguments, and analysis better than I do; but I sometimes had rather be without them. "Leave, oh,

leave me to my repose!" I have just now other business in hand, which would seem idle to you, but is with me "very stuff of the conscience." ⁵ Is not this wild rose sweet without a comment? Does not this daisy leap to my heart set in its coat of emerald? Yet if I were to explain to you the circumstance that has so endeared it to me, you would only smile. Had I not better then keep it to myself, and let it serve me to brood over, from here to yonder craggy point, and from thence onward to the far-distant horizon? I should be but bad company all that way, and therefore prefer being alone. I have heard it said that you may, when the moody fit comes on, walk or ride on by yourself, and indulge your reveries. But this looks like a breach of manners, a neglect of others, and you are thinking all the time that you ought to rejoin your party. "Out upon such half-faced fellowship," ⁶ say I. I like to be either entirely to myself, or entirely at the disposal of others; to talk or be silent, to walk or sit still, to be sociable or solitary. I was pleased with an observation of Mr. Cobbett's ⁷ that "he thought it a bad French custom to drink our wine with our meals, and that an Englishman ought to do only one thing at a time." So I cannot talk and think, or indulge in melancholy musing and lively conversation by fits and starts. "Let me have a companion of my way," says Sterne, ⁸ "were it but to remark how the shadows lengthen as the sun declines." It is beautifully said: but in my opinion, this continual comparing of notes interferes with the involuntary impression of things upon the mind, and hurts the sentiment. If you only hint what you feel in a kind of dumb show, it is insipid: if you have to explain it, it is making a toil of a pleasure. You cannot read the book of nature, without being perpetually put to the trouble of translating it for the benefit of others. I am for the synthetical method on a journey, in preference to the analytical. I am content to lay in a stock of ideas then, and to examine and anatomise them afterwards. I want to see my vague notions float like the down of the thistle before the breeze, and not to have them entangled in the

briars and thorns of controversy. For once, I like to have it all my own way; and this is impossible unless you are alone, or in such company as I do not covet. I have no objection to argue a point with any one for twenty miles of measured road, but not for pleasure. If you remark the scent of a beanfield crossing the road, perhaps your fellow-traveller has no smell. If you point to a distant object, perhaps he is short-sighted, and has to take out his glass to look at it. There is a feeling in the air, a tone in the colour of a cloud which hits your fancy, but the effect of which you are unable to account for. There is then no sympathy, but an uneasy craving after it, and a dissatisfaction which pursues you on the way, and in the end probably produces ill humour. Now I never quarrel with myself and take all my own conclusions for granted till I find it necessary to defend them against objections. It is not merely that you may not be of accord on the objects and circumstances that present themselves before you — these may recall a number of objects, and lead to associations too delicate and refined to be possibly communicated to others. Yet these I love to cherish, and sometimes still fondly clutch them, when I can escape from the throng to do so. To give way to our feelings before company, seems extravagance or affectation; and on the other hand, to have to unravel this mystery of our being at every turn, and to make others take an equal interest in it (otherwise the end is not answered) is a task to which few are competent. We must "give it an understanding, but no tongue."⁹ My old friend C——, however, could do both. He could go on in the most delightful explanatory way over hill and dale, a summer's day, and convert a landscape into a didactic poem or a Pindaric ode. "He talked far above singing." If I could so clothe my ideas in sounding and flowing words, I might perhaps wish to have some one with me to admire the swelling theme; or I could be more content, were it possible for me still to hear his echoing voice in the woods of All-Foxden. They had "that fine madness in them which our first poets had;"¹⁰ and if they could have

been caught by some rare instrument, would have breathed such strains as the following.

— "Here be woods as green
As any, air likewise as fresh and sweet
As when smooth Zephyrus plays on the
fleet
Face of the curled stream, with flow'rs as
many
As the young spring gives, and as choice
as any;
Here be all new delights, cool streams and
wells,
Arbours o'ergrown with woodbine, caves
and dells;
Choose where thou wilt, while I sit by
and sing,
Or gather rushes to make many a ring
For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love,
How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose
eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies;
How she convey'd him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the
steep
Head of old Latmos, where she stoops
each night,
Gilding the mountain with her brother's
light,
To kiss her sweetest." —

FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.¹¹

Had I words and images at command like these, I would attempt to wake the thoughts that lie slumbering on golden ridges in the evening clouds: but at the sight of nature my fancy, poor as it is, droops and closes up its leaves, like flowers at sunset. I can make nothing out on the spot: — I must have time to collect myself. —

In general, a good thing spoils out-of-door prospects: it should be reserved for Table-talk. L—— is for this reason, I take it, the worst company in the world out of doors; because he is the best within. I grant, there is one subject on which it is pleasant to talk on a journey; and that is, what one shall have for supper when we get to our inn at night. The open air improves this sort of conversation or friendly altercation, by setting a keener edge on

appetite. Every mile of the road heightens the flavour of the viands we expect at the end of it. How fine it is to enter some old town, walled and turreted, just at the approach of nightfall, or to come to some straggling village, with the lights streaming through the surrounding gloom; and then after inquiring for the best entertainment that the place affords, to "take one's ease at one's inn!"¹² These eventful moments in our lives' history are too precious, too full of solid, heartfelt happiness to be frittered and dribbled away in imperfect sympathy. I would have them all to myself, and drain them to the last drop; they will do to talk of or to write about afterwards. What a delicate speculation it is, after drinking whole goblets of tea,

"The cups that cheer, but not inebriate,"¹³

and letting the fumes ascend into the brain, to sit considering what we shall have for supper — eggs and a rasher, a rabbit smothered in onions, or an excellent veal-cutlet! Sancho¹⁴ in such a situation once fixed upon cow-heel; and his choice, though he could not help it, is not to be disparaged. Then in the intervals of pictured scenery and Shandean¹⁵ contemplation, to catch the preparation and the stir in the kitchen — *Procul, O procul este profani!*¹⁶ These hours are sacred to silence and to musing, to be treasured up in the memory, and to feed the source of smiling thoughts hereafter. I would not waste them in idle talk; or if I must have the integrity of fancy broken in upon, I would rather it were by a stranger than a friend. A stranger takes his hue and character from the time and place; he is a part of the furniture and costume of an inn. If he is a Quaker, or from the West Riding of Yorkshire, so much the better. I do not even try to sympathise with him, and he breaks no squares.¹⁷ I associate nothing with my travelling companion but present objects and passing events. In his ignorance of me and my affairs, I in a manner forget myself. But a friend reminds one of other things, rips up old grievances, and destroys the abstraction of the scene. He comes in ungraciously between us and our imaginary character.

Something is dropped in the course of conversation that gives a hint of your profession and pursuits; or from having some one with you that knows the less sublime portions of your history, it seems that other people do. You are no longer a citizen of the world: but your "unhoused free condition is put into circumscription and confine." The *incognito* of an inn is one of its striking privileges — "lord of one's self, uncumber'd with a name." Oh! it is great to shake off the trammels of the world and of public opinion — to lose our importunate, tormenting, everlasting personal identity in the elements of nature, and become the creature of the moment, clear of all ties — to hold to the universe only by a dish of sweet-breads, and to owe nothing but the score of the evening — and no longer seeking for applause and meeting with contempt, to be known by no other title than *the Gentleman in the parlour!* One may take one's choice of all characters in this romantic state of uncertainty as to one's real pretensions, and become indefinitely respectable and negatively rightworshipful. We baffle prejudice and disappoint conjecture; and from being so to others, begin to be objects of curiosity and wonder even to ourselves. We are no more those hackneyed commonplaces that we appear in the world: an inn restores us to the level of nature, and quits scores with society! I have certainly spent some enviable hours at inns — sometimes when I have been left entirely to myself, and have tried to solve some metaphysical problem, as once at Withamcommon, where I found out the proof that likeness is not a case of the association of ideas — at other times, when there have been pictures in the room, as at St. Neot's (I think it was) where I first met with Gribelin's engravings of the Cartoons,¹⁸ into which I entered at once, and at a little inn on the borders of Wales, where there happened to be hanging some of Westall's drawings, which I compared triumphantly (for a theory that I had, not for the admired artist) with the figure of a girl who had ferried me over the Severn, standing up in the boat between me and the twilight — at other times I might mention luxuriating in books, with

a peculiar interest in this way, as I remember sitting up half the night to read Paul and Virginia,¹⁹ which I picked up at an inn at Bridgewater, after being drenched in the rain all day; and at the same place I got through two volumes of Madame D'Arblay's Camilla. It was on the tenth of April, 1798, that I sat down to a volume of the New Eloise,²⁰ at the inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken. The letter I chose was that in which St. Preux describes his feelings as he first caught a glimpse from the heights of the Jura of the Pays de Vaud, which I had brought with me as a *bon bouche*, to crown the evening with. It was my birthday, and I had for the first time come from a place in the neighbourhood to visit this delightful spot. The road to Llangollen turns off between Chirk and Wrexham; and on passing a certain point, you come all at once upon the valley, which opens like an amphitheatre, broad, barren hills rising in majestic state on either side, with "green upland swells that echo to the bleat of flocks" below, and the river Dee babbling over its stony bed in the midst of them. The valley at this time "glittered green with sunny showers,"²¹ and a budding ash-tree dipped its tender branches in the chiding stream. How proud, how glad I was to walk along the high road that overlooks the delicious prospect, repeating the lines which I have just quoted from Mr. Coleridge's poems! But besides the prospect which opened beneath my feet, another also opened to my inward sight, a heavenly vision, on which were written, in letters large as Hope could make them, these four words, LIBERTY, GENIUS, LOVE, VIRTUE; which have since faded into the light of common day, or mock my idle gaze.

"The beautiful is vanished, and returns not."

Still I would return some time or other to this enchanted spot; but I would return to it alone. What other self could I find to share that influx of thoughts, of regret, and delight, the fragments of which I could hardly conjure up to myself, so much have they been broken and defaced! I could stand on some tall rock,

and overlook the precipice of years that separates me from what I then was. I was at that time going shortly to visit the poet whom I have above named. Where is he now? Not only I myself have changed; the world, which was then new to me, has become old and incorrigible. Yet will I turn to thee in thought, O sylvan Dee, in joy, in youth and gladness as thou then wert; and thou shalt always be to me the river of Paradise, where I will drink of the waters of life freely.

There is hardly any thing that shows the short-sightedness or capriciousness of the imagination more than travelling does. With change of place we change our ideas; nay, our opinions and feelings. We can by an effort indeed transport ourselves to old and long-forgotten scenes, and then the picture of the mind revives again; but we forget those that we have just left. It seems that we can think but of one place at a time. The canvas of the fancy is but of a certain extent, and if we paint one set of objects upon it, they immediately efface every other. We cannot enlarge our conceptions, we only shift our point of view. The landscape bares its bosom to the enraptured eye, we take our fill of it, and seem as if we could form no other image of beauty or grandeur. We pass on, and think no more of it: the horizon that shuts it from our sight also blots it from our memory like a dream. In travelling through a wild barren country, I can form no idea of a woody and cultivated one. It appears to me that all the world must be barren, like what I see of it. In the country we forget the town, and in town we despise the country. "Beyond Hyde Park," says Sir Pophling Flutter,²² "all is a desert." All that part of the map that we do not see before us is a blank. The world in our conceit of it is not much bigger than a nutshell. It is not one prospect expanded into another, county joined to county, kingdom to kingdom, lands to seas, making an image voluminous and vast; — the mind can form no larger idea of space than the eye can take in at a single glance. The rest is a name written in a map, a calculation of arithmetic. For instance, what is the

true signification of that immense mass of territory and population, known by the name of China, to us? An inch of paste-board on a wooden globe, of no more account than a China orange! Things near us are seen of the size of life: things at a distance are diminished to the size of the understanding. We measure the universe by ourselves, and even comprehend the texture of our own being only piecemeal. In this way, however, we remember an infinity of things and places. The mind is like a mechanical instrument that plays a great variety of tunes, but it must play them in succession. One idea recalls another, but it at the same time excludes all others. In trying to renew old recollections, we cannot as it were unfold the whole web of our existence; we must pick out the single threads. So in coming to a place where we have formerly lived and with which we have intimate associations, every one must have found that the feeling grows more vivid the nearer we approach the spot, from the mere anticipation of the actual impression: we remember circumstances, feelings, persons, faces, names, that we had not thought of for years; but for the time all the rest of the world is forgotten!

To return to the question I have quitted above. I have no objection to go to see ruins, aqueducts, pictures, in company with a friend or a party, but rather the contrary, for the former reason reversed. They are intelligible matters, and will bear talking about. The sentiment here is not tacit, but communicable and overt. Salisbury Plain is barren of criticism, but Stonehenge will bear a discussion antiquarian, picturesque, and philosophical. In setting out on a party of pleasure, the first consideration always is where we shall go to; in taking a solitary ramble, the question is what we shall meet with by the way. "The mind is its own place;"²³ nor are we anxious to arrive at the end of our journey. I can myself do the honours indifferently well to works of art and curiosity. I once took a party to Oxford with no mean *eclat* — showed them that seat of the Muses at a distance,

"With glistening spires and pinnacles
adorn'd" —

descanted on the learned air that breathes from the grassy quadrangles and stone walls of halls and colleges — was at home in the Bodleian;²⁴ and at Blenheim²⁵ quite superseded the powdered Ciceroni²⁶ that attended us, and that pointed in vain with his wand to commonplace beauties in matchless pictures. — As another exception to the above reasoning, I should not feel confident in venturing on a journey in a foreign country without a companion. I should want at intervals to hear the sound of my own language. There is an involuntary antipathy in the mind of an Englishman to foreign manners and notions that requires the assistance of social sympathy to carry it off. As the distance from home increases, this relief, which was at first a luxury, becomes a passion and an appetite. A person would almost feel stifled to find himself in the deserts of Arabia without friends and countrymen: there must be allowed to be something in the view of Athens or old Rome that claims the utterance of speech; and I own that the Pyramids are too mighty for any single contemplation. In such situations, so opposite to all one's ordinary train of ideas, one seems a species by one's self, a limb torn off from society, unless one can meet with instant fellowship and support. — Yet I did not feel this want or craving very pressing once, when I first set my foot on the laughing shores of France. Calais was peopled with novelty and delight. The confused, busy murmur of the place was like oil and wine poured into my ears; nor did the mariners' hymn, which was sung from the top of an old crazy vessel in the harbour, as the sun went down, send an alien sound into my soul. I only breathed the air of general humanity. I walked over "the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France," erect and satisfied; for the image of man was not cast down and chained to the foot of arbitrary thrones: I was at no loss for language, for that of all the great schools of painting was open to me. The whole is vanished like a shade. Pictures, heroes, glory, freedom, all are fled: nothing remains but the Bourbons and the French people! — There is undoubtedly a sensation in travelling into

foreign parts that is to be had nowhere else: but it is more pleasing at the time than lasting. It is too remote from our habitual associations to be a common topic of discourse or reference, and, like a dream or another state of existence, does not piece into our daily modes of life. It is an animated but a momentary hallucination. It demands an effort to exchange our actual for our ideal identity; and to feel the pulse of our old transports revive very keenly, we must "jump" all our present comforts and connections. Our romantic and itinerant character is not to be domesticated. Dr. Johnson remarked how little foreign travel added to the facilities of conversation in those who had been abroad. In fact, the time we have spent there is both delightful and in one sense instructive; but it appears to

be cut out of our substantial, downright existence, and never to join kindly on to it. We are not the same, but another, and perhaps more enviable individual, all the time we are out of our own country. We are lost to ourselves, as well as our friends. So the poet somewhat quaintly sings,

"Out of my country and myself I go."

Those who wish to forget painful thoughts, do well to absent themselves for a while from the ties and objects that recall them: but we can be said only to fulfil our destiny in the place that gave us birth. I should on this account like well enough to spend the whole of my life in travelling abroad, if I could any where borrow another life to spend afterwards at home!

1821-22

The Age of Victoria

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON
(1809-1892)

THE LOTOS-EATERS

"Courage!" he said, and pointed toward
the land,

"This mounting wave will roll us shore-
ward soon."

In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seem'd always afternoon.

All round the coast the languid air did
swoon, 5

Breathing like one that hath a weary
dream.

Full-faced above the valley stood the
moon;

And, like a downward smoke, the slender
stream

Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall
did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward
smoke, 10

Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did
go;

And some thro' wavering lights and
shadows broke,

Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow

From the inner land; far off, three moun-
tain-tops, 15

Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flushed; and, dew'd with

showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the

woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
In the red West; thro' mountain clefts the
dale 20

Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Border'd with palm, and many a winding
vale

And meadow, set with slender galingale;
A land where all things always seem'd the
same!

And round about the keel with faces
pale, 25
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters
came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted
stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they
gave

To each, but whoso did receive of them 30
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far, far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the
grave;

And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all
awake, 35

And music in his ears his beating heart did
make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the
shore;

And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child, and wife, and slave; but ever-
more 40

Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, "We will return no
more;"

And all at once they sang, "Our island
home

Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer
roam." 45

Choric Song

I

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between
walls

Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies, 5
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;

Music that brings sweet sleep down from
the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers
weep, 10
And from the craggy ledge the poppy
hangs in sleep.

II

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil
alone, 15
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown;
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings, 20
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy
balm;
Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
"There is no joy but calm!" —
Why should we only toil, the roof and
crown of things?

III

Lo! in the middle of the wood, 25
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow 30
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days 35
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no
toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

IV

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea. 40
Death is the end of life; ah, why
Should life all labor be?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last? 45
All things are taken from us, and become

Portions and parcels of the dreadful past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave? 50
All things have rest, and ripen toward the
grave
In silence — ripen, fall, and cease:
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or
dreamful ease.

V

How sweet it were, hearing the downward
stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem 55
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
To dream and dream, like yonder amber
light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on
the height;
To hear each other's whispered speech;
Eating the Lotos day by day, 60
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melan-
choly;
To muse and brood and live again in
memory, 65
With those old faces of our infancy
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an
urn of brass!

VI

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives 70
And their warm tears; but all hath suffer'd
change;
For surely now our household hearths are
cold,
Our sons inherit us, our looks are strange,
And we should come like ghosts to trouble
joy.
Or else the island princes over-bold 75
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel
sings
Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten
things.
Is there confusion in the little isle?
Let what is broken so remain. 80
The Gods are hard to reconcile;
'Tis hard to settle order once again.
There is confusion worse than death,

Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
Long labor unto aged breath, 85
Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the
pilot-stars.

VII

But, propt on beds of amaranth and
moly,
How sweet — while warm airs lull us,
blowing lowly —
With half-dropt eyelid still, 90
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing
slowly
His waters from the purple hill —
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined
vine — 95
To watch the emerald-color'd water falling
Thro' many a woven acanthus-wreath
divine!
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling
brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out be-
neath the pine.

VIII

The Lotos blooms below the barren
peak, 100
The Lotos blows by every winding creek;
All day the wind breathes low with mel-
lower tone;
Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
Round and round the spicy downs the
yellow Lotos-dust is blown.
We have had enough of action, and of
motion we, 105
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard,
when the surge was seething free,
Where the wallowing monster spouted his
foam-fountains in the sea.
Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an
equal mind,
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie
reclined
On the hills like Gods together, careless of
mankind. 110
For they lie beside their nectar, and the
bolts are hurl'd
Far below them in the valleys, and the
clouds are lightly curl'd
Round their golden houses, girdled with
the gleaming world;

Where they smile in secret, looking over
wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake,
roaring deeps and fiery sands, 115
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and
sinking ships, and praying hands.
But they smile, they find a music centred
in a doleful song,
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient
tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words
are strong;
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that
cleave the soil, 120
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest, with
enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and
wine and oil;
Till they perish and they suffer — some,
'tis whisper'd — down in hell
Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian
valleys dwell,
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of
asphodel. 125
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than
toil, the shore
Than labor in the deep mid-ocean, wind
and wave and oar;
O, rest ye, brother mariners, we will not
wander more.

Drastic Analogie 1833 and 1842
King of Ethaca
ULYSSES

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren
crags,
Matched with an aged wife, I mete and
dole *Ethacan's people*
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know
not me. 5
I cannot rest from travel; I will drink
Life to the lees. All times I have
enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with
those
That loved me, and alone, on shore, and
when *flying clouds*
Through scudding drifts the rainy
Hyades, shining stars. 10
Next the dim seas; I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known, — cities of
men

And manners, climates, ^{society state} councils, govern-
ments,

Myself not least, but honored of them
all; 15

And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;

Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untraveled world whose
margin fades 20

For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life! Life piled
on life

Were all too little, and of one to me 25
Little remains; but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard
myself,

And this gray spirit yearning in desire 30
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human
thought.

This is my son, mine own ^{own} Telemachus,
To whom I leave the ^{struggle} scepter and the isle — ^{country} 35

Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil

This labor, by slow prudence to make mild

^{wisdom} A rugged people, and through soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.

Most blameless is he, centered in the
sphere

Of common duties, decent not to fail, 40

In offices of ^{mother} tenderness, and pay

Meet adoration to my household gods,

When I am gone. He works his work, I
mine.

There lies the port; the ^{ship or boat} vessel puffs her
sail:

There gloom the dark, broad seas. My
mariners, — ^{companion} 45

Souls that have toiled and wrought, and
thought with me —

That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and op-
posed

Free hearts, free foreheads — you and I
are old;

Old age hath yet his honor and his toil. 50

Death closes all; but something ere the end
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,

Not unbecoming men that strove with
Gods. ^{honors of the ca}

The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes; the slow moon

climbs; the deep ^{sea} 55

Moans round with many voices. Come,
my friends,

'T is not too late to seek a newer world.

Push off, and sitting well in order ^{smite} 5

The sounding furrows; for my purpose
holds ^{oars}

To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths 60

Of all the western stars, until I die. ^{or}

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;

It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,

And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.

Though much is taken, much abides; 65

and though
We are not now that strength which in
old days

Moved earth and heaven, that which we

are, we are;

One equal temper of heroic hearts,

Made weak by time and fate, but strong
in will

To strive, to seek, to find, and not to
yield. 70

1842

YOU ASK ME, WHY, THOUGH ILL AT
EASE

You ask me, why, though ill at ease,

Within this region I subsist,

Whose spirits falter in the mist,

And languish for the purple seas.

It is the land that freemen till, 5

That sober-suited Freedom chose,

The land, where girt with friends or foes

A man may speak the thing he will;

A land of settled government,

A land of just and old renown, 10

Where Freedom slowly broadens down

From precedent to precedent;

Where faction seldom gathers head,

But, by degrees to fullness wrought,

The strength of 'some diffusive
thought 15

Hath time and space to work and spread.

Should banded unions persecute

Opinion, and induce a time

When single thought is civil crime,
And individual freedom mute, 20

Though power should make from land to
land

The name of Britain trebly great —
Though every channel of the State
Should fill and choke with golden sand —

Yet waft me from the harbor-mouth, 25
Wild wind! I seek a warmer sky,
And I will see before I die
The palms and temples of the South.
1833, 1842

MORTE D'ARTHUR

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd.
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonesse about their Lord,
King Arthur; then, because his wound was
deep, 5

The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren
land. 10

On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous
knights 15

Whereof this world holds record. Such a
sleep

They 'sleep — the men I loved. I think
that we

Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly
deeds,

Walking about the gardens and the halls 20
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.

I perish by this people which I made, —
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come
again

To rule once more — but let what will be,
be,

I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm 25
That without help I cannot last till
morn.

Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride: for thou rememberest
how

In those old days, one summer noon, an
arm

Rose up from out the bosom of the
lake, 30

Clothed in white samite, mystic, won-
derful,

Holding the sword — and how I row'd
across

And took it, and have worn it, like a king:
And, wheresoever I am sung or told

In after time, this also shall be known: 35
But now delay not: take Excalibur,

And fling him far into the muddle mere:
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring
me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee
thus, 40

Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man.

Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee
word."

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he
stept 45

And in the moon athwart the place of
tombs,

Where lay the mighty bones of ancient
men,

Old knights, and over them the sea-wind
sang

Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He,
stepping down

By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed
rock, 50

Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter
moon,

Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran
forth

And sparkled keen with frost against the
hilt: 55

For all the haft twinkled with diamond
sparks,

Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long

That both his eyes were dazzled, as he
stood,

This way and that dividing the swift
mind, 60

In act to throw: but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd

There in the many-knotted waterflags,

That whistled stiff and dry about the
marge.

So strode he back slow to the wounded
king. 65

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"Hast thou perform'd my mission which
I gave?"

What is it thou hast seen? or what hast
heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the ripple washing in the
reeds, 70

And the wild water lapping on the crags."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint
and pale:

"Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy
name,

Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight: 75

For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.

This is a shameful thing for men to lie.

Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again

As thou art lief and dear, and do the
thing 80

I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me
word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the
mere,

Counting the dewy pebbles, fixed in
thought;

But when he saw the wonder of the
hilt, 85

How curiously and strangely chased, he
smote

His palms together, and he cried aloud,

"And if indeed I cast the brand away,

Surely a precious thing, one worthy note

Should thus be lost forever from the
earth, 90

Which might have pleased the eyes of
many men.

What good should follow this, if this were
done?

What harm, undone? deep harm to dis-
obey,

Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.

Were it well to obey then, if a king
demand 95

An act unprofitable, against himself?

The king is sick, and knows not what he
does.

What record, or what relic of my lord

Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumours of a doubt? but were this
kept, 100

Stored in some treasure-house of mighty
kings,

Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the
lake.

Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the
deeps 105

Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'

So might some old man speak in the after-
time

To all the people, winning reverence.

But now much honour and much fame
were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own
conceit, 110

And hid Excalibur the second time,

And so strode back slow to the wounded
king.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing
heavily:

"What is it thou hast seen? or what hast
heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedi-
vere: 115

"I heard the water lapping on the crag
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much
in wrath:

"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is
me! 120

Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye

That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou
art,

For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all, 125

Thou would'st betray me for the precious
hilt;

Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.

Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get
thee hence: 130

But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and
ran,

And, leaping down the ridges lightly,
plunged

Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd
the sword, 135
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The
great brand
Made lightnings in the splendour of the
moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd
in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter
shock 140
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur:
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, won-
derful,
And caught him by the hilt, and bran-
dished him 145
Three times, and drew him under in the
mere.
And lightly went the other to the king.
Then spoke King Arthur, drawing
thicker breath:
"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or
seen?" 150
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the
gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal
men, 155
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheel-
ing him;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, won-
derful,
That caught him by the hilt, and bran-
dish'd him 160
Three times, and drew him under in the
mere."
And answer made King Arthur, breath-
ing hard:
"My end draws nigh; 'tis time I were
gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my
weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear 165
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall
die."
So saying, from the pavement he half
rose,

Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Hum Sir Bedivere 170
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not
words,
Then took with care, and kneeling on one
knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid
hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of
tombs. 175
But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted
hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the
king,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear,
"Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die." 180
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to
ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as
he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him, like
a goad. 185
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and
right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as
he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed
heels — 190
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.
Then saw they how there hove a dusky
barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were
ware 195
That all the decks were dense with stately
forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream
— by these
Three queens with crowns of gold — and
from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony 200
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one
comes,

Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge,"

And to the barge they came. There those three queens

Put forth their hands, and took the king, and wept.

But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,

And call'd him by his name, complaining loud

And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white

And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;

And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops

Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls —

That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the dais-throne — were parch'd with dust;

Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.

So like a shatter'd column lay the king;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,

From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged

Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,
"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?"

For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,

And every chance brought out a noble knight.

Such times have been not since the light that led

The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved

Which was an image of the mighty world;

And I, the last, go forth companionless,

And the days darken round me, and the years,

Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,

And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done

May He within Himself make pure! but thou,

If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer

Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats

That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer

Both for themselves and those who call them friend?

For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest — if indeed I go —
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island valley of Avilion;

Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,

Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns

And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,

Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail

Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan

That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood

With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere

Revolving many memories, till the
hull 270
Look'd one black dot against the verge of
dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.
1833, 1842

SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high, 5
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel;
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands, 10
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favours fall!
For them I battle till the end, 15
To save from shame and thrall:
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine;
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine. 20
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and
thrill;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes, 25
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns:
Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice but none are there; 30
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings, 35
And solemn chants resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark: 40
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the holy Grail:

With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God! 45
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Through dreaming towns I go, 50
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and
mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads, 55
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields. 60

A maiden knight — to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease, 65
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear, 70
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touched, are turned to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And through the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony 75
Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near." 80
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and
pale,
All-armed I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail.

1842

LOCKSLEY HALL

Comrades, leave me here a little, while as
yet 'tis early morn:
Leave me here, and when you want me,
sound upon the bugle-horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old,
the curlews call,
Dreary gleams about the moorland flying
over Locksley Hall;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance over-
looks the sandy tracts, 5
And the hollow-ocean ridges roaring into
cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement,
ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly
to the west.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising
thro' the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in
a silver braid. 10

Here about the beach I wander'd nour-
ishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the
long result of time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruit-
ful land reposed;
When I clung to all the present for the
promise that it closed.

When I dipt into the future far as human
eye could see; 15
Saw the vision of the world, and all the
wonder that would be. —

In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon
the robin's breast;
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets
himself another crest;

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the
burnish'd dove;
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly
turns to thoughts of love. 20

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than
should be for one so young,
And her eyes on all my motions with a
mute observance hung.

And I said, "My Cousin Amy, speak,
and speak the truth to me,
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my
being sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a
colour and a light, 25
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the
northern night.

And she turn'd — her bosom shaken with
a sudden storm of sighs —
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark
of hazel eyes —

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing
they should do me wrong;"
Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?"
weeping, "I have loved thee
long." 30

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd
it in his glowing hands,
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself
in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote
on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling,
pass'd in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we
hear the copses ring, 35
And her whisper throng'd my pulses with
the fullness of the spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we
watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rush'd together at the
touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my
Amy, mine no more!
O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the
barren, barren shore! 40

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than
all songs have sung,
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to
a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy? — having
known me — to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a nar-
rower heart than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level
day by day, 45
What is fine within thee growing coarse to
sympathize with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is: thou art
mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have
weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall
have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little
dearer than his horse. 50

What is this? his eyes are heavy: think not
they are glazed with wine.
Go to him: it is thy duty: kiss him: take
his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain
is over-wrought:
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch
him with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things
to understand — 55
Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I
slew thee with my hand!

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from
the heart's disgrace,
Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent in
a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against
the strength of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from
the living truth! 60

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from
honest Nature's rule!
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened
forehead of the fool!

Well — 'tis well that I should bluster! —
Hadst thou less unworthy proved —
Would to God — for I had loved thee
more than ever wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which
bears but bitter fruit? 65
I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my
heart be at the root.

Never, tho' my mortal summers to such
length of years should come
As the many-winter'd crow that leads the
clanging rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records
of the mind?

Can I part her from herself, and love her,
as I knew her, kind? 70

I remember one that perish'd: sweetly did
she speak and move:

Such a one do I remember, whom to look
at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her
for the love she bore?

No — she never loved me truly: love is
love forevermore.

Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils! this is
truth the poet sings, 75

That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remem-
bering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest
thy heart be put to proof,

In the dead unhappy night, and when the
rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou
art staring at the wall,

Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and
the shadows rise and fall. 80

Then a hand shall pass before thee, point-
ing to his drunken sleep,

To thy widow'd marriage-pillows, to the
tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never,"
whisper'd by the phantom years,

And a song from out the distance in the
ringing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient
kindness on thy pain. 85

Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow: get
thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a
tender voice will cry.

'Tis a purer life than thine; a lip to drain
thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down: my latest
rival brings thee rest.

Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me
from the mother's breast. 90

- O, the child too clothes the father with a
deariness not his due.
Half is thine and half is his: it will be
worthy of the two.
- O, I see thee, old and formal, fitted to thy
petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching
down a daughter's heart.
- "They were dangerous guides the feel-
ings — she herself was not ex-
empt — 95
Truly, she herself had suffer'd" — Perish
in thy self-contempt!
- Overlive it — lower yet — be happy!
wherefore should I care?
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither
by despair.
- What is that which I should turn to, light-
ing upon days like these?
Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens
but to golden keys. 100
- Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the
markets overflow.
I have but an angry fancy: what is that
which I should do?
- I had been content to perish, falling on the
foeman's ground,
When the ranks are roll'd in vapour, and
the winds are laid with sound.
- But the jingling of the guinea helps the
hurt that Honour feels, 105
And the nations do but murmur, snarling
at each other's heels.
- Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn
that earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou
wondrous Mother-Age!
- Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt
before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the
tumult of my life; 110
- Yearning for the large excitement that the
coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves
his father's field.
- And at night along the dusky highway
near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring
like a dreary dawn;
- And his spirit leaps within him to be gone
before him then, 115
Underneath the light he looks at, in
among the throngs of men;
- Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever
reaping something new:
That which they have done but earnest of
the things that they shall do:
- For I dipt into the future, far as human
eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the
wonder that would be; 120
- Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argo-
sies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping
down with costly bales;
- Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and
there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in
the central blue;
- Far along the world-wide whisper of the
south-wind rushing warm, 125
With the standards of the peoples plung-
ing thro' the thunder-storm;
- Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and
the battle-flags were furl'd,
In the Parliament of man, the Federation
of the world.
- There the common sense of most shall
hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt
in universal law. 130
- So I triumph'd ere my passion sweeping
thro' me left me dry,
Left me with the palsied heart, and left
me with the jaundiced eye;
- Eye, to which all order festers, all things
here are out of joint.
Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creep-
ing on from point to point:

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion
creeping nigher, 135
Glares at one that nods and winks behind
a slowly-dying fire.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increas-
ing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with
the process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest
of his youthful joys,
Tho' the deep heart of existence beat for-
ever like a boy's? 140

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers,
and I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world
is more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers,
and he bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the
stillness of his rest.

Hark, my merry comrades call me, sound-
ing on the bugle-horn, 145
They to whom my foolish passion were a
target for their scorn:

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such
a moulder'd string?
I am shamed thro' all my nature to have
loved so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness!
woman's pleasure, woman's pain —
Nature made them blinder motions
bounded in a shallower brain: 150

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy pas-
sions, match'd with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as
water unto wine —

Here at least, where nature sickens, noth-
ing. Ah for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my
life began to beat;

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my
father, evil-starr'd; — 155
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish
uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit — there to
wander far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways
of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow
moons and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in
cluster, knots of Paradise. 160

Never comes the trader, never floats an
European flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland,
swings the trailer from the crag;

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs
the heavy-fruit'd tree —
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple
spheres of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment more
than in this march of mind, 165
In the steamship, in the railway, in the
thoughts that shake mankind.

There the passions cramp'd no longer shall
have scope and breathing space;
I will take some savage woman, she shall
rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall
dive, and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl
their lances in the sun; 170

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap
the rainbows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over
miserable books —

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I
know my words are wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower than
the Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant
of our glorious gains, 175
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a
beast with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage — what to
me were sun or clime?
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost
files of time —

I that rather held it better men should
perish one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze like
Joshua's moon in Ajalon! 180

Not in vain the distance beacons. For-
ward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin forever down the
ringing grooves of change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep
into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle
of Cathay.

Mother-Age (for mine I knew not) help
me as when life begun: 185
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the
lightnings, weigh the sun.

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit
hath not set.
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all
my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell
to Locksley Hall!
Now for me the woods may wither, now
for me the roof-tree fall. 190

Comes a vapour from the margin, black-
ening over heath andholt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its
breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or
hail, or fire or snow;
For the mighty wind arises, roaring sea-
ward, and I go.

1842

From "IN MEMORIAM"

Prologue

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy
face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade; 8
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why, 10
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how; 15
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they. 20

We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more, 25
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock thee when we do not fear: 30
But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me;
What seem'd my worth since I began;
For merit lives from man to man, 35
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair,
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved. 40

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

XXVII

I envy not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods;

I envy not the beast that takes 5
His license in the field of time,
Unfettered by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes; 19

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth 10
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'T is better to have loved and lost 15
Than never to have loved at all.

LIV

O, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet; 5
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire 10
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last — far off — at last, to all, 15
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry. 20

LV

The wish, that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife, 5
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life,

That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds, 10
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares

Upon the great world's altar-stairs 15
That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope. 20

LVI

"So careful of the type?" but no.
From scarp'd cliff and quarried stone
She cries, "A thousand types are gone;
I care for nothing, all shall go.

"Thou makest thine appeal to me: 5
I bring to life, I bring to death;
The spirit does but mean the breath:
I know no more." And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes, 10
Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed
And love Creation's final law —
Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw 15
With ravine, shriek'd against his creed —

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or seal'd within the iron hills? 20

No more? A monster then, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow music match'd with him.

O life as futile, then, as frail! 25
O for thy voice to soothe and bless!
What hope of answer, or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil.

XCVI

You say, but with no touch of scorn,
Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue
eyes
Are tender over drowning flies,
You tell me, doubt is Devil-born. 10

I know not: one indeed I knew 5
In many a subtle question versed,
Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first,
But ever strove to make it true:

Perplex in faith, but pure in deeds,
 At last he beat his music out. 10
 There lives more faith in honest doubt,
 Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gather'd strength,
 He would not make his judgment blind,
 He faced the spectres of the mind 15
 And laid them: thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own;
 And Power was with him in the night,
 Which makes the darkness and the light,
 And dwells not in the light alone, 20

But in the darkness and the cloud,
 As over Sinai's peaks of old,
 While Israel made their gods of gold,
 Altho' the trumpet blew so loud.

CVI

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light:
 The year is dying in the night;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new, 5
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
 The year is going, let him go;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more; 10
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life, 15
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
 The faithless coldness of the times;
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
 But ring the fuller minstrel in. 20

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite;
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease; 25
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand; 30
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

CXV

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
 Now burgeons every maze of quick
 About the flowering squares, and thick
 By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long, 5
 The distance takes a lovelier hue,
 And drown'd in yonder living blue
 The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
 The flocks are whiter down the vale, 10
 And milkier every milky sail
 On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
 In yonder greening gleam, and fly
 The happy birds, that change their
 sky 15
 To build and brood, that live their lives.

From land to land; and in my breast
 Spring wakens too, and my regret
 Becomes an April violet,
 And buds and blossoms like the rest. 20

CXXXI

O living will that shalt endure
 When all that seems shall suffer shock,
 Rise in the spiritual rock,
 Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure,

That we may lift from out of dust 5
 A voice as unto him that hears,
 A cry above the conquer'd years
 To one that with us works, and trust,

With faith that comes of self-control,
 The truths that never can be proved 10
 Until we close with all we loved,
 And all we flow from, soul in soul.

1850

From "MAUD"

Come into the garden, Maud,
 For the black bat, night, has flown,
 Come into the garden, Maud,
 I am here at the gate alone;

And the woodbine spices are wafted
abroad, 5
And the musk of the rose is blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she
loves
On a bed of daffodil sky, 10
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine
stirred 15
To the dancers dancing in tune;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one,
With whom she has heart to be gay, 20
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone 25
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are
those,
For one that will never be thine? 30
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the
rose,
"Forever and ever, mine."

And the soul of the rose went into my
blood,
As the music clashed in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood, 35
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to
the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;
From the meadow your walks have left so
sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs 40
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake 45
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your
sake,
Knowing your promise to me; 50
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls, 55
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with
curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate, 60
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate.
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is
near;"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;" 65
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed; 70
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.
1855

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD

Home they brought her warrior dead;
She nor swooned nor uttered cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low, 5
Called him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stepped, 10
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
 Set his child upon her knee —
 Like summer tempest came her tears — 15
 "Sweet my child, I live for thee."
 1850

THE REVENGE
 A BALLAD OF THE FLEET

I

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
 And a pinnace, like a fluttered bird, came
 flying from far away:
 "Spanish ships of war at sea! we have
 sighted fifty-three!"
 Then sware Lord Thomas Howard:
 "'Fore God, I am no coward;
 But I cannot meet them here, for my ships
 are out of gear, 5
 And the half my men are sick. I must
 fly, but follow quick,
 We are six ships of the line; can we fight
 with fifty-three?"

II

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I
 know you are no coward;
 You fly them for a moment to fight with
 them again.
 But I've ninety men and more that are
 lying sick ashore. 10
 I should count myself the coward if I left
 them, my Lord Howard,
 To these Inquisition dogs and the devil-
 doms of Spain."

III

So Lord Howard passed away with five
 ships of war that day,
 Till he melted like a cloud in the silent
 summer heaven;
 But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick
 men from the land 15
 Very carefully and slow,
 Men of Bideford in Devon,
 And we laid them on the ballast down
 below:
 For we brought them all aboard,
 And they blessed him in their pain, that
 they were not left to Spain, 20
 To the thumb-screw and the stake, for the
 glory of the Lord.

IV

He had only a hundred seamen to work
 the ship and to fight,
 And he sailed away from Flores till the
 Spaniard came in sight,
 With his huge sea-castles heaving upon
 the weather bow.
 "Shall we fight or shall we fly? 25
 Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
 For to fight is but to die!
 There'll be little of us left by the time
 this sun be set."
 And Sir Richard said again: "We be all
 good English men.
 Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the chil-
 dren of the devil, 30
 For I never turned my back upon Don or
 devil yet."

V

Sir Richard spoke and he laughed, and
 we roared a hurrah, and so
 The little *Revenge* ran on sheer into the
 heart of the foe,
 With her hundred fighters on deck, and
 her ninety sick below;
 For half of their fleet to the right and half
 to the left were seen, 35
 And the little *Revenge* ran on through the
 long sea-lane between.

VI

Thousands of their soldiers looked down
 from their decks and laughed,
 Thousands of their seamen made mock at
 the mad little craft
 Running on and on, till delayed
 By their mountain-like *San Philip* that,
 of fifteen hundred tons, 40
 And up-shadowing high above us with her
 yawning tiers of guns,
 Took the breath from our sails, and we
 stayed.

VII

And while now the great *San Philip* hung
 above us like a cloud
 Whence the thunderbolt will fall
 Long and loud, 45
 Four galleons drew away
 From the Spanish fleet that day,
 And two upon the larboard and two upon
 the starboard lay,
 And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

VIII

But anon the great *San Philip*, she be-
 thought herself and went, 50
 Having that within her womb that had
 left her ill content;
 And the rest they came aboard us, and
 they fought us hand to hand,
 For a dozen times they came with their
 pikes and musqueteers,
 And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a
 dog that shakes his ears
 When he leaps from the water to the
 land. 55

IX

And the sun went down, and the stars
 came out far over the summer sea,
 But never a moment ceased the fight of
 the one and the fifty-three,
 Ship after ship, the whole night long, their
 high-built galleons came,
 Ship, after ship, the whole night long, with
 her battle-thunder and flame:
 Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew
 back with her dead and her
 shame. 60
 For some were sunk and many were shat-
 tered, and so could fight no more —
 God of battles, was ever a battle like this
 in the world before?

X

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"
 Though his vessel was all but a wreck;
 And it chanced that, when half of the
 short summer night was gone, 65
 With a grisly wound to be dressed he had
 left the deck,
 But a bullet struck him that was dressing
 it suddenly dead,
 And himself he was wounded again in the
 side and the head,
 And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

XI

And the night went down, and the sun
 smiled out far over the summer
 sea, 70
 And the Spanish fleet with broken sides
 lay round us all in a ring;
 But they dared not touch us again, for
 they feared that we still could sting,
 So they watched what the end would be.
 And we had not fought them in vain,

But in perilous plight were we, 75
 Seeing forty of our poor hundred were
 slain,

And half of the rest of us maimed for life
 In the crash of the cannonades and the
 desperate strife:

And the sick men down in the hold were
 most of them stark and cold,
 And the pikes were all broken or bent,
 and the powder was all of it
 spent; 80

And the masts and the rigging were lying
 over the side;

But Sir Richard cried in his English pride:
 "We have fought such a fight for a day
 and a night

As may never be fought again!
 We have won great glory, my men! 85
 And a day less or more

At sea or ashore,
 We die — does it matter when?
 Sink me the ship, Master Gunner — sink
 her, split her in twain!

Fall into the hands of God, not into the
 hands of Spain!" 90

XII

And the gunner said, "Ay, ay," but the
 seamen made reply:

"We have children, we have wives,
 And the Lord hath spared our lives.
 We will make the Spaniard promise, if we
 yield, to let us go;

We shall live to fight again and to strike
 another blow." 95

And the lion there lay dying, and they
 yielded to the foe.

XIII

And the stately Spanish men to their flag-
 ship bore him then,

Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir
 Richard caught at last,

And they praised him to his face with
 their courtly foreign grace;

But he rose upon their decks, and he
 cried: 100

"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a
 valiant man and true;

I have only done my duty as a man is
 bound to do.

With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Gren-
 ville die!"

And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

XIV

And they stared at the dead that had been
 so valiant and true 105
 And had holden the power and glory of
 Spain so cheap
 That he dared her with one little ship and
 his English few;
 Was he devil or man? He was devil for
 aught they knew,
 But they sank his body with honor down
 into the deep,
 And they manned the *Revenge* with a
 swarthier alien crew, 110
 And away she sailed with her loss and
 longed for her own;
 When a wind from the lands they had
 ruined awoke from sleep,
 And the water began to heave and the
 weather to moan,
 And or ever that evening ended a great
 gale blew,
 And a wave like the wave that is raised by
 an earthquake grew, 115
 Till it smote on their hulls and their sails
 and their masts and their flags,
 And the whole sea plunged and fell on the
 shot-shattered navy of Spain,
 And the little *Revenge* herself went down
 by the island crags
 To be lost evermore in the main.

1878

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
 And one clear call for me!
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea,
 But such a tide as moving seems asleep, 5
 Too full for sound and foam,
 When that which drew from out the
 boundless deep
 Turns again home.
 Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark! 10
 And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark;
 For tho' from out our bourne of Time and
 Place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face 15
 When I have crossed the bar. 1889

ROBERT BROWNING
 (1812-1889)

PIPPA'S SONG

The year's at the spring
 The day's at the morn;
 Morning's at seven;
 The hillside's dew-pearled;
 The lark's on the wing; 5
 The snail's on the thorn:
 God's in his heaven —
 All's right with the world!

1841

IN A GONDOLA

He sings

I send my heart up to thee, all my heart
 In this my singing.
 For the stars help me, and the sea bears
 part;
 The very night is clinging
 Closer to Venice' streets to leave one
 space 5
 Above me, whence thy face
 May light my joyous heart to thee its
 dwelling place.

She speaks

Say after me, and try to say
 My very words, as if each word
 Came from you of your own accord, 10
 In your own voice, in your own way:
 "This woman's heart and soul and brain
 Are mine as much as this gold chain
 She bids me wear; which" (say again)
 "I choose to make by cherishing 15
 A precious thing, or choose to fling
 Over the boat-side, ring by ring."
 And yet once more say . . . no word
 more!
 Since words are only words. Give o'er!

Unless you call me, all the same, 20
 Familiarly by my pet name,
 Which if the Three should hear you call,
 And me reply to, would proclaim
 At once our secret to them all.
 Ask of me, too, command me, blame, — 25
 Do, break down the partition-wall
 'Twixt us, the daylight world beholds
 Curtained in dusk and splendid folds!
 What's left but — all of me to take?
 I am the Three's: prevent them, slake 30

Your thirst! 'Tis said, the Arab sage,
In practising with gems, can loose
Their subtle spirit in his cruce
And leave but ashes: so, sweet mage,
Leave them my ashes when thy use
Sucks out my soul, thy heritage! 35

He sings

Past we glide, and past, and past!
What's that poor Agnese doing
Where they make the shutters fast?
Gray Zanobi's just a-wooing 40
To his couch the purchased bride:
Past we glide!
Past we glide, and past, and past!
Why's the Pucci Palace flaring
Like a beacon to the blast? 45
Guests by hundreds, not one caring
If the dear host's neck were wried:
Past we glide!

She sings

The moth's kiss, first!
Kiss me as if you made believe 50
You were not sure, this eve,
How my face, your flower, had pursed
Its petals up; so, here and there
You brush it, till I grow aware
Who wants me, and wide ope I burst. 55
The bee's kiss, now!
Kiss me as if you entered gay
My heart at some noonday,
A bud that dares not disallow
The claim, so all is rendered up, 60
And passively its shattered cup
Over your head to sleep I bow.

He sings

What are we two?
I am a Jew,
And carry thee, farther than friends can
pursue, 65
To a feast of our tribe;
Where they need thee to bribe
The devil that blasts them unless he im-
bibe
Thy . . . Scatter the vision forever! And
now, 70
As of old, I am I, thou art thou!

Say again, what we are?
The sprite of a star,
I lure thee above where the destinies
bar

My plumes their full play
Till a ruddier ray 75
Than my pale one announce there is
withering away
Some . . . Scatter the vision forever!
And now,
As of old, I am I, thou art thou!

He muses

Oh, which were best, to roam or rest?
The land's lap or the water's breast? 80
To sleep on yellow millet-sheaves,
Or swim in lucid shallows just
Eluding water-lily leaves,
An inch from Death's black fingers,
thrust
To lock you, whom release he must; 85
Which life were best on summer eves?

He speaks, musing

Lie back; could thought of mine improve
you?
From this shoulder let there spring
A wing; from this, another wing;
Wings, not legs and feet, shall move
you! 90
Snow-white must they spring, to blend
With your flesh, but I intend
They shall deepen to the end,
Broader, into burning gold,
Till both wings crescent-wise enfold 95
Your perfect self, from 'neath your feet
To o'er your head, where, lo, they meet
As if a million sword-blades hurled
Defiance from you to the world!

Rescue me thou, the only real! 100
And scare away this mad ideal
That came, nor motions to depart!
Thanks! Now, stay ever as thou art!

Still he muses

What if the Three should catch at last
Thy serenader? While there's cast 105
Paul's cloak about my head, and fast
Gian pinions me, Himself has passed
His stylet through my back; I reel;
And . . . is it thou I feel?

They trail me, these three godless
knaves, 110
Past every church that saints and saves,
Nor stop till, where the cold sea raves
By Lido's wet accursed graves,

They scoop mine, roll me to its brink,
And . . . on thy breast I sink! 115

She replies, musing

Dip your arm o'er the boat-side, elbow-deep,

As I do: thus: were death so unlike sleep,
Caught this way? Death's to fear from
flame or steel,

Or poison doubtless; but from water —
feel!

Go find the bottom! Would you stay me?
There! 120

Now pluck a great blade of that ribbon-grass

To plait in where the foolish jewel was,
I flung away: since you have praised my
hair,

'Tis proper to be choice in what I wear.

He speaks

Row home? must we row home? Too
surely 125

Know I where its front's demurely
Over the Giudecca piled;
Window just with window mating,
Door on door exactly waiting,
All's the set face of a child; 130

But behind it, where's a trace
Of the staidness and reserve,
And formal lines without a curve,
In the same child's playing-face?
No two windows look one way 135

O'er the small sea-water thread
Below them. Ah, the autumn day
I, passing, saw you overhead!

First, out a cloud of curtain blew,
Then a sweet cry, and last came
you — 140

To catch your lory that must needs
Escape just then, of all times then,
To peck a tall plant's fleecy seeds,
And make me happiest of men.

I scarce could breathe to see you reach 145
So far back o'er the balcony

To catch him ere he climbed too high
Above you in the Smyrna peach,
That quick the round smooth cord of
gold,

This coiled hair on your head, un-
rolled, 150

Fell down you like a gorgeous snake
The Roman girls were wont, of old,
When Rome there was, for coolness' sake

To let lie curling o'er their bosoms.
Dear lory, may his beak retain 155
Ever its delicate rose stain
As if the wounded lotus-blossoms
Had marked their thief to know again!

Stay longer yet, for others' sake
Than mine! What should your chamber
do? 160

— With all its rarities that ache
In silence while day lasts, but wake
At night-time and their life renew,
Suspended just to pleasure you
Who brought against their will to-
gether 165

These objects, and, while day lasts, weave
Around them such a magic tether
That dumb they look: your harp,
believe,

With all the sensitive tight strings
Which dare not speak, now to itself 170

Breathes slumberously, as if some elf
Went in and out the chords, his wings
Make murmur wheresoc'er they graze,
As an angel may, between the maze
Of midnight palace-pillars, on 175

And on, to sow God's plagues, have gone
Through guilty glorious Babylon.
And while such murmurs flow, the nymph
Bends o'er the harp-top from her shell

As the dry limpet for the lymph 180
Come with a tune he knows so well.

And how your statues' hearts must
swell!

And how your pictures must descend
To see each other, friend with friend!
Oh, could you take them by surprise, 185

You'd find Schidone's eager Duke
Doing the quaintest courtesies

To that prim saint by Haste-thee-Luke!
And, deeper into her rock den,
Bold Castelfranco's Magdalen 190

You'd find retreated from the ken
Of that robed counsel-keeping Ser —

As if the Tizian thinks of her,
And is not, rather, gravely bent
On seeing for himself what toys 195

Are these, his progeny invent,
What litter now the board employs

Whereon he signed a document
That got him murdered! Each enjoys

Its night so well, you cannot break 200
The sport up, so, indeed must make

More stay with me, for others' sake.

She speaks

To-morrow, if a harp-string, say,
Is used to tie the jasmine back
That overfloods my room with sweets, 205
Contrive your Zorzi somehow meets
My Zanze! If the ribbon's black,
The Three are watching: keep away!

Your gondola — let Zorzi wreath
A mesh of water-weeds about 210
Its prow, as if he unaware
Had struck some quay or bridge-foot stair!
That I may throw a paper out
As you and he go underneath.

There's Zanze's vigilant taper; safe are
we. 215
Only one minute more to-night with me?
Resume your past self of a month ago!
Be you the bashful gallant, I will be
The lady with the colder breast than snow.
Now bow you, as becomes, nor touch my
hand 220
More than I touch yours when I step to
land,
And say, "All thanks, Siora!" —
Heart to heart
And lips to lips! Yet once more, ere we
part,
Clasp me and make me thine, as mine
thou art!

(He is surprised, and stabbed.)

He speaks

It was ordained to be so, sweet! — and
best 225
Comes now, beneath thine eyes, upon thy
breast.
Still kiss me! Care not for the cowards!
Care
Only to put aside thy beauteous hair
My blood will hurt! The Three, I do not
scorn
To death, because they never lived: but
I 230
Have lived indeed, and so — (yet one
more kiss) — can die!

1842

MY LAST DUCHESS
FERRARA

That's my last Duchess painted on the
wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call

That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's
hands
Worked busily a day, and there she
stands.
Will 't please you sit and look at her? I
said 5
"Frà Pandolf" by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured counte-
nance,
The depth and passion of its earnest
glance,
But to myself they turned (since none
puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but
I) 10
And seemed as they would ask me, if they
durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the
first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas
not
Her husband's presence only, called that
spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: per-
haps 15
Frà Pandolf chanced to say "Her mantle
laps
Over my lady's wrist too much," or
"Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat:"
such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause
enough 20
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart — how shall I say? — too soon
made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went every-
where.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favor at her
breast, 25
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white
mule
She rode with round the terrace — all and
each
Would draw from her alike the approving
speech, 30
Or blush, at least. She thanked men, —
good! but thanked
Somehow — I know not how — as if she
ranked

My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
 With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to
 blame
 This sort of trifling? Even had you
 skill 35
 In speech — (which I have not) — to
 make your will
 Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just
 this
 Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
 Or there exceed the mark" — and if she
 let
 Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set 40
 Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made ex-
 cuse,
 — E'en then would be some stooping; and I
 choose
 Never to stoop. Oh, sir, she smiled, no
 doubt,
 Whene'er I passed her; but who passed
 without
 Much the same smile? This grew; I gave
 commands; 45
 Then all smiles stopped together. There
 she stands
 As if alive. Will 't please you rise? We'll
 meet
 The company below then. I repeat,
 The Count your master's known munifi-
 cence
 Is ample warrant that no just pretense 50
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I
 avowed
 At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
 Together down, sir. Notice Neptune,
 though,
 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity, 55
 Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze
 for me!

1842

THE LABORATORY

Now that I, tying thy glass mask tightly,
 May gaze thro' these faint smokes curling
 whitely,
 As thou pliest thy trade in this devil's-
 smithy —
 Which is the poison to poison her, prithee?
 He is with her, and they know that I
 know 5
 Where they are, what they do: they be-
 lieve my tears flow

While they laugh, laugh at me, at me fled
 to the drear
 Empty church, to pray God in, for them!
 — I am here.

Grind away, moisten and mash up thy
 paste,
 Pound at thy powder, — I am not in
 haste! 10
 Better sit thus, and observe thy strange
 things,
 Than go where men wait me and dance
 at the King's.

That in the mortar — you call it a gum?
 Ah, the brave tree whence such gold
 oozings come!
 And yonder soft phial, the exquisite
 blue, 15
 Sure to taste sweetly, — is that poison
 too?

Had I but all of them, thee and thy
 treasures,
 What a wild crowd of invisible pleasures!
 To carry pure death in an earring, a
 casket,
 A signet, a fan-mount, a filigree basket! 20

Soon, at the King's, a mere lozenge to
 give,
 And Pauline should have just thirty min-
 utes to live!
 But to light a pastile, and Elise, with her
 head
 And her breast and her arms and her
 hands, should drop dead!

Quick — is it finished? The colour's too
 grim! 25
 Why not soft like the phial's, enticing and
 dim?

Let it brighten her drink, let her turn it
 and stir,
 And try it and taste, ere she fix and
 prefer!

What a drop! She's not little, no minion
 like me!
 That's why she ensnared him: this never
 will free 30
 The soul from those masculine eyes, —
 say, "no!"
 To that pulse's magnificent come-and-go.

For only last night, as they whispered, I
brought
My own eyes to bear on her so, that I
thought
Could I keep them one half minute fixed,
she would fall³⁵
Shrivelled; she fell not; yet this does it all!

Not that I bid you spare her the pain;
Let death be felt and the proof remain:
Brand, burn up, bite into its grace —
He is sure to remember her dying face! 40

Is it done? Take my mask off! Nay, be
not morose;
It kills her, and this prevents seeing it
close:
The delicate droplet, my whole fortune's
fee!

If it hurts her, beside, can it ever hurt me?

Now, take all my jewels, gorge gold to
your fill,⁴⁵

You may kiss me, old man, on my mouth
if you will!

But brush this dust off me, lest horror it
brings

Ere I know it — next moment I dance at
the King's!

1844

THE LOST LEADER

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat —
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft
us,

Lost all the others she lets us devote;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out
silver,⁵

So much was theirs who so little allowed:
How all our copper had gone for his
service!

Rags — were they purple, his heart had
been proud!

We that had loved him so, followed him,
honored him,

Lived in his mild and magnificent
eye,¹⁰

Learned his great language, caught his
clear accents,

Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us, — they
watch from their graves!

He alone breaks from the van and the
freemen,¹⁵

— He alone sinks to the rear and the
slaves!

We shall march prospering, — not through
his presence;

Songs may inspirit us, — not from his
lyre;

Deeds will be done, — while he boasts his
quiescence,

Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade
aspire;²⁰

Blot out his name, then, record one lost
soul more,

One task more declined, one more foot-
path untrod,

One more devil's-triumph and sorrow for
angels,

One wrong more to man, one more insult
to God!

Life's night begins; let him never come
back to us!²⁵

There would be doubt, hesitation, and
pain,

Forced praise on our part — the glimmer
of twilight,

Never glad confident morning again!

Best fight on well, for we taught him —
strike gallantly,

Menace our heart ere we master his
own;³⁰

Then let him receive the new knowledge
and wait us,

Pardoned in heaven, the first by the
throne!

1845

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

I

Oh, to be in England now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England sees, some
morning, unaware,

That the lowest boughs and the brush-
wood sheaf

Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard
bough⁵

In England — now!

II

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the
swallows!

Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in
 the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the
 clover 10
 Blossoms and dewdrops — at the bent
 spray's edge —
 That's the wise thrush; he sings each song
 twice over
 Lest you should think he never could re-
 capture
 The first fine careless rapture!
 And though the fields look rough with
 hoary dew, 15
 All will be gay when noontide wakes
 anew
 The buttercups, the little children's
 dower
 — Far brighter than this gaudy melon-
 flower!

1845

HOME THOUGHTS FROM THE SEA

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the
 northwest died away;
 Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reek-
 ing into Cadiz Bay;
 Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face
 Trafalgar lay;
 In the dimmest northeast distance dawned
 Gibraltar grand and gray;
 "Here and here did England help me; how
 can I help England?" — say, 5
 Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to
 God to praise and pray,
 While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent
 over Africa.

1845

LOVE AMONG THE RUINS

Where the quiet-colored end of evening
 smiles
 Miles and miles
 On the solitary pastures where our sheep
 Half-asleep
 Tinkle homeward through the twilight,
 stray or stop 5
 As they crop —
 Was the site once of a city great and gay
 (So they say),
 Of our country's very capital, its prince
 Ages since 10
 Held his court in, gathered councils, wield-
 ing far
 Peace or war.

II

Now, — the country does not even boast
 a tree,
 As you see,
 To distinguish slopes of verdure, certain
 rills 15
 From the hills
 Intersect and give a name to (else they run
 Into one),
 Where the domed and daring palace shot
 its spires
 Up like fires 20
 O'er the hundred-gated circuit of a wall
 Bounding all,
 Made of marble, men might march on nor
 be pressed,
 Twelve abreast.

III

And such plenty and perfection, see, of
 grass 25
 Never was!
 Such a carpet as, this summer-time, o'er-
 spreads
 And embeds
 Every vestige of the city, guessed alone,
 Stock or stone — 30
 Where a multitude of men breathed joy
 and woe
 Long ago;
 Lust of glory pricked their hearts up, dread
 of shame
 Struck them tame;
 And that glory and that shame alike, the
 gold 35
 Bought and sold.

IV

Now, — the single little turret that remains
 On the plains,
 By the caper overrooted, by the gourd
 Overscored, 40
 While the patching houseleek's head of
 blossom winks
 Through the chinks —
 Marks the basement whence a tower in
 ancient time
 Sprang sublime,
 And a burning ring, all round, the chariots
 traced 45
 As they raced,
 And the monarch and his minions and his
 dames
 Viewed the games.

v

And I know — while thus the quiet-
colored eve
Smiles to leave 50
To their folding, all our many tinkling
fleece
In such peace,
And the slopes and rills in undistinguished
gray
Melt away —
That a girl with eager eyes and yellow
hair 55
Waits me there
In the turret whence the charioteers
caught soul
For the goal,
When the king looked, where she looks
now, breathless, dumb
Till I come. 60

vi

But he looked upon the city, every side,
Far and wide,
All the mountains topped with temples, all
the glades'
Colonnades,
All the causeys, bridges, aqueducts, —
and then, 65
All the men!
When I do come, she will speak not, she
will stand,
Either hand
On my shoulder, give her eyes the first
embrace
Of my face, 70
Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight and
speech
Each on each.

vii

In one year they sent a million fighters
forth
South and North,
And they built their gods a brazen pillar
high 75
As the sky,
Yet reserved a thousand chariots in full
force —
Gold, of course.
Oh heart! oh blood that freezes, blood
that burns!
Earth's returns 80
For whole centuries of folly, noise and sin!
Shut them in,

With their triumphs and their glories and
the rest!
Love is best.

1855

ANDREA DEL SARTO

CALLED "THE FAULTLESS PAINTER"

But do not let us quarrel any more,
No, my Lucrezia; bear with me for once:
Sit down and all shall happen as you wish.
You turn your face, but does it bring
your heart?
I'll work then for your friend's friend,
never fear, 5
Treat his own subject after his own way,
Fix his own time, accept too, his own
price,
And shut the money into this small hand
When next it takes mine. Will it? ten-
derly?
Oh, I'll content him, — but to-morrow,
Love! 10
I often am much wearier than you think,
This evening more than usual, and it
seems
As if — forgive now — should you let me
sit
Here by the window with your hand in
mine
And look a half-hour forth on Fiesole, 15
Both of one mind, as married people
use,
Quietly, quietly the evening through,
I might get up to-morrow to my work
Cheerful and fresh as ever. Let us try.
To-morrow, how you shall be glad for
this! 20
Your soft hand is a woman of itself,
And mine the man's bared breast she
curls inside.
Don't count the time lost, neither; you
must serve
For each of the five pictures we require:
It saves a model. So! keep looking
so — 25
My serpentine beauty, rounds on
rounds!
— How could you ever prick those perfect
ears,
Even to put the pearl there! oh, so sweet—
My face, my moon, my everybody's moon,
Which everybody looks on and calls
his, 30
And, I suppose, is looked on by in turn,

While she looks — no one's: very dear, no less.
 You smile? why, there's my picture ready made,
 There's what we painters call our harmony!
 A common grayness silvers everything, — 35
 All in a twilight, you and I alike
 — You, at the point of your first pride in me
 (That's gone you know), — but I, at every point;
 My youth, my hope, my art, being all toned down
 To yonder sober pleasant Fiesole. 40
 There's the bell clinking from the chapel-top;
 That length of convent-wall across the way
 Holds the trees safer, huddled more inside;
 The last monk leaves the garden; days decrease,
 And autumn grows, autumn in everything. 45
 Eh? the whole seems to fall into a shape
 As if I saw alike my work and self
 And all that I was born to be and do,
 A twilight-piece. Love, we are in God's hand.
 How strange now looks the life he makes us lead; 50
 So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!
 I feel he laid the fetter: let it lie!
 This chamber for example — turn your head —
 All that's behind us! You don't understand
 Nor care to understand about my art, 55
 But you can hear at least when people speak:
 And that cartoon, the second from the door
 — It is the thing, Love! so such thing should be —
 Behold Madonna! — I am bold to say.
 I can do with my pencil what I know, 60
 What I see, what at bottom of my heart
 I wish for, if I ever wish so deep —
 Do easily, too — when I say, perfectly,
 I do not boast, perhaps: yourself are judge,
 Who listened to the Legate's talk last week, 65

And just as much they used to say in France.
 At any rate, 'tis easy, all of it!
 No sketches first, no studies, that's long past:
 I do what many dream of all their lives,
 — Dream? strive to do, and agonize to do, 70
 And fail in doing. I could count twenty such
 On twice your fingers, and not leave this town,
 Who strive — you don't know how the others strive
 To paint a little thing like that you smeared
 Carelessly passing with your robes
 afloat, — 75
 Yet do much less, so much less, Someone says,
 (I know his name, no matter) — so much less!
 Well, less is more, Lucrezia: I am judged.
 There burns a truer light of God in them,
 In their vexed beating stuffed and stopped-up brain, 80
 Heart, or what'er else, than goes on to prompt
 This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand of mine.
 Their works drop groundward, but themselves, I know,
 Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me,
 Enter and take their place there sure enough, 85
 Though they come back and cannot tell the world.
 My works are nearer heaven, but I sit here.
 The sudden blood of these men! at a word —
 Praise them, it boils, or blame them, it boils too.
 I, painting from myself, and to myself, 90
 Know what I do, am unmoved by men's blame
 Or their praise either. Somebody remarks
 Morello's outline there is wrongly traced,
 His hue mistaken; what of that? or else,
 Rightly traced and well ordered; what of that? 95
 Speak as they please, what does the mountain care?

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his
grasp,
Or what's a heaven for? All is silver-
gray,
Placid and perfect with my art: the
worse!
I know both what I want and what might
gain,
And yet how profitless to know, to sigh
"Had I been two, another and myself,
Our head would have o'erlooked the
world!" No doubt.
Yonder's a work now, of that famous
youth
The Urbinate who died five years ago. 105
('Tis copied, George Vasari sent it me.)
Well, I can fancy how he did it all,
Pouring his soul, with kings and popes to
see,
Reaching, that heaven might so replenish
him,
Above and through his art — for it gives
way;
That arm is wrongly put — and there
again —
A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines,
Its body, so to speak: its soul is right,
He means right — that, a child may un-
derstand.
Still, what an arm! and I could alter
it:
But all the play, the insight and the
stretch —
Out of me, out of me! And wherefore
out?
Had you enjoined them on me, given me
soul,
We might have risen to Rafael, I and you!
Nay, Love, you did give all I asked, I
think —
More than I merit, yes, by many times.
But had you — oh, with the same perfect
brow,
And perfect eyes, and more than perfect
mouth,
And the low voice my soul hears, as a
bird
The fowler's pipe, and follows to the
snare —
Had you, with these the same, but brought
a mind!
Some women do so. Had the mouth there
urged
"God and the glory! never care for gain.

The present by the future, what is that?
Live for fame, side by side with Ag-
- nolo!
Rafael is waiting: up to God, all three!"
I might have done it for you. So it seems:
Perhaps not. All is as God overrules.
Beside, incentives come from the soul's
self;
The rest avail not. Why do I need
you?
What wife had Rafael, or has Agnolo?
In this world, who can do a thing, will not;
And who would do it, cannot, I perceive:
Yet the will's somewhat — somewhat, too,
the power —
And thus we half-men struggle. At the
end,
God, I conclude, compensates, punishes.
'Tis safer for me, if the award be strict,
That I am something underrated here,
Poor this long while, despised, to speak
the truth.
I dared not, do you know, leave home all
day,
For fear of chancing on the Paris lords.
The best is when they pass and look aside;
But they speak sometimes; I must bear it
all.
Well may they speak! That Francis, that
first time,
And that long festal year at Fontaine-
bleau!
I surely then could sometimes leave the
ground,
Put on the glory, Rafael's daily wear,
In that humane great monarch's golden
look, —
One finger in his beard or twisted curl
Over his mouth's good mark that made
the smile,
One arm about my shoulder, round my
neck,
The jingle of his gold chain in my ear,
I painting proudly with his breath on me,
All his court round him, seeing with his
eyes,
Such frank French eyes, and such a fire of
souls
Profuse, my hand kept plying by those
hearts, —
And, best of all, this, this, this face be-
yond,
This in the background, waiting on my
work,

To crown the issue with a last reward!
 A good time, was it not, my kingly
 days? 165
 And had you not grown restless . . . but
 I know —
 'Tis done and past; 'twas right, my in-
 stinct said;
 Too live the life grew, golden and not
 gray,
 And I'm the weak-eyed bat no sun should
 tempt
 Out of his grange whose four walls make
 his world. 170
 How could it end in any other way?
 You called me, and I came home to your
 heart.
 The triumph was — to reach and stay
 there; since
 I reached it ere the triumph, what is lost?
 Let my hands frame your face in your
 hair's gold, 175
 You beautiful Lucrezia that are mine!
 "Rafael did this, Andrea painted that;
 The Roman's is the better when you pray,
 But still the other's Virgin was his wife" —
 Men will excuse me. I am glad to judge 180
 Both pictures in your presence; clearer
 grows
 My better fortune, I resolve to think.
 For, do you know, Lucrezia, as God lives,
 Said one day Agnolo, his very self,
 To Rafael . . . I have known it all these
 years . . . 185
 (When the young man was flaming out his
 thoughts
 Upon a palace-wall for Rome to see,
 Too lifted up in heart because of it)
 "Friend, there's a certain sorry little
 scrub
 Goes up and down our Florence, none
 cares how, 190
 Who, were he set to plan and execute
 As you are, pricked on by your popes and
 kings,
 Would bring the sweat into that brow of
 yours!"
 To Rafael's! — And indeed the arm is
 wrong.
 I hardly dare . . . yet, only you to see, 195
 Give the chalk here — quick, thus the
 line should go!
 Ay, but the soul! he's Rafael! rub it out!
 Still, all I care for, if he spoke the truth
 (What he? why, who but Michel Agnolo?

Do you forget already words like
 those?), 200
 If really there was such a chance, so lost, —
 Is, whether you're — not grateful — but
 more pleased.
 Well, let me think so. And you smile in-
 deed!
 This hour has been an hour! Another
 smile?
 If you would sit thus by me every
 night 205
 I should work better, do you comprehend?
 I mean that I should earn more, give you
 more,
 See, it is settled dusk now; there's a star;
 Morello's gone, the watch-lights show the
 wall,
 The cuc-ows speak the name we call
 them by. 210
 Come from the window, Love, — come in,
 at last,
 Inside the melancholy little house
 We built to be so gay with. God is just.
 King Francis may forgive me; oft at
 nights,
 When I look up from painting, eyes tired
 out, 215
 The walls become illumined, brick from
 brick
 Distinct, instead of mortar, fierce bright
 gold,
 That gold of his I did cement them with!
 Let us but love each other. Must you go?
 That Cousin here again? he waits out-
 side? 220
 Must see you — you, and not with me?
 Those loans?
 More gaming debts to pay? you smiled
 for that?
 Well, let smiles buy me! have you more to
 spend?
 While hand and eye and something of a
 heart
 Are left me, work's my ware, and what's
 it worth? 225
 I'll pay my fancy. Only let me sit
 The gray remainder of the evening out,
 Idle, you call it, and muse perfectly
 How I could paint, were I but back in
 France,
 One picture, just one more — the Virgin's
 face, 230
 Not yours this time! I want you at my
 side

To hear them — that is, Michel Agnolo —
Judge all I do and tell you of its worth.
Will you? To-morrow, satisfy your friend.
I take the subjects for his corridor, 235
Finish the portrait out of hand — there,
there,

And throw him in another thing or two
If he demurs; the whole should prove
enough

To pay for this same Cousin's freak. Be-
side,

What's better and what's all I care
about, 240

Get you the thirteen scudi for the ruff!
Love, does that please you? Ah, but what
does he,

The Cousin! what does he to please you
more?

I am grown peaceful as old age to-night.
I regret little, I would change still less. 245
Since there my past life lies, why alter
it?

The very wrong to Francis! — it is true
I took his coin, was tempted and complicit,
And built this house and sinned, and all is
said.

My father and my mother died of
want. 250

Well, had I riches of my own? you see
How one gets rich! Let each one bear his
lot.

They were born poor, lived poor, and poor
they died:

And I have labored somewhat in my time
And not been paid profusely. Some good
son 255

Paint my two hundred pictures — let him
try!

No doubt, there's something strikes a
balance. Yes,

You loved me quite enough, it seems to-
night.

This must suffice me here. What would
one have?

In heaven, perhaps, new chances, one
more chance — 260

Four great walls in the New Jerusalem
Meted on each side by the angel's reed,
For Leonard, Rafael, Agnolo and me
To cover — the three first without a
wife,

While I have mine! So — still they over-
come 265

Because there's still Lucrezia, — as I
choose.

Again the Cousin's whistle! Go, my
Love.

1855

A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL

*Shortly after the Revival of
Learning in Europe*

Let us begin and carry up this corpse,
Singing together.

Leave we the common crofts, the vulgar
thorpes

Each in its tether
Sleeping safe on the bosom of the plain, 5
Cared-for till cock-crow:

Look out if yonder be not day again
Rimming the rock-row!

That's the appropriate country; there,
man's thought,

Rarer, intenser, 10
Self-gathered for an outbreak, as it ought,
Chafes in the censer.

Leave we the unlettered plain its herd and
crop:

Seek we sepulture
On a tall mountain, citied to the top, 15
Crowded with culture!

All the peaks soar, but one the rest excels;
Clouds overcome it;

No! yonder sparkle is the citadel's
Circling its summit. 20

Thither our path lies; wind we up the
heights;

Wait ye the warning?
Our low life was the level's and the night's;

He's for the morning.
Step to a tune, square chests, erect each
head, 25

'Ware the beholders!

This is our master, famous, calm, and dead,
Borne on our shoulders.

Sleep, crop and herd! sleep, darkling
thorpe and croft,

Safe from the weather! 30

He, whom we convoy to his grave aloft,
Singing together,

He was a man born with thy face and
throat,

Lyric Apollo!
Long he lived nameless: how should
Spring take note 35

Winter would follow?
Till lo, the little touch, and youth was
gone!

Cramped and diminished,
Moaned he, "New measures, other feet
anon!

My dance is finished?" 40
No, that's the world's way: (keep the
mountain-side,
Make for the city!)

He knew the signal, and stepped on with
pride

Over men's pity;
Left play for work, and grappled with the
world 45

Bent on escaping:
"What's in the scroll", quoth he, "thou
keepest furled?

Show me thy shaping,
There's who most studied man, the bard
and sage, —

Give!" — So, he gowned him, 50
Straight got by heart that book to its last
page:

Learnèd, we found him.
Yea, but we found him bald too, eyes like
lead,

Accents uncertain:
"Time to taste life," another would have
said, 55

"Up with the curtain!"
This man said rather, "Actual life comes
next?

Patience a moment!
Grant I have mastered learning's crabbed
text,

Still there's the comment. 60
Let me know all! Prate not of most or
least,

Painful or easy!
Even to the crumbs I'd fain eat up the
feast,

Ay, nor feel queasy."
Oh, such a life as he resolved to live, 65
When he had learned it,

When he had gathered all books had to
give!

Sooner, he spurned it.
Imagine the whole, then execute the
parts —

Fancy the fabric 70
Quite, ere you build, ere steel strike fire
from quartz,
Ere mortar dab brick!

(Here's the town-gate reached: there's
the market-place
Gaping before us.)

Yea, this in him was the peculiar grace 75
(Hearten our chorus!)

That before living he'd learn how to live —
No end to learning:

Earn the means first — God surely will
contrive

Use for our earning. 80
Others mistrust and say, "But time
escapes:

Live now or never!"
He said, "What's Time? Leave Now for
dogs and apes!

Man has Forever."
Back to his book then: deeper dropped his
head: 85

Calculus racked him:
Laden before, his eyes grew dross of
lead:

Tussis attacked him.
"Now, master, take a little rest!" — not
he!

(Caution redoubled, 90
Step two abreast, the way winds nar-
rowly!)

Not a whit troubled,
Back to his studies, fresher than at first,
Fierce as a dragon

He (soul-hydroptic with a sacred thirst) 95
Sucked at the flagon.

Oh, if we draw a circle premature,
Heedless of far gain,
Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure

Bad is our bargain! 100
Was it not great? did not he throw on God,
(He loves the burthen) —

God's task to make the heavenly period
Perfect the earthen?

Did not he magnify the mind, show
clear 105

Just what it all meant?
He would not discount life, as fools do
here,

Paid by instalment.
He ventured neck or nothing — heaven's
success

Found, or earth's failure: 110
"Wilt thou trust death or not?" He an-
swered, "Yes!

Hence with life's pale lure!"
That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it:

This high man, with a great thing to
pursue, 115

Dies ere he knows it.

That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundreds soon hit;

This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit. 120

That, has the world here — should he
need the next,

Let the world mind him!

This, throws himself on God, and unper-
plexed

Seeking shall find him.

So, with the throttling hands of death at
strife, 125

Ground he at grammar;

Still, through the rattle, parts of speech
were rife:

While he could stammer

He settled *Hoti's* business — let it be! —
Properly based *Oun* — 130

Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*,
Dead from the waist down.

Well, here's the platform, here's the
proper place:

Hail to your purlieus,

All ye highfliers of the feathered race, 135
Swallows and curlews!

Here's the top-peak; the multitude below
Live, for they can, there:

This man decided not to Live but Know —
Bury this man there? 140

Here — here's his place, where meteors
shoot, clouds form,

Lightnings are loosened,

Stars come and go! Let joy break with
the storm,

Peace let the dew send!

Lofty designs must close in like effects: 145
Loftily lying,

Leave him — still loftier than the world
suspects,

Living and dying.

1855

RABBI BEN EZRA

Grow old along with me!

The best is yet to be,

The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand

Who saith, "A whole I planned, 5
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all,
nor be afraid!"

II

Not that, amassing flowers,

Youth sighed, "Which rose make ours,
Which lily leave and then as best recall?"

Not that, admiring stars, 10

It yearned, "Nor Jove, nor Mars;

Mine be some figured flame which blends,
transcends them all!"

III

Not for such hopes and fears

Annulling youth's brief years,

Do I remonstrate; folly wide the mark! 15

Rather I prize the doubt

Low kinds exist without,

Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a
spark.

IV

Poor vaunt of life indeed,

Were man but formed to feed 20

On joy, to solely seek and find and feast;

Such feasting ended, then

As sure an end to men;

Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt
the maw-crammed beast?

V

Rejoice we are allied 25

To That which doth provide

And not partake, effect and not receive!

A spark disturbs our clod;

Nearer we hold of God

Who gives, than of His tribes that take,
I must believe. 30

VI

Then, welcome each rebuff

That turns earth's smoothness rough,

Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand
but go!

Be our joys three-parts pain!

Strive, and hold cheap the strain; 35

Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never
grudge the throe!

VII

For thence, — a paradox

Which comforts while it mocks, —

Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail: 40

What I aspired to be,

And was not, comforts me:

A brute I might have been, but would not
sink i' the scale.

What is he but a brute
Whose flesh hath soul to suit,
Whose spirit works lest arms and legs
want play? 45

To man, propose this test —
Thy body at its best,
How far can that project thy soul on its
lone way?

IX

Yet gifts should prove their use:
I own the Past profuse 50
Of power each side, perfection every turn:
Eyes, ears took in their dole,
Brain treasured up the whole;
Should not the heart beat once "How good
to live and learn?"

X

Not once beat "Praise be Thine! 55
I see the whole design,
I, who saw Power, see now Love perfect
too:

Perfect I call Thy plan:
Thanks that I was a man!
Maker, remake complete, — I trust what
Thou shalt do!" 60

XI

For pleasant is this flesh;
Our soul, in its rose-mesh
Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for
rest:

Would we some prize might hold
To match those manifold 65
Possessions of the brute, — gain most, as
we did best!

Let us not always say,
"Spite of this flesh to-day"
I strove, made head, gained ground upon
the whole!" 70

As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry "All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now,
than flesh helps soul!"

XIII

Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reached its
term: 75

Thence shall I pass, approved
A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute; a god though
in the germ.

XIV

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone 80
Once more on my adventure brave and
new:

Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armor to
indue.

XV

Youth ended, I shall try 85
My gain or loss thereby;
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is
gold:

And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame:
Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know,
being old. 90

XVI

For note, when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the
gray:

A whisper from the west
Shoots — "Add this to the rest, 95
Take it and try its worth: here dies
another day."

XVII

So, still within this life,
Though lifted o'er its strife,
Let me discern, compare, pronounce at
last,

"This rage was right i' the main, 100
That acquiescence vain:
The Future I may face now I have proved
the Past."

XVIII

For more is not reserved
To man, with soul just nerved
To act to-morrow what he learns to-
day: 105

Here, work enough to watch
The Master work, and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the
tool's true play.

XIX

As it was better, youth
Should strive, through acts uncouth, 110
Toward making, than repose on aught
found made!

So, better, age, exempt
From strife, should know, than tempt
Further. Thou waitedst age: wait death,
nor be afraid!

XX

Enough now, if the Right 115
And Good and Infinite
Be named here, as thou callest thy hand
thine own,
With knowledge absolute,
Subject to no dispute
From fools that crowded youth, nor let
thee feel alone. 120

XXI

Be there, for once and all,
Severed great minds from small,
Announced to each his station in the
Past!

Was I, the world arraigned,
Were they, my soul disdained, 125
Right? Let age speak the truth and give
us peace at last!

XXII

Now, who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate, *smooth*
Shun what I follow, slight what I
receive;

Ten, who in ears and eyes 130
Match me: we all surmise,
They, this thing, and I, that: whom shall
my soul believe?

XXIII

Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work," must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the
price; 135

O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value
in a trice:

XXIV

But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb, 140
So passed in making up the main account;

All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled
the man's amount:

XXV

Thoughts hardly to be packed 145
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and
escaped;

All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the
pitcher shaped. 150

XXVI

Aut image of Umar Klaggan
Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
That metaphor! and feel
Why time spins fast, why passive lies our
clay, —

Thou, to whom fools propound,
When the wine makes its round, 155
"Since life fleets, all is change; the Past
gone, seize to-day!"

XXVII

Fool! All that is, at all, —
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God
stand sure:

What entered into thee, 160
That was, is, and shall be:
Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter
and clay endure.

XXVIII

He fixed thee mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain
arrest: 165

Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently
impressed.

XXIX

What though the earlier grooves,
Which ran the laughing loves 170
Around thy base, no longer pause and
press?

What though, about thy rim,
Skull-things in order grim
Grow out, in graver mood, obey the
sterner stress?

XXX

Look not thou down but up! 175
 To uses of a cup,
 The festal board, lamp's flash and trum-
 pet's peal,
 The new wine's foaming flow,
 The Master's lips aglow!
 Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what
 needst thou with earth's wheel? 180

XXXI

But I need, now as then,
 Thee, God, who moldest men;
 And since, not even while the whirl was
 worst,
 Did I — to the wheel of life
 With shapes and colors rife, 185
 Bound dizzily — mistake my end, to slake
 Thy thirst:

XXXII

So, take and use Thy work:
 Amend what flaws may lurk,
 What strain o' the stuff, what warpings
 past the aim!
 My times be in Thy hand! 190
 Perfect the cup as planned!
 Let age approve of youth, and death com-
 plete the same! 1864

PROSPICE

Fear death? — to feel the fog in my
 throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts
 denote
 I am nearing the place,
 The power of the night, the press of the
 storm, 5
 The post of the foe;
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible
 form,
 Yet the strong man must go;
 For the journey is done and the summit
 attained,
 And the barriers fall, 10
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon
 be gained,
 The reward of it all.
 I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more,
 The best and the last!
 I would hate that death bandaged my
 eyes, and forbore, 15
 And bade me creep past.

No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like
 my peers,
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's
 arrears
 Of pain, darkness and cold. 20
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the
 brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices
 that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a peace
 out of pain, 25
 Then a light, then thy breast,
 O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee
 again,
 And with God be the rest!

1861, 1864

EPILOGUE

At the midnight in the silence of the
 sleep-time,
 When you set your fancies free,
 Will they pass to where — by death, fools
 think, imprisoned —
 Low he lies who once so loved you, whom
 you loved so,
 — Pity me? 5
 Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mis-
 taken!
 What had I on earth to do
 With the slothful, with the mawkish, the
 unmanly?
 Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless did I
 drivel
 — Being — who? 10
 One who never turned his back but
 marched breast forward,
 Never doubted clouds would break,
 Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
 wrong would triumph,
 Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight
 better,
 Sleep to wake. 15
 No, at noonday in the bustle of man's
 worktime
 Greet the unseen with a cheer!
 Bid him forward, breast and back as
 either should be,

"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed, — fight
on, fare ever
There as here!"
20
1889

ELIZABETH BARRETT
BROWNING
(1809–1861)

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE

XIV

If thou must love me, let it be for nought
Except for love's sake only. Do not say
"I love her for her smile — her look — her
way
Of speaking gently, — for a trick of
thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes
brought 5
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day" —
For these things in themselves, Belovèd,
may
Be changed, or change for thee, — and
love, so wrought,
May be unwrought so. Neither love me
for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks
dry, — 10
A creature might forget to weep, who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love there-
by!
But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou mayst love on, through love's
eternity.

XX

Belovèd, my Belovèd, when I think 15
That thou wast in the world a year ago,
What time I sat alone here in the snow
And saw no footprint, heard the silence
sink
No moment at thy voice, but, link by link,
Went counting all my chains as if that
so 20
They never could fall off at any blow
Struck by thy possible hand, — why, thus
I drink
Of life's great cup of wonder! Wonderful,
Never to feel thee thrill the day or night
With personal act or speech, — nor ever
cull 25
Some prescience of thee with the blossoms
white

Thou sawest growing! Atheists are as
dull,
Who cannot guess God's presence out of
sight.

XXI

Say over again and yet once over again
That thou dost love me. Though the
word repeated 30
Should seem "a cuckoo-song," as thou
dost treat it.
Remember never to the hill or plain,
Valley and wood, without her cuckoo-
strain,
Comes the fresh Spring in all her green
completed!
Belovèd, I, amid the darkness greeted 35
By a doubtful spirit-voice in that doubt's
pain
Cry, "Speak once more, thou lovest!"
Who can fear
Too many stars, though each in heaven
shall roll —
Too many flowers, though each shall
crown the year?
Say thou dost love me, love me, love me
— toll 40
The silver iterance! — only minding,
Dear,
To love me also in silence, with thy soul.

XXVIII

My letters! all dead paper, mute and
white!
And yet they seem alive and quivering
Against my tremulous hands which loose
the string 45
And let them drop down on my knee to-
night.
This said, he wished to have me in his
sight
Once, as a friend; this fixed a day in
spring
To come and touch my hand — a simple
thing,
Yet I wept for it! This — the paper's
light — 50
Said, "Dear, I love thee"; and I sank and
quailed
As if God's future thundered on my past:
This said, "I am thine" — and so its ink
has paled
With lying at my heart that beat too
fast:

And this — O Love, thy words have ill
 availed,
 If, what this said, I dared repeat at last!

XLIII

How do I love thee? Let me count the
 ways.
 I love thee to the depth and breadth and
 height
 My soul can reach, when feeling out of
 sight
 For the ends of Being and Ideal Grace. 60
 I love thee to the level of everyday's
 Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
 I love thee freely, as men strive for
 Right;
 I love thee purely, as they turn from
 Praise.
 I love thee with the passion put to use 65
 In my old griefs, and with my childhood's
 faith.
 I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
 With my lost saints, — I love thee with
 the breath,
 Smiles, tears, of all my life! — and, if God
 choose,
 I shall but love thee better after death. 70
 1850

MATTHEW ARNOLD

(1822-1888)

REQUIESCAT

Strew on her roses, roses,
 And never a spray of yew!
 In quiet she reposes;
 Ah, would that I did too!

Her mirth the world required;
 She bathed it in smiles of glee. 5
 But her heart was tired, tired,
 And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
 In mazes of heat and sound. 10
 But for peace her soul was yearning,
 And now peace laps her round.

Her cabined, ample spirit,
 It fluttered and failed for breath.
 To-night it doth inherit 15
 The vasty hall of death.

1853

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM

An Episode

And the first grey of morning fill'd the east,
 And the fog rose out of the Oxus stream.
 But all the Tartar camp along the stream
 Was hush'd, and still the men were plunged
 in sleep:

Sohrab alone, he slept not: all night long 5
 He had lain wakeful, tossing on his bed;
 But when the grey dawn stole into his
 tent,

He rose, and clad himself, and girt his
 sword,

And took his horseman's cloak, and left
 his tent,

And went abroad into the cold wet fog, 10
 Through the dim camp to Peran-Wisa's
 tent.

Through the black Tartar tents he
 pass'd, which stood

Clustering like bee-hives on the low flat
 strand

Of Oxus, where the summer floods o'erflow
 When the sun melts the snows in high
 Pamere: 15

Through the black tents he pass'd, o'er
 that low strand,

And to a hillock came, a little back
 From the stream's brink, the spot where
 first a boat,

Crossing the stream in summer, scrapes
 the land.

The men of former times had crown'd the
 top 20

With a clay fort: but that was fall'n; and
 now

The Tartars built there Peran-Wisa's
 tent,

A dome of laths, and o'er it felts were
 spread.

And Sohrab came there, and went in, and
 stood

Upon the thick-pil'd carpets in the
 tent, 25

And found the old man sleeping on his bed
 Of rugs and felts, and near him lay his
 arms.

And Peran-Wisa heard him, though the
 step

Was dull'd; for he slept light, an old man's
 sleep;

And he rose quickly on one arm, and
 said: — 30

"Who art thou? for it is not yet clear dawn.

Speak! is there news, or any night alarm?"

But Sohrab came to the bedside, and said:

"Thou know'st me, Peran-Wisa: it is I.

The sun is not yet risen, and the foe 35

Sleep; but I sleep not; all night long I lie

Tossing and wakeful, and I come to thee.

For so did King Afrasiab bid me seek

Thy counsel, and to heed thee as thy son,

In Samarcand, before the army march'd; 40

And I will tell thee what my heart desires.

Thou know'st if, since from Ader-baijan first

I came among the Tartars, and bore arms, I have still serv'd Afrasiab well, and shown,

At my boy's years, the courage of a man. 45

This too thou know'st, that, while I still bear on

The conquering Tartar ensigns through the world,

And beat the Persians back on every field,

I seek one man, one man, and one alone —

Rustum, my father; who, I hop'd, should greet, 50

Should one day greet, upon some well-fought field

His not unworthy, not inglorious son.

So I long hop'd, but him I never find.

Come then, hear now, and grant me what I ask.

Let the two armies rest to-day: but I 55
Will challenge forth the bravest Persian lords

To meet me, man to man: if I prevail,

Rustum will surely hear it; if I fall —

Old man, the dead need no one, claim no kin.

Dim is the rumour of a common fight 60

Where host meets host, and many names are sunk:

But of a single combat Fame speaks clear."

He spoke: and Peran-Wisa took the hand

Of the young man in his, and sigh'd, and said: —

"O Sohrab, an unquiet heart is thine! 65
Canst thou not rest among the Tartar chiefs,

And share the battle's common chance with us

Who love thee, but must press forever first,

In single fight incurring single risk,

To find a father thou hast never seen? 70

That were far best, my son, to stay with us

Unmurmuring; in our tents, while it is war,

And when 't is truce, then in Afrasiab's towns.

But, if this one desire indeed rules all,

To seek out Rustum — seek him not through fight: 75

Seek him in peace, and carry to his arms,

O Sohrab, carry an unwounded son!

But far hence seek him, for he is not here.

For now it is not as when I was young,

When Rustum was in front of every fray: 80

But now he keeps apart, and sits at home, In Seistan, with Zal, his father old.

Whether that his own mighty strength at last

Feels the abhorr'd approaches of old age:

Or in some quarrel with the Persian King. 85

There go! — Thou wilt not? Yet my heart forbodes

Danger or death awaits thee on this field.

Fain would I know thee safe and well, though lost

To us: fain therefore send thee hence, in peace

To seek thy father, not seek single fights 90

In vain: — but who can keep the lion's cub

From ravening? and who govern Rustum's son?

Go: I will grant thee what thy heart desires."

So said he, and dropp'd Sohrab's hand, and left

His bed, and the warm rugs whereon he lay, 95

And o'er his chilly limbs his woollen coat

He pass'd, and tied his sandals on his feet,

And threw a white cloak round him, and he took

In his right hand a ruler's staff, no sword; And on his head he placed his sheep-skin cap 100

Black, glossy, curl'd, the fleece of Kara-Kul;

And rais'd the curtain of his tent, and
call'd

His herald to his side, and went abroad.

The sun, by this, had risen, and clear'd
the fog

From the broad Oxus and the glittering
sands: 105

And from their tents the Tartar horsemen
fil'd

Into the open plain; so Haman bade;

Haman, who next to Peran-Wisa rul'd

The host, and still was in his lusty prime.

From their black tents, long files of horse,
they stream'd: 110

As when, some grey November morn, the
files

In marching order spread, of long-neck'd
cranes,

Stream over Casbin and the southern
slopes

Of Elburz, from the Aralian estuaries,
Or some froze Caspian reed-bed, south-
ward bound 115

For the warm Persian sea-board: so they
stream'd.

The Tartars of the Oxus, the King's
guard,

First, with black sheep-skin caps and with
long spears;

Large men, large steeds; who from Bo-
khara come

And Khiva, and ferment the milk of
mares. 120

Next the more temperate Toorkmuns of
the south,

The Tukas, and the lances of Salore,

And those from Attruck and the Caspian
sands;

Light men, and on light steeds, who only
drink

The acrid milk of camels, and their
wells. 125

And then a swarm of wandering horse,
who came

From far, and a more doubtful service
own'd;

The Tartars of Ferghana, from the banks
Of the Jaxartes, men with scanty beards

And close-set skull-caps; and those wilder
hordes 130

Who roam o'er Kipchak and the northern
waste,

Kalmuks and unkemp'd Kuzzaks, tribes
who stray

Nearest the Pole, and wandering Kir-
ghizzes,

Who come on shaggy ponies from Pamere.
These all fil'd out from camp into the
plain. 135

And on the other side the Persians
form'd:

First a light cloud of horse, Tartars they
seem'd,

The Ilyats of Khorassan: and behind,

The royal troops of Persia, horse and foot,
Marshal'd battalions bright in burnished
steel. 140

But Peran-Wisa with his herald came,
Threading the Tartar squadrons to the
front,

And with his staff kept back the foremost
ranks.

And when Ferood, who led the Persians,
saw

That Peran-Wisa kept the Tartars
back, 145

He took his spear, and to the front he
came,

And check'd his ranks, and fix'd them
where they stood.

And the old Tartar came upon the sand
Betwixt the silent hosts, and spake, and
said: —

“Ferood, and ye, Persians and Tartars,
hear! 150

Let there be truce between the hosts to-
day.

But choose a champion from the Persian
lords

To fight our champion Sohrab, man to
man.”

As, in the country, on a morn in June,
When the dew glistens on the pearl'd
ears, 155

A shiver runs through the deep corn for
joy —

So, when they heard what Peran-Wisa said,
A thrill through all the Tartar squadrons
ran

Of pride and hope for Sohrab, whom they
lov'd.

But as a troop of peddlers, from
Cabool, 160

Cross underneath the Indian Caucasus,
That vast sky-neighboring mountain of
milk snow;

Crossing so high, that, as they mount, they
pass

Long flocks of travelling birds dead on the
snow,
Chok'd by the air, and scarce can they
themselves 165
Slake their parch'd throats with sugar'd
mulberries —
In single file they move, and stop their
breath,
For fear they should dislodge the o'er-
hanging snows —
So the pale Persians held their breath with
fear.
And to Ferood his brother Chiefs came
up 170
To counsel: Gudurz and Zoarrah came,
And Feraburz, who rul'd the Persian host
Second, and was the uncle of the King:
These came and counsel'd; and then
Gudurz said: —
"Ferood, shame bids us take their chal-
lenge up, 175
Yet champion have we none to match this
youth.
He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's
heart.
But Rustum came last night; aloof he sits
And sullen, and has pitched his tents
apart:
Him will I seek, and carry to his ear 180
The Tartar challenge, and this young
man's name.
Haply he will forget his wrath, and fight.
Stand forth the while, and take their chal-
lenge up."
So spake he; and Ferood stood forth and
said:
"Old man, be it agreed as thou hast
said. 185
Let Sohrab arm, and we will find a man."
He spoke; and Peran-Wisa turn'd, and
strode
Back through the opening squadrons to
his tent.
But through the anxious Persians Gudurz
ran,
And cross'd the camp which lay behind,
and reach'd, 190
Out on the sands beyond it, Rustum's
tents.
Of scarlet cloth they were, and glittering
gay,
Just pitch'd: the high pavilion in the midst
Was Rustum's, and his men lay camp'd
around.

And Gudurz enter'd Rustum's tent, and
found 195
Rustum: his morning meal was done, but
still
The table stood beside him, charg'd with
food;
A side of roasted sheep, and cakes of
bread,
And dark green melons; and there Rustum
sate
Listless, and held a falcon on his wrist, 200
And play'd with it; but Gudurz came and
stood
Before him; and he look'd, and saw him
stand;
And with a cry sprang up, and dropp'd
the bird,
And greeted Gudurz with both hands, and
said: —
"Welcome! these eyes could see no
better sight. 205
What news? but sit down first, and eat
and drink."
But Gudurz stood in the tent door, and
said: —
"Not now: a time will come to eat and
drink,
But not to-day: to-day has other needs.
The armies are drawn out, and stand at
gaze: 210
For from the Tartars is a challenge brought
To pick a champion from the Persian
lords
To fight their champion — and thou
know'st his name —
Sohrab men call him, but his birth is
hid.
O Rustum, like thy might is this young
man's! 215
He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's
heart.
And he is young, and Iran's Chiefs are
old,
Or else too weak; and all eyes turn to thee.
Come down and help us, Rustum, or we
lose."
He spoke: but Rustum answer'd with a
smile: 220
"Go to! if Iran's Chiefs are old, then I
Am older: if the young are weak, the King
Errs strangely: for the King, for Kai
Khosroo,
Himself is young, and honours younger
men,

And lets the aged moulder to their
graves. 225

Rustum he loves no more, but loves the
young —

The young may rise at Sohrab's vaunts,
not I.

For what care I, though all speak Sohrab's
fame?

For would that I myself had such a son,
And not that one slight helpless girl I

have, 230

A son so fam'd, so brave, to send to war,
And I to tarry with the snow-hair'd Zal,
My father, whom the robber Afghans
vex,

And clip his borders short, and drive his
herds,

And he has none to guard his weak old
age. 235

There would I go, and hang my armour
up,

And with my great name fence that weak
old man,

And spend the goodly treasures I have
got,

And rest my age, and hear of Sohrab's
fame,

And leave to death the hosts of thankless
kings, 240

And with these slaughterous hands draw
sword no more."

He spoke, and smiled; and Gudurz made
reply:

"What then, O Rustum, will men say to
this,

When Sohrab dares our bravest forth, and
seeks

Thee most of all, and thou, whom most
he seeks, 245

Hidest thy face? Take heed, lest men
should say,

'Like some old miser, Rustum hoards his
fame,

And shuns to peril it with younger men.'"

And, greatly mov'd, then Rustum made

reply:

"O Gudurz, wherefore dost thou say such
words? 250

Thou knowest better words than this to
say.

What is one more, one less, obscure or
fam'd,

Valiant or craven, young or old, to me?

Are they not mortal, am not I myself?

But who for men of nought would do great
deeds? 255

Come, thou shall see how Rustum hoards
his fame!

But I will fight unknown, and in plain
arms;

Let not men say of Rustum, he was
match'd

In single fight with any mortal man."

He spoke and frown'd; and Gudurz
turn'd, and ran 260

Back quickly through the camp in fear
and joy,

Fear at his wrath, but joy that Rustum
came.

But Rustum strode to his tent door, and
call'd

His followers in, and bade them bring his
arms,

And clad himself in steel: the arms he
chose 265

Were plain, and on his shield was no de-
vice,

Only his helm was rich, inlaid with gold,
And from the fluted spine atop, a plume
Of horsehair wav'd, a scarlet horsehair
plume.

So arm'd, he issued forth; and Ruksh, his
horse, 270

Follow'd him, like a faithful hound, at
heel,

Ruksh, whose renown was nois'd through
all the earth,

The horse, whom Rustum on a foray once
Did in Bokhara by the river find

A colt beneath its dam, and drove him
home, 275

And rear'd him; a bright bay, with lofty
crest;

Dight with a saddle-cloth of broider'd
green

Crusted with gold, and on the ground were
work'd

All beasts of chase, all beasts which
hunters know.

So follow'd, Rustum left his tents, and
cross'd 280

The camp, and to the Persian host ap-
pear'd.

And all the Persians knew him, and with
shouts

Hail'd; but the Tartars knew not who he
was.

And dear as the wet diver to the eyes

Of his pale wife who waits and weeps on
shore, 285
By sandy Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf;
Plunging all day in the blue waves, at
night,
Having made up his tale of precious pearls,
Rejoins her in their hut upon the sands —
So dear to the pale Persians Rustum
came. 290
And Rustum to the Persian front ad-
vanc'd,
And Sohrab arm'd in Iliaman's tent, and
came.
And as afield the reapers cut a swathe
Down through the middle of a rich man's
corn,
And on each side are squares of standing
corn, 295
And in the midst a stubble, short and
bare:
So on each side were squares of men with
spears
Bristling, and in the midst, the open sand.
And Rustum came upon the sand, and
cast
His eyes towards the Tartar tents, and
saw 300
Sohrab come forth, and ey'd him as he
came.
As some rich woman, on a winter's
morn,
Eyes through her silken curtains the poor
drudge
Who with numb blacken'd fingers makes
her fire —
At cock-crow on a starlit winter's
morn, 305
When the frost flowers the whiten'd
windowpanes —
And wonders how she lives, and what the
thoughts
Of that poor drudge may be; so Rustum
ey'd
The unknown adventurous youth, who
from afar
Came seeking Rustum, and defying
forth 310
All the most valiant chiefs: long he perus'd
His spirited air, and wonder'd who he was.
For very young he seem'd, tenderly rear'd;
Like some young cypress, tall, and dark,
and straight,
Which in a queen's secluded garden
throws 315

Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit turf,
By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's
sound —
So slender Sohrab seem'd, so softly rear'd.
And a deep pity enter'd Rustum's soul
As he beheld him coming; and he stood, 320
And beckon'd to him with his hand, and
said:
"O thou young man, the air of Heaven
is soft,
And warm, and pleasant; but the grave is
cold.
Heaven's air is better than the cold dead
grave.
Behold me: I am vast, and clad in
iron, 325
And tired; and I have stood on many a
field
Of blood, and I have fought with many a
foe:
Never was that field lost, or that foe
sav'd.
O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on
death?
Be govern'd: quit the Tartar host, and
come 330
To Iran, and be as my son to me,
And fight beneath my banner till I die.
There are no youths in Iran brave as
thou."
So he spake, mildly: Sohrab heard his
voice,
The mighty voice of Rustum; and he
saw 335
His giant figure planted on the sand,
Sole, like some single tower, which a chief
Has builded on the waste in former years
Against the robbers; and he saw that head,
Streak'd with its first grey hairs: hope
fill'd his soul; 340
And he ran forwards and embrac'd his
knees,
And clasp'd his hand within his own and
said: —
"Oh, by thy father's head! by thine
own soul!
Art thou not Rustum? Speak! art thou
not he?"
But Rustum ey'd askance the kneeling
youth, 345
And turn'd away, and spoke to his own
soul: —
"Ah me, I muse what this young fox
may mean.

False, wily, boastful, are these Tartar boys.

For if I now confess this thing he asks,
And hide it not, but say, 'Rustum is here,' 350

He will not yield indeed, nor quit our foes,
But he will find some pretext not to fight,
And praise my fame, and proffer courteous gifts,

A belt or sword perhaps, and go his way.
And on a feast day, in Afrasiab's hall, 355
In Samarcand, he will arise and cry:

'I challeng'd once, when the two armies camp'd

Beside the Oxus, all the Persian lords
To cope with me in single fight; but they
Shrank; only Rustum dar'd: then he
and I 360

Chang'd gifts, and went on equal terms away.'

So will he speak, perhaps, while men applaud.

Then were the chiefs of Iran sham'd through me."

And then he turn'd, and sternly spake aloud:—

"Rise! wherefore dost thou vainly question thus 365

Of Rustum? I am here, whom thou hast call'd

By challenge forth: make good thy vaunt, or yield.

Is it with Rustum only thou wouldst fight?
Rash boy, men look on Rustum's face and flee.

For well I know, that did great Rustum stand 370

Before thy face this day, and were reveal'd,

There would be then no talk of fighting more.

But being what I am, I tell thee this;
Do thou record it in thine inmost soul:
Either thou shalt renounce thy vaunt, and yield; 375

Or else thy bones shall strew this sand, till winds

Bleach them, or Oxus with his summer floods,

Oxus in summer wash them all away."

He spoke: and Sohrab answer'd, on his feet:—

"Art thou so fierce? Thou wilt not fright me so. 380

I am no girl, to be made pale by words.

Yet this thou hast said well, did Rustum stand

Here on this field, there were no fighting then.

But Rustum is far hence, and we stand here.

Begin: thou art more vast, more dread than I, 385

And thou art prov'd, I know, and I am young—

But yet success sways with the breath of Heaven.

And though thou thinkest that thou knowest sure

Thy victory, yet thou canst not surely know.

For we are all, like swimmers in the sea, 390

Pois'd on the top of a huge wave of Fate,
Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall.

And whether it will heave us up to land,
Or whether it will roll us out to sea,

Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death, 395

We know not, and no search will make us know:

Only the event will teach us in its hour."

He spoke; and Rustum answer'd not, but hurl'd

His spear: down from the shoulder, down it came,

As on some partridge in the corn a hawk 400

That long has tower'd in the airy clouds

Drops like a plummet: Sohrab saw it come,
And sprang aside, quick as a flash: the spear

Hiss'd, and went quivering down into the sand,

Which it sent flying wide:— then Sohrab threw 405

In turn, and full struck Rustum's shield: sharp rang,

The iron plates rang sharp, but turn'd the spear.

And Rustum seiz'd his club, which none but he

Could wield: an unlopp'd trunk it was, and huge,

Still rough; like those which men in treeless plains 410

To build them boats fish from the flooded
rivers,
Hyphasis or Hydaspes, when, high up
By their dark springs, the wind in winter-
time
Has made in Himalayan forests wrack,
And strewn the channels with torn boughs;
so huge 415
The club which Rustum lifted now, and
struck
One stroke; but again Sohrab sprang
aside
Lithe as the glancing snake, and the club
came
Thundering to earth, and leapt from Rus-
tum's hand.
And Rustum follow'd his own blow, and
fell 420
To his knees, and with his fingers clutch'd
the sand:
And now might Sohrab have unsheath'd
his sword,
And pierc'd the mighty Rustum while he
lay
Dizzy, and on his knees, and chok'd with
sand:
But he look'd on, and smil'd, nor bar'd
his sword, 425
But courteously drew back, and spoke,
and said:—
“Thou strik'st too hard: that club of
thine will float
Upon the summer-floods, and not my
bones.
But rise, and be not wroth; not wroth
am I:
No, when I see thee, wrath forsakes my
soul. 430
Thou say'st thou art not Rustum: be it
so.
Who art thou then, that canst so touch
my soul?
Boy as I am, I have seen battles too;
Have waded foremost in their bloody
waves,
And heard their hollow roar of dying
men; 435
But never was my heart thus touch'd
before.
Are they from Heaven, these softening
of the heart?
O thou old warrior, let us yield to Heaven!
Come, plant we here in earth our angry
spears,

And make a truce, and sit upon **this**
sand, 440
And pledge each other in red wine, like
friends,
And thou shalt talk to me of Rustum's
deeds.
There are enough foes in the Persian host
Whom I may meet, and strike, and feel no
pang;
Champions enough Afrasiab has, whom
thou 445
Mayst fight; fight them, when they con-
front thy spear.
But oh, let there be peace 'twixt thee
and me!”
He ceas'd: but while he spake, Rustum
had risen,
And stood erect, trembling with rage: his
club
He left to lie, but had regain'd his
spear, 450
Whose fiery point now in his mail'd right
hand
Blaz'd bright and baleful, like that autumn
star,
The baleful sign of fevers: dust had soil'd
His stately crest, and dimm'd his glitter-
ing arms.
His breast, heav'd; his lips foam'd; and
twice his voice 455
Was chok'd with rage: at last these words
broke way:—
“Girl! Nimble with thy feet, not with
thy hands!
Curl'd minion, dancer, coiner of sweet
words!
Fight; let me hear thy hateful voice no
more!
Thou art not in Afrasiab's gardens
now 460
With Tartar girls, with whom thou art
wont to dance;
But on the Oxus sands, and in the dance
Of battle, and with me, who make no
play
Of war: I fight it out, and hand to hand.
Speak not to me of truce, and pledge, and
wine! 465
Remember all thy valour: try thy feints
And cunning: all the pity I had is gone:
Because thou hast sham'd me before both
the hosts
With thy light skipping tricks, and thy
girl's wiles.”

He spoke; and Sohrab kindled at his
 taunts, 470
 And he too drew his sword: at once they
 rush'd
 Together, as two eagles on one prey
 Come rushing down together from the
 clouds,
 One from the east, one from the west: their
 shields
 Dash'd with a clang together, and a din 475
 Rose, such as that the sinewy woodcutters
 Make often in the forest's heart at morn,
 Of hewing axes, crashing trees: such blows
 Rustum and Sohrab on each other hail'd.
 And you would say that sun and stars took
 part 480
 In that unnatural conflict; for a cloud
 Grew suddenly in Heaven, and dark'd the
 sun
 Over the fighters' heads; and a wind rose
 Under their feet, and moaning swept the
 plain,
 And in a sandy whirlwind wrapp'd the
 pair. 485
 In gloom they twain were wrapp'd, and
 they alone;
 For both the on-looking hosts on either
 hand
 Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was
 pure,
 And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream.
 But in the gloom they fought, with blood-
 shot eyes 490
 And labouring breath; first Rustum struck
 the shield
 Which Sohrab held stiff out: the steel-
 spik'd spear
 Rent the tough plates, but fail'd to reach
 the skin,
 And Rustum pluck'd it back with angry
 groan.
 Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rus-
 tum's helm, 495
 Nor clove its steel quite through; but all
 the crest
 He shore away, and that proud horsehair
 plume,
 Never till now defil'd, sank to the dust;
 And Rustum bow'd his head; but then
 the gloom
 Grew blacker: thunder rumbled in the
 air, 500
 And lightnings rend the cloud: and Ruksh,
 the horse,

Who stood at hand, utter'd a dreadful
 cry:
 No horse's cry was that, most like the
 roar
 Of some pain'd desert lion, who all day
 Has trail'd the hunter's javelin in his
 side, 505
 And comes at night to die upon the sand:
 The two hosts heard that cry, and quak'd
 for fear,
 And Oxus curdled as it cross'd his stream.
 But Sohrab heard, and quail'd not, but
 rush'd on,
 And struck again; and again Rustum
 bow'd 510
 His head; but this time all the blade, like
 glass,
 Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm,
 And in his hand the hilt remain'd alone.
 Then Rustum rais'd his head; his dreadful
 eyes
 Glar'd, and he shook on high his menacing
 spear, 515
 And shouted, "Rustum!" Sohrab heard
 that shout,
 And shrank amaz'd: back he recoil'd one
 step,
 And scann'd with blinking eyes the ad-
 vancing form:
 And then he stood bewilder'd; and he
 dropped
 His covering shield, and the spear pierc'd
 his side. 520
 He reel'd, and staggering back, sunk to
 the ground.
 And then the gloom dispers'd, and the
 wind fell,
 And the bright sun broke forth, and
 melted all
 The cloud; and the two armies saw the
 pair;
 Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his
 feet, 525
 And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand.
 Then with a bitter smile, Rustum be-
 gan: —
 "Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to
 kill
 A Persian lord this day, and strip his
 corpse,
 And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab's
 tent. 530
 Or else that the great Rustum would con-
 e down

Himself to fight, and that thy wiles would
move

His heart to take a gift, and let thee go.
And then that all the Tartar host would
praise

Thy courage or thy craft, and spread thy
fame, 535

To glad thy father in his weak old age.
Fool! thou art slain, and by an unknown
man!

Dearer to the red jackals shalt thou be,
Than to thy friends, and to thy father
old."

And, with a fearless mien, Sohrab re-
plied: — 540

"Unknown thou art; yet thy fierce vaunt
is vain.

Thou dost not slay me, proud and boast-
ful man!

No! Rustum slays me, and this filial
heart.

For were I match'd with ten such men as
thou,

And I were he who till to-day I was, 545
They should be lying here, I standing
there.

But that belovèd name unnerv'd my arm —
That name, and something, I confess, in
thee,

Which troubles all my heart, and made
my shield

Fall; and thy spear transfix'd an unarm'd
foe. 550

And now thou boastest, and insult'st my
fate,

But hear thou this, fierce man, tremble to
hear!

The mighty Rustum shall avenge my
death!

My father, whom I seek through all the
world,

He shall avenge my death, and punish
thee!" 555

As when some hunter in the spring hath
found

A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,
Upon the craggy isle of a hill-lake,

And pierc'd her with an arrow as she rose,
And follow'd her to find her where she
fell 560

Far off; — anon her mate comes winging
back

From hunting, and a great way off de-
series

His huddling young left sole; at that, he
checks

His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps
Circles above his eyry, with loud
screams 565

Chiding his mate back to her nest; but
she

Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,
In some far stony gorge out of his ken,
A heap of fluttering feathers: never more

Shall the lake glass her, flying over it; 570
Never the black and dripping precipices
Echo her stormy scream as she sails by: —

As that poor bird flies home, nor knows
his loss —

So Rustum knew not his own loss, but
stood

Over his dying son, and knew him
not. 575

But, with a cold, incredulous voice, he
said: —

"What prate is this of fathers and re-
venge?

The mighty Rustum never had a son."

And, with a failing voice, Sohrab re-
plied: —

"Ah yes, he had! and that lost son
am I. 580

Surely the news will one day reach his ear,
Reach Rustum, where he sits, and tarries
long,

Somewhere, I know not where, but far
from here;

And pierce him like a stab, and make him
leap

To arms, and cry for vengeance upon
thee. 585

Fierce man, bethink thee, for an only son!
What will that grief, what will that venge-
ance be!

Oh, could I live, till I that grief had seen!
Yet him I pity not so much, but her,

My mother, who in Ader-baijan
dwells 590

With that old King, her father, who grows
grey

With age, and rules over the valiant
Koords.

Her most I pity, who no more will see
Sohrab returning from the Tartar camp,

With spoils and honour, when the war is
done. 595

But a dark rumour will be bruited up,
From tribe to tribe, until it reach her ear;

And then will that defenceless woman
learn
That Sohrab will rejoice her sight no
more;

But that in battle with a nameless foe, 600
By the far distant Oxus, he is slain."

He spoke; and as he ceas'd he wept
aloud,

Thinking of her he left, and his own death.
He spoke; but Rustum listen'd, plung'd
in thought.

Nor did he yet believe it was his son 605
Who spoke, although he call'd back names
he knew;

For he had had sure tidings that the babe,
Which was in Ader-baijan born to him,
Had been a puny girl, no boy at all:

So that sad mother sent him word, for
fear 610

Rustum should take the boy, to train in
arms;

And so he deem'd that either Sohrab took,
By a false boast, the style of Rustum's
son;

Or that men gave it him, to swell his fame.
So deem'd he; yet he listen'd, plung'd
in thought; 615

And his soul set to grief, as the vast tide
Of the bright rocking Ocean sets to shore
At the full moon: tears gathered in his
eyes

For he remember'd his own early youth,
And all its bounding rapture; as, at
dawn, 620

The shepherd from his mountain-lodge
descries

A far bright city, smitten by the sun,
Through many rolling clouds; — so Rus-
tum saw

His youth; saw Sohrab's mother, in her
bloom;

And that old King, her father, who lov'd
well 625

His wandering guest, and gave him his
fair child

With joy; and all the pleasant life they
led,

They three, in that long-distant summer-
time —

The castle, and the dewy woods, and hunt
And hound, and morn on those delightful
hills 630

In Ader-baijan. And he saw that youth,
Of age and looks to be his own dear son,

Piteous and lovely, lying on the sand,
Like some rich hyacinth, which by the
scythe

Of an unskilful gardener has been cut, 635
Mowing the garden grass-plots near its
bed,

And lies, a fragrant tower of purple
bloom,

On the mown, dying grass; — so Sohrab
lay,

Lovely in death, upon the common sand,
And Rustum gaz'd on him with grief, and
said: — 640

"O Sohrab, thou indeed art such a son
Whom Rustum, wert thou his, might well
have lov'd!

Yet here thou errest, Sohrab, or else men
Have told thee false; — thou art not Rus-
tum's son,

For Rustum had no son: one child he
had — 645

But one — a girl: who with her mother
now

Plies some light female task, nor dreams
of us —

Of us she dreams not, nor of wounds, nor
war."

But Sohrab answer'd him in wrath; for
now

The anguish of the deep-fix'd spear grew
fierce, 650

And he desired to draw forth the steel,
And let the blood flow free, and so to die;
But first he would convince his stubborn
foe —

And, rising sternly on one arm, he said: —
"Man, who art thou who dost deny my
words? 655

Truth sits upon the lips of dying men,
And falsehood, while I liv'd, was far from
mine.

I tell thee, prick'd upon this arm I bear
That seal which Rustum to my mother
gave,

That she might prick it on the babe she
bore." 660

He spoke: and all the blood left Rus-
tum's cheeks;

And his knees totter'd, and he smote his
hand,

Against his breast, his heavy mail'd hand,
That the hard iron corslet clank'd aloud:

And to his heart he press'd the other
hand 665

And in a hollow voice he spake, and
said: —

“Sohrab, that were a proof which could
not lie.

If thou show this, then art thou Rustum’s
son.”

Then, with weak hasty fingers, Sohrab
loos’d

His belt, and near the shoulder bar’d his
arm, 670

And show’d a sign in faint vermilion points
Prick’d: as a cunning workman, in Pekin,
Pricks with vermilion some clear porcelain
vase,

An emperor’s gift — at early morn he
paints,

And all day long, and, when night comes,
the lamp 675

Lights up his studious forehead and thin
hands: —

So delicately prick’d the sign appear’d
On Sohrab’s arm, the sign of Rustum’s
seal.

It was that griffin, which of old rear’d
Zal,

Rustum’s great father, whom they left to
die, 680

A helpless babe, among the mountain
rocks.

Him that kind creature found, and rear’d,
and lov’d —

Then Rustum took it for his glorious sign.
And Sohrab bar’d that figure on his arm,
And himself scann’d it long with mournful
eyes, 685

And then he touch’d it with his hand and
said: —

“How say’st thou? Is that sign the
proper sign

Of Rustum’s son, or of some other man’s?”

He spoke: but Rustum gaz’d, and gaz’d,
and stood

Speechless; and then he utter’d one sharp
cry — 690

“O Boy — thy Father!” — and his voice
chok’d there.

And then a dark cloud pass’d before his
eyes,

And his head swam, and he sank down to
earth.

But Sohrab crawl’d to where he lay, and
cast

His arms about his neck, and kiss’d his
lips, 695

And with fond faltering fingers strok’d his
cheeks,

Trying to call him back to life: and life
Came back to Rustum, and he op’d his
eyes,

And they stood wide with horror; and he
seiz’d

In both his hands the dust which lay
around, 700

And threw it on his head, and smirch’d
his hair,

His hair, and face, and beard, and glitter-
ing arms:

And strong convulsive groanings shook
his breast,

And his sobs chok’d him; and he clutch’d
his sword,

To draw it, and forever let life out. 705

But Sohrab saw his thought, and held his
hands,

And with a soothing voice he spoke, and
said: —

“Father, forbear: for I but meet to-day
The doom that at my birth was written
down

In Heaven, and thou art Heaven’s uncon-
scious hand. 710

Surely my heart cried out that it was thou,
When first I saw thee; and thy heart spoke
too,

I know it: but Fate trod those promptings
down

Under its iron heel; Fate, Fate engag’d
The strife, and hurl’d me on my father’s
spear. 715

But let us speak no more of this: I find
My father; let me feel that I have found.

Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take
My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my
cheeks,

And wash them with thy tears, and say:
‘My son!’ 720

Quick! quick! for number’d are my sands
of life,

And swift; for like the lightning to this
field

I came, and like the wind I go away —
Sudden, and swift, and like a passing wind.

But it was writ in Heaven that this should
be.” 725

So said he: and his voice releas’d the
heart

Of Rustum, and his tears broke forth; he
cast

His arms round his son's neck, and wept
 aloud,
 And kiss'd him. And awe fell on both the
 hosts
 When they saw Rustum's grief: and
 Ruksh, the horse, 730
 With his head bowing to the ground, and
 mane
 Sweeping the dust, came near, and in mute
 woe
 First to the one, then to the other mov'd
 His head, as if inquiring what their grief
 Might mean; and from his dark, compas-
 sionate eyes 735
 The big warm tears roll'd down, and cak'd
 the sand.
 But Rustum chid him with stern voice,
 and said: —
 "Ruksh, now thou grievest; but, O
 Ruksh, thy feet
 Should then have rotted on their nimble
 joints,
 When first they bore thy Master to this
 field." 740
 But Sohrab look'd upon the horse and
 said: —
 "Is this then Ruksh? How often, in past
 days,
 My mother told me of thee, thou brave
 Steed!
 My terrible father's terrible horse; and
 said,
 That I should one day find thy lord and
 thee. 745
 Come, let me lay my hand upon thy mane.
 O Ruksh, thou art more fortunate than I;
 For thou hast gone where I shall never go,
 And snuff'd the breezes of my father's
 home.
 And thou hast trod the sands of
 Seistan, 750
 And seen the River of Helmund, and the
 Lake
 Of Zirrah; and the aged Zal himself
 Has often strok'd thy neck, and given thee
 food,
 Corn in a golden platter soak'd with wine,
 And said — 'O Ruksh! bear Rustum
 well!' — but I 755
 Have never known my grandsire's fur-
 row'd face,
 Nor seen his lofty house in Seistan,
 Nor slak'd my thirst at the clear Helmund
 stream:

But lodg'd among my father's focs, and
 seen
 Afrasiab's cities only, Samarcand, 760
 Bokhara, and lone Khiva in the waste,
 And the black Toorkmun tents; and only
 drunk
 The desert rivers, Moorghab and Tejend,
 Kohik, and where the Kalmuks feed their
 sheep,
 The northern Sir; and this great Oxus
 stream — 765
 The yellow Oxus, by whose brink I die."
 Then, with a heavy groan, Rustum be-
 wailed: —
 "Oh that its waves were flowing over me!
 Oh that I saw its grains of yellow silt
 Roll tumbling in the current o'er my
 head!" 770
 But, with a grave mild voice, Sohrab
 replied: —
 "Desire not that, my father: thou must
 live.
 For some are born to do great deeds, and
 live,
 As some are born to be obscur'd, and die.
 Do thou the deeds I die too young to
 do, 775
 And reap a second glory in thine age.
 Thou art my father, and thy gain is mine.
 But come: thou seest this great host of
 men
 Which follow me; I pray thee, slay not
 these:
 Let me entreat for them: what have they
 done? 780
 They follow'd me, my hope, my fame, my
 star.
 Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.
 But me thou must bear hence, not send
 with them,
 But carry me with thee to Seistan,
 And place me on a bed, and mourn for
 me, 785
 'Thou, and the snow-hair'd Zal, and all
 thy friends.
 And thou must lay me in that lovely
 earth,
 And heap a stately mound above my
 bones,
 And plant a far-seen pillar over all:
 That so the passing horseman on the
 waste 790
 May see my tomb a great way off, and
 say —

'Sohrab, the mighty Rustum's son, lies there,
Whom his great father did in ignorance kill' —

And I be not forgotten in my grave."

And, with a mournful voice, Rustum replied: — 795

"Fear not; as thou hast said, Sohrab, my son,

So shall it be; for I will burn my tents,
And quit the host, and bear thee hence with me,

And carry thee away to Scistan,
And place thee on a bed, and mourn for thee, 800

With the snow-headed Zal, and all my friends.

And I will lay thee in that lovely earth,
And heap a stately mound above thy bones,

And plant a far-seen pillar over all:
And men shall not forget thee in thy grave. 805

And I will spare thy host: yea, let them go:
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.
What should I do with slaying any more?
For would that all whom I have ever slain
Might be once more alive; my bitterest foes, 810

And they who were call'd champions in their time,

And through whose death I won that fame I have;

And I were nothing but a common man,
A poor, mean soldier, and without renown;

So thou mightest live too, my Son, my Son! 815

Or rather would that I, even I myself,
Might now be lying on this bloody sand,
Near death, and by an ignorant stroke of thine,

Not thou of mine; and I might die, not thou;

And I, not thou, be borne to Scistan; 820
And Zal might weep above my grave, not thine;

And say — 'O son, I weep thee not too sore,

For willingly, I know, thou met'st thine end.'

But now in blood and battles was my youth,

And full of blood and battles is my age; 825

And I shall never end this life of blood."

Then, at the point of death, Sohrab replied: —

"A life of blood indeed, thou dreadful Man!

But thou shalt yet have peace; only not now;

Not yet: but thou shalt have it on that day, 830

When thou shalt sail in a high-masted Ship,

Thou and the other peers of Kai Khosroo,
Returning home over the salt blue sea,
From laying thy dear Master in his grave."

And Rustum gazed on Sohrab's face, and said: — 835

"Soon be that day, my Son, and deep that sea!

Till then, if Fate so wills, let me endure."

He spoke; and Sohrab smil'd on him, and took

The spear, and drew it from his side, and eased

His wound's imperious anguish: but the blood 840

Came welling from the open gash, and life flow'd with the stream: all down his cold white side

The crimson torrent pour'd, dim now and soil'd,

Like the soil'd tissue of white violets
Left, freshly gather'd, on their native bank, 845

By romping children whom their nurses call

From the hot fields at noon: his head droop'd low,

His limbs grew slack; motionless, white, he lay —

White, with eyes clos'd; only when heavy gasps,

Deep, heavy gasps, quivering through all his frame, 850

Convuls'd him back to life, he open'd them,

And fix'd them feebly on his father's face:
Till now all strength was ebb'd, and from his limbs

Unwillingly the spirit fled away,
Regretting the warm mansion which it left, 855

And youth and bloom, and this delightful world.

So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay
dead.
And the great Rustum drew his horse-
man's cloak
Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead
son.
As those black granite pillars, once high-
rear'd 860
By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear
His house, now, 'mid their broken flights
of steps,
Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain
side —
So in the sand lay Rustum by his son.
And night came down over the solemn
waste, 865
And the two gazing hosts, and that sole
pair,
And darken'd all; and a cold fog, with
night,
Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose,
As of a great assembly loosed, and fires
Began to twinkle through the fog: for
now 870
Both armies moved to camp, and took
their meal:
The Persians took it on the open sands
Southward; the Tartars by the river
marge:
And Rustum and his son were left
alone.
But the majestic river floated on, 875
Out of the mist and hum of that low
land,
Into the frosty starlight, and there mov'd,
Rejoicing through the hush'd Chorasmian
waste,
Under the solitary moon: he flow'd
Right for the Polar Star, past Orgunjè, 880
Brimming, and bright, and large: then
sands begin
To hem his watery march, and dam his
streams,
And split his currents; that for many a
league
The shorn and parcell'd Oxus strains
along
Through beds of sand and matted rushy
isles — 885
Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he
had
In his high mountain cradle in Pamere,
A foil'd circuitous wanderer: — till at
last

The long'd for dash of waves is heard, and
wide
His luminous home of waters opens,
bright 890
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-
bath'd stars
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.
1853

DOVER BEACH

The sea is calm to-night.
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits; — on the French coast
the light
Gleams and is gone: the cliffs of England
stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil
bay. 5

Come to the window, sweet is the night-
air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd
sand,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back,
and fling, 10
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago 15
Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern
sea. 20

The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round
earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar, 25
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast e'ges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which
seems 30
To lie before us like a land of dreams,

So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor
light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain 35
Swept with confused alarms of struggle
and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.
1867

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI
(1828-1882)

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL

The blessed damozel leaned out
From the golden bar of heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand, 5
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn; 10
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone 15
From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
. . . Yet now, and in this place, 20
Surely she leaned o'er me — her hair
Fell all about my face. . . .
Nothing: the autumn fall of leaves.
The whole year sets apace).

It was the rampart of God's house 25
That she was standing on;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is Space begun;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun. 30

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night,
With flame and darkness ridge

The void, as low as where this earth 35
Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met
'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
Spoke evermore among themselves
Their heart-remembered names; 40
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made 45
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce 50
Through all the world. Her gaze still
strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curled 10
moon
Was like a little feather 55
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now
She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together. 60

(Ah sweet! Even now, in that bird's song,
Strove not her accents there,
Fain to be harkened? When those bells
Possessed the mid-day air,
Strove not her steps to reach my side 65
Down all the echoing stair?)

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
"Have I not prayed in Heaven? — on
earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd? 70
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?

"When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him 75
To the deep wells of light;
As unto a stream we will step down,
And bathe there in God's sight.

- "We two will stand beside that shrine,
Occult, withheld, untrod, 80
Whose lamps are stirred continually
With prayer sent up to God;
And see our old prayers, granted, melt
Each like a little cloud.
- "We two will lie i' the shadow of 85
That living mystic tree
Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that His plumes touch
Saith His name audibly. 90
- "And I myself will teach to him,
I myself, lying so,
The songs I sing here; which his voice
Shall pause in, hushed and slow,
And find some knowledge at each pause, 95
Or some new thing to know."
- (Alas! We two, we two, thou say'st!
Yea, one wast thou with me
That once of old. But shall God lift
To endless unity 100
The soul whose likeness with thy soul
Was but its love for thee?)
- "We two," she said, "will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose
names 105
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys.
- "Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
And foreheads garlanded; 110
Into the fine cloth white like flame
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-robcs for them
Who are just born, being dead.
- "He shall fear, haply, and be dumb: 115
Then will I lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abashed or weak:
And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak. 120
- "Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him round whom all souls
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads
Bowed with their aureoles:
- And angels meeting us shall sing 125
To their citherns and citoles.
- "There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me: —
Only to live as once on earth
With Love, — only to be, 130
As then awhile, forever now
Together, I and he."
- She gazed and listened and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild, —
"All this is when he comes." She
ceased. 135
The light thrilled towards her, fill'd
With angels in strong level flight,
Her eyes prayed, and she smil'd.
- (I saw her smile). But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres: 140
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept. (I heard her tears).
1847, 1850
- THE SONNET
- A Sonnet is a moment's monument, —
Memorial from the Soul's eternity,
To one dead deathless hour. Look that
it be,
Whether for lustral rite or dire portent,
Of its own arduous fulness reverent: 5
Carve it in ivory or in ebony,
As Day or Night may rule; and let Time
see
Its flowering crest impearled and orient.
A Sonnet is a coin: its face reveals
The soul, — its converse, to what Power
't is due: — 10
Whether for tribute to the august appeals
Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinue,
It serve; or, 'mid the dark wharf's cav-
ernous breath,
In Charon's palm it pay the toll to Death.
1881
- CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI
(1830-1894)
- WHEN I AM DEAD
- When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;

Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on as if in pain;
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

1862

ALGERNON CHARLES
SWINBURNE
(1837-1909)

THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE

Here where the world is quiet;
Here, where all trouble seems
Dead winds' and spent waves' riot
In doubtful dream of dreams;
I watch the green field growing
For reaping folk and sowing,
For harvest time and mowing,
A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter,
And men that laugh and weep,
Of what may come hereafter
For men that sow to reap:
I am weary of days and hours,
Blown buds of barren flowers,
Desires and dreams and powers
And everything but sleep.

Here life hath death for neighbour,
And far from eye or ear
Wan waves and wet winds labour,
Weak ships and spirits steer;
They drive adrift, and whither
They wot not who make thither;
But no such winds blow hither,
And no such things grow here.

No growth of moor or coppice,
No heather-flower or vine,
But bloomless buds of poppies,
Green grapes of Proserpine,

Pale beds of blowing rushes
Where no leaf blooms or blushes
Save this whereout she crushes
For dead men deadly wine.

Pale, without name or number,
In fruitless fields of corn,
They bow themselves and slumber
All night till light is born;
And like a soul belated,
In hell and heaven unmated,
By clouds and mist abated
Comes out of darkness morn.

Though one were strong as seven,
He too with death shall dwell,
Nor wake with wings in heaven,
Nor weep for pains in hell;
Though one were fair as roses,
His beauty clouds and closes;
And well though love reposes,
In the end it is not well.

Pale, beyond porch or portal,
Crowned with calm leaves, she stands
Who gathers all things mortal
With cold immortal hands;
Her languid lips are sweeter
Than Love's, who fears to greet her,
To men that mix and meet her
From many times and lands.

She waits for each and other,
She waits for all men born;
Forgets the earth her mother,
The life of fruits and corn;
And spring and seed and swallow
Take wing for her and follow
Where summer song rings hollow
And flowers are put to scorn.

There go the loves that wither,
The old loves with wearier wings;
And all dead years draw thither;
And all disastrous things;
Dead dreams of things forsaken,
Blind buds that snows have shaken,
Wild leaves that winds have taken,
Red strays of ruined springs.

We are not sure of sorrow
And joy was never sure;
To-day will die to-morrow;
Time stoops to no man's lure;

And love, grown faint and fretful,
 With lips but half regretful
 Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
 Weeps that no loves endure.

80

From too much love of living,
 From hope and fear set free,
 We thank with brief thanksgiving
 Whatever gods may be
 That no life lives for ever;
 That dead men rise up never;
 That even the weariest river
 Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,
 Nor any change of light:
 Nor sound of waters shaken,
 Nor any sound or sight:
 Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
 Nor days nor things diurnal;
 Only the sleep eternal
 In an eternal night.

90

95

1866

A MATCH

If love were what the rose is,
 And I were like the leaf,
 Our lives would grow together
 In sad or singing weather,
 Blown fields or flowerful closes,
 Green pleasure or gray grief;
 If love were what the rose is,
 And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
 And love were like the tune,
 With double sound and single
 Delight our lips would mingle,
 With kisses glad as birds are
 That get sweet rain at noon;
 If I were what the words are,
 And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
 And I your love were death,
 We'd shine and snow together
 Ere March made sweet the weather
 With daffodil and starling
 And hours of fruitful breath;
 If you were life, my darling,
 And I your love were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
 And I were page to joy,

We'd play for lives and seasons
 With loving looks and treasons
 And tears of night and morrow
 And laughs of maid and boy;
 If you were thrall to sorrow,
 And I were page to joy.

30

If you were April's lady,
 And I were lord in May,
 We'd throw with leaves for hours
 And draw for days with flowers,
 Till day like night were shady
 And night were bright like day;
 If you were April's lady,
 And I were lord in May.

35

40

If you were queen of pleasure,
 And I were king of pain,
 We'd hunt down love together,
 Pluck out his flying-feather,
 And teach his feet a measure,
 And find his mouth a rein;
 If you were queen of pleasure,
 And I were king of pain.

45

1866

A FORSAKEN GARDEN

In a coign of the cliff between lowland and
 highland,
 At the sea-down's edge between wind-
 ward and lee,
 Walled round with rocks as an inland
 island,
 The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.
 A girdle of brushwood and thorn en-
 closes
 The steep square slope of the blossom-
 less bed
 Where the weeds that grew green from
 the graves of its roses
 Now lie dead.

5

10

15

5

10

20

25

The fields fall southward, abrupt and
 broken,
 To the low last edge of the long lone
 land.
 If a step should sound or a word be
 spoken,
 Would a ghost not rise at the strange
 guest's hand?
 So long have the gray bare walks lain
 guestless,
 Through branches and briers if a man
 make way,

He shall find no life but the sea-wind's
restless 15
Night and day.

The dense hard passage is blind and
stifled
That crawls by a track none turn to
climb
To the strait waste place that the years
have rifled
Of all but the thorns that are touched
not of time. 20
The thorns he spares when the rose is
taken;
The rocks are left when he wastes the
plain;
The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-
shaken,
These remain.

Not a flower to be pressed of the foot that
falls not; 25
As the heart of a dead man the seed-
plots are dry;
From the thicket of thorns whence the
nightingale calls not,
Could she call, there were never a rose
to reply.
Over the meadows that blossom and
wither,
Rings but the note of a sea-bird's
song. 30
Only the sun and the rain come hither
All year long.

The sun burns sear, and the rain dishevels
One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless
breath,
Only the wind here hovers and revels, 35
In a round where life seems barren as
death.
Here there was laughing of old, there was
weeping,
Haply, of lovers none ever will know,
Whose eyes went seaward a hundred
sleeping
Years ago. 40

Heart handfast in heart as they stood,
"Look thither,"
Did he whisper? "Look forth from the
flowers to the sea:
For the foam-flowers endure when the
rose-blossoms wither,

And men that love lightly may die —
but we?"
And the same wind sang, and the same
waves whitened, 45
And or ever the garden's last petals
were shed,
In the lips that had whispered, the eyes
that had lightened,
Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and then
went whither?
And were one to the end — but what
end who knows? 50
Love deep as the sea as a rose must
wither,
As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the
rose.
Shall the dead take thought for the dead
to love them?
What love was ever as deep as a grave?
They are loveless now as the grass above
them 55
Or the wave.

All are at one now, roses and lovers,
Not known of the cliffs and the fields
and the sea.
Not a breath of the time that has been
hovers
In the air now soft with a summer to
be. 60
Not a breath shall there sweeten the sea-
sons hereafter
Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh
now or weep,
When as they that are free now of weep-
ing and laughter
We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again forever; 65
Here change may come not till all
change end.
From the graves they have made they
shall rise up never,
Who have left naught living to ravage
and rend.
Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild
ground growing,
While the sun and the rain live, these
shall be; 70
Till a last wind's breath, upon all these
blowing,
Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise, and the sheer cliff
 crumble,
 Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs
 drink,
 Till the strength of the waves of the high
 tides humble 75
 The tides that lessen, the rocks that
 shrink,
 Here now in his triumph where all things
 falter,
 Stretched out on the spoils that his
 own hand spread,
 As a god self-slain on his own strange altar
 Death lies dead.

1876

GEORGE MEREDITH
 (1828-1909)

LOVE IN THE VALLEY

Under yonder beech-tree single on the
 greensward,
 Couched with her arms behind her
 golden head,
 Knees and tresses folded to slip and ripple
 idly,
 Lies my young love sleeping in the
 shade.
 Had I the heart to slide an arm beneath
 her, 5
 Press her parting lips as her waist I
 gather slow,
 Waking in amazement she could not but
 embrace me:
 Then would she hold me and never let
 me go?

Shy as the squirrel and wayward as the
 swallow,
 Swift as the swallow along the river's
 light 10
 Circling the surface to meet his mirrored
 winglets,
 Fleeter she seems in her stay than in her
 flight.
 Shy as the squirrel that leaps among the
 pine-tops,
 Wayward as the swallow overhead at
 set of sun,
 She whom I love is hard to catch and
 conquer 15
 Hard, but oh, the glory of the winning
 were she won!

When her mother tends her before the
 laughing mirror,
 Tying up her laces, looping up her
 hair,
 Often she thinks, were this wild thing
 wedded,
 More love should I have, and much less
 care. 20
 When her mother tends her before the
 lighted mirror,
 Loosening her laces, combing down her
 curls,
 Often she thinks, were this wild thing
 wedded,
 I should miss but one for many boys
 and girls.

Heartless she is as the shadow in the
 meadows 25
 Flying to the hills on a blue and breezy
 noon.
 No, she is athirst and drinking up her
 wonder;
 Earth to her is young as the slip of the
 new moon.
 Deals she an unkindness, 't is but her
 rapid measure,
 Even as in a dance; and her smile can
 heal no less: 30
 Like the swinging May-cloud that pelts
 the flowers with hailstones
 Off a sunny border, she was made to
 bruise and bless.

Lovely are the curves of the white owl
 sweeping
 Wavy in the dusk lit by one large
 star.
 Lone on the fir-branch, his rattle-note un-
 varied, 35
 Brooding o'er the gloom, spins the
 brown eve-jar.
 Darker grows the valley, more and more
 forgetting:
 So were it with me if forgetting could be
 willed.
 Tell the grassy hollow that holds the bub-
 bling well-spring.
 Tell it to forget the source that keeps it
 filled. 40

Stepping down the hill with her fair com-
 panions,
 Arm in arm, all against the raying West,

Boldly she sings, to the merry tune she
marches,

Brave in her shape, and sweeter un-
possessed.

Sweeter, for she is what my heart first
awaking 45

Whispered the world was; morning light
is she.

Love that so desires would fain keep her
changeless;

Fain would fling the net, and fain have
her free.

Happy happy time, when the white star
hovers

Low over dim fields fresh with bloomy
dew, 50

Near the face of dawn, that draws athwart
the darkness,

Threading it with color, as yewberries
the yew.

Thicker crowd the shades while the grave
East deepens

Glowing, and with crimson a long cloud
swells.

Maiden still the morn is; and strange she
is, and secret; 55

Strange her eyes; her cheeks are cold as
cold sea-shells.

Sunrays, leaning on our southern hills and
lighting

Wild cloud-mountains that drag the
hills along,

Oft ends the day of your shifting brilliant
laughter

Chill as a dull face frowning on a
song. 60

Ay, but shows the South-west a ripple-
feathered bosom

Blown to silver while the clouds are
shaken and ascend

Sealing the mid-heavens as they stream,
there comes a sunset

Rich, deep like love in beauty without
end.

When at dawn she sighs, and like an in-
fant to the window 65

Turns grave eyes craving light, released
from dreams,

Beautiful she looks, like a white waterlily,
Bursting out of bud in havens of the
streams.

When from bed she rises clothed from
neck to ankle

In her long nightgown sweet as boughs
of May, 70

Beautiful she looks, like a tall garden-
lily,

Pure from the night, and splendid for
the day.

Mother of the dews, dark eye-lashed twi-
light;

Low-lidded twilight, o'er the valley's
brim,

Rounding on thy breast sings the dew-
delighted skylark, 75

Clear as though the dew-drops had their
voice in him.

Hidden where the rose-flush drinks the
rayless planet,

Fountain-full he pours the spraying
fountain-showers.

Let me hear her laughter, I would have
her ever

Cool as dew in twilight, the lark above
the flowers. 80

All the girls are out with their baskets for
the primrose;

Up lanes, woods through, they troop in
joyful bands.

My sweet leads: she knows not why, but
now she loiters,

Eyes the bent anemones, and hangs her
hands.

Such a look will tell that the violets are
peeping, 85

Coming the rose; and unaware a cry
Springs in her bosom for odors and for
color,

Covert and the nightingale; she knows
not why.

Kerchiefed head and chin she darts be-
tween her tulips,

Streaming like a willow gray in arrowy
rain: 90

Some bend beaten cheek to gravel, and
their angel

She will be; she lifts them, and on she
speeds again.

Black the driving raincloud breasts the
iron gate-way;

She is forth to cheer a neighbor lacking
mirth.

So when sky and grass met rolling dumb
for thunder 95
Saw I once a white dove, sole light of
earth.

Prim little scholars are the flowers of her
garden,
Trained to stand in rows, and asking if
they please.

I might love them well but for loving
more the wild ones;

O my wild ones! they tell me more than
these. 100

You, my wild one, you tell of honied fieldrose,
Violet, blushing eglantine in life; and
even as they,

They, by the wayside are earnest of your
goodness,

You are of life's on the banks that line
the way.

Peering at her chamber the white crowns
the red rose, 105

Jasmine winds the porch with stars two
and three.

Parted is the window; she sleeps; the
starry jasmine

Breathes a falling breath that carries
thoughts of me.

Sweeter unpossessed, have I said of her
my sweetest?

Not while she sleeps: while she sleeps
the jasmine breathes, 110

Luring her to love; she sleeps; the starry
jasmine

Bears me to her pillow under white rose-
wreaths.

Yellow with birdfoot-trefoil are the grass-
glades;

Yellow with cinquefoil of the dew-gray
leaf;

Yellow with stonecrop; the moss-mounds
are yellow; 115

Blue-necked the wheat sways, yellowing
to the sheaf.

Green-yellow, bursts from the copse the
laughing yaffle,

Sharp as a sickle is the edge of shade
and shine:

Earth in her heart laughs looking at the
heavens,

Thinking of the harvest: I look and
think of mine. 120

This I may know: her dressing and un-
dressing

Such a change of light shows as when
the skies in sport

Shift from cloud to moonlight; or edging
over thunder

Slips a ray of sun; or sweeping into
port

White sails furl; or on the ocean
borders 125

White sails lean along the waves leaping
green.

Visions of her shower before me, but from
eyesight

Guarded; she would be like the sun were
she seen.

Front door and back of the mossed old
farmhouse

Open with the morn, and in a breezy
link 130

Freshly sparkles garden to stripe-shad-
owed orchard,

Green across a rill where on sand the
minnows wink.

Busy in the grass the early sun of summer
Swarms, and the blackbird's mellow

fluting notes

Call my darling up with round and roguish
challenge: 135

Quaintest, richest carol of all the sing-
ing throats!

Cool was the woodside; cool as her white
dairy

Keeping sweet the cream-pan; and
there the boys from school,

Cricketing below, rushed brown and red
with sunshine;

O the dark translucence of the deep-
eyed cool! 140

Spying from the farm, herself she fetched
a pitcher

Full of milk, and tilted for each in turn
the beak,

Then a little fellow, mouth up and on
tip-toe,

Said, "I will kiss you"; she laughed and
leaned her cheek.

Doves of the fir-wood walling high our
red roof 145

Through the long noon coo, crooning
through the coo.

Loose droop the leaves, and down the
sleepy roadway

Sometimes pipes a chaffinch; loose
droops the blue.

Cows flap a slow tail knee-deep in the river,
Breathless, given up to sun and gnat
and fly, 150

Nowhere is she seen; and if I see her no-
where,

Lightning may come, straight rains and
tiger sky.

O the golden sheaf, the rustling treasure-
armful!

O the nutbrown tresses nodding inter-
laced!

O the treasure-tresses one another
over 153

Nothing! O the girdle slack about the
waist!

Slain are the poppies that shot their ran-
dom scarlet

Quick amid the wheat-ears: wound
about the waist,

Gathered, see these brides of Earth one
blush of ripeness!

O the nutbrown tresses nodding inter-
laced! 160

Large and smoky red the sun's cold disk
drops,

Clipped by naked hills, on violet shaded
snow:

Eastward large and still lights up a bower
of moonrise,

Whence at her leisure steps the moon
aglow.

Nightlong on black print-branches our
beech-tree 165

Gazes in this whiteness: nightlong
could I.

Here may life on death or death on life be
painted.

Let me clasp her soul to know she can-
not die!

Gossips count her faults! they scour a nar-
row chamber

Where there is no window, read not
heaven or her. 170

"When she was a tiny," one aged woman
quavers,

Plucks at my heart and leads me by the
ear.

Faults she had once as she learned to run
and tumbled:

Faults of feature some see, beauty not
complete.

Yet, good gossips, beauty that makes
holy 175

Earth and air, may have faults from
head to feet.

Hither she comes; she comes to me; she
lingers,

Deepens her brown eyebrows, while in
new surprise

High rise the lashes in wonder of a
stranger,

Yet am I the light and living of her
eyes. 180

Something friends have told her fills her
heart to brimming,

Nets her in her blushes, and wounds
her, and tames. —

Sure of her haven, O like a dove alight-
ing,

Arms up, she dropped; our souls were
in our names.

Soon will she lie like a white frost sun-
rise. 185

Yellow oats and brown wheat, barley
pale as rye,

Long since your sheaves have yielded to
the thresher,

Felt the girdle loosened, seen the tresses
fly.

Soon will she lie like a blood-red sunset.

Swift with the to-morrow, green-winged
Spring! 190

Sing from the South-west, bring her back
the truants,

Nightingale and swallow, song and dip-
ping wing.

Soft new beech-leaves, up to beamy
April

Spreading bough on bough a primrose
mountain, you

Lucid in the moon, raise lilies to the sky-
fields, 195

Youngest green transfused in silver
shining through:

Fairer than the lily, than the wild white
cherry:

Fair as in image my seraph love
appears

Borne to me by dreams when dawn is at
my eyelids;

Fair as in the flesh she swims to me on
tears. 200

Could I find a place to be alone with
heaven,

I would speak my heart out: heaven is
my need.

Every woodland tree is flushing like the
dogwood,

Flashing like the whitebeam, swaying
like the reed.

Flushing like the dogwood crimson in
October; 205

Streaming like the flag-reed south-west
blown,

Flashing as in gusts the sudden-lighted
whitebeam:

All seem to know what is for heaven
alone.

1851-1878

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (1800-1859)

PURITANS AND CAVALIERS

WE would speak first of the Puritans, the most remarkable body of men, perhaps, which the world has ever produced. The odious and ridiculous parts of their character lie on the surface. He that runs may read them; nor have there been wanting attentive and malicious observers to point them out. For many years after the Restoration, they were the theme of unmeasured invective and derision. They were exposed to the utmost licentiousness of the press and of the stage, at the time when the press and the stage were most licentious. They were not men of letters; they were, as a body, unpopular; they could not defend themselves; and the public would not take them under its protection. They were therefore abandoned, without reserve, to the tender mercies of the satirists and dramatists. The ostentatious simplicity of their dress, their sour aspect, their nasal twang, their stiff posture, their long graces, their Hebrew names, the Scriptural phrases which they introduced on every occasion, their contempt of human learning, their detestation of polite amusements, were indeed fair game for the laughers. But it is not from the laughers alone that the philosophy of history is to be learnt. And he who approaches this subject should carefully guard against the influence of that potent ridicule which has already misled so many excellent writers.

*"Ecco il fonte del riso, ed ecco il rio,
Che mortali perigli in so contiene:*

*Hor qui tener a fren nostro desio,
Ed esser cauti molto a noi conviene."*¹

Those who roused the people to resistance, who directed their measures through a long series of eventful years, who formed, out of the most unpromising materials, the finest army that Europe had ever seen, who trampled down King, Church, and Aristocracy, who, in the short intervals of domestic sedition and rebellion, made the name of England terrible to every nation on the face of the earth, were no vulgar fanatics. Most of their absurdities were mere external badges, like the signs of freemasonry, or the dresses of friars. We regret that these badges were not more attractive. We regret that a body to whose courage and talents mankind has owed inestimable obligations had not the lofty elegance which distinguished some of the adherents of Charles the First, or the easy good-breeding for which the court of Charles the Second was celebrated. But, if we must make our choice, we shall, like Bassanio in the play, turn from the specious caskets which contain only the Death's head and the Fool's head, and fix on the plain leaden chest which conceals the treasure.

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great

Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on his intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognised no title to superiority but his favour; and, confident of that favour, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt: for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged, on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest, who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which shortsighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes, had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by

the pen of the evangelist, and the harp of the prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had risen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God.

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men, the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker: but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half-maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane,² he thought himself intrusted with the sceptre of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood³ he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him. But when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or in the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them Stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised

them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world, like Sir Artegal's 'iron man' Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities, insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain, not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.

Such we believe to have been the character of the Puritans. We perceive the absurdity of their manners. We dislike the sullen gloom of their domestic habits. We acknowledge that the tone of their minds was often injured by straining after things too high for mortal reach: and we know that, in spite of their hatred of Popery, they too often fell into the worst vices of that bad system, intolerance and extravagant austerity, that they had their anchorites and their crusades, their Dunstons⁵ and their De Montforts,⁶ their Dominics⁷ and their Escobars.⁸ Yet, when all circumstances are taken into consideration, we do not hesitate to pronounce them a brave, a wise, an honest, and an useful body.

The Puritans espoused the cause of civil liberty mainly because it was the cause of religion. There was another party, by no means numerous, but distinguished by learning and ability, which acted with them on very different principles. We speak of those whom Cromwell was accustomed to call the Heathens, men who were, in the phraseology of that time, doubting Thomases or careless Gallios⁹ with regard to religious subjects, but passionate worshippers of freedom. Heated by the study of ancient literature, they set up their country as their idol, and proposed to themselves the heroes of Plutarch as their examples. They seem to have borne some resemblance to the Brissotines¹⁰ of the French Revolution. But it is not very easy to draw the line of distinction between them and their devout associates, whose tone and manner they sometimes found it convenient to affect, and sometimes, it is probable, imperceptibly adopted.

We now come to the Royalists. We shall attempt to speak of them, as we have spoken of their antagonists, with perfect candour. We shall not charge upon a whole party the profligacy and baseness of the horseboys, gamblers, and bravoës, whom the hope of licence and plunder attracted from all the dens of Whitefriars to the standard of Charles, and who disgraced their associates by excesses which, under the stricter discipline of the Parliamentary armies, were never tolerated. We will select a more favourable specimen. Thinking as we do that the cause of the King was the cause of bigotry and tyranny, we yet cannot refrain from looking with complacency on the character of the honest old Cavaliers. We feel a national pride in comparing them with the instruments which the despots of other countries are compelled to employ, with the mutes who throng their ante-chambers, and the Janissaries who mount guard at their gates. Our royalist countrymen were not heartless dangling courtiers, bowing at every step, and simpering at every word. They were not mere machines for destruction dressed up in uniforms, caned into skill, intoxicated into valour, defending without love, destroying without hatred. There was a freedom in their subserviency, a nobleness in their very degradation. The sentiment of individual independence was strong within them. They were indeed misled, but by no base or selfish motive. Compassion and romantic honour, the prejudices of childhood, and the venerable names of history, threw over them a spell potent as that of Duessa;¹¹ and, like the Red-Cross Knight, they thought they were doing battle for an injured beauty, while they defended a false and loathsome sorceress. In truth they scarcely entered at all into the merits of the political question. It was not for a treacherous king or an intolerant church that they fought, but for the old banner which had waved in so many battles over the heads of their fathers, and for the altars at which they had received the hands of their brides. Though nothing could be more erroneous than their political opinions, they possessed, in a far greater degree than their adversaries, those qualities which are the

grace of private life. With many of the vices of the Round Table, they had also many of its virtues, courtesy, generosity, veracity, tenderness, and respect for women. They had far more both of pro-

found and of polite learning than the Puritans. Their manners were more engaging, their tempers more amiable, their tastes more elegant, and their households more cheerful. 1825

THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY

The best historians of later times have been seduced from truth, not by their imagination, but by their reason. They far excel their predecessors in the art of deducing general principles from facts. But unhappily they have fallen into the error of distorting facts to suit general principles. They arrive at a theory from looking at some of the phenomena; and the remaining phenomena they strain or curtail to suit the theory. For this purpose it is not necessary that they should assert what is absolutely false; for all questions in morals and politics are questions of comparison and degree. Any proposition which does not involve a contradiction in terms may by possibility be true; and if all the circumstances which raise a probability in its favor be stated and enforced, and those which lead to an opposite conclusion be omitted or lightly passed over, it may appear to be demonstrated. In every human character and transaction there is a mixture of good and evil: a little exaggeration, a little suppression, a judicious use of epithets, a watchful and searching skepticism with respect to the evidence on one side, a convenient credulity with respect to every report or tradition on the other, may easily make a saint of Laud,¹ or a tyrant of Henry IV.

This species of misrepresentation abounds in the most valuable works of modern historians. Herodotus² tells his story like a slovenly witness, who, heated by partialities and prejudices, unacquainted with the established rules of evidence, and uninstructed as to the obligations of his oath, confounds what he imagines with what he has seen and heard, and brings out facts, reports, conjectures, and fancies, in one mass. Hume³ is an accomplished advocate. Without positively asserting much more than he can prove, he gives prominence to all the cir-

cumstances which support his case; he glides lightly over those which are unfavorable to it; his own witnesses are applauded and encouraged; the statements which seem to throw discredit on them are controverted; the contradictions into which they fall are explained away; a clear and connected abstract of their evidence is given. Everything that is offered on the other side is scrutinized with the utmost severity; every suspicious circumstance is a ground for comment and invective; what cannot be denied is extenuated, or passed by without notice; concessions even are sometimes made: but this insidious candor only increases the effect of the vast mass of sophistry.

We have mentioned Hume as the ablest and most popular writer of his class; but the charge which we have brought against him is one to which all our most distinguished historians are in some degree obnoxious.⁴ Gibbon,⁵ in particular, deserves very severe censure. Of all the numerous culprits, however, none is more deeply guilty than Mr. Mitford.⁶ We willingly acknowledge the obligations which are due to his talents and industry. The modern historians of Greece had been in the habit of writing as if the world had learned nothing new during the last sixteen hundred years. Instead of illustrating the events which they narrated by the philosophy of a more enlightened age, they judged of antiquity by itself alone. They seemed to think that notions, long driven from every other corner of literature, had a prescriptive right to occupy this last fastness. They considered all the ancient historians as equally authentic. They scarcely made any distinction between him who related events at which he had himself been present and him who five hundred years after composed a philosophic romance for a society which had in the interval undergone a complete change

It was all Greek, and all true! The centuries which separated Plutarch⁷ from Thucydides⁸ seemed as nothing to men who lived in an age so remote. The distance of time produced an error similar to that which is sometimes produced by distance of place. There are many good ladies who think that all the people in India live together, and who charge a friend setting out for Calcutta⁹ with kind messages to Bombay. To Rollin and Barthelemi,¹⁰ in the same manner, all the classics were contemporaries.

Mr. Mitford certainly introduced great improvements; he showed us that men who wrote in Greek and Latin sometimes told lies; he showed us that ancient history might be related in such a manner as to furnish not only allusions to schoolboys, but important lessons to statesmen. From that love of theatrical effect and high-flown sentiment which had poisoned almost every other work on the same subject his book is perfectly free. But his passion for a theory as false, and far more ungenerous, led him substantially to violate truth in every page. Statements unfavorable to democracy are made with unhesitating confidence, and with the utmost bitterness of language. Every charge brought against a monarch or an aristocracy is sifted with the utmost care. If it cannot be denied some palliating supposition is suggested; or we are at least reminded that some circumstances now unknown *may* have justified what at present appears unjustifiable. Two events are reported by the same author in the same sentence; their truth rests on the same testimony, but the one supports the darling hypothesis, and the other seems inconsistent with it. The one is taken and the other is left.

The practice of distorting narrative into a conformity with theory is a vice not so unfavorable as at first sight it may appear to the interests of political science. We have compared the writers who indulge in it to advocates; and we may add that their conflicting fallacies, like those of advocates, correct each other. It has always been held, in the most enlightened nations, that a tribunal will decide a judicial question most fairly when it has heard two able men argue, as unfairly as

possible, on the two opposite sides of it; and we are inclined to think that this opinion is just. Sometimes, it is true, superior eloquence and dexterity will make the worse appear the better reason;¹¹ but it is at least certain that the judge will be compelled to contemplate the case under two different aspects. It is certain that no important consideration will altogether escape notice.

This is at present the state of history. The poet laureate¹² appears for the Church of England, Lingard¹³ for the Church of Rome. Brodie¹⁴ has moved to set aside the verdicts obtained by Hume; and the cause in which Mitford succeeded is, we understand, about to be reheard.¹⁵ In the midst of these disputes, however, history proper, if we may use the term, is disappearing. The high, grave, impartial summing up of Thucydides is nowhere to be found.

While our historians are practising all the arts of controversy, they miserably neglect the art of narration, the art of interesting the affections and presenting pictures to the imagination. That a writer may produce these effects without violating truth is sufficiently proved by many excellent biographical works. The immense popularity which well-written books of this kind have acquired deserves the serious consideration of historians. Voltaire's Charles the Twelfth, Marmontel's *Memoirs*, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, Southey's account of Nelson, are perused with delight by the most frivolous and indolent. Whenever any tolerable book of the same description makes its appearance, the circulating libraries are mobbed; the book societies are in commotion; the new novel lies uncut; the magazines and newspapers fill their columns with extracts. In the meantime histories of great empires, written by men of eminent ability, lie unread on the shelves of ostentatious libraries.

The writers of history seem to entertain an aristocratical contempt for the writers of memoirs. They think it beneath the dignity of men who describe the revolutions of nations to dwell on the details which constitute the charm of biography. They have imposed on themselves a code

of conventional decencies as absurd as that which has been the bane of the French drama.¹⁶ The most characteristic and interesting circumstances are omitted or softened down, because, as we are told, they are too trivial for the majesty of history. The majesty of history seems to resemble the majesty of the poor King of Spain,¹⁷ who died a martyr to ceremony because the proper dignitaries were not at hand to render him assistance.

That history would be more amusing if this etiquette were relaxed will, we suppose, be acknowledged. But would it be less dignified or less useful? What do we mean when we say that one past event is important and another insignificant? No past event has any intrinsic importance. The knowledge of it is valuable only as it leads us to form just calculations with respect to the future. A history which does not serve this purpose, though it may be filled with battles, treaties, and commotions, is as useless as the series of turnpike¹⁸ tickets collected by Sir Matthew Mite.¹⁹

Let us suppose that Lord Clarendon,²⁰ instead of filling hundreds of folio pages with copies of state papers in which the same assertions and contradictions are repeated till the reader is overpowered with weariness, had condescended to be the Boswell of the Long Parliament. Let us suppose that he had exhibited to us the wise and lofty self-government of Hampden,²¹ leading while he seemed to follow, and propounding unanswerable arguments in the strongest forms with the modest air of an inquirer anxious for information; the delusions which misled the noble spirit of Vane;²² the coarse fanaticism which concealed the yet loftier genius of Cromwell, destined to control a mutinous army and a factious people, to abase the flag of Holland, to arrest the victorious arms of Sweden, and to hold the balance firm between the rival monarchies of France and Spain. Let us suppose that he had made his Cavaliers and Roundheads talk in their own style; that he had reported some of the ribaldry of Rupert's²³ pages, and some of the cant of Harrison and Fleetwood.²⁴ Would not his work in that case have been more interesting? Would it not have been more accurate?

A history in which every particular incident may be true may on the whole be false. The circumstances which have most influence on the happiness of mankind, the changes of manners and morals, the transition of communities from poverty to wealth, from knowledge to ignorance, from ferocity to humanity — these are, for the most part, noiseless revolutions. Their progress is rarely indicated by what historians are pleased to call important events. They are not achieved by armies, or enacted by senates. They are sanctioned by no treaties, and recorded in no archives. They are carried on in every school, in every church, behind ten thousand counters, at ten thousand firesides. The upper current of society presents no certain criterion by which we can judge of the direction in which the under current flows. We read of defeats and victories. But we know that nations may be miserable amidst victories and prosperous amidst defeats. We read of the fall of wise ministers and of the rise of profligate favorites. But we must remember how small a proportion the good or evil effected by a single statesman can bear to the good or evil of a great social system.

Bishop Watson²⁵ compares a geologist to a gnat mounted on an elephant, and laying down theories as to the whole internal structure of the vast animal, from the phenomena of the hide. The comparison is unjust to the geologists; but is very applicable to those historians who write as if the body politic were homogeneous, who look only on the surface of affairs, and never think of the mighty and various organization which lies deep below.

In the works of such writers as these, England, at the close 'of the Seven Years' War,²⁶ is in the highest state of prosperity; at the close of the American war²⁷ she is in a miserable and degraded condition; as if the people were not on the whole as rich, as well governed, and as well educated at the latter period as at the former. We have read books called *Histories of England*, under the reign of George the Second, in which the rise of Methodism is not even mentioned. A hundred years hence this breed of authors will, we hope, be extinct. If it should still exist, the late ministerial

interregnum²⁸ will be described in terms which will seem to imply that all government was at end; that the social contract was annulled; and that the hand of every man was against his neighbor until the wisdom and virtue of the new cabinet educed order out of the chaos of anarchy. We are quite certain that misconceptions as gross prevail at this moment respecting many important parts of our annals.

The effect of historical reading is analogous, in many respects, to that produced by foreign travel. The student, like the tourist, is transported into a new state of society. He sees new fashions. He hears new modes of expression. His mind is enlarged by contemplating the wide diversities of laws, of morals, and of manners. But men may travel far, and return with minds as contracted as if they had never stirred from their own market-town. In the same manner, men may know the dates of many battles and the genealogies of many royal houses, and yet be no wiser. Most people look at past times as princes look at foreign countries. More than one illustrious stranger has landed on our island amidst the shouts of a mob, has dined with the King, has hunted with the master of the stag-hounds, has seen the Guards reviewed, and a knight of the garter installed, has cantered along Regent Street, has visited Saint Paul's, and noted down its dimensions; and has then departed, thinking that he has seen England. He has, in fact, seen a few public buildings, public men, and public ceremonies. But of the vast and complex system of society, of the fine shades of national character, of the practical operation of government and laws, he knows nothing. He who would understand these things rightly must not confine his observations to palaces and solemn days. He must see ordinary men as they appear in their ordinary business and in their ordinary pleasures. He must mingle in the crowds of the exchange and the coffee-house. He must obtain admittance to the convivial table and the domestic hearth. He must bear with vulgar expressions. He must not shrink from exploring even the retreats of misery. He who wishes to understand the condition of mankind in former ages must pro-

ceed on the same principle. If he attends only to public transactions, to wars, congresses, and debates, his studies will be as unprofitable as the travels of those imperial, royal, and serene sovereigns who form their judgment of our island from having gone in state to a few fine sights, and from having held formal conferences with a few great officers.

The perfect historian is he in whose work the character and spirit of an age is exhibited in miniature. He relates no fact, he attributes no expression to his characters, which is not authenticated by sufficient testimony. But, by judicious selection, rejection, and arrangement, he gives to truth those attractions which have been usurped by fiction. In his narrative a due subordination is observed: some transactions are prominent; others retire. But the scale on which he represents them is increased or diminished, not according to the dignity of the persons concerned in them, but according to the degree in which they elucidate the condition of society and the nature of man. He shows us the court, the camp, and the senate. But he shows us also the nation. He considers no anecdote, no peculiarity of manner, no familiar saying, as too insignificant for his notice which is not too insignificant to illustrate the operation of laws, of religion, and of education, and to mark the progress of the human mind. Men will not merely be described, but will be made intimately known to us. The changes of manners will be indicated, not merely by a few general phrases or a few extracts from statistical documents, but by appropriate images presented in every line.

If a man, such as we are supposing, should write the history of England, he would assuredly not omit the battles, the sieges, the negotiations, the seditions, the ministerial changes. But with these he would intersperse the details which are the charm of historical romances. At Lincoln Cathedral there is a beautiful painted window, which was made by an apprentice out of the pieces of glass which had been rejected by his master. It is so far superior to every other in the church, that, according to the tradition, the van-

quished artist killed himself from mortification. Sir Walter Scott, in the same manner, has used those fragments of truth which historians have scornfully thrown behind them in a manner which may well excite their envy. He has constructed out of their gleanings works which, even considered as histories, are scarcely less valuable than theirs. But a truly great historian would reclaim those materials which the novelist has appropriated. The history of the government, and the history of the people, would be exhibited in that mode in which alone they can be exhibited justly, in inseparable conjunction and intermixture. We should not then have to look for the wars and votes of the Puritans in Clarendon, and for their phraseology in *Old Mortality*;²⁹ for one half of King James in *Hume*, and for the other half in the *Fortunes of Nigel*.³⁰

The early part of our imaginary history would be rich with coloring from romance, ballad, and chronicle. We should find ourselves in the company of knights such as those of Froissart³¹ and of pilgrims such as those who rode with Chaucer from the Tabard.³² Society would be shown from the highest to the lowest, — from the royal cloth of state to the den of the outlaw; from the throne of the Legate³³ to the chimney-corner where the begging friar regaled himself. Palmers,³⁴ minstrels, crusaders, — the stately monastery, with the good cheer in its refectory and the high-mass in its chapel, — the manor-house, with its hunting and hawking, — the tournament, with the heralds and ladies, the trumpets and the cloth of gold, — would give truth and life to the representation. We should perceive, in a thousand slight touches, the importance of the privileged burgher, and the fierce and haughty spirit which swelled under the collar of the degraded villain.³⁵ The revival of letters would not merely be described in a few magnificent periods. We should discern, in innumerable particulars, the fermentation of mind, the eager appetite for knowledge, which distinguished the sixteenth from the fifteenth century. In the Reformation we should see, not merely a schism which changed the ecclesiastical constitution of England and the mutual

relations of the European powers, but a moral war which raged in every family, which set the father against the son, and the son against the father, the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother. Henry would be painted with the skill of Tacitus.³⁶ We should have the change of his character from his profuse and joyous youth to his savage and imperious old age. We should perceive the gradual progress of selfish and tyrannical passions in a mind not naturally insensible or ungenerous; and to the last we should detect some remains of that open and noble temper which endeared him to a people whom he oppressed, struggling with the hardness of despotism and the irritability of disease. We should see Elizabeth in all her weakness and in all her strength, surrounded by the handsome favorites whom she never trusted, and the wise old statesman whom she never dismissed, uniting in herself the most contradictory qualities of both her parents, — the coquetry, the caprice, the petty malice of Anne, — the haughty and resolute spirit of Henry. We have no hesitation in saying that a great artist might produce a portrait of this remarkable woman at least as striking as that in the novel of *Kenilworth*, without employing a single trait not authenticated by ample testimony. In the meantime, we should see arts cultivated, wealth accumulated, the conveniences of life improved. We should see the keeps,³⁷ where nobles, insecure themselves, spread insecurity around them, gradually giving place to the halls of peaceful opulence, to the oriel³⁸ of Longleat, and the stately pinnacles of Burleigh. We should see towns extended, deserts cultivated, the hamlets of fishermen turned into wealthy havens, the meal of the peasant improved, and his hut more commodiously furnished. We should see those opinions and feelings which produced the great struggle against the House of Stuart slowly growing up in the bosom of private families, before they manifested themselves in parliamentary debates. Then would come the Civil War. Those skirmishes on which Clarendon dwells so minutely would be told, as Thucydides would have told them, with

perspicuous conciseness. They are merely connecting links. But the great characteristics of the age, the loyal enthusiasm of the brave English gentry, the fierce licentiousness of the swearing, dicing, drunken reprobates whose excesses disgraced the royal cause, — the austerity of the Presbyterian Sabbaths in the city, the extravagance of the independent preachers in the camp, the precise garb, the severe countenance, the petty scruples, the affected accent, the absurd names and phrases which marked the Puritans, — the valor, the policy, the public spirit, which lurked beneath these ungraceful disguises, — the dreams of the raving Fifth-monarchyman,³⁹ the dreams, scarcely less wild, of the philosophic republican, — all these would enter into the representation, and render it at once more exact and more striking.

The instruction derived from history thus written would be of a vivid and practical character. It would be received by the imagination as well as by the reason. It would be not merely traced on the mind, but branded into it. Many truths, too, would be learned, which can be learned in no other manner. As the history of states is generally written, the greatest and most momentous revolutions seem to come upon them like supernatural inflictions, without warning or cause. But the fact is, that such revolutions are almost

always the consequences of moral changes, which have gradually passed on the mass of the community, and which ordinarily proceed far, before their progress is indicated by any public measure. An intimate knowledge of the domestic history of nations is therefore absolutely necessary to the prognosis of political events. A narrative, defective in this respect, is as useless as a medical treatise which should pass by all the symptoms attendant on the early stage of a disease and mention only what occurs when the patient is beyond the reach of remedies.

A historian such as we have been attempting to describe would indeed be an intellectual prodigy. In his mind, powers scarcely compatible with each other must be tempered into an exquisite harmony. We shall sooner see another Shakespeare or another Homer. The highest excellence to which any single faculty can be brought would be less surprising than such a happy and delicate combination of qualities. Yet the contemplation of imaginary models is not an unpleasant or useless employment of the mind. It cannot indeed produce perfection; but it produces improvement, and nourishes that generous and liberal fastidiousness which is not inconsistent with the strongest sensibility to merit, and which, while it exalts our conceptions of the art, does not render us unjust to the artist.

1828

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795–1881)

BOSWELL THE HERO-WORSHIPER

WE have a word to say of James Boswell. Boswell has already been much commented upon; but rather in the way of censure and vituperation than of true recognition. He was a man that brought himself much before the world; confessed that he eagerly coveted fame, or if that were not possible, notoriety; of which latter as he gained far more than was his due, the public were incited, not only by their natural love of scandal, but by a special ground of envy, to say whatever ill of him could be said. Out of the fifteen millions that then lived, and had bed and board in the British islands, this man has

provided us a greater pleasure than any other individual, at whose cost we now enjoy ourselves; perhaps has done us a greater *service* than can be especially attributed to more than two or three; yet, ungrateful that we are, no written or spoken eulogy of James Boswell anywhere exists; his recompense in solid pudding (so far as copyright went) was not excessive; and as for the empty praise, it has altogether been denied him. Men are unwiser than children; they do not know the hand that feeds them.

Boswell was a person whose mean or bad qualities lay open to the general eye;

visible, palpable to the dullest. His good qualities, again, belonged not to the time he lived in; were far from common then; indeed, in such a degree, were almost unexampled; not recognizable therefore by every one; nay, apt even (so strange had they grown) to be confounded with the very vices they lay contiguous to and had sprung out of. That he was a winebibber and gross liver; gluttonously fond of whatever would yield him a little solacement, were it only of a stomachic character, is undeniable enough. That he was vain, heedless, a babbler; had much of the sycophant, alternating with the brag-gadocio, curiously spiced too with an all-pervading dash of the coxcomb; that he gloried much when the tailor, by a court-suit, had made a new man of him; that he appeared at the Shakespeare Jubilee with a ribbon, imprinted "Corsica Boswell,"¹ round his hat; and in short, if you will, lived no day of his life without doing and saying more than one pretentious ineptitude: all this unhappily is evident as the sun at noon. The very look of Boswell seems to have signified so much. In that cocked nose, cocked partly in triumph over his weaker fellow-creatures, partly to snuff up the smell of coming pleasure, and scent it from afar; in those bag-cheeks, hanging like half-filled wine-skins, still able to contain more; in that coarsely protruded shelf-mouth, that fat dew-lapped chin: in all this, who sees not sensuality, pretension, boisterous imbecility enough; much that could not have been ornamental in the temper of a great man's overfed great man (what the Scotch name *flunkyy*), though it had been more natural there? The under part of Boswell's face is of a low, almost brutish character.

Unfortunately, on the other hand, what great and genuine good lay in him was nowise so self-evident. That Boswell was a hunter after spiritual notabilities, that he loved such, and longed, and even crept and crawled to be near them; that he first (in old Touchwood Auchinleck's² phraseology) "took on with Paoli;"³ and then being off with "the Corsican landlouser,"⁴ took on with a schoolmaster,⁵ "ane that keeped a schule, and ca'd it an academy;" that he did all this, and could not help

doing it, had an "open sence," an open loving heart, which so few have: where excellence existed, he was compelled to acknowledge it; was drawn towards it, and (let the old sulphur-brand of a laird say what he liked) *could not but* walk with it — if not as superior, if not as equal, then as inferior and lackey, better so than not at all. If we reflect now that this love of excellence had not only such an evil nature to triumph over; but also what an *education* and social position withstood it and weighed it down, its innate strength, victorious over all these things, may astonish us. Consider what an inward impulse there must have been, how many mountains of impediment hurled aside, before the Scottish laird could, as humble servant, embrace the knees (the bosom was not permitted him) of the English dominie! Your Scottish laird, says an English naturalist of these days, may be defined as the hungriest and vainest of all bipeds yet known. Boswell too was a Tory; of quite peculiarly feudal, genealogical pragmatism⁶ temper; had been nurtured in an atmosphere of heraldry, at the feet of a very Gamaliel⁷ in that kind; within bare walls, adorned only with pedigrees, amid servingmen in threadbare livery; all things teaching him, from birth upwards, that a laird was a laird. Perhaps there was a special vanity in his very blood: old Auchinleck had, if not the gay, tail-spreading, peacock vanity of his son, no little of the slow stalking, contentious, hissing vanity of the gander; a still more fatal species. Scottish advocates will tell you how the ancient man, having chanced to be the first sheriff⁸ appointed (after the abolition⁹ of "hereditary jurisdiction") by royal authority, was wont, in dull-snuffing pompous tone, to preface many a deliverance from the bench with these words: "I, the first king's sheriff in Scotland."

And now behold the worthy Boszy, so prepossessed and held back by nature and by art, fly nevertheless like iron to its magnet with what enclosures and encumbrances you please — with wood, with rubbish, with brass: it matters not, the two feel each other, they struggle restlessly towards each other, they *will* be together.

The iron may be a Scottish squirelet, full of gulosity¹⁰ and "gigmanity;" the magnet an English plebeian, and moving rag-and-dust mountain, coarse, proud, irascible, imperious: nevertheless, behold how they embrace, and inseparably cleave to one another! It is one of the strangest phenomena of the past century, that at a time when the old reverent feeling of discipleship (such as brought men from far countries with rich gifts, and prostrate soul, to the feet of the prophets) had passed utterly away from men's practical experience, and was no longer surmised to exist (as it does), perennial, indestructible, in man's inmost heart — James Boswell should have been the individual, of all others, predestined to recall it, in such singular guise, to the wondering and, for a long while, laughing and unrecognized world. It has been commonly said, "The man's vulgar vanity was all that attached him to Johnson; he delighted to be seen near him, to be thought connected with him." Now let it be at once granted that no consideration springing out of vulgar vanity could well be absent from the mind of James Boswell, in this his intercourse with Johnson, or in any considerable transaction of his life. At the same time, ask yourself; whether such vanity, and nothing else, actuated him therein; whether this was the true essence and moving principle of the phenomenon, or not rather its outward vesture, and the accidental environment (and defacement) in which it came to light? The man was, by nature and habit, vain; a sycophant-coxcomb, be it granted: but had there been nothing more than vanity in him, was Samuel Johnson the man of men to whom he must attach himself? At the date when Johnson was a poor rusty-coated "scholar," dwelling in Temple-lane, and indeed throughout their whole intercourse afterwards, were there not chancellors and prime ministers enough; graceful gentlemen, the glass of fashion; honor-giving noblemen; dinner-giving rich men; renowned fire-eaters, swordsmen, gownsmen, quacks and realities of all hues — any one of whom bulked much larger in the world's eye than Johnson ever did? To any one of whom, by half that submissiveness and

assiduity, our Bozzy might have recommended himself and sat there, the envy of surrounding lickspittles; pocketing now solid emoluments, swallowing now well cooked viands and wines of rich red vintage; in each case, also, shone-on by some glittering reflex of renown or notoriety, so as to be the observed of innumerable observers. To no one of whom, however, though otherwise a most diligent solicitor and purveyor, did he so attach himself: such vulgar courtierships were his paid drudgery, or leisure amusement; the worship of Johnson was his grand, ideal, voluntary business. Does not the frothy-hearted, yet enthusiastic man, doffing his advocate's wig, regularly take post, and hurry up to London, for the sake of his sage chiefly; as to a feast of tabernacles, the Sabbath of his whole year? The plate-licker and wine-bibber dives into Bolt Court,¹¹ to sip muddy coffee with a cynical old man and a sour-tempered blind old woman¹² (feeling the cups, whether they are full, with her finger) and patiently endures contradictions without end; too happy so he may be but allowed to listen and live. Nay, it does not appear that vulgar vanity could ever have been much flattered by Boswell's relation to Johnson. Mr. Croker¹³ says, Johnson was, to the last, little regarded by the great world; from which, for a vulgar vanity, all honor, as from its fountain, descends. Bozzy, even among Johnson's friends and special admirers, seems rather to have been laughed at than envied: his officious, whisking, consequential ways, the daily reproofs and rebuffs he underwent, could gain from the world no golden but only leaden opinions. His devout discipleship seemed nothing more than a mean spanielship, in the general eye. His mighty "constellation," or sun, round whom he, as satellite, observantly gyrated, was, for the mass of men, but a huge ill-snuffed tallow-light, and he a weak night-moth, circling foolishly, dangerously about it, not knowing what he wanted. If he enjoyed Highland dinners and toasts, as henchman to a new sort of chieftain, Henry Erskine¹⁴ could hand him a shilling "for the sight of his bear." Doubtless the man was laughed at, and often heard himself

laughed at for his Johnsonism. To be envied is the grand and sole aim of vulgar vanity; to be filled with good things is that of sensuality: for Johnson perhaps no man living *envied* poor Bozzy; and of good things (except himself paid for them) there was no vestige in that acquaintanceship. Had nothing other or better than vanity and sensuality been there, Johnson and Boswell had never come together, or had soon and finally separated again.

In fact, the so copious terrestrial dross that welters chaotically, as the outer sphere of this man's character, does but render for us more remarkable, more touching, the celestial spark of goodness, of light, and reverence for wisdom which dwelt in the interior, and could struggle through such encumbrances, and in some degree illuminate and beautify them. There is much lying yet undeveloped in the love of Boswell for Johnson. A cheering proof, in a time which else utterly wanted and still wants such, that living wisdom is quite *infinitely* precious to man, is the symbol of the god-like to him, which even weak eyes may discern; that loyalty, discipleship, all that was ever meant by *hero-worship*, lives perennially in the human bosom, and waits, even in these dead days, only for occasions to unfold it, and inspire all men with it, and make again the world alive! James Boswell we can regard as a practical witness, or real *martyr*, to this high everlasting truth. A wonderful martyr, if you will; and in a time which made such martyrdom doubly wonderful: yet the time and its martyr perhaps suited each other. For a decrepit, death-sick era, when Cant had first decisively opened her poison-breathing lips to proclaim that God-worship and Mammon-worship were one and the same, that life was a *lie*, and the earth Beelzebub's, which the *Supreme Quack* should inherit, and so all things were fallen into the yellow leaf, and fast hastening to noisome corruption: for such an era, perhaps no better prophet than a parti-colored zany-¹⁶ prophet, concealing, from himself and others, his prophetic significance in such unexpected vestures, was deserved, or would have been in place. A precious medicine lay hidden in floods of coarsest,

most composite treacle;¹⁶ the world swallowed the treacle, for it suited the world's palate; and now, after half a century, may the medicine also begin to show itself! James Boswell belonged, in his corruptible part, to the lowest classes of mankind; a foolish, inflated creature, swimming in an element of self-conceit: but in his corruptible there dwelt an incorruptible, all the more impressive and indubitable for the strange lodging it had taken.

Consider, too, with what force, diligence, and vivacity he has rendered back all this which, in Johnson's neighborhood, his "open sense" had so eagerly and freely taken in. That loose-flowing, careless-looking work of his is as a picture by one of nature's own artists; the best possible remembrance of a reality; like the very image thereof in a clear mirror. Which indeed it was: let but the mirror be *clear*, this is the great point; the picture must and will be genuine. How the babbling Bozzy, inspired only by love, and the recognition which love can lend, epitomizes nightly the words of wisdom, the deeds and aspects of wisdom, and so, by little and little, unconsciously works together for us a whole *Johnsoniad*,¹⁷ a more free, perfect, sunlit, and spirit-speaking likeness than for many centuries had been drawn by man of man! Scarcely since the days of Homer has the feat been equalled; indeed, in many senses, this also is a kind of heroic poem. The fit "Odyssey" of our unheroic age was to be written, not sung; of a thinker, not of a fighter; and (for want of a Homer) by the first open soul that might offer — looked such even through the organs of a Boswell. We do the man's intellectual endowment great wrong, if we measure it by its mere logical outcome; though, here too, there is not wanting a light ingenuity, a figurativeness and fanciful sport, with glimpses of insight far deeper than the common. But Boswell's grand intellectual talent was, as such ever is, an *unconscious* one, of far higher reach, and significance than logic; and showed itself in the whole, not in parts. Here again we have that old saying verified, "The heart sees further than the head."

Thus does poor Bozzy stand out to us an ill-assorted, glaring mixture of the

highest and the lowest. What, indeed, is man's life generally but a kind of beast godhood; the god in us triumphing in us more and more over the beast; striving more and more to subdue it under his feet? Did not the ancients in their wise, perennially-significant way, figure nature itself, in their sacred ALL, or PAN, as a portentous commingling of these two discords; as musical, humane, oracular in its upper part, yet ending below in the cloven hairy feet of a goat? The union of melodious, celestial free-will and reason with foul irrationality and lust; in which, nevertheless, dwelt a mysterious unspeakable fear and half mad *panic* awe; as for mortals there well might! And is not man a microcosm, or epitomized mirror of that same universe; or rather, is not that universe even himself, the reflex of his own fearful and wonderful being, "the waste fantasy of his own dream?" No wonder that man, that each man, and James Boswell like the others, should resemble it! The peculiarity in his case was the unusual defect of amalgamation and subordination: the highest lay side by side with the lowest; not morally combined with it and spiritually transfiguring it, but tumbling in half-mechanical juxtaposition with it, and from time to time, as the mad alternation chanced, irradiating it, or eclipsed by it.

The world, as we said, has been but unjust to him; discerning only the outer terrestrial and often sordid mass; without eye, as it generally is, for his inner divine secret; and thus figuring him nowise as a god Pan, but simply of the bestial species, like the cattle on a thousand hills. Nay, sometimes a strange enough hypothesis¹⁸ has been started of him; as if it were in virtue even of these same bad qualities that he did his good work; as if it were the

very fact of his being among the worst men in this world that had enabled him to write one of the best books therein! Falser hypothesis, we may venture to say, never rose in human soul. *Bad* is by its nature negative, and can do *nothing*; whatsoever enables us to do anything is by its very nature *good*. Alas, that there should be teachers in Israel, or even learners, to whom this world-ancient fact is still problematical, or even deniable! Boswell wrote a good book because he had a heart and an eye to discern wisdom, and an utterance to render it forth; because of his free insight, his lively talent — above all, of his love and open-mindedness. His sneaking sycophancies, his greediness and forwardness, whatever was bestial and earthy in him, are so many blemishes in his book, which still disturb us in its clearness; wholly hindrances, not helps. Towards Johnson, however, his feeling was not sycophancy, which is the lowest, but reverence, which is the highest of human feelings. None but a *reverent* man (which so unspeakably few are) could have found his way from Boswell's environment to Johnson's: if such worship for real God-made superiors, showed itself also as worship for apparent tailor-made superiors, even as hollow interested mouth-worship for such — the case, in this composite human nature of ours, was not miraculous, the more was the pity! But for ourselves, let every one of us cling to this last article of faith, and know it as the beginning of all knowledge worthy the name: That neither James Boswell's good book, nor any other good thing, in any time or in any place, was, is, or can be performed by any man in virtue of his *badness*, but always and solely in spite thereof.

1832

BURNS

It was a curious phenomenon, in the withered, unbelieving, secondhand Eighteenth Century, that of a hero starting up, among the artificial pasteboard figures and productions, in the guise of a Robert Burns. Like a little well in the rocky desert places, — like a sudden splendour of Heaven in the artificial Vauxhall!¹ People knew not

what to make of it. They took it for a piece of the Vauxhall fireworks; alas, it *let* itself be so taken, though struggling half-blindly, as in bitterness of death, *against* that! Perhaps no man had such a false reception from his fellowmen. Once more a very wasteful life-drama was enacted under the sun.

The tragedy of Burns's life is known to all of you. Surely we may say if discrepancy between place held and place merited constitute perverseness of lot for a man, no lot could be more perverse than Burns's. Among those secondhand acting-figures, *mimes* for most part, of the Eighteenth Century, once more a giant Original Man; one of those men who reach down to the perennial Deepes, who take rank with the Heroic among men: and he was born in a poor Ayrshire hut. The largest soul of all the British lands came among us in the shape of a hard-handed Scottish Peasant.

His Father, a poor toiling man, tried various things; did not succeed in any; was involved in continual difficulties. The Steward, Factor as the Scotch call him, used to send letters and threatenings, Burns says, "which threw us all into tears." The brave, hard-toiling, hard-suffering Father, his brave heroine of a wife, and those children, of whom Robert was one! In this Earth, so wide otherwise, no shelter for *them*. The letters "threw us all into tears:" figure it. The brave Father, I say always; — a *silent* Hero and Poet; without whom the son had never been a speaking one! Burns's schoolmaster came afterwards to London, learnt what good society was; but declares that in no meeting of men did he ever enjoy better discourse than at the hearth of this peasant. And his poor "seven acres of nursery-ground," — not that, nor the miserable patch of clay-farm, nor anything he tried to get a living by, would prosper with him; he had a sore unequal battle all his days. But he stood to it valiantly; a wise, faithful, unconquerable man; — swallowing down how many sore sufferings daily into silence; fighting like an unseen Hero, — nobody publishing newspaper paragraphs about his nobleness; voting pieces of plate to him! However, he was not lost; nothing is lost. Robert is there; the outcome of him, — and indeed of many generations of such as him.

This Burns appeared under every disadvantage; uninstructed, poor, born only to hard manual toil; and writing, when it came to that, in a rustic special dialect, known only to a small province of the country he lived in. Had he written, even

what he did write, in the general language of England, I doubt not he had already become universally recognized as being, or capable to be, one of our greatest men. That he should have tempted so many to penetrate through the rough husk of that dialect of his, is proof that there lay something far from common within it. He has gained a certain recognition, and is continuing to do so over all quarters of our wide Saxon world: wheresoever a Saxon dialect is spoken, it begins to be understood, by personal inspection of this and the other, that one of the most considerable Saxon men of the Eighteenth Century was an Ayrshire Peasant named Robert Burns. Yes, I will say, here too was a piece of the right Saxon stuff: strong as the Harz²-rock, rooted in the depths of the world; — rock, yet with wells of living softness in it! A wild impetuous whirlwind of passion and faculty slumbered quiet there; such heavenly melody dwelling in the heart of it. A noble rough genuineness; homely, rustic, honest; true simplicity of strength; with its lightning-fire, with its soft dewy pity; — like the old Norse Thor,³ the Peasant-god!

Burns's brother Gilbert, a man of much sense and worth, has told me that Robert, in his young days, in spite of their hardship, was usually the gayest of speech; a fellow of infinite frolic, laughter, sense and heart; far pleasanter to hear there, stript, cutting peats in the bog, or suchlike, than he ever afterwards knew him. I can well believe it. The basis of mirth ("*fond gaillard*," as old Marquis Mirabeau⁴ calls it), a primal-element of sunshine and joyfulness, coupled with his other deep and earnest qualities, is one of the most attractive characteristics of Burns. A large fund of Hope dwells in him; spite of his tragical history, he is not a mourning man. He shakes his sorrows gallantly aside; bounds forth victorious over them. It is as the lion shaking "dew-drops from his mane;" as the swift-bounding horse, that laughs at the shaking of the spear. — But indeed, Hope, Mirth, of the sort like Burns's, are they not the outcome properly of warm generous affection, — such as is the beginning of all to every man?

You would think it strange if I called

Burns the most gifted British soul we had in all that century of his: and yet I believe the day is coming when there will be little danger in saying so. His writings, all that he *did* under such obstructions are only a poor fragment of him. Professor Stewart⁶ remarked very justly, what indeed is true of all Poets good for much, that his poetry was not any particular faculty; but the general result of a naturally vigorous original mind expressing itself in that way. Burns's gifts, expressed in conversation, are the theme of all that ever heard him. All kinds of gifts: from the gracefulest utterances of courtesy, to the highest fire of passionate speech; loud floods of mirth, soft wailings of affection, laconic emphasis, clear piercing insight; all was in him. Witty duchesses celebrate him as a man whose speech "led them off their feet." This is beautiful: but still more beautiful that which Mr. Lockhart⁸ has recorded, which I have more than once alluded to, how the waiters and ostlers at inns would get out of bed, and come crowding to hear this man speak! Waiters and ostlers: — they too were men, and here was a man! I have heard much about his speech; but one of the best things I ever heard of it was, last year, from a venerable gentleman long familiar with him. That it was speech distinguished by *always having something in it*. "He spoke rather little than much," this old man told me; "sat rather silent in those early days, as in the company of persons above him; and always when he did speak, it was to throw new light on the matter." I know not why any one should ever speak otherwise! — But if we look at his general force of soul, his healthy *robustness* every way, the rugged down-rightness, penetration, generous valour and manfulness that was in him, — where shall we readily find a better-gifted man?

Among the great men of the Eighteenth Century, I sometimes feel as if Burns might be found to resemble Mirabeau⁷ more than any other. They differ widely in vesture; yet look at them intrinsically. There is the same burly thick-necked strength of body as of soul; — built, in both cases, on what the old Marquis calls a *fond gaillard*. By nature, by course of breeding, indeed by nation, Mirabeau

has much more of bluster; a noisy, forward, unresting man. But the characteristic of Mirabeau too is veracity and sense, power of true *insight*, superiority of vision. The thing that he says is worth remembering. It is a flash of insight into some object or other: so do both these men speak. The same raging passions; capable too in both of manifesting themselves as the tenderest noble affections. Wit, wild laughter, energy, directness, sincerity: these were in both. The types of the two men are not dissimilar. Burns too could have governed, debated in National Assemblies; policed, as few could. Alas, the courage which had to exhibit itself in capture of smuggling⁹ schooners in the Solway Firth; in keeping *silence* over so much, where no good speech, but only inarticulate rage was possible: this might have bellowed forth Ushers de Brézé¹⁰ and the like; and made itself visible to all men, in managing of kingdoms, in ruling of great, ever-memorable epochs! But they said to him reprovingly, his Official Superiors said, and wrote: "You are to work, not to think." Of your *thinking*-faculty, the greatest in this land, we have no need; you are to gauge beer there; for that only are *you* wanted. Very notable; — and worth mentioning, though we know what is to be said and answered! As if thought, Power of Thinking, were not at all times, in all places and situations of the world, precisely the thing that *was* wanted. The fatal man, is he not always the *unthinking* man, the man who cannot think and *see*; but only grope, and hallucinate; and *missee* the nature of the thing he works with? He misses it, mistakes it as we say; takes it for one thing, and it is another thing, — and leaves him standing like a Futility there! He is the fatal man; unutterably fatal, put in the high places of men. — "Why complain of this?" say some: "Strength is mournfully denied its arena; that was true from of old." Doubtless; and the worse for the *arena*, answer I! *Complaining* profits little; stating of the truth may profit. That a Europe, with its French Revolution just breaking out, finds no need of a Burns except for gauging beer, — is a thing I, for one, cannot *rejoice* at.

Once more we have to say here, that the

chief quality of Burns is the *sincerity* of him. So in his Poetry, so in his life. The Song he sings is not of fantasticalities; it is of a thing felt, really there; the prime merit of this, as of all in him, and of his life generally, is truth. The life of Burns is what we may call a great tragic sincerity. A sort of savage sincerity, — not cruel, far from that; but wild, wrestling naked with the truth of things. In that sense, there is something of the savage in all great men.

Hero-worship, — Odin,¹⁰ Burns? Well: These Men of Letters too were not without a kind of Hero-worship; but what a strange condition has that got into now! The waiters and ostlers of Scotch inns, prying about the door, eager to catch any words that fell from Burns, were doing unconscious reverence to the Heroic. Johnson had his Boswell for worshipper, Rousseau¹¹ had worshippers enough; princes calling on him in his mean garret; the great, the beautiful doing reverence to the poor moonstruck man. For himself a most portentous contradiction; the two ends of his life not to be brought into harmony. He sits at the tables of grandees; and has to copy music for his own living. He cannot even get his music copied: "By dint of dining out," says he, "I run the risk of dying by starvation at home." For his worshippers too a most questionable thing! If doing Hero-worship well or badly be the test of vital wellbeing or illbeing to a generation, can we say that these generations are very first-rate? — And yet our heroic Men of Letters do teach, govern, are kings, priests, or what you like to call them; intrinsically there is no preventing it by any means whatever. The world *has* to obey him who thinks and sees in the world. The world can alter the manner of that; can either have it as blessed continuous summer sunshine, or as unblessed black thunder and tornado, — with unspeakable difference of profit for the world! The manner of it is very alterable; the matter and fact of it is not alterable by any power under the sky. Light; or, failing that, lightning: the world can take its choice. Not whether we call an Odin god, prophet, priest, or what we call him; but whether we believe the word he tells us:

there it all lies. If it be a true word, we shall have to believe it; believing it, we shall have to do it. What *name* or welcome we give him or it, is a point that concerns ourselves mainly. *It*, the new Truth, new deeper revealing of the Secret of this Universe, is verily of the nature of a message from on high; and must and will have itself obeyed.

My last remark is on that notablest phasis of Burns's history, — his visit¹² to Edinburgh. Often it seems to me as if his demeanour there were the highest proof he gave of what a fund of worth and genuine manhood was in him. If we think of it, few heavier burdens could be laid on the strength of a man. So sudden; all common *Lionism*, which ruins innumerable men, was as nothing to this. It is as if Napoleon had been made a King of, not gradually, but at once from the Artillery Lieutenantcy in the Regiment La Fère. Burns, still only in his twenty-seventh year, is no longer even a ploughman; he is flying to the West Indies to escape disgrace and jail. This month he is a ruined peasant, his wages seven pounds a year, and these gone from him: next month he is in the blaze of rank and beauty, handing down jewelled Duchesses to dinner; the cynosure of all eyes! Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity. I admire much the way in which Burns met all this. Perhaps no man one could point out, was ever so sorely tried, and so little forgot himself. Tranquil, unastonished; not abashed, not inflated, neither awkwardness nor affectation: he feels that *he* there is the man Robert Burns; that the "rank is but the guinea-stamp;" that the celebrity is but the candle-light, which will show *what* man, not in the least make him a better or other man! Alas, it may readily, unless he look to it, make him a *worse* man; a wretched inflated wind-bag, — inflated till he *burst*, and become a *dead* lion; for whom, as some one has said, "there is no resurrection of the body;" worse than a living dog! — Burns is admirable here.

And yet, alas, as I have observed elsewhere, these Lion-hunters were the ruin

and death of Burns. It was they that rendered it impossible for him to live! They gathered round him in his Farm; hindered his industry; no place was remote enough from them. He could not get his Lionism forgotten, honestly as he was disposed to do so. He falls into discontents, into miseries, faults; the world getting ever

more desolate for him; health, character, peace of mind, all gone; — solitary enough now. It is tragical to think of! These men came but to see him; it was out of no sympathy with him, nor no hatred to him. They came to get a little amusement: they got their amusement; — and the Hero's life went for it! . . . 1841

LABOR

For there is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works: in Idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish,¹ mean, is in communication with Nature; the real desire to get Work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it. "Know thyself:" long enough has that poor "self" of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to "know" it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at; and work at it, like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan.

It has been written, "an endless significance lies in Work"; a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seedfields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labor, the whole soul of a man is compassed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these like helldogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor dayworker, as of every man: but he bends himself with free valor against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labor in him, is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame!

Destiny, on the whole, has no other way

of cultivating us. A formless Chaos, once set it *revolving*, grows round and ever rounder; ranges itself, by mere force of gravity, into strata, spherical courses; is no longer a Chaos, but a round compacted World. What would become of the Earth, did she cease to revolve? In the poor old Earth, so long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities disperse themselves; all irregularities are incessantly becoming regular. Hast thou looked on the Potter's wheel, — one of the venerablest objects; old as the Prophet Ezekiel² and far older? Rude lumps of clay, how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes. And fancy the most assiduous Potter, but without his wheel; reduced to make dishes or rather amorphous botches, by mere kneading and baking! Even such a Potter were Destiny, with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease, that would not work and spin! Of an idle unrevolving man the kindest Destiny, like the most assiduous Potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch; let her spend on him what expensive coloring, what gilding and enameling she will, he is but a botch. Not a dish; no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint-cornered, amorphous botch, — a mere enameled vessel of dishonor!³ Let the idle think of this.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows; — draining off the sour festering water, gradually from the root of the remotest grass-blade; making,

instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear-flowing stream. How blessed ⁴ for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small! Labor is Life: from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his god-given Force, the sacred celestial Life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens ⁵ him to all nobleness, — to all knowledge, “self-knowledge” and much else, so soon as Work fitly begins. Knowledge? The knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou has got by working: the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic-vortices, till we try it and fix it. “Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by Action alone.”

And again, hast thou valued Patience, Courage, Perseverance, Openness to light; readiness to own thyself mistaken, to do better next time? All these, all virtues, in wrestling with the dim brute Powers of Fact, in ordering of thy fellows in such wrestle, there and elsewhere not at all, thou wilt continually learn. Set down a brave Sir Christopher ⁶ in the middle of black ruined Stone-heaps, of foolish unarchitectural Bishops, redtape Officials, idle Nell-Gwyn Defenders of the Faith; and see whether he will ever raise a Paul’s Cathedral out of all that, yea or no! Rough, rude, contradictory are all things and persons, from the mutinous masons and Irish hodmen, up to the idle Nell-Gwyn Defenders, to blustering redtape Officials, foolish unarchitectural Bishops. All these things and persons are there not for Christopher’s sake and his Cathedral’s; they are there for their own sake mainly! Christopher will have to conquer and constrain all these, — if he be able. All these are against him. Equitable Nature herself, who carries her mathematics and architectonics ⁷ not on the face of her, but deep in the hidden heart of her, — Nature herself is but partially for him; will be wholly against him, if he constrain her not! His very money, where is it to come

from? The pious munificence of England lies far-scattered, distant, unable to speak, and say, “I am here”; — must be spoken to before it can speak. Pious munificence, and all help, is so silent, invisible like the gods; impediment, contradictions manifold are so loud and near! O brave Sir Christopher, trust thou in those notwithstanding, and front all these; understand all these; by valiant patience, noble effort, insight, by man’s-strength, vanquish and compel all these, — and, on the whole, strike down victoriously the last topstone of that Paul’s Edifice; thy monument ⁸ for certain centuries, the stamp “Great Man” impressed very legibly on Portland-stone there! —

Yes, all manner of help, and pious response from Men or Nature, is always what we call silent; cannot speak or come to light, till it be seen, till it be spoken to. Every noble work is at first “impossible.” In very truth, for every noble work the possibilities will lie diffused through Immensity; inarticulate, undiscoverable except to faith. Like Gideon thou shalt spread out thy fleece at the door of thy tent; see whether under the wide arch of Heaven there be any bounteous moisture, or none. Thy heart and life-purpose shall be as a miraculous Gideon’s fleece, spread out in silent appeal to Heaven: and from the kind Immensities, what from the poor unkind Localities and town and country Parishes there never could, blessed dew-moisture to suffice thee shall have fallen.

Work is of a religious nature: — work is of a *brave* nature; which it is the aim of all religion to be. All work of man is as the swimmer’s: a waste ocean threatens to devour him; if he front it not bravely, it will keep its word. By incessant wise defiance of it, lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold how it loyally supports him, bears him as its conqueror along. “It is so,” says Goethe, “with all things that man undertakes in this world.”

Brave Sea-captain, Norse Sea-king, — Columbus, my hero, royalest Sea-king of all! it is no friendly environment this of thine, in the waste deep waters; around thee mutinous discouraged souls, behind thee disgrace and ruin, before thee the unpenetrated veil of Night. Brother,

these wild water-mountains, bounding from their deep bases (ten miles deep, I am told), are not entirely there on thy behalf! Meseems *they* have other work than floating thee forward: — and the huge Winds, that sweep from Ursa Major⁹ to the Tropics and Equators, dancing their giant-waltz through the kingdoms of Chaos and Immensity, they care little about filling rightly or filling wrongly the small shoulder-of-mutton sails in this cockle-skiff of thine! Thou art not among articulate-speaking friends, my brother; thou art among immeasurable dumb monsters, tumbling, howling wide as the world here. Secret, far off, invisible to all hearts but thine, there lies a help in them: see how thou wilt get at that. Patiently thou wilt wait till the mad Southwester spend itself, saving thyself by dextrous science of

defense, the while: valiantly, with swift decision, wilt thou strike in, when the favoring East, the Possible, springs up. Mutiny of men thou wilt sternly repress; weakness, despondency, thou wilt cheerily encourage: thou wilt swallow down complaint, unreason, weariness, weakness of others and thyself; — how much wilt thou swallow down! There shall be a depth of Silence in thee, deeper than this Sea, which is but ten miles deep: a Silence unsoundable; known to God only. Thou shalt be a Great Man. Yes, my World-Soldier, thou of the World Marine-service, — thou wilt have to be *greater* than this tumultuous unmeasured World here round thee is; thou, in thy strong soul, as with wrestler's arms, shalt embrace it, harness it down; and make it bear thee on, — to new Americas, or whither God wills! 1843

LETTER TO DR. CARLYLE

CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, LONDON,
23d March, 1835.

My dear Brother, —

Your letter came in this morning (after sixteen days from Rome) and, to-morrow being post-day, I have shoved my writing-table into the corner, and sit (with my back to the fire and Jane,¹ who is busy sewing at my old jupe² of a dressing-gown), forthwith making answer. It was somewhat longed for; yet I felt, in other respects, that it was better you had not written sooner; for I had a thing to dilate upon, of a most ravelled character, that was better to be knit up a little first. You shall hear. . . .

Mill³ had borrowed that first volume of my poor *French Revolution* (pieces of it more than once) that he might have it all before him, and write down some observations on it, which perhaps I might print as notes. I was busy meanwhile with volume second; toiling along like a *Nigger*, but with the heart of a free Roman: indeed I know not how it was, I had not felt so clear and independent, sure of myself and my task for many long years. Well, one night about three weeks ago, we sat at tea, and Mill's short rap was heard at the door: Jane rose to welcome him; but he stood there unresponsive, pale, the very picture

of despair; said, half-articulately gasping that she must go down and speak to "Mrs. Taylor." . . . After some considerable additional gasping, I learned from Mill this fact: that my poor manuscript, all except some four tattered leaves, was *annihilated*! He had left it out (too carelessly); it had been taken for waste-paper: and so five months of as tough labour as I could remember of, were as good as vanished, gone like a whiff of smoke. — There never in my life had come upon me any other accident of much moment; but this I could not but feel to be a sore one. The thing was lost and perhaps worse; for I had not only forgotten all the structure of it, but the spirit it was written with was past; only the general impression seemed to remain, and the recollection that I was on the whole well satisfied with that, and could now hardly hope to equal it. Mill, whom I had to comfort and speak peace to, remained, injudiciously enough, till almost midnight, and my poor Dame and I had to sit talking of indifferent matters; and could not till then get our lament freely uttered. *She* was very good to me; and the thing did not beat us. I felt in general that I was as a little schoolboy, who had laboriously written out his *copy* as he could, and was showing it not with-

out satisfaction to the master: but lo! the master had suddenly torn it, saying: "No, boy, thou must go and write it *better*." What could I do but sorrowing go and try to obey. That night was a hard one; something from time to time tying me tight as it were all round the region of the heart, and strange dreams haunting me: however, I was not without good thoughts too that came like healing life into me; and I got it somewhat reasonably crushed down, not abolished, yet subjected to me with the resolution and prophecy of abolishing. Next morning accordingly I wrote to Fraser (who had *advertised* the book as "preparing for publication") that it was all gone back; that he must not *speak of it* to any one (till it was made good again); finally that he must send me some *better paper*, and also a *Biographie Universelle*, for I was determined to risk ten pounds more upon it. Poor Fraser was very assiduous: I got bookshelves put up (for the whole house was *flowing* with the books), where the *Biographie* (not Fraser's, however, which was countermanded, but Mill's), with much else stands all ready, much readier than before: and so, having first finished out the piece I was actually upon, I began *again* at the beginning.

Early the day after to-morrow (after a hard and quite novel kind of battle) I count on having the first chapter on paper a second time, no worse than it was, though considerably different. The bitterness of the business is past therefore; and you must conceive me toiling along in that new way for many weeks to come. As for Mill I must tell you the best side of him. Next day after the accident he writes me a passionate letter requesting with boundless earnestness to be allowed to make the loss good as far as *money* was concerned in it. I answered: Yes, since he so desired it; for in our circumstances it was not unreasonable: in about a week he accordingly transmits me a draft for 200 pounds;

I had computed that my five months' housekeeping, etc., had cost me 100 pounds; which sum therefore and not two hundred was the one, I told him, I could take. He has been here since then; but has not sent the 100 pounds, though I suppose he will soon do it, and so the thing will end, — more handsomely than one could have expected. I ought to draw from it various practical "uses of improvement" (among others not to lend manuscripts again) and above all things try to do the work *better* than it was; in which case I shall never grudge the labour, but reckon it a good hap.

It really seemed to me a book of considerable significance; and not unlikely even to be of some interest at present: but that latter, and indeed all economical and other the like considerations had become profoundly indifferent to me; I felt that I was honestly writing down and delineating a World-Fact (which the Almighty had brought to pass in the world); that it was an *honest* work for me, and all men might do and say of it simply what seemed good to *them*. — Nay I have got back my spirits again (after this first chapter), and I hope I shall go on tolerably. I will struggle assiduously to be done with it by the time you are to be looked for (which meeting may God bring happily to pass); and in that case I will cheerfully throw the business down a while, and walk off with you to Scotland; hoping to be ready for the *next* publishing season.

This is my ravelled concern, dear Jack; which you see is in the way to knit itself up again, before I am called to tell you of it. And now for something else. I was for writing to you of it next day after it happened: but Jane suggested, it would only grieve you, till I could say it was in the way towards adjustment; which counsel I saw to be right. Let us hope assuredly that the whole will be for *good*. . . .

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

STORM AND VICTORY

But, to the living and the struggling, a new fourteenth morning dawns. Under all roofs of this distracted city is the nodus¹

of a drama, not untragic, crowding toward solution. The bustlings and preparings, the tremors and menaces; the tears that fell from old eyes! This day, my

sons, ye shall quit you like men. By the memory of your father's wrongs, by the hope of your children's rights! Tyranny impends in red wrath: help for you is none, if not in your own right hands. This day ye must do or die.

From earliest light, a sleepless permanent committee has heard the old cry, now waxing almost frantic, mutinous: Arms! Arms! Provost Flesselles,² or, what traitors there are among you may think of those Charleville boxes.³ A hundred and fifty thousand of us; and but the third man furnished with so much as a pike! Arms are the one thing needful; with arms we are an unconquerable manedifying national guard; without arms, a rabble to be whiffed with grapeshot.

Happily the word has arisen, for no secret can be kept, that there lie muskets at the *Hôtel des Invalides*.⁴ Thither will we: king's procureur⁵ M. Ethys de Corny, and whatsoever of authority a permanent committee can lend, shall go with us. Besenval's⁶ camp is there; perhaps he will not fire on us; if he kill us, we shall but die.

Alas, poor Besenval, with his troops melting away in that manner, has not the smallest humor to fire! At five o'clock this morning, as he lay dreaming, oblivious in the *Ecole Militaire*,⁷ a "figure" stood suddenly at his bedside "with face rather handsome; eyes inflamed, speech rapid and curt, air audacious"; such a figure drew Priam's curtains: The message and monition of the figure was, that resistance would be hopeless; that if blood flowed, woe to him who shed it. Thus spoke the figure: and vanished. "Withal there was a kind of eloquence that struck one." Besenval admits that he should have arrested him, but did not. Who this figure with inflamed eyes, with speech rapid and curt, might be? Besenval knows, but mentions not. Camille Desmoulins?⁸ Pythagorean⁹ Marquis Valadi, inflamed with "violent motions all night at the Palais Royal?" Fame names him "Young M. Meillar," then shuts her lips about him forever.

In any case, behold, about nine in the morning, our national volunteers rolling in long wide flood south-westward to the

Hôtel des Invalides; in search of the one thing needful. King's procureur M. Ethys de Corny and officials are there: the Curé of Saint-Etienne du Mont marches unpacific at the head of his militant parish; the clerks of the Basoche¹⁰ in red coats we see marching, now volunteers of the Basoche; the volunteers of the Palais Royal: national volunteers, numerable by tens of thousands; of one heart and mind. The king's muskets are the nation's; think, old M. de Sombreuil, how, in this extremity, thou wilt refuse them! Old M. de Sombreuil would fain hold parley, send couriers; but it skills not: the walls are scaled, no invalide firing a shot; the gates must be flung open. Patriotism rushes in, tumultuous, from grunsel up to ridge-tile; through all rooms and passages; rummaging distractedly for arms. What cellar, or what cranny can escape it? The arms are found; all safe there; lying packed in straw, apparently with a view to being burned! More ravenous than famishing lions over dead prey, the multitude, with clangor and vociferation, pounces on them; struggling, dashing, clutching: to the jamming-up, to the pressure, fracture and probable extinction of the weaker patriot. And so, with such protracted crash of deafening, most discordant orchestramusic, the scene is changed and eight-and-twenty thousand sufficient firelocks are on the shoulders of as many national guards, lifted thereby out of darkness into fiery light.

Let Besenval look at the glitter of these muskets, as they flash by! Gardes Françaises, it is said, have cannon leveled on him; ready to open, if need were, from the other side of the river. Motionless sits he; "astonished," one may flatter oneself, "at the proud bearing (*fière contenance*) of the Parisians." And, now, to the Bastille, ye intrepid Parisians! There grapeshot still threatens; thither all men's thoughts and steps are now tending.

Old De Launay,¹¹ as we hinted, withdrew "into his interior" soon after midnight of Sunday. He remains there ever since, hampered, as all military gentlemen now are, in the saddest conflict of uncertainties. The *Hôtel-de-Ville*¹² "invites" him to admit national soldiers,

which is a soft name for surrendering. On the other hand, his majesty's orders were precise. His garrison is but eighty-two old invalides, reinforced by thirty-two young Swiss; his walls indeed are nine feet thick, he has cannon and powder; but alas, only one day's provision of victuals. The city too is French, the poor garrison mostly French. Rigorous old De Launay, think what thou wilt do!

All morning, since nine, there has been a cry everywhere: To the Bastille! Repeated "deputations of citizens" have been here, passionate for arms; whom De Launay has got dismissed by soft speeches through portholes. Toward noon, elector Thuriot de la Rosière gains admittance; finds De Launay indisposed for surrender; nay disposed for blowing up the place rather. Thuriot mounts with him to the battlements: heaps of paving-stones, old iron and missiles lie piled; cannon all duly leveled; in every embrasure a cannon, only drawn back a little! But outward, behold, oh, Thuriot, how the multitude flows on, welling through every street: tocsin furiously pealing, all drums beating the *général*:¹⁵ the suburb Saint-Antoine rolling hitherward wholly, as one man! such vision (spectral yet real) thou, oh Thuriot, as from thy mount of vision, beholdest in this moment; prophetic of what other phantasmagories, and loud-gibbering spectral realities, which thou yet beholdest not but shalt: "*Que voulez-vous?*"¹⁶ said De Launay, turning pale at the sight, with an air of reproach, almost of menace. "Monsieur," said Thuriot, rising into the moral-sublime, "what mean *you*? Consider if I could not precipitate *both* of us from this height," say only a hundred feet, exclusive of the walled ditch! Whereupon De Launay fell silent. Thuriot shows himself from some pinnacle, to comfort the multitude becoming suspicious, fremescent;¹⁷ then descends; departs with protest; with warning addressed also to the invalides, on whom, however, it produces but a mixed indistinct impression. The old heads are none of the clearest; besides, it is said, De Launay has been profuse of beverages (*prodigua des buissons*). They think, they will not fire, if not fired on, if they can help it; but must, on the

whole, be ruled considerably by circumstances.

Woe to thee, De Launay, in such an hour, if thou canst not, taking some one firm decision, *rule* circumstances! Soft speeches will not serve; hard grapeshot is questionable; but hovering between the two is unquestionable. Ever wilder swells the tide of men; their infinite hum waxing ever louder, into imprecations, perhaps into crackle of stray musketry, which latter, on walls nine feet thick, cannot do execution. The outer drawbridge has been lowered for Thuriot; new *deputation of citizens* (it is the third, and noisiest of all) penetrates that way into the outer court; soft speeches producing no clearance of these, De Launay gives fire; pulls up his drawbridge. A slight sputter; which has *kindled* the too combustible chaos; made it a roaring fire-chaos! Bursts forth insurrection, at sight of its own blood (for there were deaths by that sputter of fire), into endless rolling explosion of musketry, distraction, execration; and overhead, from the fortress, let one great gun, with its grapeshot, go booming, to show what we *could* do. The Bastille is besieged!

On, then, all Frenchmen, that have hearts in your bodies! Roar with all your throats, of cartilage and metal, ye sons of liberty; stir spasmodically whatsoever of utmost faculty is in you, soul, body, or spirit; for it is the hour! Smite, thou Louis Tournay, cartwright of the Marais, old-soldier of the Regiment Dauphiné;¹⁸ smite at that outer drawbridge chain, though the fiery hail whistles round thee! Never, over nave or fellow, did thy axe strike such a stroke. Down with it, man; down with it to Orcus:¹⁹ let the whole accursed edifice sink thither, and tryanny be swallowed up forever! Mounted, some say, on the roof of the guard-room, some "on bayonets stuck into joints of the wall," Louis Tournay smites, brave Aubin Bonnemère (also an old soldier) seconding him: the chain yields, breaks; the huge drawbridge slams down, thundering (*avec fracas*). Glorious; and yet, alas, it is still but the outworks. The eight grim towers, with their invalide musketry, their paving-stones and cannon-mouths, still soar aloft intact; ditch yawn-

ing impassable, stone-faced; the inner drawbridge with its back toward us; the Bastille is still to take!

To describe this siege of the Bastille (thought to be one of the most important in history) perhaps transcends the talent of mortals. Could one but, after infinite reading, get to understand so much as the plan of the building! But there is open esplanade, at the end of the Rue Saint-Antoine; there are such forecourts, *Cour Avancé*, *Cour de l' Orme*, arched gateway (where Louis Tournay now fights); then new drawbridges, dormant-bridges, rampart-bastions, and the grim eight towers; a labyrinthic mass, high-frowning there, of all ages from twenty years to four hundred and twenty; beleagued, in this its last hour, as we said, by mere chaos come again! Ordnance of all calibres; throats of all capacities; men of all plans, every man his own engineer: seldom since the war of Pygmies and Cranes was there seen so anomalous a thing. Half-pay Elie is home for a suit of regimentals; no one would heed him in colored clothes: half-pay Hulin is haranguing Gardes Françaises in the Place de Grève. Frantic patriots pick up the grapeshots; bear them, still hot (or seemingly so), to the Hôtel-de-Ville: Paris, you perceive, is to be burned! Flesselles is "pale to the very lips," for the roar of the multitude grows deep. Paris wholly has got to the acme of its frenzy; whirled, all ways by panic madness. At every street-barricade, there whirls simmering a minor whirlpool, strengthening the barricade, since God knows what is coming; and all minor whirlpools play distractedly into that grand fire-maelstrom which is lashing round the Bastille.

And so it lashes and it roars. Cholat the wine-merchant has become an impromptu cannoneer. See Georget, of the marine service, fresh from Brest, ply the king of Siam's cannon. Singular (if we were not used to the like); Georget lay, last night taking his ease at his inn; the king of Siam's cannon also lay, knowing nothing of him, for a hundred years. Yet now, at the right instant, they have got together, and discourse eloquent music. For, hearing what was toward, Georget sprang from

the Brest diligence,²⁰ and ran. Gardes Françaises will be here with real artillery: were not the walls so thick! Upward from the esplanade, horizontally from all neighboring roofs and windows, flashes one irregular deluge of musketry, without effect. The invalides lie flat, firing comparatively at their ease from behind stone; hardly through portholes show the tip of a nose. "We fall, shot; and make no impression."

Let conflagration rage; of whatsoever is combustible! Guard-rooms are burnt, invalides mess-rooms. A distracted "Perukemaker with two fiery torches" is burning "the saltpetres of the arsenal;" had not a woman run screaming; had not a patriot, with some tincture of natural philosophy, instantly struck the wind out of him (butt of musket on pit of stomach), overturned barrels, and stayed the devouring element. A young beautiful lady, seized escaping in these outer courts, and thought falsely to be De Launay's daughter, shall be burned in De Launay's sight; she lies swooned on a pailleasse;²¹ but again a patriot, it is brave Aubin Bonnemère the old soldier, dashes in, and rescues her. Straw is burned; three cart loads of it, hauled thither, go up in white smoke: almost to the choking of patriotism itself; so that Elie had, with singed brows, to drag back one cart; and Réole the "gigantic haberdasher" another. Smoke as of Tophet; confusion as of Babel; noise as of the crack of doom!²²

Blood flows; the aliment of new madness. The wounded are carried into houses of the Rue Cerisaie; the dying leave their last mandate not to yield till the accursed stronghold fall. And yet, alas, how fall? The walls are so thick! Deputations, three in number, arrive from the Hôtel-de-Ville; Abbé Fauchet (who was of one) can say, with what almost superhuman courage of benevolence. These wave their town-flag in the arched gateway; and stand, rolling their drum; but to no purpose. In such crack of doom, De Launay cannot hear them, dare not believe them; they return, with justified rage, the whew of lead still singing in their ears. What to do? The firemen are here, squirting with their fire-pumps on the invalides cannon to wet the

touch holes; they unfortunately cannot squirt so high; but produce only clouds of spray. Individuals of classical knowledge propose catapults. Santerre, the sonorous brewer of the Suburb Saint-Antoine, advises rather that the place be fired, by a "mixture of phosphorus and oil-of-turpentine spouted up through forcing-pumps;" O Spinola-Santerre,²² hast thou the mixture *ready*? Every man his own engineer! And still the fire-deluge abates not; even women are firing, and Turks; at least one woman (with her sweetheart), and one Turk. Gardes Françaises have come: real cannon, real cannoneers. Usher Maillard is busy; half-pay Elic, half-pay Hulin rage in the midst of thousands.

How the great Bastille clock ticks (inaudible) in its inner court there, at its ease, hour after hour; as if nothing special, for it or the world, were passing! It tolled one when the firing began; and is now pointing toward five, and still the firing slakes not. Far down, in their vaults, the seven prisoners hear muffled din as of earthquakes; their turnkeys answer vaguely.

Woe to thee, De Launay, with thy poor hundred invalides! Broglie²⁴ is distant, and his ears heavy: Besenval hears, but can send no help. One poor troop of Hussars has crept, reconnoitering, cautiously along the Quais, as far as the Pont Neuf. "We are come to join you," said the captain; for the crowd seems shoreless. A large-headed dwarfish individual, of smoke-bleared aspect, shambles forward, opening his blue lips, for there is sense in him; and croaks: "Alight then, and give up your arms!" The Hussar-captain is too happy to be escorted to the barriers, and dismissed on parole. Who the squat individual was? Men answer, It is M. Marat,²⁵ author of the excellent pacific "Avis au Peuple!" Great truly O, thou remarkable Dogleech, is this thy day of emergence and new-birth; and yet this same day come four years! But let the curtains of the future hang.

What shall De Launay do? One thing only De Launay could have done; what he said he would do. Fancy him sitting, from the first, with lighted taper, within arm's

length of the powder-magazine; motionless, like old Roman senator, or bronze lamp-holder; coldly apprising Thuriot, and all men, by a slight motion of his eye, what his resolution was: harmless he sat there, while unharmed; but the king's fortress, meanwhile, could, might, would or should in nowise be surrendered, save to the king's messenger: one old man's life is worthless, so it be lost with honor; but think, ye brawling *canaille*,²⁶ how will it be when a whole Bastille springs skyward! In such statuesque, taper-holding attitude, one fancies De Launay might have left Thuriot, the red clerks of the Basoche, curé of Saint-Stephen, and all the tagrag-and-bobtail of the world, to work their will.

And yet, withal, he could not do it. Hast thou considered how each man's heart is so tremulously responsive to the hearts of all men; hast thou noted how omnipotent is the very sound of many men? How their shriek of indignation palsies the strong soul; their howl of contumely withers with unfelt pangs? The Ritter Gluck²⁷ confessed that the ground-tone of the noblest passage, in one of his noblest operas, was the voice of the populace he had heard at Vienna, crying to their kaiser: Bread! Bread! Great is the combined voice of men; the utterance of their *instincts*, which are truer than their *thoughts*; it is the greatest a man encounters, among the sounds and shadows which make up this world of time. He who can resist that has his footing somewhere *beyond* time. De Launay could not do it. Distracted, he hovers between two; hopes in the middle of despair; surrenders not his fortress; declares that he will blow it up, seizes torches to blow it up, and does not blow it. Unhappy old De Launay, it is the death-agony of thy Bastille and thee! Jail, jailering, and jailer, all three, such as they may have been, must finish.

For four hours now has the world-Bedlam roared: call it the world-chimæra,²⁸ blowing fire! The poor invalides have sunk under their battlements, or rise only with reversed muskets; they have made a white flag of napkins; go beating the *chamade*,²⁹ or seeming to beat, for one can hear nothing. The very Swiss at the port-

cullis look weary of firing; disheartened in the fire-deluge: a porthole at the draw-bridge is opened, as by one that would speak. See Huissier Maillard, the shifty man! On his plank, swinging over the abyss of that stone ditch; plank resting on parapet, balanced by weight of patriots, he hovers perilous: such a dove toward such an ark! Deftly, thou shifty usher; one man already fell and lies smashed, far down there, against the masonry! Usher Maillard falls not: deftly, unerring he walks, with outspread palm. The Swiss holds a paper through his porthole; the shifty usher snatches it, and returns. Terms of surrender: pardon, immunity to all! Are they accepted: "*Foi d'officier*." On the word of an officer," answers half-pay Hulin, or half-pay Elie, for men do not agree on it, "they are!" Sinks the draw-bridge, Usher Maillard bolting it when down rushes in the living deluge: the Bastille is fallen: *Victoire! La Bastille est prise!*³⁰

NOT A REVOLT

Why dwell on what follows; Hulin's *foi d'officier* should have been kept, but could not. The Swiss stand drawn up, disguised in white canvas smocks; the invalides without disguise; their arms all piled against the wall. The first rush of victors, in ecstasy that the death-peril is passed, "leaps joyfully on their necks;" but new victors rush, and ever new, also in ecstasy not wholly of joy. As we said, it was a living deluge, plunging headlong: had not the Gardes Françaises, in their cool military way, "wheeled round with arms leveled," it would have plunged suicidally by the hundred or the thousand, into the Bastille-ditch.

And so it goes plunging through court and corridor; billowing uncontrollable, firing from windows — on itself; in hot frenzy of triumph, of grief and vengeance for its slain. The poor invalides will fare ill: one Swiss, running off in his white smock, is driven back, with a death-thrust. Let all prisoners be marched to the town hall, to be judged! Alas, already one poor invalide has his right hand slashed off him; his maimed body dragged to the Place de Grève, and hanged there.

This same right hand, it is said, turned back De Launay from the powder-magazine, and saved Paris.

De Launay, "discovered in gray frock with poppy-colored ribbon," is for killing himself with the sword of his cane. He shall to the Hôtel-de-Ville; Hulin, Maillard, and others escorting him; Elie marching foremost "with the capitulation-paper on his sword's point." Through roarings and cursings; through hustlings, clutchings, and at last through strokes! Your escort is hustled aside, felled down; Hulin sinks exhausted on a heap of stones. Miserable De Launay! He shall never enter the Hôtel-de-Ville; only his "bloody hair-queue, held up in a bloody hand;" that shall enter, for a sign. The bleeding trunk lies on the steps there; the head is off through the streets; ghostly, aloft on a pike. Rigorous De Launay has died; crying out, "O friends, kill me fast!" Merciful De Losme must die though gratitude embraces him, in this fearful hour, and will die for him; it avails not. Brothers, your wrath is cruel! Your Place de Grève is become a throat of the tiger; full of mere fierce howlings, and thirst of blood. One other officer is massacred; one other invalide is hanged on the lamp-iron; with difficulty, with generous perseverance, the Gardes Françaises will save the rest. Provost Flesselles, stricken long since with the paleness of death, must descend from his seat, "to be judged at the Palais Royal;" alas, to be shot dead, by an unknown hand, at the turning of the first street!

Oh evening sun of July, how, at this hour, thy beams fall slant on reapers amid peaceful woody fields; on old women spinning in cottages; on ships far out in the silent main; on balls at the Orangerie of Versailles, where high-rouged dames of the palace are even now dancing with double jacketed Hussar-officers; and also on this roaring hell-porch of a Hôtel-de-Ville! Babel Tower, with the confusion of tongues, were not Bedlam added with the conflagration of thoughts, was no type of it. One forest of distracted steel bristles; endless, in front of an electoral committee; points itself, in horrid radii, against this and the other accused breast. It was the

Titans warring with Olympus and they scarcely crediting it have *conquered*: prodigy of prodigies; delirious, as it could not but be. Denunciation, vengeance; blaze of triumph on a dark ground of terror; all outward, all inward things fallen into one general wreck of madness!

Electoral committee? Had it a thousand throats of brass, it would not suffice. Abbé Lefevre, in the vaults down below, is black as Vulcan, distributing that "five thousand-weight of powder;" with what perils, these eight-and-forty hours! Last night, a patriot, in liquor, insisted on sitting to smoke on the edge of one of the powder barrels; there smoked he, independent of the world, till the abbé "purchased his pipe for three francs," and pitched it far.

Elie, in the grand hall, electoral committee looking on, sits "with drawn sword bent in three places;" with battered helm, for he was of the queen's regiment, cavalry; with torn regimentals, face singed and soiled; comparable, some think, to "an antique warrior;" judging the people; forming a list of Bastille heroes. Oh friends, "stain not with blood the greenest laurels ever gained in this world": such is the burden of Elie's song; could it but be listened to. Courage, Elie! Courage, ye municipal electors! A declining sun; the need of victuals, and of telling news, will bring assuagement, dispersion: all earthly things must end.

Along the streets of Paris circulate seven Bastille prisoners, borne shoulder-high; seven heads on pikes; the keys of the Bastille; and much else. See also the Gardes Françaises, in their steadfast military way, marching home to their barracks, with the invalides and Swiss kindly enclosed in hollow square. It is one year and two months since these same men stood unparticipating, with Brennus d'Agoust at the Palais de Justice, when fate overtook D'Espréménil;³¹ and now they have participated; and will participate. Not Gardes Françaises henceforth, but *Center Grenadiers of the National Guard*: men of iron discipline and humor, not without a kind of thought in them!

Likewise ashlar³² stones of the Bastille

continue thundering through the dusk; its paper archives shall fly white. Old secrets come to view; and long-buried despair finds voice. Read this portion of an old letter: "If for my consolation monseigneur would grant me, for the sake of God and the most blessed Trinity, that I could have news of my dear wife; were it only her name on a card, to show that she is alive! It were the greatest consolation I could receive; and I should forever bless the greatness of monseigneur." Poor prisoner, who namest thyself *Quéret-Démery*, and hast no other history, she is *dead* that dear wife of thine, and thou art dead! 'Tis fifty years since thy breaking heart put this question; to be heard now first, and long heard, in the hearts of men.

But so does the July twilight thicken; so must Paris, as sick children, and all distracted creatures do, brawl itself finally into a kind of sleep. Municipal electors, astonished to find their heads still uppermost, are home; only Moreau de Saint-Méry,³³ of tropical birth and heart, of coolest judgment; he, with two others, shall sit, permanent at the town hall. Paris sleeps; gleams upward the illuminated city: patrols go clashing, without common watchword; there go rumors; alarms of war, to the extent of "fifteen thousand men marching through the suburb Saint-Antoine," who never got it marched through. Of the day's distraction judge by this of the night: Moreau de Saint Méry, "before rising from his seat, gave upward of three thousand orders." What a head; comparable to Friar Bacon's brass head!³⁴ Within it lies all Paris. Prompt must the answer be, right or wrong; in Paris is no other authority extant. Seriously, a most cool clear head; for which also thou, oh brave Saint-Méry, in many capacities, from august senator to merchant's clerk, book-dealer, vice-king; in many places, from Virginia to Sardinia, shalt, ever as a brave man, find employment.

Besenvall has decamped, under cloud of dusk, "amid a great affluence of people," who did not harm him; he marches, with faint-growing tread, down the left bank of the Seine, all night, toward infinite space. Re-summoned shall Besenvall himself be;

for trial, for difficult acquittal. His king's-troops, his Royal-Allemands, are gone hence forever.

The Versailles ball and lemonade is done; the Orangerie is silent except for nightbirds. Over in the Salle des Menus Vice-President Lafayette,³⁵ with unsnuffed lights, "with some hundred or so of members, stretched on tables round him," sits erect; outwatching the bear. This day, a second solemn deputation went to his majesty; a second, and then a third; with no effect. What will the end of these things be?

In the court, all is mystery, not without whisperings of terror; though ye dream of lemonade and epaulettes, ye foolish women! His majesty, kept in happy ignorance; perhaps dreams of double-barrels and the Woods of Meudon.³⁶ Late at night, the Duke des Liancourt, having official right of entrance, gains access to the royal apartments; unfolds, with earnest clearness, in his constitutional way, the Job's-news. "*Mais*," said poor Louis, "*c'est une révolte*, Why, that is a revolt!" "Sire," answered Liancourt, "it is not a revolt, it is a revolution."

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN (1801-1890)

KNOWLEDGE VIEWED IN RELATION TO LEARNING

I SUPPOSE the *prima-facie* view which the public at large would take of a university, considering it as a place of education, is nothing more or less than a place for acquiring a great deal of knowledge on a great many subjects. Memory is one of the first developed of the mental faculties; a boy's business when he goes to school is to learn, that is, to store up things in his memory. For some years his intellect is little more than an instrument for taking in facts, or a receptacle for storing them; he welcomes them as fast as they come to him; he lives on what is without; he has his eyes ever about him; he has a lively susceptibility of impressions; he imbibes information of every kind; and little does he make his own in a true sense of the word, living rather upon his neighbours all around him. He has opinions, religious, political, and literary, and, for a boy, is very positive in them and sure about them; but he gets them from his school-fellows, or his masters, or his parents, as the case may be. Such as he is in his other relations, such also is he in his school exercises; his mind is observant, sharp, ready, retentive; he is almost passive in the acquisition of knowledge. I say this in no disparagement of the idea of a clever boy. Geography, chronology, history, language, natural history, he heaps up the matter of these studies as treasures for a future day. It is the seven years of plenty with him: he gathers in by handfuls, like the Egyptians, without

counting; and though, as time goes on, there is exercise for his argumentative powers in the elements of mathematics, and for his taste in the poets and orators, still, while at school, or at least, till quite the last years of his time, he acquires, and little more; and when he is leaving for the university, he is mainly the creature of foreign influences and circumstances, and made up of accidents, homogeneous or not, as the case may be. Moreover, the moral habits, which are a boy's praise, encourage and assist this result; that is, diligence, assiduity, regularity, despatch, persevering application; for these are the direct conditions of acquisition, and naturally lead to it. Acquirements, again, are emphatically producible, and at a moment they are a something to show, both for master and scholar; an audience, even though ignorant themselves of the subjects of an examination, can comprehend when questions are answered and when they are not. Here again is a reason why mental culture is in the minds of men identified with the acquisition of knowledge.

The same notion possesses the public mind, when it passes on from the thought of a school to that of a university: and with the best of reasons so far as this, that there is no true culture without acquirements, and that philosophy presupposes knowledge. It requires a great deal of reading, or a wide range of information, to warrant us in putting forth our opinions

on any serious subject; and without such learning the most original mind may be able indeed to dazzle, to amuse, to refute, to perplex, but not to come to any useful result or any trustworthy conclusion. There are indeed persons who profess a different view of the matter, and even act upon it. Every now and then you will find a person of vigorous or fertile mind, who relies upon his own resources, despises all former authors, and gives the world, with the utmost fearlessness, his views upon religion, or history, or any other popular subject. And his works may sell for a while; he may get a name in his day; but this will be all. His readers are sure to find on the long run that his doctrines are mere theories, and not the expression of facts, that they are chaff instead of bread, and then his popularity drops as suddenly as it rose.

Knowledge then is the indispensable condition of expansion of mind, and the instrument of attaining to it; this cannot be denied, it is ever to be insisted on; I begin with it as a first principle; however, the very truth of it carries men too far, and confirms to them the notion that it is the whole of the matter. A narrow mind is thought to be that which contains little knowledge; and an enlarged mind, that which holds a great deal; and what seems to put the matter beyond dispute is, the fact of the great number of studies which are pursued in a university, by its very profession. Lectures are given on every kind of subject; examinations are held; prizes awarded. There are moral, metaphysical, physical professors; professors of languages, of history, of mathematics, of experimental science. Lists of questions are published, wonderful for their range and depth, variety and difficulty; treatises are written, which carry upon their very face the evidence of extensive reading or multifarious information; what then is wanting for mental culture to a person of large reading and scientific attainments? what is grasp of mind but acquirement? where shall philosophical repose be found, but in the consciousness and enjoyment of large intellectual possessions?

And yet this notion is, I conceive, a mistake, and my present business is to

show that it is one, and that the end of a liberal education is not mere knowledge, or knowledge considered in its *matter*; and I shall best attain my object, by actually setting down some cases, which will be generally granted to be instances of the process of enlightenment or enlargement of mind, and others which are not, and thus, by the comparison, you will be able to judge for yourselves, gentlemen, whether knowledge, that is, acquirement, is after all the real principle of the enlargement or whether that principle is not rather something beyond it.

For instance, let a person, whose experience has hitherto been confined to the more calm and unpretending scenery of these islands, whether here or in England, go for the first time into parts where physical nature puts on her wilder and more awful forms, whether at home or abroad, as into mountainous districts; or let one, who has ever lived in a quiet village, go for the first time to a great metropolis, — then I suppose he will have a sensation which perhaps he never had before. He has a feeling not in addition or increase of former feelings, but of something different in its nature. He will perhaps be borne forward, and find for a time that he has lost his bearings. He has made a certain progress, and he has a consciousness of mental enlargement; he does not stand where he did, he has a new centre, and a range of thoughts to which he was before a stranger.

Again, the view of the heavens which the telescope opens upon us, if allowed to fill and possess the mind, may almost whirl it round and make it dizzy. It brings in a flood of ideas, and is rightly called an intellectual enlargement, whatever is meant by the term.

And so again, the sight of beasts of prey and other foreign animals, their strangeness, the originality (if I may use the term) of their forms and gestures and habits, and their variety and independence of each other, throw us out of ourselves into another creation, and as if under another Creator, if I may so express the temptation which may come on the mind. We seem to have new faculties, or a new exercise for our faculties, by this addition to our

knowledge; like a prisoner, who, having been accustomed to wear manacles or fetters, suddenly finds his arms and legs free.

Hence physical science generally, in all its departments, as bringing before us the exuberant riches and resources, yet the orderly course, of the universe, elevates and excites the student, and at first, I may say, almost takes away his breath, while in time it exercises a tranquilizing influence upon him.

Again the study of history is said to enlarge and enlighten the mind, and why? because, as I conceive, it gives it a power of judging of passing events and of all events, and a conscious superiority over them, which before it did not possess.

And in like manner, what is called seeing the world, entering into active life, going into society, travelling, gaining acquaintance with the various classes of the community, coming into contact with the principles and modes of thought of various parties, interests, and races, their views, aims, habits and manners, their religious creeds and forms of worship, — gaining experience how various yet how alike men are, how low-minded, how bad, how opposed, yet how confident in their opinions; all this exerts a perceptible influence upon the mind, which it is impossible to mistake, be it good or be it bad, and is popularly called its enlargement.

And then again, the first time the mind comes across the arguments and speculations of unbelievers, and feels what a novel light they cast upon what he has hitherto accounted sacred; and still more, if it gives in to them and embraces them, and throws off as so much prejudice what it has hitherto held, and, as if waking from a dream, begins to realise to its imagination that there is now no such thing as law and the transgression of law, that sin is a phantom, and punishment a bugbear, that it is free to sin, free to enjoy the world and the flesh; and still further, when it does enjoy them, and reflects that it may think and hold just what it will, that "the world is all before it where to choose,"¹ and what system to build up as its own private persuasion; when this torrent of wilful thoughts rushes over and inundates it,

who will deny that the fruit of the tree of knowledge, or what the mind takes for knowledge, has made it one of the gods, with a sense of expansion and elevation, — an intoxication in reality, still, so far as the subjective state of the mind goes, an illumination? Hence the fanaticism of individuals or nations, who suddenly cast off their Maker. Their eyes are opened; and, like the judgment-stricken king in the tragedy, they see two suns, and a magic universe, out of which they look back upon their former state of faith and innocence with a sort of contempt and indignation, as if they were then but fools, and the dupes of imposture.

On the other hand, religion has its own enlargement, and an enlargement, not of tumult, but of peace. It is often remarked of uneducated persons, who have hitherto thought little of the unseen world, that, on their turning to God, looking into themselves, regulating their hearts, reforming their conduct, and meditating on death and judgment, heaven and hell, they seem to become, in point of intellect, different beings from what they were. Before, they took things as they came, and thought no more of one thing than another. But now every event has a meaning; they have their own estimate of whatever happens to them; they are mindful of times and seasons, and compare the present with the past; and the world, no longer dull, monotonous, unprofitable, and hopeless, is a various and complicated drama, with parts and an object, and an awful moral.

Now from these instances, to which many more might be added, it is plain, first, that the communication of knowledge certainly is either a condition or the means of that sense of enlargement or enlightenment, of which at this day we hear so much in certain quarters: this cannot be denied; but next, it is equally plain, that such communication is not the whole of the process. The enlargement consists, not merely in the passive reception into the mind of a number of ideas hitherto unknown to it, but in the mind's energetic and simultaneous action upon and towards and among those new ideas, which are rushing in upon it. It is the action of a formative power, reducing to order and

meaning the matter of our acquirements; it is a making the objects of our knowledge subjectively our own, or, to use a familiar word, it is a digestion of what we receive, into the substance of our previous state of thought; and without this no enlargement is said to follow. There is no enlargement, unless there be a comparison of ideas one with another, as they come before the mind, and a systematizing of them. We feel our minds to be growing and expanding *then*, when we not only learn, but refer what we learn to what we know already. It is not the mere addition to our knowledge that is the illumination; but the locomotion, the movement onwards, of that mental centre, to which both what we know, and what we are learning, the accumulating mass of our acquirements, gravitates. And therefore a truly great intellect, and recognized to be such by the common opinion of mankind, such as the intellect of Aristotle, or of St. Thomas,² or of Newton, or of Goethe (I purposely take instances within and without the Catholic pale, when I would speak of the intellect as such), is one which takes a connected view of old and new, past and present, far and near, and which has an insight into the influence of all these one on another; without which there is no whole and no centre. It possesses the knowledge, not only of things, but also of their mutual and true relations; knowledge, not merely considered as acquirement but as philosophy.

Accordingly, when this analytical, distributive, harmonizing process is away, the mind experiences no enlargement, and is not reckoned as enlightened or comprehensive, whatever it may add to its knowledge. For instance, a great memory, as I have already said, does not make a philosopher, any more than a dictionary can be called a grammar. There are men who embrace in their minds a vast multitude of ideas, but with little sensibility about their real relations towards each other. These may be antiquarians, annalists, naturalists; they may be learned in the law; they may be versed in statistics; they are most useful in their own place; I should shrink from speaking disrespectfully of them; still, there is nothing in such

attainments to guarantee the absence of narrowness of mind. If they are nothing more than well-read men, or men of information, they have not what specially deserves the name of culture of mind, or fulfils the type of liberal education.

In like manner, we sometimes fall in with persons who have seen much of the world, and of the men who, in their day, have played a conspicuous part in it, but who generalize nothing, and have no observation, in the true sense of the word. They abound in information in detail, curious and entertaining, about men and things; and, having lived under the influence of no very clear or settled principles, religious or political, they speak of every one and every thing, only as so many phenomena, which are complete in themselves, and lead to nothing, not discussing them, or teaching any truth, or instructing the hearer, but simply talking. No one would say that these persons, well informed as they are, had attained to any great culture of intellect or to philosophy.

The case is the same still more strikingly where the persons in question are beyond dispute men of inferior powers and deficient education. Perhaps they have been much in foreign countries, and they receive, in a passive, otiose, unfruitful way, the various facts which are forced upon them there. Seafaring men, for example, range from one end of the earth to the other; but the multiplicity of external objects, which they have encountered, forms no symmetrical and consistent picture upon their imagination; they see the tapestry of human life, as it were on the wrong side, and it tells no story. They sleep, and they rise up, and they find themselves, now in Europe, now in Asia; they see visions of great cities and wild regions; they are in the marts of commerce, or amid the islands of the South; they gaze on Pompey's Pillar,³ or on the Andes; and nothing which meets them carries them forward or backward, to any idea beyond itself. Nothing has a drift or relation; nothing has a history or a promise. Every thing stands by itself, and comes and goes in its turn, like the shifting scenes of a show, which leave the spec-

tator where he was. Perhaps you are near such a man on a particular occasion, and expect him to be shocked or perplexed at something which occurs; but one thing is much the same to him as another, or, if he is perplexed, it is as not knowing what to say, whether it is right to admire, or to ridicule or to disapprove, while conscious that some expression of opinion is expected from him; for in fact he has no standard of judgment at all, and no landmarks to guide him to a conclusion. Such is mere acquisition, and, I repeat, no one would dream of calling it philosophy.

Instances, such as these, confirm, by the contrast, the conclusion I have already drawn from those which preceded them. That only is true enlargement of mind which is the power of viewing many things at once as one whole, of referring them severally to their true place in the universal system, of understanding their respective values, and determining their mutual dependence. Thus is that form of universal knowledge, of which I have on a former occasion spoken, set up in the individual intellect, and constitutes its perfection. Possessed of this real illumination, the mind never views any part of the extended subject-matter of knowledge without recollecting that it is but a part, or without the associations which spring from this recollection. It makes everything in some sort lead to everything else; it would communicate the image of the whole to every separate portion, till that whole becomes in imagination like a spirit, everywhere pervading and penetrating its component parts, and giving them one definite meaning. Just as our bodily organs, when mentioned, recall their function in the body as the word "creation" suggests the Creator, and "subjects" a sovereign, so, in the mind of the philosopher as we are abstractedly conceiving of him, the elements of the physical and moral world, sciences, arts, pursuits, ranks, offices, events, opinions, individualities, are all viewed as one with correlative functions, and as gradually by successive combinations converging, one and all, to the true centre.

To have even a portion of this illuminative reason and true philosophy is the highest state to which nature can aspire,

in the way of intellect; it puts the mind above the influences of chance and necessity, above anxiety, suspense, unsettlement, and superstition, which is the lot of the many. Men, whose minds are possessed with some one object, take exaggerated views of its importance, are feverish in the pursuit of it, make it the measure of things which are utterly foreign to it, and are startled and despond if it happens to fail them. They are ever in alarm or in transport. Those on the other hand who have no object or principle whatever to hold by, lose their way every step they take. They are thrown out and do not know what to think or say, at every fresh juncture; they have no view of persons, or occurrences, or facts, which come suddenly upon them, and they hang upon the opinion of others for want of internal resources. But the intellect, which has been disciplined to the perfection of its powers, which knows, and thinks while it knows, which has learned to leaven the dense mass of facts and events with the elastic force of reason, such an intellect cannot be partial, cannot be exclusive, cannot be impetuous, cannot be at a loss, cannot but be patient, collected, and majestically calm, because it discerns the end in every beginning, the origin in every end, the law in every interruption, the limit in each delay; because it ever knows where it stands, and how its path lies from one point to another. It is the *τετραγώνος* [four-square] of the Peripatetic, and has the *nil admirari* [to be moved by nothing] of the Stoic, —

*Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari.*⁴

There are men who, when in difficulties, originate at the moment vast ideas or dazzling projects; who, under the influence of excitement, are able to cast a light, almost as if from inspiration, on a subject or course of action which comes before them; who have a sudden presence of mind equal to any emergency, rising with

the occasion, and an undaunted magnanimous bearing, and an energy and keenness which is but made intense by opposition. This is genius, this is heroism; it is the exhibition of a natural gift, which no culture can teach, at which no institution can aim: here, on the contrary, we are concerned, not with mere nature, but with training and teaching. That perfection of the intellect, which is the result of education, and its *beau idéal*, to be imparted to individuals in their respective measures, is the clear, calm, accurate vision and comprehension of all things, as far as the finite mind can embrace them, each in its place, and with its own characteristics upon it. It is almost prophetic from its knowledge of history; it is almost heart-searching from its knowledge of human nature; it has almost supernatural charity from its freedom from littleness and prejudice; it has almost the repose of faith, because nothing can startle it; it has almost the beauty and harmony of heavenly contemplation, so intimate is it with the eternal order of things and the music of the spheres.

And now, if I may take for granted that the true and adequate end of intellectual training and of a university is not learning or acquirement, but rather, is thought or reason exercised upon knowledge, or what may be called philosophy, I shall be in a position to explain the various mistakes which at the present day beset the subject of university education.

I say then, if we would improve the intellect, first of all, we must ascend; we cannot gain real knowledge on a level; we must generalize, we must reduce to method, we must have a grasp of principles, and group and shape our acquisitions by means of them. It matters not whether our field of operation be wide or limited; in every case, to command it, is to mount above it. Who has not felt the irritation of mind and impatience created by a deep, rich country, visited for the first time, with winding lanes, and high hedges, and green steeples, and tangled woods, and every thing smiling indeed, but in a maze? The same feeling comes upon us in a strange city, when we have no map of its streets. Hence you hear of practised

travellers, when they first come into a place, mounting some high hill or church tower, by way of reconnoitring its neighbourhood. In like manner, you must be above your knowledge, not under it, or it will oppress you; and the more you have of it, the greater will be the load. The learning of a Salmasius⁵ or a Burman,⁶ unless you are its master, will be your tyrant. *Imperat aut servit*;⁷ if you can wield it with a strong arm, it is a great weapon; otherwise,

*Vis consili expers
Mole ruit sud.*⁸

You will be overwhelmed, like Tarpeia,⁹ by the heavy wealth which you have exacted from tributary generations.

Instances abound; there are authors who are as pointless as they are inexhaustible in their literary resources. They measure knowledge by bulk, as it lies in the rude block, without symmetry, without design. How many commentators are there on the classics, how many on Holy Scripture, from whom we rise up, wondering at the learning which has passed before us, and wondering why it passed! How many writers are there of Ecclesiastical history, such as Mosheim or Du Pin, who, breaking up their subject into details, destroy its life, and defraud us of the whole by their anxiety about the parts! The sermons, again, of the English divines in the seventeenth century, how often are they mere repertoires of miscellaneous and officious learning! Of course Catholics also may read without thinking; and in their case, equally as with Protestants, it holds good, that such knowledge is unworthy of the name, knowledge which they have not thought through, and thought out. Such readers are only possessed by their knowledge, not possessed of it; nay, in matter of fact they are often even carried away by it, without any volition of their own. Recollect, the memory can tyrannize, as well as the imagination. Derangement, I believe, has been considered as a loss of control over the sequence of ideas. The mind, once set in motion, is henceforth deprived of the power of initiation, and becomes the victim of a train of associations, one

thought suggesting another, in the way of cause and effect, as if by a mechanical process, or some physical necessity. No one, who has had experience of men of studious habits, but must recognize the existence of a parallel phenomenon in the case of those who have over-stimulated the memory. In such persons reason acts almost as feebly and as impotently as in the madman; once fairly started on any subject whatever, they have no power of self-control; they passively endure the succession of impulses which are evolved out of the original exciting cause; they are passed on from one idea to another and go steadily forward, plodding along one line of thought in spite of the amplest concessions of the hearer, or wandering from it in endless digression in spite of his remonstrances. Now, if, as is very certain, no one would envy the madman the glow and originality of his conceptions, why must we extol the cultivation of that intellect which is the prey, not indeed of barren fancies but of barren facts, of random intrusions from without, though not of morbid imaginations from within? And in thus speaking, I am not denying that a strong and ready memory is in itself a real treasure; I am not disparaging a well-stored mind, though it be nothing besides, provided it be sober, any more than I would despise a bookseller's shop: — it is of great value to others, even when not so to the owner. Nor am I banishing, far from it, the possessors of deep and multifarious learning from my ideal University; they adorn it in the eyes of men; I do but say that they constitute no type of the results at which it aims; that it is no great gain to the intellect to have enlarged the memory at the expense of faculties which are indisputably higher.

Nor indeed am I supposing that there is any great danger, at least in this day, of over-education; the danger is on the other side. I will tell you, gentlemen, what has been the practical error of the last twenty years, — not to load the memory of the student with a mass of undigested knowledge, but to force upon him so much that he has rejected all. It has been the error of distracting and enfeebling the mind by an unmeaning profusion of subjects; of

implying that a smattering in a dozen branches of study is not shallowness, which it really is, but enlargement, which it is not; of considering an acquaintance with the learned names of things and persons and the possession of clever duodecimos, and attendance on eloquent lecturers, and membership with scientific institutions, and the sight of the experiments of a platform and the specimens of a museum, that all this was not dissipation of mind, but progress. All things now are to be learned at once, not first one thing, then another, not one well, but many badly. Learning is to be without exertion, without attention, without toil; without grounding, without advance, without finishing. There is to be nothing individual in it; and this, forsooth, is the wonder of the age. What the steam engine does with matter, the printing press is to do with the mind; it is to act mechanically, and the population is to be passively, almost unconsciously enlightened, by the mere multiplication and dissemination of volumes. Whether it be the school boy, or the school girl, or the youth at college, or the mechanic in the town, or the politician in the senate, all have been the victims in one way or other of this most preposterous and pernicious of delusions. Wise men have lifted up their voices in vain; and at length, lest their own institutions should be outshone and should disappear in the folly of the hour, they have been obliged, as far as they could with a good conscience, to humour a spirit which they could not withstand, and make temporizing concessions at which they could not but inwardly smile.

It must not be supposed that, because I so speak, therefore I have some sort of fear of the education of the people: on the contrary, the more education they have, the better, so that it is really education. Nor am I an enemy to the cheap publication of scientific and literary works, which is now in vogue: on the contrary, I consider it a great advantage, convenience, and gain; that is, to those to whom education has given a capacity for using them. Further, I consider such innocent recreations as science and literature are able to furnish will be a very fit occupation of the

thoughts and the leisure of young persons, and may be made the means of keeping them from bad employments and bad companions. Moreover, as to that superficial acquaintance with chemistry, and geology, and astronomy, and political economy, and modern history, and biography, and other branches of knowledge, which periodical literature and occasional lectures and scientific institutions diffuse through the community, I think it a graceful accomplishment, and a suitable, nay, in this day a necessary accomplishment, in the case of educated men. Nor, lastly, am I disparaging or discouraging the thorough acquisition of any one of these studies, or denying that, as far as it goes, such thorough acquisition is a real education of the mind. All I say is, call things by their right names, and do not confuse together ideas which are essentially different. A thorough knowledge of one science and a superficial acquaintance with many, are not the same thing; a smattering of a hundred things or a memory for detail, is not a philosophical or comprehensive view. Recreations are not education; accomplishments are not education. Do not say, the people must be educated, when, after all, you only mean amused, refreshed, soothed, put into good spirits and good humour, or kept from vicious excesses. I do not say that such amusements, such occupations of mind, are not a great gain; but they are not education. You may as well call drawing and fencing education as a general knowledge of botany or conchology. Stuffing birds or playing stringed instruments is an elegant pastime, and a resource to the idle, but it is not education; it does not form or cultivate the intellect. Education is a high word; it is the preparation for knowledge, and it is the imparting of knowledge in proportion to that preparation. We require intellectual eyes to know withal, as bodily eyes for sight. We need both objects and organs intellectual; we cannot gain them without setting about it; we cannot gain them in our sleep, or by hazard. The best telescope does not dispense with eyes; the printing press or the lecture room will assist us greatly, but we must be true to ourselves, we must be

parties in the work. A university is, according to the usual designation, an alma mater, knowing her children one by one, not a foundry, or a mint, or a treadmill.

I protest to you, gentlemen, that if I had to choose between a so-called university, which dispensed with residence and tutorial superintendence, and gave its degrees to any person who passed an examination in a wide range of subjects, and a university which had no professors or examinations at all, but merely brought a number of young men together for three or four years, and then sent them away as the University of Oxford is said to have done some sixty years since, if I were asked which of these two methods was the better discipline of the intellect, — mind, I do not say which is morally the better, for it is plain that compulsory study must be a good and idleness an intolerable mischief, — but if I must determine which of the two courses was the more successful in training, moulding, enlarging the mind, which sent out men the more fitted for their secular duties, which produced better public men, men of the world, men whose names would descend to posterity, I have no hesitation in giving the preference to that university which did nothing, over that which exacted of its members an acquaintance with every science under the sun. And, paradox as this may seem, still if results be the test of systems, the influence of the public schools and colleges of England, in the course of the last century, at least will bear out one side of the contrast as I have drawn it. What would come, on the other hand, of the ideal systems of education which have fascinated the imagination of this age, could they ever take effect, and whether they would not produce a generation frivolous, narrow-minded, and resourceless, intellectually considered, is a fair subject for debate; but so far is certain, that the universities and scholastic establishments, to which I refer, and which did little more than bring together first boys and then youths in large numbers, these institutions, with miserable deformities on the side of morals, with a hollow profession of Christianity, and a heathen code of ethics, — I

say, at least they can boast of a succession of heroes and statesmen, of literary men and philosophers, of men conspicuous for great natural virtues, for habits of business, for knowledge of life, for practical judgment, for cultivated tastes, for accomplishments, who have made England what it is, — able to subdue the earth, able to domineer over Catholics.

How is this to be explained? I suppose as follows: When a multitude of young men, keen, open-hearted, sympathetic, and observant, as young men are, come together and freely mix with each other, they are sure to learn one from another, even if there be no one to teach them; the conversation of all is a series of lectures to each, and they gain for themselves new ideas and views, fresh matter of thought, and distinct principles for judging and acting, day by day. An infant has to learn the meaning of the information which its senses convey to it, and this seems to be its employment. It fancies all that the eye presents to it to be close to it, till it actually learns the contrary, and thus by practice does it ascertain the relations and uses of those first elements of knowledge which are necessary for its animal existence. A parallel teaching is necessary for our social being, and it is secured by a large school or a college; and this effect may be fairly called in its own department an enlargement of mind. It is seeing the world on a small field with little trouble; for the pupils or students come from very different places, and with widely different notions, and there is much to generalize, much to adjust, much to eliminate, there are inter-relations to be defined, and conventional rules to be established, in the process, by which the whole assemblage is moulded together, and gains one tone and one character.

Let it be clearly understood, I repeat it, that I am not taking into account moral or religious considerations; I am but saying that that youthful community will constitute a whole, it will embody a specific idea, it will represent a doctrine, it will administer a code of conduct, and it will furnish principles of thought and action. It will give birth to a living teaching, which in course of time will take the shape of a

self-perpetuating tradition, or a *genius loci*, as it is sometimes called; which haunts the home where it has been born, and which imbues and forms more or less, and one by one, every individual who is successively brought under its shadow. Thus it is that, independent of direct instruction on the part of superiors, there is a sort of self-education in the academic institutions of Protestant England; a characteristic tone of thought, a recognised standard of judgment is found in them, which, as developed in the individual who is submitted to it, becomes a twofold source of strength to him, both from the distinct stamp it impresses on his mind, and from the bond of union which it creates between him and others, — effects which are shared by the authorities of the place, for they themselves have been educated in it, and at all times are exposed to the influence of its ethical atmosphere. Here then is a real teaching, whatever be its standards and principles, true or false; and it at least tends towards cultivation of the intellect; it at least recognizes that knowledge is something more than a sort of passive reception of scraps and details; it is a something, and it does a something, which never will issue from the most strenuous efforts of a set of teachers with no mutual sympathies and no intercommunication, of a set of examiners with no opinions which they dare profess, and with no common principles, who are teaching or questioning a set of youths who do not know them, and do not know each other, on a large number of subjects, different in kind, and connected by no wide philosophy, three times a week, or three times a year, or once in three years, in chill lecture-rooms or on a pompous anniversary.

Nay, self-education in any shape, in the most restricted sense, is preferable to a system of teaching which, professing so much, really does so little for the mind. Shut your college gates against the votary of knowledge, throw him back upon the searchings and the efforts of his own mind; he will gain by being spared an entrance into your babel. Few indeed there are who can dispense with the stimulus and support of instructors, or will do anything at all, if left to themselves. And fewer still

(though such great minds are to be found), who will not, from such unassisted attempts, contract a self-reliance and a self-esteem, which are not only moral evils, but serious hindrances to the attainment of truth. And next to none, perhaps, or none, who will not be reminded from time to time of the disadvantage under which they lie, by their imperfect grounding, by the breaks, deficiencies, and irregularities of their knowledge, by the eccentricity of opinion and the confusion of principle which they exhibit. They will be too often ignorant of what every one knows and takes for granted, of that multitude of small truths which fall upon the mind like dust, impalpable and ever accumulating; they may be unable to converse, they may argue perversely, they may pride themselves on their worst paradoxes or their grossest truisms, they may be full of their own mode of viewing things, unwilling to be put out of their way, slow to enter into the minds of others;—but, with these and whatever other liabilities upon their heads, they are likely to have more thought, more mind, more philosophy, more true enlargement, than those earnest but ill-used persons who are forced to load their minds with a score of subjects against an examination, who have too much on their hands to indulge themselves in thinking or investigation, who devour premise and conclusion together with indiscriminate greediness, who hold whole sciences on faith, and commit demonstrations to memory, and who too often, as might be expected, when their period of education is passed, throw up all they have learned in disgust, having gained nothing really by their anxious labours, except perhaps the habit of application.

Yet such is the better specimen of the fruit of that ambitious system which has of late years been making way among us:

for its result on ordinary minds, and on the common run of students, is less satisfactory still; they leave their place of education simply dissipated and relaxed by the multiplicity of subjects, which they have never really mastered, and so shallow as not even to know their shallowness. How much better, I say, it is for the active and thoughtful intellect, where such is to be found, to eschew the college and the university altogether, than to submit to a drudgery so ignoble, a mockery so contemptuous! How much more profitable for the independent mind, after the mere rudiments of education, to range through a library at random, taking down books as they meet him, and pursuing the trains of thought which his mother wit suggests! How much healthier to wander into the fields, and there with the exiled prince to find “tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks!” How much more genuine an education is that of the poor boy in the poem¹⁰—a poem, whether in conception or execution, one of the most touching in our language—who, not in the wide world, but ranging day by day around his widowed mother’s home, “a dextrous gleaner” in a narrow field and with only such slender outfit

“as the village school and books a few Supplied,”

contrived from the beach, and the quay, and the fisher’s boat, and the inn’s fireside, and the tradesman’s shop, and the shepherd’s walk, and the smuggler’s hut, and the mossy moor, and the screaming gulls, and the restless waves, to fashion for himself a philosophy and a poetry of his own!

But in a large subject, I am exceeding my necessary limits. Gentlemen, I must conclude abruptly; and postpone any summing up of my argument, should that be necessary, to another day. 1852

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811–1863)

NIL NISI BONUM

ALMOST the last words which Sir Walter spoke to Lockhart, his biographer, were, “Be a good man, my dear!” and with the last flicker of breath on his dying lips, he

sighed a farewell to his family, and passed away blessing them.

Two men,¹ famous, admired, beloved, have just left us, the Goldsmith and Gib-

bon of our time. Ere a few weeks are over, the critic's pen will be at work, reviewing their lives, and passing judgment on their works. This is no review, or history, or criticism: only a word in testimony of respect and regard from a man of letters, who owes to his own professional labour the honour of becoming acquainted with these two eminent literary men. One was the first ambassador whom the New World of Letters sent to the Old. He was born almost with the republic; the *pater patriæ*² had laid his hand on the child's head. He bore Washington's name: he came amongst us bringing the kindest sympathy, the most artless, smiling good-will. His new country (which some people here might be disposed to regard rather superciliously) could send us, as he showed in his own person, a gentleman, who, though himself born in no very high sphere, was most finished, polished, easy, witty, quiet; and, socially, the equal of the most refined Europeans. If Irving's welcome in England was a kind one, was it not also gratefully remembered? If he ate our salt, did he not pay us with a thankful heart? Who can calculate the amount of friendliness and good feeling for our country which this writer's generous and untiring regard for us disseminated in his own? His books are read by millions of his countrymen, whom he has taught to love England, and why to love her. It would have been easy to speak otherwise than he did: to inflame national rancours, which, at the time when he first became known as a public writer, war had just renewed: to cry down the old civilization at the expense of the new: to point out our faults, arrogance, shortcomings, and give the republic to infer how much she was the parent state's superior. There are writers enough in the United States, honest and otherwise, who preach that kind of doctrine. But the good Irving, the peaceful, the friendly, had no place for bitterness in his heart, and no scheme but kindness.³ Received in England with extraordinary tenderness and friendship (Scott, Southey, Byron, a hundred others have borne witness to their liking for him), he was a messenger of good-will and peace between his country and ours. "See, friends!" he seems to say, "these English

are not so wicked, rapacious, callous, proud, as you have been taught to believe them. I went amongst them a humble man; won my way by my pen; and, when known, found every hand held out to me with kindliness and welcome. Scott is a great man you acknowledge. Did not Scott's King of England give a gold medal to him, and another to me, your countryman, and a stranger?"

Tradition in the United States still fondly retains the history of the feasts and rejoicings which awaited Irving on his return to his native country from Europe. He had a national welcome; he stammered in his speeches, hid himself in confusion, and the people loved him the better. He had worthily represented America in Europe. In that young community a man who brings home with him abundant European testimonials is still treated with respect (I have found American writers, of wide-world reputation, strangely solicitous about the opinions of quite obscure British critics, and elated or depressed by their judgments); and Irving went home medalled by the King, diplomatized by the University, crowned and honoured and admired. He had not in any way intrigued for his honours, he had fairly won them; and, in Irving's instance, as in others, the old country was glad and eager to pay them.

In America the love and regard for Irving was a national sentiment. Party wars are perpetually raging there, and are carried on by the press with a rancour and fierceness against individuals which exceed British, almost Irish, virulence. It seemed to me, during a year's travel in the country, as if no one ever aimed a blow at Irving. All men held their hands from that harmless, friendly peacemaker. I had the good fortune to see him at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and remarked how in every place he was honoured and welcomed. Every large city has its "Irving House." The country takes pride in the fame of its men of letters. The gate of his own charming little domain on the beautiful Hudson River was for ever swinging before visitors who came to him. He shut out no one. I had seen many pictures of his house, and read descriptions of it, in both of which it was treated with a

not unusual American exaggeration. It was but a pretty little cabin of a place; the gentleman of the press who took notes of the place, whilst his kind old host was sleeping, might have visited the whole house in a couple of minutes.

And how came it that this house was so small, when Mr. Irving's books were sold by hundreds of thousands, nay, millions, when his profits were known to be large, and the habits of life of the good old bachelor were notoriously modest and simple? He had loved once in his life. The lady he loved died; and he, whom all the world loved, never sought to replace her. I can't say how much the thought of that fidelity has touched me. Does not the very cheerfulness of his after life add to the pathos of that untold story? To grieve always was not in his nature; or, when he had his sorrow, to bring all the world in to condole with him and bemoan it. Deep and quiet he lays the love of his heart, and buries it; and grass and flowers grow over the scarred ground in due time.

Irving had such a small house and such narrow rooms, because there was a great number of people to occupy them. He could only afford to keep one old horse (which, lazy and aged as it was, managed once or twice to run away with that careless old horseman). He could only afford to give plain sherry to that amiable British paragraph-monger, who saw the patriarch asleep over his modest, blameless cup, and fetched the public into his private chamber to look at him. Irving could only live very modestly, because the wifeless, childless man had a number of children to whom he was as a father. He had as many as nine nieces, I am told — I saw two of these ladies at his house — with all of whom the dear old man had shared the produce of his labour and genius.

"*Be a good man, my dear.*" One can't but think of these last words of the veteran Chief of Letters, who had tasted and tested the value of worldly success, admiration, prosperity. Was Irving not good, and, of his works, was not his life the best part? In his family, gentle, generous, good-humoured, affectionate, self-denying; in society, a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood; quite un-

spoiled by prosperity; never obsequious to the great (or, worse still, to the base and mean, as some public men are forced to be in his and other countries); eager to acknowledge every contemporary's merit; always kind and affable to the young members of his calling; in his professional bargains and mercantile dealings delicately honest and grateful; one of the most charming masters of our lighter language; the constant friend to us and to our nation; to men of letters doubly dear, not for his wit and genius merely, but as an exemplar of goodness, probity, and pure life: — I don't know what sort of testimonial will be raised to him in his own country, where generous and enthusiastic acknowledgment of American merit is never wanting; but Irving was in our service as well as theirs; and as they have placed a stone at Greenwich yonder in memory of that gallant young Bellot,⁴ who shared the perils and fate of some of our Arctic seamen, I would like to hear of some memorial raised by English writers and friends of letters in affectionate remembrance of the dear and good Washington Irving.

As for the other writer, whose departure many friends, some few most dearly-loved, and multitudes of admiring readers deplore, our republic has already decreed his statue, and he must have known that he had earned this posthumous honour. He is not a poet and man of letters merely, but citizen, statesman, a great British worthy. Almost from the first moment when he appears amongst boys, amongst college students, amongst men, he is marked, and takes rank as a great Englishman. All sorts of successes are easy to him: as a lad he goes down into the arena with others, and wins all the prizes to which he has a mind. A place in the senate is straightway offered to the young man. He takes his seat there; he speaks, when so minded, without party anger or intrigue, but not without party faith and a sort of heroic enthusiasm for his cause. Still he is poet and philosopher even more than orator. That he may have leisure and means to pursue his darling studies, he absents himself for a while, and accepts a richly-remunerative post in the East.⁵ As learned a man may live in a cottage or a college

common-room; but it always seemed to me that ample means and recognized rank were Macaulay's as of right. Years ago⁶ there was a wretched outcry raised because Mr. Macaulay dated a letter from Windsor Castle, where he was staying. Immortal gods! Was this man not a fit guest for any palace in the world? or a fit companion for any man or woman in it? I dare say, after Austerlitz, the old K. K.⁷ court officials and footmen sneered at Napoleon for dating from Schönbrunn.⁸ But that miserable "Windsor Castle" outcry is an echo out of fast-retreating old-world remembrances. The place of such a natural chief was amongst the first of the land; and that country is best, according to our British notion at least, where the man of eminence has the best chance of investing his genius and intellect.

If a company of giants were got together, very likely one or two of the mere six-foot-six people might be angry in the incontestable superiority of the very tallest of the party; and so I have heard some London wits, rather peevisish at Macaulay's superiority, complain that he occupied too much of the talk, and so forth. Now that wonderful tongue is to speak no more, will not many a man grieve that he no longer has the chance to listen? To remember the talk is to wonder: to think not only of the treasures he had in his memory, but of the trifles he had stored there, and could produce with equal readiness. Almost on the last day I had the fortune to see him, a conversation happened suddenly to spring up about senior wranglers,⁹ and what they had done in after life. To the almost terror of the persons present, Macaulay began with the senior wrangler of 1801-2-3-4, and so on, giving the name of each, and relating his subsequent career and rise. Every man who has known him has his story regarding that astonishing memory. It may be that he was not ill pleased that you should recognize it; but to those prodigious intellectual feats, which were so easy to him, who would grudge his tribute of homage? His talk was, in a word, admirable, and we admired it.

Of the notices which have appeared regarding Lord Macaulay, up to the day when the present lines are written (the 9th

of January), the reader should not deny himself the pleasure of looking especially at two. It is a good sign of the times when such articles as these (I mean the articles in *The Times* and *Saturday Review*) appear in our public prints about our public men. They educate us, as it were, to admire rightly. An uninstructed person in a museum or at a concert may pass by without recognizing a picture or a passage of music, which the connoisseur by his side may show him is a masterpiece of harmony, or a wonder of artistic skill. After reading these papers, you like and respect more the person you have admired so much already. And so with regard to Macaulay's style there may be faults of course — what critic can't point them out? But for the nonce we are not talking about faults: we want to say *nil nisi bonum*. Well — take at hazard any three pages of the "Essays" or "History;" — and, glimmering below the stream of the narrative, as it were, you, an average reader, see one, two, three, a half-score of allusions to other historic facts, characters, literature, poetry, with which you are acquainted. Why is this epithet used? Whence is that simile drawn? How does he manage in two or three words, to paint an individual, or to indicate a landscape? Your neighbour, who has *his* reading, and his little stock of literature stowed away in his mind, shall detect more points, allusions, happy touches, indicating not only the prodigious memory and vast learning of this master, but the wonderful industry, the honest, humble previous toil of this great scholar. He reads twenty books to write a sentence; he travels a hundred miles to make a line of description.

Many Londoners — not all — have seen the British Museum Library. I speak à *cœur ouvert*,¹⁰ and pray the kindly reader to bear with me. I have seen all sorts of domes of Peters and Pauls, Sophia, Pantheon, — what not? — and have been struck by none of them so much as by that Catholic dome in Bloomsbury, under which our million volumes are housed. What peace, what love, what truth, what beauty, what happiness for all, what generous kindness for you and me, are here spread out! It seems to me one cannot sit down in that place without a heart full of

grateful reverence. I own to have said my grace at the table, and to have thanked heaven for this my English birthright, freely to partake of these bountiful books, and to speak the truth I find there. Under the dome which held Macaulay's brain, and from which his solemn eyes looked out on the world but a fortnight since, what a vast, brilliant, and wonderful store of learning was ranged! what strange lore would he not fetch for you at your bidding! A volume of law, or history, a book of poetry familiar or forgotten (except by himself who forgot nothing), a novel ever so old, and he had it at hand. I spoke to him once about "Clarissa."¹¹ "Not read 'Clarissa'!" he cried out. "If you have once thoroughly entered on 'Clarissa' and are infected by it, you can't leave it. When I was in India I passed one hot season at the hills, and there were the Governor-General, and the Secretary of Government, and the Commander-in-Chief, and their wives. I had 'Clarissa' with me: and, as soon as they began to read, the whole station was in a passion of excitement about Miss Harlowe and her misfortunes, and her scoundrelly Lovelace! The Governor's wife seized the book, and the Secretary waited for it, and the Chief Justice could not read it for tears!" He acted the whole scene: he paced up and down the "Athenæum" library: I dare say he could have spoken pages of the book — of that book, and of what countless piles of others.

In this little paper let us keep to the text of *nil nisi bonum*. One paper I have read regarding Lord Macaulay says "he had no heart." Why, a man's books may not always speak the truth, but they speak his mind in spite of himself: and it seems to me this man's heart is beating through every page he penned. He is always in a storm of revolt and indignation against

wrong, craft, tyranny. How he cheers heroic resistance; how he backs and applauds freedom struggling for its own; how he hates scoundrels, ever so victorious and successful; how he recognizes genius, though selfish villains possess it! The critic who says Macaulay had no heart, might say that Johnson had none: and two men more generous, and more loving, and more hating, and more partial, and more noble, do not live in our history. Those who knew Lord Macaulay knew how admirably tender and generous, and affectionate he was. It was not his business to bring his family before the theatre footlights, and call for bouquets from the gallery as he wept over them.

If any young man of letters reads this little sermon — and to him, indeed, it is addressed — I would say to him, "Bear Scott's words in your mind, and 'be good, my dear'." Here are two literary men, gone to their account, and, *laus Deo*,¹² as far as we know, it is fair, and open, and clean. Here is no need of apologies for shortcomings, or explanations of vices which would have been virtues but for unavoidable &c. Here are two examples of men most differently gifted: each pursuing his calling; each speaking his truth as God bade him; each honest in his life; just and irreproachable in his dealings; dear to his friends; honoured by his country; beloved at his fireside. It has been the fortunate lot of each to give incalculable happiness and delight to the world, which thanks them in return with an immense kindness, respect, affection. It may not be our chance, brother scribe, to be endowed with such merit, or rewarded with such fame. But the rewards of these men are rewards paid to *our service*. We may not win the baton or epaulettes;¹³ but God give us strength to guard the honour of the flag!

1860

JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900)

TRAFFIC

(A lecture delivered in the Town Hall, Bradford, afterwards included in *The Crown of Wild Olive*)

MY good Yorkshire friends, you asked me down here among your hills that I might

talk to you about this Exchange you are going to build: but earnestly and seriously asking you to pardon me, I am going to do nothing of the kind. I cannot talk, or at least can say very little, about this same

Exchange. I must talk of quite other things, though not willingly;—I could not deserve your pardon, if when you invited me to speak on one subject, I *wilfully* spoke on another. But I cannot speak, to purpose, of anything about which I do not care; and most simply and sorrowfully I have to tell you, in the outset, that I do *not* care about this Exchange of yours.

If, however, when you sent me your invitation, I had answered, "I won't come, I don't care about the Exchange of Bradford," you would have been justly offended with me, not knowing the reasons of so blunt a carelessness.¹ So I have come down, hoping that you will patiently let me tell you why, on this, and many other such occasions, I now remain silent, when formerly I should have caught at the opportunity of speaking to a gracious audience.

In a word, then, I do not care about this Exchange, — because *you* don't; and because you know perfectly well I cannot make you. Look at the essential conditions of the case, which you, as business men, know perfectly well, though perhaps you think I forget them. You are going to spend £30,000, which to you, collectively, is nothing; the buying a new coat is, as to the cost of it, a much more important matter of consideration to me than building a new Exchange is to you. But you think you may as well have the right thing for your money. You know there are a great many odd styles of architecture about; you don't want to do anything ridiculous; you hear of me, among others as a respectable architectural man-milliner; and you send for me, that I may tell you the leading fashion; and what is, in our shops, for the moment, the newest and sweetest thing in pinnacles.

Now, pardon me for telling you frankly, you cannot have good architecture merely by asking people's advice on occasion. All good architecture is the expression of national life and character; and it is produced by a prevalent and eager national taste, or desire for beauty. And I want you to think a little of the deep significance of this word "taste;" for no statement of mine has been more earnestly or oftener controverted than that good taste is es-

entially a moral quality. "No," say many of my antagonists, "taste is one thing, morality is another. Tell us what is pretty: we shall be glad to know that; but we need no sermons even were you able to preach them, which may be doubted."

Permit me, therefore, to fortify this old dogma of mine somewhat. Taste is not only a part and an index of morality — it is the *ONLY* morality. The first, and last, and closest trial question to any living creature is, "What do you like?" Tell me what you like, and I'll tell you what you are. Go out into the street, and ask the first man or woman you meet, what their "taste" is, and if they answer candidly, you know them, body and soul. "You, my friend in the rags, with the unsteady gait, what do *you* like?" "A pipe and a quartern of gin." I know you. "You, good woman, with the quick step and tidy bonnet, what do you like?" "A swept hearth and a clean tea-table, and my husband opposite me, and a baby at my breast." Good, I know you also. "You, little girl with the golden hair and the soft eyes, what do you like?" "My canary, and a run among the wood hyacinths." "You, little boy with the dirty hands and the low forehead, what do you like?" "A shy at the sparrows, and a game at pitch farthing."² Good; we know them all now. What more need we ask?

"Nay," perhaps you answer: "we need rather to ask what these people and children do, than what they like. If they do right, it is no matter that they like what is wrong and if they *do* wrong, it is no matter that they like what is right. Doing is the great thing; and it does not matter that the man likes drinking, so that he does not drink; nor that the little girl likes to be kind to her canary, if she will not learn her lessons; nor that the little boy likes throwing stones at the sparrows, if he goes to the Sunday School." Indeed, for a short time, and in a provisional sense, this is true. For if, resolutely, people do what is right, in time they come to like doing it. But they only are in a right moral state when they *have* come to like doing it; and as long as they don't like it, they are still in a vicious state. The man is not in health of body who is always thinking of the bottle in the

cupboard, though he bravely bears his thirst; but the man who heartily enjoys water in the morning and wine in the evening, each in its proper quantity and time. And the entire object of true education is to make people not merely *do* the right things, but *enjoy* the right things — not merely industrious, but to love industry — not merely learned, but to love knowledge — not merely pure, but to love purity — not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice.

But you may answer or think, "Is the liking for outside ornaments, — for pictures, or statues, or furniture, or architecture, — a moral quality?" Yes, most surely, if a rightly set liking. Taste for *any* pictures or statues is not a moral quality, but taste for good ones is. Only here again we have to define the word "good." I don't mean by "good," clever — or learned — or difficult in the doing. Take a picture by Teniers,³ of sots quarreling over their dice: it is an entirely clever picture; so clever that nothing in its kind has ever been done equal to it; but it is also an entirely base and evil picture. It is an expression of delight in the prolonged contemplation of a vile thing, and delight in that is an "unmannered," or "immoral" quality. It is "bad taste" in the profoundest sense — it is the taste of the devils. On the other hand, a picture of Titian's,⁴ or a Greek statue, or a Greek coin, or a Turner⁵ landscape, expresses delight in the perpetual contemplation of a good and perfect thing. That is an entirely moral quality — it is the taste of the angels. And all delight in fine art, and all love of it, resolve themselves into simple love of that which deserves love. That deserving is the quality which we call "loveliness" — (we ought to have an opposite word, *hateliness*, to be said of the things which deserve to be hated); and it is not an indifferent nor optional thing whether we love this or that; but it is just the vital function of all our being. What we *like* determines what we *are*, and is the sign of what we are; and to teach taste is inevitably to form character.

As I was thinking over this, in walking up Fleet Street⁶ the other day, my eye caught the title of a book standing open

in a bookseller's window. It was — "On the necessity of the diffusion of taste among all classes." "Ah," I thought to myself, "my classifying⁷ friend, when you have diffused your taste, where will your classes be? The man who likes what you like, belongs to the same class with you, I think. Inevitably so. You may put him to other work if you choose; but, by the condition you have brought him into, he will dislike the other work as much as you would yourself. You get hold of a scavenger, or a costermonger,⁸ who enjoyed the Newgate Calendar⁹ for literature, and 'Pop goes the Weasel' for music. You think you can make him like Dante and Beethoven? I wish you joy of your lessons; but if you do, you have made a gentleman of him: — he won't like to go back to his costermongering."

And so completely and unexceptionally is this so that, if I had time to-night, I could show you that a nation cannot be affected by any vice, or weakness, without expressing it, legibly, and forever, either in bad art, or by want of art; and that there is no national virtue, small or great, which is not manifestly expressed in all the art which circumstances enable the people possessing that virtue to produce. Take, for instance, your great English virtue of enduring and patient courage. You have at present in England only one art of any consequence — that is, iron-working. You know thoroughly well how to cast and hammer iron. Now, do you think in those masses of lava which you build volcanic cones to melt, and which you forge at the mouths of the Infernos you have created: do you think, on those iron plates, your courage and endurance are not written forever — not merely with an iron pen, but on iron parchment? And take also your great English vice — European vice — vice of all the world — vice of all other worlds that roll or shine in heaven, bearing with them yet the atmosphere of hell — the vice of jealousy, which brings competition into your commerce, treachery into your councils, and dishonor into your wars — that vice which has rendered for you, and for your next neighboring nation, the daily occupations of existence no longer possible, but with the

mail upon your breasts and the sword loose in its sheath; so that at last, you have realized for all the multitudes of the two great peoples who lead the so-called civilization of the earth, — you have realized for them all, I say, in person and in policy, what was once true only of the rough Border riders of your Cheviot hills —

They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the
helmet barred; —¹⁰

do you think that this national shame and dastardliness of heart are not written as legibly on every rivet of your iron armor as the strength of the right hands that forged it?

Friends, I know not whether this thing be the more ludicrous or the more melancholy. It is quite unspeakably both. Suppose, instead of being now sent for by you, I had been sent for by some private gentleman, living in a suburban house, with his garden separated only by a fruit-wall from his next door neighbor's; and he called me to consult with him on the furnishing of his drawing room. I begin looking about me, and find the walls rather bare; I think such and such a paper might be desirable — perhaps a little fresco here and there on the ceiling — a damask curtain or so at the windows. "Ah," says my employer, "damask curtains, indeed! That's all very fine, but you know I can't afford that kind of thing just now!" "Yet the world credits you with a splendid income!" "Ah, yes," says my friend, "but do you know, at present, I am obliged to spend it nearly all in steel-traps?" "Steel-traps! for whom?" "Why, for that fellow on the other side of the wall, you know: we're very good friends, but we are obliged to keep our traps set on both sides of the wall; we could not possibly keep on friendly terms without them, and our spring guns. The worst of it is, we are both clever fellows enough; and there's never a day passes that we don't find out a new trap, or a new gun-barrel, or something; we spend about fifteen millions a year each in our traps, take it all together; and I don't see how we're to do with less." A.

highly comic state of life for two private gentlemen! but for two nations, it seems to me, not wholly comic? Bedlam¹² would be comic, perhaps, if there were only one madman in it; and your Christmas pantomime is comic, when there is only one clown in it; but when the whole world turns clown, and paints itself red with its own heart's blood instead of vermillion, it is something else than comic, I think.

Mind, I know a great deal of this is play, and willingly allow for that. You don't know what to do with yourselves for a sensation: fox-hunting and cricketing will not carry you through the whole of this unendurably long mortal life: you liked pop-guns when you were schoolboys, and rifles and Armstrongs¹³ are only the same things better made: but then the worst of it is, that what was play to you when boys, was not play to the sparrows; and what is play to you now, is not play to the small birds of State neither; and for the black eagles,¹⁴ you are somewhat shy of taking shots at them, if I mistake not.

I must get back to the matter in hand, however. Believe me, without farther instance, I could show you, in all time, that every nation's vice, or virtue, was written in its art: the soldiery of early Greece; the sensuality of late Italy; the visionary religion of Tuscany; the splendid human energy and beauty of Venice. I have no time to do this to-night (I have done it elsewhere before now); but I proceed to apply the principle to ourselves in a more searching manner.

I notice that among all the new buildings which cover your once wild hills, churches and schools are mixed in due, that is to say, in large proportion, with your mills and mansions; and I notice also that the churches and schools are almost always Gothic, and the mansions and mills are never Gothic. Will you allow me to ask precisely the meaning of this? For, remember, it is peculiarly a modern phenomenon. When Gothic was invented, houses were Gothic as well as churches; and when the Italian style superseded the Gothic, churches were Italian as well as houses. If there is a Gothic spire to the cathedral of Antwerp, there is a Gothic belfry to the Hôtel de Ville at Brussels: if Inigo Jones¹⁵

builds an Italian Whitehall, Sir Christopher Wren builds an Italian St. Paul's. But now you live under one school of architecture, and worship under another. What do you mean by doing this? Am I to understand that you are thinking of changing your architecture back to Gothic; and that you treat your churches experimentally, because it does not matter what mistakes you make in a church? Or am I to understand that you consider Gothic a pre-eminently sacred and beautiful mode of building, which you think, like the fine frankincense, should be mixed for the tabernacle only, and reserved for your religious services? For if this be the feeling, though it may seem at first as if it were graceful and reverent, at the root of the matter, it signifies neither more nor less than that you have separated your religion from your life.

For consider what a wide significance this fact has; and remember that it is not you only, but all the people of England, who are behaving thus just now.

You have all got into the habit of calling the church "the house of God." I have seen, over the doors of many churches, the legend actually carved, "*This is the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.*" Now, note where that legend comes from, and of what place it was first spoken. A boy leaves his father's house to go on a long journey on foot, to visit his uncle; he has to cross a wild hill-desert; just as if one of your own boys had to cross the wolds to visit an uncle at Carlisle. The second or third day your boy finds himself somewhere between Hawes and Brough, in the midst of the moors, at sunset. It is stony ground, and boggy; he cannot go one foot farther that night. Down he lies, to sleep, on Wharnside, where best he may, gathering a few of the stones together to put under his head; — so wild the place is, he cannot get anything but stones. And there, lying under the broad night, he has a dream; and he sees a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reaches to heaven, and the angels of God are seen ascending and descending upon it. And when he wakes out of his sleep, he says, "How dreadful is this place; surely, this is none other than the house of God,"¹⁶ and this is

the gate of heaven." This PLACE, observe; not this church; not this city; not this stone, even, which he puts up for a memorial — the piece of flint on which his head has lain. But this *place*; this windy slope of Wharnside; this moorland hollow, torrent-bitten, snow-blighted; this *any* place where God lets down the ladder. And how are you to know where that will be? or how are you to determine where it may be, but by being ready for it always? Do you know where the lightning is to fall next? You *do* know that, partly; you can guide the lightning; but you cannot guide the going forth of the Spirit, which is as that lightning when it shines from the east to the west.

But the perpetual and insolent warping of that strong verse to serve a merely ecclesiastical purpose, is only one of the thousand instances in which we sink back into gross Judaism. We call our churches "temples." Now, you know perfectly well they are *not* temples. They have never had, never can have, anything whatever to do with temples. They are "synagogues" — "gathering places" — where you gather yourselves together as an assembly; and by not calling them so, you again miss the force of another mighty text — "Thou, when thou prayest,"¹⁷ shalt not be as the hypocrites are; for they love to pray standing in the *churches*" (we should translate it), "that they may be seen of men. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father," — which is, not in chancel nor in aisle, but "in secret."

Now, you feel, as I say this to you — I know you feel — as if I were trying to take away the honor of your churches. Not so; I am trying to prove to you the honor of your houses and your hills; not that the Church is not sacred — but that the whole Earth is. I would have you feel, what careless, what constant, what infectious sin there is in all modes of thought, whereby, in calling your churches only "holy," you call your hearths and home "profane": and have separated yourselves from the heathen by casting all your household gods to the ground, instead of recognizing, in the place of their many and feeble

Lares,¹⁸ the presence of your One and Mighty Lord and Lar.

"But what has all this to do with our Exchange?" you ask me, impatiently. My dear friends, it has just everything to do with it; on these inner and great questions depend all the outer and little ones; and if you have asked me down here to speak to you, because you had before been interested in anything I have written, you must know that all I have yet said about architecture was to show this. The book I called "The Seven Lamps" was to show that certain right states of temper and moral feeling were the magic powers by which all good architecture, without exception, had been produced. "The Stones of Venice" had, from beginning to end, no other aim than to show that the Gothic architecture of Venice has arisen out of, and indicated in all its features, a state of pure national faith, and of domestic virtue; and that its Renaissance architecture had arisen out of, and in all its features indicated, a state of concealed national infidelity, and of domestic corruption. And now, you ask me what style is best to build in; and how can I answer, knowing the meaning of the two styles, but by another question — do you mean to build as Christians or as Infidels? And still more — do you mean to build as honest Christians or as honest Infidels? as thoroughly and confessedly either one or the other? You don't like to be asked such rude questions. I cannot help it; they are of much more importance than this Exchange business; and if they can be at once answered, the Exchange business settles itself in a moment. But, before I press them farther, I must ask leave to explain one point clearly.

In all my past work, my endeavor has been to show that good architecture is essentially religious — the production of a faithful and virtuous, not of an infidel and corrupted people. But in the course of doing this, I have had also to show that good architecture is not *ecclesiastical*. People are so apt to look upon religion as the business of the clergy, not their own, that the moment they hear of anything depending on "religion," they think it must also have depended on the priesthood; and I have had to take what place

was to be occupied between these two errors, and fight both, often with seeming contradiction. Good architecture is the work of good and believing men; therefore, you say, at least some people say, "Good architecture must essentially have been the work of the clergy, not of the laity." No — a thousand times no; good architecture has always been the work of the commonalty, *not* of the clergy. What, you say, those glorious cathedrals — the pride of Europe — did their builders not form Gothic architecture? No; they corrupted Gothic architecture. Gothic was formed in the baron's castle, and the burgher's street. It was formed by the thoughts, and hands, and powers of free citizens and warrior kings. By the monk it was used as an instrument for the aid of his superstition when that superstition became a beautiful madness, and the best hearts of Europe vainly dreamed and pined in the cloister, and vainly raged and perished in the crusade — through that fury of perverted faith and wasted war, the Gothic rose also to its loveliest, most fantastic, and, finally, most foolish dreams; and, in those dreams, was lost.

I hope, now, that there is no risk of your misunderstanding me when I come to the gist of what I want to say to-night; — when I repeat, that every great national architecture has been the result and exponent of a great national religion. You can't have bits of it here, bits there — you must have it everywhere, or nowhere. It is not the monopoly of a clerical company — it is not the exponent of a theological dogma — it is not the hieroglyphic writing of an initiated priesthood; it is the manly language of a people inspired by resolute and common purpose, and rendering resolute and common fidelity to the legible laws of an undoubted God.

Now, there have as yet been three distinct schools of European architecture. I say, European, because Asiatic and African architectures belong so entirely to other races and climates, that there is no question of them here; only, in passing, I will simply assure you that whatever is good or great in Egypt, and Syria, and India, is just good or great for the same reasons as the buildings on our side of the Bos-

phorus.¹⁹ We Europeans, then, have had three great religions: the Greek, which was the worship of the God of Wisdom and Power; the Medieval, which was the Worship of the God of Judgment and Consolation; the Renaissance, which was the worship of the God of Pride and Beauty; these three we have had — they are past, — and now, at last, we English have got a fourth religion, and a God of our own, about which I want to ask you. But I must explain these three old ones first.

I repeat, first, the Greeks essentially worshipped the God of Wisdom; so that whatever contended against their religion, — to the Jews a stumbling block,²⁰ — was, to the Greeks — *Foolishness*.

The first Greek idea of Deity was that expressed in the word, of which we keep the remnant in our words "*Di-urnal*" and "*Di-vine*" — the god of *Day*, Jupiter the revealer. Athena is his daughter, but especially daughter of the Intellect, springing armed from the head. We are only with the help of recent investigation beginning to penetrate the depth of meaning couched under the Athenaic symbols: but I may note rapidly, that her ægis, the mantle with the serpent fringes, in which she often, in the best statues, is represented as folding up her left hand for better guard, and the Gorgon on her shield, are both representative mainly of the chilling horror and sadness (turning men to stone, as it were) of the outmost and superficial spheres of knowledge — that knowledge which separates, in bitterness, hardness, and sorrow, the heart of the full-grown man from the heart of the child. For out of imperfect knowledge spring terror, dissension, danger, and disdain; but from perfect knowledge, given by the full-revealed Athena, strength and peace, in sign of which she is crowned with the olive spray, and bears the resistless spear.

This, then, was the Greek conception of purest Deity, and every habit of life, and every form of his art developed themselves from the seeking this bright, serene, resistless wisdom; and setting himself, as a man, to do things evermore rightly and strongly; not with any ardent affection or ultimate hope; but with a resolute and continent energy of will, as knowing that

for failure there was no consolation, and for sin there was no remission. And the Greek architecture rose unerring, bright, clearly defined, and self-contained.

Next followed in Europe the great Christian faith, which was essentially the religion of Comfort. Its great doctrine is the remission of sins; for which cause it happens, too often, in certain phases of Christianity, that sin and sickness themselves are partly glorified, as if, the more you had to be healed of, the more divine was the healing. The practical result of this doctrine, in art, is a continual contemplation of sin and disease, and of imaginary states of purification from them; thus we have an architecture conceived in a mingled sentiment of melancholy and aspiration, partly severe, partly luxuriant, which will bend itself to every one of our needs, and every one of our fancies, and be strong or weak with us, as we are strong or weak ourselves. It is, of all architecture, the basest, when base people build it — of all, the noblest, when built by the noble.

And now note that both these religions — Greek and Medieval — perished by falsehood in their own main purpose. The Greek religion of Wisdom perished in a false philosophy — "Oppositions of science, falsely so called." The Medieval religion of Consolation perished in false comfort; in remission of sins given lyingly. It was the selling of absolution that ended the Medieval faith; and I can tell you more, it is the selling of absolution which, to the end of time, will mark false Christianity. Pure Christianity gives her remission of sins only by *ending* them; but false Christianity gets her remission of sins by *compounding* for them. And there are many ways of compounding for them. We English have beautiful little quiet ways of buying absolution, whether in low Church, or high, far more cunning than any of Tetzels²¹ trading.

Then, thirdly, there followed the religion of Pleasure, in which all Europe gave itself to luxury, ending in death. First, *bals masqués*²² in every saloon, and then guillotines in every square. And all these three worships issue in vast temple building. Your Greek worshipped Wisdom, and built you the Parthenon — the Virgin's

temple. The Medieval worshipped Consolation, and built you Virgin temples also — but to our Lady of Salvation. Then the Revivalist²² worshipped beauty, of a sort, and built you Versailles, and the Vatican. Now, lastly, will you tell me what *we* worship, and what *we* build?

You know we are speaking always of the real, active, continual, national worship; that by which men act while they live; not that which they talk of when they die. Now, we have, indeed, a nominal religion, to which we pay tithes of property and sevenths of time; but we have also a practical and earnest religion, to which we devote nine-tenths of our property and sixth-sevenths of our time. And we dispute a great deal about the nominal religion; but we are all unanimous about this practical one, of which I think you will admit that the ruling goddess may be best generally described as the "Goddess of Getting-on," or "Britannia of the Market." The Athenians had an "Athena Agoraia," or Athena of the Market; but she was a subordinate type of their goddess, while our Britannia Agoraia is the principal type of ours. And all your great architectural works, are, of course, built to her. It is long since you built a great cathedral; and how you would laugh at me, if I proposed building a cathedral on the top of one of these hills of yours, to make it an Acropolis!²⁴ But your railroad mounds, vaster than the walls of Babylon; your railroad stations, vaster than the temple of Ephesus, and innumerable; your chimneys how much more mighty and costly than cathedral spires! your harbor piers; your warehouses; your exchanges! — all these are built to your great Goddess of "Getting-on"; and she has formed, and will continue to form, your architecture, as long as you worship her; and it is quite vain to ask me to tell you how to build to *her*; you know far better than I.

There might indeed, on some theories, be a conceivably good architecture for Exchanges — that is to say, if there were any heroism in the fact or deed of exchange, which might be typically carved on the outside of your building. For, you know, all beautiful architecture must be adorned with sculpture or painting; and for sculp-

ture or painting, you must have a subject. And hitherto it has been a received opinion among the nations of the world that the only right subjects for either, were *heroisms* of some sort. Even on his pots and his flagons, the Greek put a Hercules slaying lions, or an Apollo slaying serpents, or Bacchus slaying melancholy giants, and earthborn despondencies. On his temples, the Greek put contests of great warriors in founding states, or of gods with evil spirits. On his houses and temples alike, the Christian put carvings of angels conquering devils; or of hero-martyrs exchanging this world for another; subjects inappropriate, I think, to our direction of exchange here. And the Master of Christians not only left his followers without any orders as to the sculpture of affairs of exchange²⁵ on the outside of buildings, but gave some strong evidence of his dislike of affairs of exchange within them. And yet there might surely be a heroism in such affairs; and all commerce become a kind of selling of doves, not impious. The wonder has always been great to me that heroism has never been supposed to be in anywise consistent with the practice of supplying people with food, or clothes; but rather with that of quartering²⁶ one's self upon them for food, and stripping them of their clothes. Spoiling of armor is a heroic deed in all ages; but the selling of clothes, old or new, has never taken any color²⁷ of magnanimity. Yet one does not see why feeding the hungry and clothing the naked should ever become base business, even when engaged in on a large scale. If one could contrive to attach the notion of conquest to them anyhow! so that, supposing there were anywhere an obstinate race, who refused to be comforted, one might take some pride in giving them compulsory comfort and as it were, "*occupying* a country" with one's gifts, instead of one's armies? If one could only consider it as much a victory to get a barren field sown, as to get an eared²⁸ field stripped; and contend who should build villages, instead of who should "*carry*"²⁹ them! Are not all forms of heroism, conceivable in doing these serviceable deeds? You doubt who is strongest? It might be ascertained by push of

spade, as well as push of sword. Who is wisest? There are witty things to be thought of in planning other business than campaigns. Who is bravest? There are always the elements to fight with, stronger than men; and nearly as merciless.

The only absolutely and unapproachably heroic element in the soldier's work seems to be — that he is paid little for it — and regularly: while you traffickers, and exchangers, and others occupied in presumably benevolent business, like to be paid much for it — and by chance. I never can make out how it is that a *knight-errant* does not expect to be paid for his trouble, but a *peddler-errant* always does; — that people are willing to take hard knocks for nothing, but never to sell ribbons cheap; — that they are ready to go on fervent crusades to recover the tomb of a buried God, but never on any travels to fulfil the orders of a living one; — that they will go anywhere barefoot to preach their faith, but must be well bribed to practise it, and are perfectly ready to give the Gospel gratis, but never the loaves and fishes.

If you choose to take the matter up on any such soldierly principle, to do your commerce, and your feeding of nations, for fixed salaries; and to be as particular about giving people the best food, and the best cloth, as soldiers are about giving them the best gunpowder, I could carve something for you on your exchange worth looking at. But I can only at present suggest decorating its frieze with pendent purses; and making its pillars broad at the base, for the sticking of bills. And in the innermost chambers of it there might be a statue of Britannia of the Market, who may have, perhaps advisably, a partridge for her crest, typical at once of her courage in fighting for noble ideas, and of her interest in game; and round its neck the inscription in golden letters, *Perdix fovit quae non peperit*.³⁰ "As the partridge, fostering what she brought not forth, so he that getteth riches, not by right shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool." Then for her spear, she might have a weaver's beam; and on her shield, instead of St. George's³¹ Cross, the Milanese boar, semi-fleeced,³² with the town of Gennesaret

proper, in the field, and the legend "In the best market," and her corselet, of leather, folded over her heart in the shape of a purse, with thirty slits in it for a piece of money to go in at, on each day of the month. And I doubt not but that people would come to see your exchange, and its goddess, with applause.

Nevertheless, I want to point out to you certain strange characters in this goddess of yours. She differs from the great Greek and Medieval deities essentially in two things — first, as to the continuance of her presumed power; secondly, as to the extent of it.

First, as to the Continuance.

The Greek Goddess of Wisdom gave continual increase of wisdom, as the Christian Spirit of Comfort (or Comforter)³³ continual increase of comfort. There was no question, with these, of any limit or cessation of function. But with your Agora Goddess, that is just the most important question. Getting on — but where to? Gathering together — but how much? Do you mean to gather always — never to spend? If so, I wish you joy of your goddess, for I am just as well off as you, without the trouble of worshipping her at all. But if you do not spend, somebody else will — somebody else must. And it is because of this (among many other such errors) that I have fearlessly declared your so-called science of Political Economy to be no science; because, namely, it has omitted the study of exactly the most important branch of the business — the study of *spending*. For spend you must, and as much as you make, ultimately. You gather corn: — will you bury England under a heap of grain; or will you, when you have gathered, finally eat? You gather gold: — will you make your house-roofs of it, or pave your streets with it? That is still one way of spending it. But if you keep it, that you may get more, I'll give you more; I'll give you all the gold you want — all you can imagine — if you can tell me what you'll do with it. You shall have thousands of gold pieces; — thousands of thousands — millions — mountains, of gold: where will you keep them? Will you put an Olympus³⁴ of silver upon a golden Pelion — make Ossa

like a wart? Do you think the rain and dew would then come down to you, in the streams from such mountains, more blessedly than they will come down the mountains which God has made for you, of moss and whinstone? But it is not gold that you want to gather! What is it? greenbacks? No; not those neither. What is it then — is it ciphers after a capital I? Cannot you practise writing ciphers, and write as many as you want? Write ciphers for an hour every morning, in a big book, and say every evening, I am worth all those naughts more than I was yesterday. Won't that do? Well, what in the name of Plutus is it you want? Not gold, not greenbacks, not ciphers after a capital I? You will have to answer, after all, "No; we want, somehow or other, money's worth." Well, what is that? Let your Goddess of Getting-on discover it, and let her learn to stay therein.

But there is yet another question to be asked respecting this Goddess of Getting-on. The first was of the continuance of her power; the second is of its extent.

Pallas and the Madonna were supposed to be all the world's Pallas, and all the world's Madonna. They could teach all men, and they could comfort all men. But, look strictly into the nature of the power of your Goddess of Getting-on; and you will find she is the Goddess — not of everybody's getting on — but only of somebody's getting on. This is a vital, or rather deathful, distinction. Examine it in your own ideal of the state of national life which this Goddess is to evoke and maintain. I asked you what it was, when I was last here: — you have never told me. Now, shall I try to tell you?

Your ideal of human life then is, I think, that it should be passed in a pleasant undulating world, with iron and coal everywhere underneath it. On each pleasant bank of this world is to be a beautiful mansion, with two wings; and stables, and coach-houses; a moderately sized park; a large garden and hothouses; and pleasant carriage drives through the shrubberies. In this mansion are to live the favored votaries of the Goddess; the English gentleman, with his gracious wife, and his beautiful family; always able to have the

boudoir and the jewels for the wife, and the beautiful ball dresses for the daughters, and hunters for the sons, and a shooting in the Highlands for himself. At the bottom of the bank, is to be the mill; not less than a quarter of a mile long, with a steam engine at each end, and two in the middle, and a chimney three hundred feet high. In this mill are to be in constant employment from eight hundred to a thousand workers, who never drink, never strike, always go to church on Sunday, and always express themselves in respectful language.

Is not that, broadly, and in the main features, the kind of thing you propose to yourselves? It is very pretty indeed, seen from above; not at all so pretty, seen from below. For, observe, while to one family this deity is indeed the Goddess of Getting-on, to a thousand families she is the Goddess of *not* Getting-on. "Nay," you say, "they have all their chance." Yes, so has every one in a lottery, but there must always be the same number of blanks. "Ah! but in a lottery it is not skill and intelligence which take the lead, but blind chance." What then! do you think the old practice, that "they should take who have the power, and they should keep who can," is less iniquitous, when the power has become power of brains instead of fist? and that, though we may not take advantage of a child's or a woman's weakness, we may of a man's foolishness? "Nay, but finally, work must be done, and some one must be at the top, some one at the bottom." Granted, my friends. Work must always be, and captains of work must always be; and if you in the least remember the tone of any of my writings, you must know that they are thought unfit for this age, because they are always insisting on need of government, and speaking with scorn of liberty. But I beg you to observe that there is a wide difference between being captains or governors of work, and taking the profits of it. It does not follow, because you are general of an army, that you are to take all the treasure, or land, it wins (if it fight for treasure or land); neither, because you are king of a nation, that you are to consume all the profits of the nation's work.

Real kings, on the contrary, are known invariably by their doing quite the reverse of this, — by their taking the least possible quantity of the nation's work for themselves. There is no test of real kingship so infallible as that. Does the crowned creature live simply, bravely, unostentatiously? probably he is a King. Does he cover his body with jewels, and his table with delicates? in all probability he is *not* a King. It is possible he may be, as Solomon was; but that is when the nation shares his splendor with him. Solomon made gold,³⁶ not only to be in his own palace as stones, but to be in Jerusalem as stones. But even so, for the most part, these splendid kingdoms expire in ruin, and only the true kingdoms live, which are of royal laborers governing loyal laborers; who, both leading rough lives, establish the true dynasties. Conclusively you will find that because you are king of a nation, it does not follow that you are to gather for yourself all the wealth of that nation; neither, because you are king of a small part of the nation, and lord over the means of its maintenance — over field, or mill, or mine, — are you to take all the produce of that piece of the foundation of national existence for yourself.

You will tell me I need not preach against these things, for I cannot mend them. No, good friends, I cannot; but you can, and you will; or something else can and will. Even good things have no abiding power — and shall these evil things persist in victorious evil? All history shows, on the contrary, that to be the exact thing they never can do. Change *must* come; but it is ours to determine whether change of growth, or change of death. Shall the Parthenon be in ruins on its rock, and Bolton priory³⁶ in its meadow, but these mills of yours be the consummation of the buildings of the earth, and their wheels be as the wheels of eternity? Think you that "men may come, and men may go,"³⁷ but — mills — go on forever? Not so; out of these, better or worse shall come; and it is for you to choose which.

I know that none of this wrong is done with deliberate purpose. I know, on the contrary, that you wish your workmen

well; that you do much for them, and that you desire to do more for them, if you saw your way to such benevolence safely. I know that even all this wrong and misery are brought about by a warped sense of duty, each of you striving to do his best; but unhappily, not knowing for whom this best should be done. And all our hearts have been betrayed by the plausible impiety of the modern economist, that "To do the best for yourself, is finally to do the best for others." Friends, our great Master said not so; and most absolutely we shall find this world is not made so. Indeed, to do the best for others, is finally to do the best for ourselves; but it will not do to have our eyes fixed on that issue. The Pagans had got beyond that. Hear what a Pagan says of this matter; hear what were, perhaps, the last written words of Plato, — if not the last actually written (for this we cannot know), yet assuredly in fact and power his parting words — in which, endeavoring to give full crowning and harmonious close to all his thoughts, and to speak the sum of them by the imagined sentence of the Great Spirit, his strength and his heart fail him, and the words cease, broken off forever.

They are at the close of the dialogue called "Critias," in which he describes, partly from real tradition, partly in ideal dream, the early state of Athens; and the genesis, and order, and religion, of the fabled isle of Atlantis; in which genesis he conceives the same first perfection and final degeneracy of man, which in our own Scriptural tradition is expressed by saying that the Sons of God intermarried with the daughters of men, for he supposes the earliest race to have been indeed the children of God; and to have corrupted themselves, until "their spot was not the spot of his children." And this, he says, was the end; that indeed "through many generations, so long as the God's nature in them yet was full, they were submissive to the sacred laws, and carried themselves lovingly to all that had kindred with them in divineness; for their uttermost spirit was faithful and true, and in every wise great; so that, in all meekness of wisdom, they dealt with each other, and took all the chances of life; and despising all things

except virtue, they cared little what happened day by day, and bore lightly the burden of gold and of possessions; for they saw that, if *only their common love and virtue increased, all these things would be increased together with them*; but to set their esteem and ardent pursuit upon material possession would be to lose that first, and their virtue and affection together with it. And by such reasoning, and what of the divine nature remained in them, they gained all this greatness of which we have already told; but when the God's part of them faded and became extinct, being mixed again and again, and effaced by the prevalent mortality; and the human nature at last exceeded, they then became unable to endure the courses of fortune; and fell into shapelessness of life, and baseness in the sight of him who could see, having lost everything that was fairest of their honor; while to the blind hearts which could not discern the true life, tending to happiness, it seemed that they were then chiefly noble and happy, being filled with all iniquity of inordinate possession and power. Whereupon, the God of gods, whose Kinghood is in laws, beholding a once just nation thus cast into misery, and desiring to lay such punishment upon them as might make them repent into restraining, gathered together all the gods into his dwelling-place, which from heaven's center overlooks whatever has part in creation; and having assembled them, he said "—

The rest is silence. Last words of the chief wisdom of the heathen, spoken of this idol of riches; this idol of yours; this golden image high by measureless cubits, set up where your green fields of England are furnace-burnt into the likeness of the plain of Dura:³⁸ this idol, forbidden to us, first of all idols, by our own Master and faith; forbidden to us also by every human lip that has ever, in any age or people, been accounted of as able to speak according to the purposes of God. Continue to make that forbidden deity your principal one, and soon no more art, no more science, no more pleasure will be possible. Catastrophe will come; or worse than catastrophe, slow moldering and withering into Hades. But if you can fix some conception of a true human state of life to be striven for — life good for all men as for yourselves — if you can determine some honest and simple order of existence; following those trodden ways of wisdom, which are pleasantness,³⁹ and seeking her quiet and withdrawn paths, which are peace; — then, and so sanctifying wealth into "commonwealth," all your art, your literature, your daily labors, your domestic affection, and citizen's duty, will join and increase into one magnificent harmony. You will know then how to build, well enough; you will build with stone well, but with flesh better; temples not made with hands,⁴⁰ but riveted of hearts; and that kind of marble, crimson-veined, is indeed eternal.

1866

OF KINGS' TREASURIES

... Will you pardon me if I pause for a moment to put what I fear you may think an impertinent question? I never can go on with an address unless I feel, or know, that my audience are either with me or against me: I do not much care which, in beginning; but I must know where they are; and I would fain find out at this instant, whether you think I am putting the motives of popular action too low. I am resolved, to-night, to state them low enough to be admitted as probable; for whenever, in my writings on Political Economy, I assume that a little honesty, or generosity — or what used to be called

"virtue" — may be calculated upon as a human motive of action, people always answer me, saying, "You must not calculate on that: that is not in human nature: you must not assume anything to be common to men but acquisitiveness and jealousy; no other feeling ever has influence on them, except accidentally, and in matters out of the way of business." I begin, accordingly, to-night low in the scale of motives; but I must know if you think me right in doing so. Therefore, let me ask those who admit the love of praise to be usually the strongest motive in men's minds in seeking advancement, and

the honest desire of doing any kind of duty to be an entirely secondary one, to hold up their hands. (*About a dozen hands held up — the audience, partly, not being sure the lecturer is serious, and, partly, shy of expressing opinion.*) I am quite serious — I really do want to know what you think; however, I can judge by putting the reverse question. Will those who think that duty is generally the first, and love of praise the second, motive, hold up their hands? (*One hand reported to have been held up, behind the lecturer.*) Very good: I see you are with me, and that you think I have not begun too near the ground. Now, without teasing you by putting farther question, I venture to assume that you will admit duty as at least a secondary or tertiary motive. You think that the desire of doing something useful, or obtaining some real good, is indeed an existent collateral idea, though a secondary one, in most men's desire of advancement. You will grant that moderately honest men desire place and office, at least in some measure, for the sake of beneficent power; and would wish to associate rather with sensible and well-informed persons than with fools and ignorant persons, whether they are seen in the company of the sensible ones or not. And finally, without being troubled by repetition of any common truisms about the preciousness of friends, and the influence of companions, you will admit, doubtless, that according to the sincerity of our desire that our friends may be true, and our companions wise, — and in proportion to the earnestness and discretion with which we choose both, — will be the general chances of our happiness and usefulness.

But granting that we had both the will and the sense to choose our friends well, how few of us have the power! or, at least, how limited, for most, is the sphere of choice! Nearly all our associations are determined by chance, or necessity; and restricted within a narrow circle. We cannot know whom we would; and those whom we know, we cannot have at our side when we most need them. All the higher circles of human intelligence are, to those beneath, only momentarily and partially open. We may, by good fortune,

obtain a glimpse of a great poet, and hear the sound of his voice; or put a question to a man of science, and be answered good humoredly. We may intrude ten minutes' talk on a cabinet minister, answered probably with words worse than silence, being deceptive; or snatch, once or twice in our lives, the privilege of throwing a bouquet in the path of a princess, or arresting the kind glance of a queen. And yet these momentary chances we covet; and spend our years, and passions, and powers in pursuit of little more than these; while, meantime, there is a society, continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation; — talk to us in the best words they can choose, and of the things nearest their hearts. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle, and can be kept waiting round us all day long, — kings and statesmen lingering patiently, not to grant audience, but to gain it! — in those plainly furnished and narrow anterooms, our bookcase shelves, — we make no account of that company, — perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long!

You may tell me, perhaps, or think within yourselves, that the apathy with which we regard this company of the noble, who are praying us to listen to them; and the passion with which we pursue the company, probably of the ignoble, who despise us, or who have nothing to teach us, are grounded in this, — that we can see the faces of the living men, and it is themselves, and not their sayings, with which we desire to become familiar. But it is not so. Suppose you never were to see their faces: — suppose you could be put behind a screen in the statesman's cabinet, or the prince's chamber, would you not be glad to listen to their words, though you were forbidden to advance beyond the screen? And when the screen is only a little less, folded in two instead of four, and you can be hidden behind the cover of the two boards that bind a book, and listen all day long, not to the casual talk, but to the studied, determined, chosen addresses of the wisest of men; — this station of audience, and honorable privy council, you despise!

But perhaps you will say that it is because the living people talk of things that are passing, and are of immediate interest to you, that you desire to hear them. Nay; that cannot be so, for the living people will themselves tell you about passing matters, much better in their writings than in their careless talk. But I admit that this motive does influence you, so far as you prefer those rapid and ephemeral writings to slow and enduring writings — books, properly so called. For all books are divisible into two classes: the books of the hour, and the books of all time. Mark this distinction — it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go farther.

The good book of the hour, then, — I do not speak of the bad ones, — is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels; good-humored and witty discussions of question; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; firm fact telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history; — all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar possession of the present age: we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use if we allow them to usurp the place of true books: for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful, or necessary, to-day: whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast-time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns, and roads, and weather

last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a "book" at all, nor in the real sense, to be "read." A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing; and written not with a view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would — the volume is mere *multiplication* of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would; you write instead: that is mere *conveyance* of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to perpetuate it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him; — this, the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down forever; engrave it on rock, if he could; saying, "This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved and hated, like another; my life was as the vapor, and is not; but this I saw and knew: this if anything of mine, is worth your memory." That is his "writing;" it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a "Book."

Perhaps you think no books were ever so written?

But, again, I ask you, do you at all believe in honesty, or at all in kindness? or do you think there is never any honesty or benevolence in wise people? None of us, I hope, are so unhappy as to think that. Well, whatever bit of a wise man's work is honestly and benevolently done, that bit is his book, or his piece of art. It is mixed always with evil fragments — ill-done, redundant, affected work. But if

you read rightly, you will easily discover the true bits, and those are 'he book.

Now, books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men, — by great readers, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and Life is short. You have heard as much before; — yet, have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that — that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect, that you jostle with the hungry and common crowd for *entrée* here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society, wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be an outcast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead.

"The place you desire," and the place *you fit yourself for*, I must also say; because, observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this: — it is open to labor and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. At the portières of that silent Faubourg St. Germain,¹ there is but brief question: "Do you deserve to enter? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms? — no. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop

to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you with considerate pain; but here we neither feign nor interpret; you must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings if you would recognize our presence."

This, then, is what you have to do, and I admit that it is much. You must, in a word, love these people, if you are to be among them. No ambition is of any use. They scorn your ambition. You must love them, and show your love in these two following ways.²

First, by a true desire to be taught by them, and to enter into their thoughts. To enter into theirs, observe; not to find your own expressed by them. If the person who wrote the book is not wiser than you, you need not read it; if he be, he will think differently from you in many respects.

Very ready we are to say of a book, "How good this is — that's exactly what I think!" But the right feeling is, "How strange that is! I never thought of that before, and yet I see it is true; or if I do not now, I hope I shall, some day." But whether thus submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at *his* meaning, not to find yours. Judge it afterwards if you think yourself qualified to do so; but ascertain it first. And be sure also, if the author is worth anything, that you will not get at his meaning all at once; — nay, that at his whole meaning you will not for a long time arrive in any wise. Not that he does not say what he means, and in strong words too; but he cannot say it all; and what is more strange, *will* not, but in a hidden way and in parable, in order that he may be sure you want it. I cannot quite see the reason of this, nor analyze that cruel reticence in the breasts of wise men which makes them always hide their deeper thought. They do not give it you by way of help, but of reward; and will make themselves sure that you deserve it before they allow you to reach it. But it is the same with the physical type of wisdom, gold. There seems, to you and me, no reason why the electric forces of the earth should not carry

whatever there is of gold within it at once to the mountain tops, so that kings and people might know that all the gold they could get was there; and without any trouble of digging, or anxiety, or chance, or waste of time, cut it away, and coin as much as they needed. But Nature does not manage it so. She puts it in little fissures in the earth, nobody knows where; you may dig long and find none; you must dig painfully to find any.

And it is just the same with men's best wisdom. When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, "Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper?" And, keeping the figure a little longer, even at cost of tiresomeness, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And your pickaxes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest chiselling, and patientest fusing, before you can gather one grain of the metal.

And, therefore, first of all, I tell you earnestly and authoritatively (I *know* I am right in this), you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable — nay, letter by letter. For though it is only by reason of the opposition of letters in the function of signs, to sounds in the function of signs, that the study of books is called "literature," and that a man versed in it is called, by the consent of nations, a man of letters instead of a man of books, or of words, you may yet connect with that accidental nomenclature this real fact, — that you might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough), and remain an utterly "illiterate," uneducated person; but that if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter, — that is to say, with real accuracy, — you are forevermore

in some measure an educated person. The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it) consists in this accuracy. A well-educated gentleman may not know many languages, — may not be able to speak any but his own, — may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely; whatever word he pronounces, he pronounces rightly; above all, he is learned in the *peerage* of words; knows the words of true descent and ancient blood, at a glance, from words of modern *canaille*;³ remembers all their ancestry, their intermarriages, distant relationships, and the extent to which they were admitted, and offices they held, among the national noblesse of words at any time, and in any country. But an uneducated person may know, by memory, many languages, and talk them all, and yet truly know not a word of any, — not a word even of his own. An ordinarily clever and sensible seaman will be able to make his way ashore at most ports; yet he has only to speak a sentence of any language to be known for an illiterate person; so also the accent, or turn of expression of a single sentence, will at once mark a scholar. And this is so strongly felt, so conclusively admitted, by educated persons, that a false accent or a mistaken syllable is enough, in the parliament of any civilized nation, to assign to a man a certain degree of inferior standing forever.

And this is right; but it is a pity that the accuracy insisted on is not greater, and required to a serious purpose. It is right that a false Latin quantity should excite a smile in the House of Commons; but it is wrong that a false English *meaning* should *not* excite a frown there. Let the accent of words be watched, and closely; let their meaning be watched more closely still, and fewer will do the work. A few words, well chosen and distinguished, will do work that a thousand cannot, when every one is acting, equivocally, in the function of another. Yes; and words, if they are not watched, will do deadly work sometimes. There are masked words droning and skulking about us in Europe just now — (there never were so many, owing to the

spread of a shallow, blotching, blundering, infectious "information," or rather deformation, everywhere, and to the teaching of catechisms and phrases at schools (instead of human meanings) — there are masked words abroad, I say, which nobody understands, but which everybody uses, and most people will also fight for, live for, or even die for, fancying they mean this or that, or the other, of things dear to them: for such words wear chameleon cloaks — "ground-lion" cloaks, of the color of the ground of any man's fancy: on that ground they lie in wait, and rend him with a spring from it. There never were creatures of prey so mischievous, never diplomatists so cunning, never poisoners so deadly, as these masked words; they are the unjust stewards of all men's ideas: whatever fancy or favorite instinct a man most cherishes, he gives to his favorite masked word to take care of for him; the word at last comes to have an infinite power over him, — you cannot get at him but by its ministry.

And in languages so mongrel in breed as the English, there is a fatal power of equivocation put into men's hands, almost whether they will or no, in being able to use Greek or Latin words for an idea when they want it to be awful; and Saxon or otherwise common words when they want it to be vulgar. What a singular and salutary effect, for instance, would be produced on the minds of people who are in the habit of taking the Form of the "Word" they live by, for the Power⁴ of which that Word tells them, if we always either retained, or refused, the Greek form "biblos," or "biblion," as the right expression for "book" — instead of employing it only in the one instance in which we wish to give dignity to the idea, and translating it into English everywhere else. How wholesome it would be for many simple persons if, in such places (for instance) as Acts xix. 19, we retained the Greek expression, instead of translating it, and they had to read — "Many of them also which used curious arts, brought their bibles together, and burnt them before all men; and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver"! Or if, on the other hand, we translated where we retain it, and always spoke

of "the Holy Book," instead of "Holy Bible," it might come into more heads than it does at present, that the Word of God, by which the heavens were, of old, and by which they are now kept in store,⁵ cannot be made a present of to anybody in morocco binding, nor sown on any wayside by help either of steam plough or steam press; but is nevertheless being offered to us daily, and by us with contumely refused; and sown in us daily, and by us, as instantly as may be, choked.

So, again, consider what effect has been produced on the English vulgar mind by the use of the sonorous Latin form "damno," in translating the Greek κατακρίνω, when people charitably wish to make it forcible; and the substitution of the temperate "condemn" for it, when they choose to keep it gentle; and what notable sermons have been preached by illiterate clergymen on — "He that believeth not shall be damned;" though they would shrink with horror from translating Heb. xi. 7, "The saving of his house, by which he damned the world," or John viii. 10-11, "Woman, hath no man damned thee? She saith, No man, Lord. Jesus answered her, Neither do I damn thee: go, and sin no more." And divisions in the mind of Europe, which have cost seas of blood, and in the defence of which the noblest souls of men have been cast away in frantic desolation, countless as forest leaves, — though, in the heart of them, founded on deeper causes, — have nevertheless been rendered practically possible, mainly, by the European adoption of the Greek word for a public meeting, "ecclesia," to give peculiar respectability to such meetings, when held for religious purposes; and other collateral equivocations, such as the vulgar English one of using the word "priest" as a contraction for "presbyter."

Now, in order to deal with words rightly, this is the habit you must form. Nearly every word in your language has been first a word of some other language — of Saxon, German, French, Latin, or Greek (not to speak of Eastern and primitive dialects). And many words have been all these; — that is to say, have been Greek first, Latin next, French or German next, and English last: undergoing a certain

change of sense and use on the lips of each nation; but retaining a deep vital meaning, which all good scholars feel in employing them, even at this day. If you do not know the Greek alphabet, learn it; young or old — girl or boy — whoever you may be, if you think of reading seriously (which, of course, implies that you have some leisure at command), learn your Greek alphabet; then get good dictionaries of all these languages, and whenever you are in doubt about a word, hunt it down patiently. Read Max Müller's ⁶ lectures thoroughly, to begin with; and, after that,

never let a word escape you that looks suspicious. It is severe work; but you will find it, even at first, interesting, and at last, endlessly amusing. And the general gain to your character, in power and precision, will be quite incalculable.

Mind, this does not imply knowing, or trying to know, Greek, or Latin, or French. It takes a whole life to learn any language perfectly. But you can easily ascertain the meanings through which the English word has passed; and those which in a good writer's work it must still bear. . . .
1865

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822–1888)

RACIAL TRAITS IN ENGLISH CHARACTER

LET me repeat what I have often said of the characteristics which mark the English spirit, the English genius. This spirit, this genius, judged, to be sure, rather from a friend's than an enemy's point of view, yet judged on the whole fairly, is characterized, I have repeatedly said, by *energy with honesty*. Take away some of the energy which comes to us, as I believe, in part from Celtic and Roman sources; instead of energy, say rather *steadiness*; and you have the Germanic genius: *steadiness with honesty*. It is evident how nearly the two characterizations approach one another; and yet they leave, as we shall see, a great deal of room for difference. Steadiness with honesty; the danger for a national spirit thus composed is the humdrum, the plain and ugly, the ignoble; in a word *das Gemeine, die Gemeinheit*, that curse of Germany, against which Goethe was all his life fighting. The excellence of a national spirit thus composed is freedom from whim, flightiness, perverseness; patient fidelity to Nature, — in a word, *science*, — leading it at last, though slowly, and not by the most brilliant road, out of the bondage of the humdrum and common into the better life. The universal dead-level of plainness and homeliness, the lack of all beauty and distinction in form and feature, the slowness and clumsiness of the language, the eternal beer, sausages, and bad tobacco, the blank commonness everywhere, pressing at last like a weight

on the spirits of the traveler in Northern Germany, and making him impatient to be gone, — this is the weak side; the industry, the well-doing, the patient, steady elaboration of things, the idea of science governing all departments of human activity, — this is the strong side; and through this side of her genius, Germany has already obtained excellent results, and is destined, we may depend upon it, however her pedantry, her slowness, her fumbling, her ineffectiveness, her bad government, may at times make us cry out, to an immense development.

For dullness, the creeping Saxons, — says an old Irish poem, assigning the characteristics for which different nations are celebrated:

For acuteness and valor, the Greeks,
For excessive pride, the Romans,
For dullness, the creeping Saxons,
For beauty and amorousness, the Gaedhils.¹

We have seen in what sense, and with what explanation, this characterization of the German may be allowed to stand; now let us come to the beautiful and amorous Gaedhil. Or rather, let us find a definition which may suit both branches of the Celtic family, the Cymri as well as the Gael. It is clear that special circumstances may have developed some one side in the national character of Cymri or Gael,

Welshman or Irishman, so that the observer's notice shall be readily caught by this side, and yet it may be impossible to adopt it as characteristic of the Celtic nature generally. For instance, in his beautiful essay on the poetry of the Celtic races, M. Renan,² with his eyes fixed on the Bretons and the Welsh, is struck with the timidity, the shyness, the delicacy of the Celtic nature, its preference for a retired life, its embarrassment at having to deal with the great world. He talks of the *douce petite race naturellement chrétienne*, his *race fière et timide, à l'extérieur gauche et embarrassée*.³ But it is evident that this description, however well it may do for the Cymri, will never do for the Gael, never do for the typical Irishman of Donnybrook fair. Again, M. Renan's *infinité délicatesse de sentiment qui caractérise la race Celtique*, how little that accords with the popular conception of an Irishman who wants to borrow money! *Sentiment* is, however, the word which marks where the Celtic races really touch and are one; sentimental, if the Celtic nature is to be characterized by a single term, is the best term to take. An organization quick to feel impressions, and feeling them very strongly; a lively personality therefore, keenly sensitive to joy and to sorrow; this is the main point. If the downs of life too much outnumber the ups, this temperament, just because it is so quickly and nearly conscious of all impressions, may no doubt be seen shy and wounded; it may be seen in wistful regret, it may be seen in passionate, penetrating melancholy; but its essence is to aspire ardently after life, light, and emotion, to be expansive, adventurous, and gay. Our word *gay*, it is said, is itself Celtic. It is not from *gaudium*, but from the Celtic *gair*, to laugh; and the impressionable Celt, soon up and soon down, is the more down because it is so his nature to be up — to be sociable, hospitable, eloquent, admired, figuring always brilliantly. He loves bright colors, he easily becomes audacious, overcrowding, full of fanfaronade. The German, say the physiologists, has the larger volume of intestines (and who that has ever seen a German at a table-d'hôte will not readily believe this?),

the Frenchman has the more developed organs of respiration. That is just the expansive, eager Celtic nature; the head in the air, snuffing and snorting; a *proud look and a high stomach*, as the Psalmist says, but without any such settled savage temper as the Psalmist seems to impute by those words. For good and for bad, the Celtic genius is more airy and unsubstantial, goes less near the ground, than the German. The Celt is often called sensual; but it is not so much the vulgar satisfactions of sense that attract him as emotion and excitement; he is truly, as I began by saying, sentimental.

Sentimental, — *always ready to react against the despotism of fact*; that is the description a great friend of the Celt⁴ gives of him; and it is not a bad description of the sentimental temperament; it lets us into the secret of its dangers and of its habitual want of success. Balance, measure, and patience, these are the eternal conditions, even supposing the happiest temperament to start with, of high success; and balance, measure, and patience are just what the Celt has never had. Even in the world of spiritual creation he has never, in spite of his admirable gifts of quick perception and warm emotion, succeeded perfectly, because he never has had steadiness, patience, sanity enough to comply with the conditions under which alone can expression be perfectly given to the finest perceptions and emotions. The Greek has the same perceptive, emotional temperament as the Celt; but he adds to this temperament the sense of *measure*; hence his admirable success in the plastic arts, in which the Celtic genius, with its chafing against the despotism of fact, its perpetual straining after mere emotion, has accomplished nothing. In the comparatively petty art of ornamentation, in rings, brooches, crosiers, relic-cases, and so on, he has done just enough to show his delicacy of taste, his happy temperament; but the grand difficulties of painting and sculpture, the prolonged dealings of spirit with matter, he has never had patience for. Take the more spiritual arts of music and poetry. All that emotion alone can do in music the Celt has done; the very soul of emotion breathes in the Scotch and Irish

airs; but with all this power of musical feeling, what has the Celt, so eager for emotion that he has not patience for science, effected in music, to be compared with what the less emotional German, steadily developing his musical feeling with the science of a Sebastian Bach or a Beethoven, has effected? In poetry, again, — poetry which the Celt has so passionately, so nobly loved; poetry where emotion counts for so much, but where reason, too, reason, measure, sanity, also count for so much, — the Celt has shown genius, indeed, splendid genius; but even here his faults have clung to him, and hindered him from producing great works, such as other nations with a genius for poetry, — the Greeks, say, or the Italians, — have produced. The Celt has not produced great poetical works, he has only produced poetry with an air of greatness investing it all, and sometimes giving, moreover, to short pieces, or to passages, lines, and snatches of long pieces, singular beauty and power. And yet he loved poetry so much that he grudged no pains to it; but the true art, the *architectonicé*⁵ which shapes great works, such as the *Agamemnon*⁶ or the *Divine Comedy*, comes only after a steady, deep-searching survey, a firm conception of the facts of human life, which the Celt has not patience for. So he runs off into technic, where he employs the utmost elaboration, and attains astonishing skill; but in the contents of his poetry you have only so much interpretation of the world as the first dash of a quick, strong perception, and then sentiment, infinite sentiment, can bring you. Here, too, his want of sanity and steadfastness has kept the Celt back from the highest success.

If his rebellion against fact has thus lamed the Celt even in spiritual work, how much more must it have lamed him in the world of business and politics! The skillful and resolute appliance of means to ends which is needed both to make progress in material civilisation and also to form powerful states, is just what the Celt has least turn for. He is sensual, as I have said, or at least sensuous; loves bright colors, company, and pleasure; and here is like the Greek and Latin races; but

compare the talent the Greek and Latin (or Latinized) races have shown for gratifying their senses, for procuring an outward life, rich, luxurious, splendid, with the Celt's failure to reach any material civilisation sound and satisfying, and not out at elbows, poor, slovenly, and half-barbarous. The sensuousness of the Greek made Sybaris and Corinth, the sensuousness of the Latin made Rome and Baïæ, the sensuousness of the Latinized Frenchman makes Paris; the sensuousness of the Celt proper has made Ireland. Even in his ideal heroic times, his gay and sensuous nature cannot carry him, in the appliances of his favorite life of sociability and pleasure, beyond the gross and creeping Saxon whom he despises; the regent Breas, we are told in the *Battle of Moytura of the Fomorians*,⁷ became unpopular because "the knives of his people were not greased at his table, nor did their breath smell of ale at the banquet." In its grossness and barbarousness is not that Saxon, as Saxon as it can be? just what the Latinized Norman, sensuous and sociable like the Celt, but with the talent to make this bent of his serve to a practical embellishment of his mode of living, found so disgusting in the Saxon.

And as in material civilization he has been ineffectual, so has the Celt been ineffectual in politics. This colossal, impetuous, adventurous wanderer, the Titan of the early world, who in primitive times fills so large a place on earth's scene, dwindles and dwindles as history goes on, and at last is shrunk to what we now see him. For ages and ages the world has been constantly slipping, ever more and more, out of the Celt's grasp. "They went forth to the war," Ossian⁸ says most truly, "*but they always fell.*"

And yet, if one sets about constituting an ideal genius, what a great deal of the Celt does one find oneself drawn to put into it! Of an ideal genius one does not want the elements, any of them, to be in a state of weakness; on the contrary, one wants all of them to be in the highest state of power; but with a law of measure, of harmony, presiding over the whole. So the sensibility of the Celt, if everything else were not sacrificed to it, is a beautiful and

admirable force. For sensibility, the power of quick and strong perception and emotion, is one of the very prime constituents of genius, perhaps its most positive constituent; it is to the soul what good senses are to the body, the grand natural condition of successful activity. Sensibility gives genius its materials; one cannot have too much of it, if one can but keep its master and not be its slave. Do not let us wish that the Celt had had less sensibility, but that he had been more master of it. Even as it is, if his sensibility has been a source of weakness to him, it has been a source of power too, and a source of happiness. Some people have found in the Celtic nature and its sensibility the main root out of which chivalry and romance and the glorification of a feminine ideal spring; this is a great question, with which I cannot deal here. Let me notice in passing, however, that there is, in truth, a Celtic air about the extravagance of chivalry, its reaction against the despotism of fact, its straining human nature further than it will stand. But putting all this question of chivalry and its origin on one side, no doubt the sensibility of the Celtic nature, its nervous exaltation, have something feminine in them, and the Celt is thus peculiarly disposed to feel the spell of the feminine idiosyncrasy; he has an affinity to it; he is not far from its secret. Again, his sensibility gives him a peculiarly near and intimate feeling of nature and the life of nature; here, too, he seems in a special way attracted by the secret before him, the secret of natural beauty and natural magic, and to be close to it, to half-divine it. The same sensibility made the Celts full of reverence and enthusiasm for genius, learning, and the things of the mind; *to be a bard, freed a man*, — that is a characteristic stroke of this generous and ennobling ardor of theirs, which no race has ever shown more strongly. Even the extravagance and exaggeration of the sentimental Celtic nature has often something romantic and attractive about it, something which has a sort of smack of misdirected good. The Celt, undisciplinable, anarchical, and turbulent by nature, but out of affection and admiration giving himself body and soul to some leader, that

is not a promising political temperament, it is just the opposite of the Anglo-Saxon temperament, disciplinable and steadily obedient within certain limits, but retaining an inalienable part of freedom and self-dependence; but it is a temperament for which one has a kind of sympathy notwithstanding. And very often, for the gay defiant reaction against fact of the lively Celtic nature one has more than sympathy; one feels, in spite of the extravagance, in spite of good sense disapproving, magnetized and exhilarated by it. The Gauls had a rule inflicting a fine on every warrior who, when he appeared on parade, was found to stick out too much in front, — to be corpulent, in short. Such a rule is surely the maddest article of war ever framed, and to people to whom nature has assigned a large volume of intestines, must appear, no doubt, horrible; but yet has it not an audacious, sparkling, immaterial manner with it, which lifts one out of routine, and sets one's spirits in a glow?

All tendencies of human nature are in themselves vital and profitable; when they are blamed, they are only to be blamed relatively, not absolutely. This holds true of the Saxon's phlegm as well as of the Celt's sentiment. Out of the steady humdrum habit of the creeping Saxon, as the Celt calls him, — out of his way of going near the ground, — has come, no doubt, Philistinism, that plant of essentially Germanic growth, flourishing with its genuine marks only in the German fatherland, Great Britain and her colonies, and the United States of America; but what a soul of goodness there is in Philistinism itself! and this soul of goodness I, who am often supposed to be Philistinism's mortal enemy merely because I do not wish it to have things all its own way, cherish as much as anybody. This steady-going habit leads at last, as I have said, up to science, up to the comprehension and interpretation of the world. With us in Great Britain, it is true, it does not seem to lead so far as that; it is in Germany, where the habit is more unmixed, that it can lead to science. Here with us it seems at a certain point to meet with a conflicting force, which checks it and prevents its pushing on to science; but before reaching

this point what conquests has it not won! and all the more, perhaps, for stopping short at this point, for spending its exertions within a bounded field, the field of plain sense, of direct practical utility. How it has augmented the comforts and conveniences of life for us! Doors that open, windows that shut, locks that turn, razors that shave, coats that wear, watches that go, and a thousand more such good things, are the invention of the Philistines.

Here, then, if commingling there is in our race, are two very unlike elements to commingle: the steady-going Saxon temperament and the sentimental Celtic temperament. But before we go on to try and verify, in our life and literature, the alleged fact of this commingling, we have yet another element to take into account, the Norman element. The critic in the *Saturday Review*, whom I have already quoted, says that in looking for traces of Normanism in our national genius, as in looking for traces of Celtism in it, we do but lose our labor; he says, indeed, that there went to the original making of our nation a very great deal more of a Norman element than of a Celtic element, but he asserts that both elements have now so completely disappeared, that it is vain to look for any trace of either of them in the modern Englishman. But this sort of assertion I do not like to admit without trying it a little. I want, therefore, to get some plain notion of the Norman habit and genius, as I have sought to get some plain notion of the Saxon and Celtic. Some people will say that the Normans are Teutonic, and that therefore the distinguishing characters of the German genius must be those of their genius also; but the matter cannot be settled in this speedy fashion. No doubt the basis of the Norman race is Teutonic, but the governing point in the history of the Norman race, — so far, at least, as we English have to do with it, — is not its Teutonic origin, but its Latin civilisation. The French people have, as I have already remarked, an undoubtedly Celtic basis, yet so decisive in its effect upon a nation's habit and character can be the contact with a stronger civilisation, that Gaul, without changing the basis of her blood, became,

for all practical intents and purposes, a Latin country, France and not Ireland, through the Roman conquest. Latinism conquered Celtism in her, as it also conquered the Germanism imported by the Frankish and other invasions; Celtism is, however, I need not say, everywhere manifest still in the French nation; even Germanism is distinctly traceable in it, as any one who attentively compares the French with other Latin races will see. No one can look carefully at the French troops in Rome, amongst the Italian population, and not perceive this trace of Germanism; I do not mean in the Alsatian soldiers only, but in the soldiers of genuine France. But the governing character of France, as a power in the world, is Latin; such was the force of Greek and Roman civilisation upon a race whose whole mass remained Celtic, and where the Celtic language still lingered on, they say, among the common people for some five or six centuries after the Roman conquest. But the Normans in Neustria lost their old Teutonic language in a wonderfully short time; when they conquered England they were already Latinized; with them were a number of Frenchmen by race, men from Anjou and Poitou, so they brought into England more non-Teutonic blood, besides what they had themselves got by intermarriage, than is commonly supposed; the great point, however, is, that by civilisation this vigorous race, when it took possession of England, was Latin.

These Normans, who in Neustria had lost their old Teutonic tongue so rapidly, kept in England their new Latin tongue for some three centuries. It was Edward the Third's reign before English came to be used in law-pleadings and spoken at court. Why this difference? Both in Neustria and in England the Normans were a handful; but in Neustria, as Teutons, they were in contact with a more advanced civilisation than their own; in England, as Latins, with a less advanced. The Latinized Normans in England had the sense for fact, which the Celts had not; and the love of strenuousness, clearness, and rapidity, the high Latin spirit, which the Saxons had not. They hated the slowness and dullness of the creeping Saxon; it offended

their clear, strenuous talent for affairs, as it offended the Celt's quick and delicate perception. The Normans had the Roman talent for affairs, the Roman decisiveness in emergencies. They have been called prosaic, but this is not a right word for them; they were neither sentimental, nor, strictly speaking, poetical. They had more sense for rhetoric than for poetry, like the Romans; but, like the Romans, they had too high a spirit not to like a noble intellectual stimulus of some kind, and thus they were carried out of the region of the merely prosaic. Their foible, — the bad excess of their characterizing quality of strenuousness, — was not a prosaic flatness, it was hardness and insolence.

I have been obliged to fetch a very wide circuit, but at last I have got what I went to seek. I have got a rough, but, I hope, clear notion of these three forces, the Germanic genius, the Celtic genius, the Norman genius. The Germanic genius has steadiness as its main basis, with commonness and humdrum for its defect, fidelity to nature for its excellence. The Celtic genius, sentiment as its main basis, with love of beauty, charm, and spirituality for its excellence, ineffectualness and self-will for its defect. The Norman genius, talent for affairs as its main basis, with strenuousness and clear rapidity for its excellence, hardness and insolence for its defect.

1867

WHAT IS CULTURE?

The disparagers of culture make its motive curiosity; sometimes, indeed, they make its motive mere exclusiveness and vanity. The culture which is supposed to plume itself on a smattering of Greek and Latin is a culture which is begotten by nothing so intellectual as curiosity; it is valued either out of sheer vanity and ignorance or else as an engine of social and class distinction, separating its holder, like a badge or title, from other people who have not got it. No serious man would call this *culture*, or attach any value to it, as culture, at all. To find the real ground for the very different estimate which serious people will set upon culture, we must find some motive for culture in the terms of which may lie a real ambiguity; ¹ and such a motive the word *curiosity* gives us.

I have before now pointed out that we English do not, like the foreigners, use this word in a good sense as well as in a bad sense. With us the word is always used in a somewhat disapproving sense. A liberal and intelligent eagerness about the things of the mind may be meant by a foreigner when he speaks of curiosity, but with us the word always conveys a certain notion of frivolous and unedifying activity. In the *Quarterly Review*, some little time ago, was an estimate of the celebrated French critic, M. Sainte-Beuve, and a very inadequate estimate it in my judgment was. And its inadequacy consisted chiefly in

this: that in our English way it left out of sight the double sense really involved in the word *curiosity*, thinking enough was said to stamp M. Sainte-Beuve with blame if it was said that he was impelled in his operations as a critic by curiosity, and omitting either to perceive that M. Sainte-Beuve himself, and many other people with him, would consider that this was praiseworthy and not blameworthy, or to point out why it ought really to be accounted worthy of blame and not of praise. For as there is a curiosity about intellectual matters which is futile, and merely a disease, so there is certainly a curiosity, — a desire after the things of the mind simply for their own sakes and for the pleasure of seeing them as they are, — which is, in an intelligent being, natural and laudable. Nay, and the very desire to see things as they are implies a balance and regulation of mind which is not often attained without fruitful effort, and which is the very opposite of the blind and diseased impulse of mind which is what we mean to blame when we blame curiosity. Montesquieu ² says: "The first motive which ought to impel us to study is the desire to augment the excellence of our nature, and to render an intelligent being yet more intelligent." This is the true ground to assign for the genuine scientific passion, however manifested, and for culture, viewed simply as a fruit of this passion; and it is a worthy

ground, even though we let the term *curiosity* stand to describe it.

But there is of culture another view, in which not solely the scientific passion, the sheer desire to see things as they are, natural and proper in an intelligent being, appears as the ground of it. There is a view in which all the love of our neighbor, the impulses towards action, help, and beneficence, the desire for removing human error, clearing human confusion, and diminishing human misery, the noble aspiration to leave the world better and happier than we found it, — motives eminently such as are called social, — come in as part of the grounds of culture, and the main and preëminent part. Culture is then properly described not as having its origin in curiosity, but as having its origin in the love of perfection; it is a *study of perfection*. It moves by the force, not merely or primarily of the scientific passion for pure knowledge, but also of the moral and social passion for doing good. As, in the first view of it, we took for its worthy motto Montesquieu's words: "To render an intelligent being yet more intelligent!" so, in the second view of it, there is no better motto which it can have than these words of Bishop Wilson:³ "To make reason and the will of God prevail!"

Only, whereas the passion for doing good is apt to be overhasty in determining what reason and the will of God say, because its turn is for acting rather than thinking and it wants to be beginning to act; and whereas it is apt to take its own conceptions, which proceed from its own state of development and share in all the imperfections and immaturities of this, for a basis of action; what distinguishes culture is, that it is possessed by the scientific passion as well as by the passion of doing good; that it demands worthy notions of reason and the will of God, and does not readily suffer its own crude conceptions to substitute themselves for them. And knowing that no action or institution can be salutary and stable which is not based on reason and the will of God, it is not so bent on acting and instituting, even with the great aim of diminishing human error and misery ever before its thoughts, but that it can remember that acting and

instituting are of little use, unless we know how and what we ought to act and to institute.

This culture is more interesting and more far-reaching than that other, which is founded solely on the scientific passion for knowing. But it needs times of faith and ardor, times when the intellectual horizon is opening and widening all round us, to flourish in. And is not the close and bounded intellectual horizon within which we have long lived and moved now lifting up, and are not new lights finding free passage to shine in upon us? For a long time there was no passage for them to make their way in upon us, and then it was of no use to think of adapting the world's action to them. Where was the hope of making reason and the will of God prevail among people who had a routine which they had christened reason and the will of God, in which they were inextricably bound, and beyond which they had no power of looking? But now the iron force of adhesion to the old routine, — social, political, religious, — has wonderfully yielded; the iron force of exclusion of all which is new has wonderfully yielded. The danger now is, not that people should obstinately refuse to allow anything but their old routine to pass for reason and the will of God, but either that they should allow some novelty or other to pass for these too easily, or else that they should underrate the importance of them altogether, and think it enough to follow action for its own sake, without troubling themselves to make reason and the will of God prevail therein. Now, then, is the moment for culture to be of service, culture which believes in making reason and the will of God prevail, believes in perfection, is the study and pursuit of perfection, and is no longer debarred, by a rigid invincible exclusion of whatever is new, from getting acceptance for its ideas, simply because they are new.

The moment this view of culture is seized, the moment it is regarded not solely as the endeavor to see things as they are, to draw towards a knowledge of the universal order which seems to be intended and aimed at in the world, and which it is a man's happiness to go along with or his

misery to go counter to, — to learn, in short, the will of God, — the moment, I say, culture is considered not merely as the endeavor to *see and learn* this, but as the endeavor, also, to make it *prevail*, the moral, social, and beneficent character of culture becomes manifest. The mere endeavor to see and learn the truth for our own personal satisfaction is indeed a commencement for making it prevail, a preparing the way for this, which always serves this, and is wrongly, therefore, stamped with blame absolutely in itself and not only in its caricature and degeneration. But perhaps it has got stamped with blame, and disparaged with the dubious title of curiosity, because in comparison with this wider endeavor of such great and plain utility it looks selfish, petty, and unprofitable.

And religion, the greatest and most important of the efforts by which the human race has manifested its impulse to perfect itself, — religion, that voice of the deepest human experience, — does not only enjoin and sanction the aim which is the great aim of culture, the aim of setting ourselves to ascertain what perfection is and to make it prevail; but also, in determining generally in what human perfection consists, religion comes to a conclusion identical with that which culture, — culture seeking the determination of this question through *all* the voices of human experience which have been heard upon it, of art, science, poetry, philosophy, history, as well as of religion, in order to give a greater fullness and certainty to its solution, — likewise reaches. Religion says: *The kingdom of God is within you*; and culture, in like manner, places human perfection in an *internal* condition, in the growth and predominance of our humanity proper, as distinguished from our animality. It places it in the ever-increasing efficacy and in the general harmonious expansion of those gifts of thought and feeling, which make the peculiar dignity, wealth, and happiness of human nature. As I have said on a former occasion: "It is in making endless additions to itself, in the endless expansion of its powers, in endless growth in wisdom and beauty, that the spirit of the human race finds its ideal. To reach this ideal, culture

is an indispensable aid, and that is the true value of culture." Not a having and a resting, but a growing and a becoming, is the character of perfection as culture conceives it; and here, too, it coincides with religion.

And because men are all members of one great whole, and the sympathy which is in human nature will not allow one member to be indifferent to the rest or to have a perfect welfare independent of the rest, the expansion of our humanity, to suit the idea of perfection which culture forms, must be a *general* expansion. Perfection, as culture conceives it, is not possible while the individual remains isolated. The individual is required, under pain of being stunted and enfeebled in his own development if he disobeys, to carry others along with him in his march towards perfection, to be continually doing all he can to enlarge and increase the volume of the human stream sweeping thitherward. And here, once more, culture lays on us the same obligation as religion, which says, as Bishop Wilson has admirably put it, that "to promote the kingdom of God is to increase and hasten one's own happiness."

But, finally, perfection, — as culture from a thorough disinterested study of human nature and human experience learns to conceive it, — is a harmonious expansion of *all* the powers which make the beauty and worth of human nature, and is not consistent with the over-development of any one power at the expense of the rest. Here culture goes beyond religion, as religion is generally conceived by us.

If culture, then, is a study of perfection, and of harmonious perfection, general perfection, and perfection which consists in becoming something rather than in having something, in an inward condition of the mind and spirit, not in an outward set of circumstances, — it is clear that culture, instead of being the frivolous and useless thing which Mr. Bright,⁴ and Mr. Frederic Harrison,⁵ and many other Liberals are apt to call it, has a very important function to fulfil for mankind. And this function is particularly important in our modern world, of which the whole civilization is, to a much greater degree than the civilization of Greece and Rome, me-

chanical and external, and tends constantly to become more so. But above all in our own country has culture a weighty part to perform, because here that mechanical character, which civilization tends to take everywhere, is shown in the most eminent degree. Indeed nearly all the characters of perfection, as culture teaches us to fix them, meet in this country with some powerful tendency which thwarts them and sets them at defiance. The idea of perfection as an *inward* condition of the mind and spirit is at variance with the mechanical and material civilization in esteem with us, and nowhere, as I have said, so much in esteem as with us. The idea of perfection as a *general* expansion of the human family is at variance with our strong individualism, our hatred of all limits to the unrestrained swing of the individual's personality, our maxim of "every man for himself." Above all, the idea of perfection as a *harmonious* expansion of human nature is at variance with our want of flexibility, with our inaptitude for seeing more than one side of a thing, with our intense energetic absorption in the particular pursuit we happen to be following. So culture has a rough task to achieve in this country. Its preachers have, and are likely long to have, a hard time of it, and they will much oftener be regarded, for a great while to come, as elegant or spurious Jeremiahs than as friends and benefactors. That, however, will not prevent their doing in the end good service if they persevere. And, meanwhile, the mode of action they have to pursue, and the sort of habits they must fight against, ought to be made quite clear for every one to see, who may be willing to look at the matter attentively and dispassionately.

Faith in machinery⁶ is, I said, our besetting danger; often in machinery most absurdly disproportioned to the end which this machinery, if it is to do any good at all, is to serve; but always in machinery, as if it had a value in and for itself. What is freedom but machinery? what is population but machinery? what is coal but machinery? what are railroads but machinery? what is wealth but machinery? what are, even, religious organisations but

machinery? Now almost every voice in England is accustomed to speak of these things as if they were precious ends in themselves, and therefore had some of the characters of perfection indisputably joined to them. I have before now noticed Mr. Roebuck's stock argument for proving the greatness and happiness of England as she is, and for quite stopping the mouths of all gainsayers. Mr. Roebuck is never weary of reiterating this argument of his, so I do not know why I should be weary of noticing it. "May not every man in England say what he likes?" — Mr. Roebuck perpetually asks; and that, he thinks, is quite sufficient, and when every man may say what he likes, our aspirations ought to be satisfied. But the aspirations of culture, which is the study of perfection, are not satisfied, unless what men say, when they may say what they like, is worth saying, — has good in it, and more good than bad. In the same way the *Times*, replying to some foreign strictures on the dress, looks, and behavior of the English abroad, urges that the English ideal is that every one should be free to do and to look just as he likes. But culture indefatigably tries, not to make what each raw person may like the rule by which he fashions himself; but to draw ever nearer to a sense of what is indeed beautiful, graceful, and becoming, and to get the raw person to like that.

And in the same way with respect to railroads and coal. Every one must have observed the strange language current during the late discussions as to the possible failures of our supplies of coal. Our coal, thousands of people were saying, is the real basis of our national greatness; if our coal runs short, there is an end of the greatness of England. But what is greatness? — culture makes us ask. Greatness is a spiritual condition worthy to excite love, interest, and admiration; and the outward proof of possessing greatness is that we excite love, interest, and admiration. If England were swallowed up by the sea to-morrow, which of the two, a hundred years hence, would most excite the love, interest, and admiration of mankind, — would most, therefore, show the evidences of having possessed greatness, —

the England of the last twenty years, or the England of Elizabeth, of a time of splendid spiritual effort, but when our coal, and our industrial operations depending on coal, were very little developed? Well, then, what an unsound habit of mind it must be which makes us talk of things like coal or iron as constituting the greatness of England, and how salutary a friend is culture, bent on seeing things as they are, and thus dissipating delusions of this kind and fixing standards of perfection that are real!

Wealth, again, that end to which our prodigious works for material advantage are directed, — the commonest of commonplaces tells us how men are always apt to regard wealth as a precious end in itself; and certainly they have never been so apt thus to regard it as they are in England at the present time.⁷ Never did people believe anything more firmly than nine Englishmen out of ten at the present day believe that our greatness and welfare are proved by our being so very rich. Now, the use of culture is that it helps us, by means of its spiritual standard of perfection, to regard wealth as but machinery, and not only to say, as a matter of words, that we regard wealth as but machinery, but really to perceive and feel that it is so. If it were not for this purging effect wrought upon our minds by culture, the whole world, the future as well as the present, would inevitably belong to the Philistines.⁸ The people who believe most that our greatness and welfare are proved by our being very rich, and who most give their lives and thoughts to becoming rich, are just the very people whom we call Philistines. Culture says: "Consider these people, then, their way of life, their habits, their manners, the very tones of their voice; look at them attentively; observe the literature they read, the things which give them pleasure, the words which come forth out of their mouths, the thoughts which make the furniture of their minds; would any amount of wealth be worth having with the condition that one was to become just like these people by having it?" And thus culture begets a dissatisfaction which is of the highest possible value in stemming the common tide of

men's thoughts in a wealthy and industrial community, and which saves the future, as one may hope, from being vulgarized, even if it cannot save the present.

Population, again, and bodily health and vigor, are things which are nowhere treated in such an unintelligent, misleading, exaggerated way as in England. Both are really machinery; yet how many people all around us do we see rest in them and fail to look beyond them! Why, one has heard people, fresh from reading certain articles of the *Times* on the Registrar-General's returns of marriages and births in this country, who would talk of our large English families in quite a solemn strain, as if they had something in itself beautiful, elevating, and meritorious in them; as if the British Philistine would have only to present himself before the Great Judge with his twelve children, in order to be received among the sheep as a matter of right!

But bodily health and vigor, it may be said, are not to be classed with wealth and population as mere machinery; they have a more real and essential value. True; but only as they are more intimately connected with a perfect spiritual condition than wealth or population are. The moment we disjoin them from the idea of a perfect spiritual condition, and pursue them, as we do pursue them, for their own sake and as ends in themselves, our worship of them becomes as mere worship of machinery, as our worship of wealth or population, and as unintelligent and vulgarizing a worship as that is. Everyone with anything like an adequate idea of human perfection has distinctly marked this subordination to higher and spiritual ends of the cultivation of bodily vigor and activity. "Bodily exercise profiteth little; but godliness is profitable unto all things," says the author⁹ of the Epistle to Timothy. And the utilitarian Franklin says just as explicitly: — "Eat and drink such an exact quantity as suits the constitution of thy body, *in reference to the services of the mind.*" But the point of view of culture, keeping the mark of human perfection simply and broadly in view, and not assigning to this perfection, as religion or utilitarianism assigns to it, a special and

limited character, this point of view, I say, of culture is best given by these words of Epictetus:¹⁰ — "It is a sign of *ἀφύτα*," says he, — that is, of a nature not finely tempered, — "to give yourselves up to things which relate to the body; to make, for instance, a great fuss about exercise, a great fuss about eating, a great fuss about drinking, a great fuss about walking, a great fuss about riding. All these things ought to be done merely by the way: the formation of the spirit and character must be our real concern." This is admirable; and, indeed, the Greek word *ἀφύτα*, a finely tempered nature, gives exactly the notion of perfection as culture brings us to conceive it: a harmonious perfection, a perfection in which the characters of beauty and intelligence are both present, which unites "the two noblest of things," — as Swift,¹¹ who of one of the two,¹² at any rate, had himself all too little, most happily calls them in his "Battle of the Books", — "the two noblest of things, *sweetness and light*." The *ἐφύτης* is the man who tends towards sweetness and light; the *ἀφύτης* on the other hand, is our Philistine. The immense spiritual significance of the Greeks is due to their having been inspired with this central and happy idea of the essential character of human perfection; and Mr. Bright's misconception of culture, as a smattering of Greek and Latin, comes itself, after all, from this wonderful significance of the Greeks having affected the very machinery of our education, and is in itself a kind of homage to it.

In thus making sweetness and light to be characters of perfection, culture is of like spirit with poetry, follows one law with poetry. Far more than on our freedom, our population, and our industrialism, many amongst us rely upon our religious organizations to save us. I have called religion a yet more important manifestation of human nature than poetry, because it has worked on a broader scale for perfection, and with greater masses of men. But the idea of beauty and of a human nature perfect on all its sides, which is the dominant idea of poetry, is a true and invaluable idea, though it has not yet had the success that the idea of

conquering the obvious faults of our animality, and of a human nature perfect on the moral side, — which is the dominant idea of religion, — has been enabled to have; and it is destined, adding to itself the religious idea of a devout energy, to transform and govern the other.

The best art and poetry of the Greeks, in which religion and poetry are one, in which the idea of beauty and of a human nature perfect on all sides adds to itself a religious and devout energy, and works in the strength of that, is on this account of such surpassing interest and instructiveness for us, though it was, — as, having regard to the human race in general, and, indeed, having regard to the Greeks themselves, we must own, — a premature attempt, an attempt which for success needed the moral and religious fiber in humanity to be more braced and developed than it had yet been. But Greece did not err in having the idea of beauty, harmony, and complete human perfection, so present and paramount. It is impossible to have this idea too present and paramount; only, the moral fiber must be braced too. And we, because we have braced the moral fiber, are not on that account in the right way, if at the same time the idea of beauty, harmony, and complete human perfection, is wanting or misapprehended amongst us; and evidently it is wanting or misapprehended at present. And when we rely as we do on our religious organizations, which in themselves do not and cannot give us this idea, and think we have done enough if we make them spread and prevail, then I say, we fall into our common fault of overvaluing machinery.

Nothing is more common than for people to confound the inward peace and satisfaction which follows the subduing of the obvious faults of our animality with what I may call absolute inward peace and satisfaction, — the peace and satisfaction which are reached as we draw near to complete spiritual perfection, and not merely to moral perfection, or rather to relative moral perfection. No people in the world have done more and struggled more to attain this relative moral per-

fection than our English race has. For no people in the world has the command to *resist the devil, to overcome the wicked one*, in the nearest and most obvious sense of those words, had such a pressing force and reality. And we have had our reward, not only in the great worldly prosperity which our obedience to this command has brought us, but also, and far more, in great inward peace and satisfaction. But to me few things are more pathetic than to see people, on the strength of the inward peace and satisfaction which their rudimentary efforts towards perfection have brought them, employ, concerning their incomplete perfection and the religious organizations within which they have found it, language which properly applies only to complete perfection, and is a far-off echo of the human soul's prophecy of it. Religion itself, I need hardly say, supplies them in abundance with this grand language. And very freely do they use it; yet it is really the severest possible criticism of such an incomplete perfection as alone we have yet reached through our religious organizations.

The impulse of the English race towards moral development and self-conquest has nowhere so powerfully manifested itself as in Puritanism. Nowhere has Puritanism found so adequate an expression as in the religious organization of the Independents. The modern Independents have a newspaper, the *Nonconformist*, written with great sincerity and ability. The motto, the standard, the profession of faith which this organ of theirs carries aloft is: "The Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion." There is sweetness and light, and an ideal of complete harmonious human perfection! One need not go to culture and poetry to find language to judge it. Religion, with its instinct for perfection supplies language to judge it, language, too, which is in our mouths every day. "Finally, be of one mind, united in feeling," says St. Peter. There is an ideal which judges the Puritan ideal: "The Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion!" And religious organizations like this are what people believe in, rest in, would give their lives for! Such, I say, is the wonder-

ful virtue of even the beginnings of perfection, of having conquered even the plain faults of our animality, that the religious organization which has helped us to do it can seem to us something precious, salutary, and to be propagated, even when it wears such a brand of imperfection on its forehead as this. And men have got such a habit of giving to the language of religion a special application, of making it a mere jargon, that for the condemnation which religion itself passes on the shortcomings of their religious organizations they have no ear; they are sure to cheat themselves and to explain this condemnation away. They can only be reached by the criticism which culture, like poetry, speaking a language not to be sophisticated, and resolutely testing these organizations by the ideal of a human perfection complete on all sides, applies to them.

But men of culture and poetry, it will be said, are again and again failing, and failing conspicuously, in the necessary first stage to a harmonious perfection, in the subduing of the great obvious faults of our animality, which it is the glory of these religious organizations to have helped us to subdue. True, they do often so fail. They have often been without the virtues as well as the faults of the Puritan; it has been one of their dangers that they so felt the Puritan's faults that they too much neglected the practice of his virtues. I will not, however, exculpate them at the Puritan's expense. They have often failed in morality, and morality is indispensable. And they have been punished for their failure, as the Puritan has been rewarded for his performance. They have been punished wherein they erred; but their ideal of beauty, of sweetness and light, and a human nature complete on all its sides, remains the true ideal of perfection still; just as the Puritan's ideal of perfection remains narrow and inadequate, although for what he did well he has been richly rewarded. Notwithstanding the mighty results of the Pilgrim Fathers' voyage, they and their standard of perfection are rightly judged when we figure to ourselves Shakespeare or Virgil, — souls in whom sweetness and light, and

all that in human nature is most humane, were eminent, — accompanying them on their voyage, and think what intolerable company Shakespeare and Virgil would have found them! In the same way let us judge the religious organizations which we see all around us. Do not let us deny the good and the happiness which they have accomplished; but do not let us fail to see clearly that their idea of human perfection is narrow and inadequate, and that the Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion will never bring humanity to its true goal. As I said with regard to wealth: Let us look at the life of those who live in and for it, — so I say with regard to the religious organizations. Look at the life imaged in such a newspaper as the *Nonconformist* — a life of jealousy of the Establishment, disputes, tea-meetings, openings of chapels, sermons; and then think of it as an ideal of a human life completing itself on all sides, and aspiring with all its organs after sweetness, light, and perfection!

Another newspaper, representing, like the *Nonconformist*, one of the religious organizations of this country, was a short time ago giving an account of the crowd at Epsom on the Derby day, and of all the vice and hideousness which was to be seen in that crowd; and then the writer turned suddenly round upon Professor Huxley,¹³ and asked him how he proposed to cure all this vice and hideousness without religion. I confess I felt disposed to ask the asker this question: and how do you propose to cure it with such a religion as yours? How is the ideal of a life so unlovely, so unattractive, so incomplete, so narrow, so far removed from a true and satisfying ideal of human perfection, as is the life of your religious organization as you yourself reflect it, to conquer and transform all this vice and hideousness? Indeed, the strongest plea for the study of perfection as pursued by culture, the clearest proof of the actual inadequacy of the idea of perfection held by the religious organizations, — expressing, as I have said, the most widespread effort which the human race has yet made after perfection, — is to be found in the state of our life and society with these in possession of it, and

having been in possession of it I know not all that in human nature is most humane, how many hundred years. We are all of us included in some religious organization or other; we all call ourselves, in the sublime and aspiring language of religion which I have before noticed, *children of God*. Children of God; — it is an immense pretension! — and how are we to justify it? By the works which we do, and the words which we speak. And the work which we collective children of God do, our grand centre of life, our *city* which we have builded for us to dwell in, is London! London, with its unutterable external hideousness, and with its internal canker of *publice egestas, privatim opulentia*,¹⁴ — to use the words which Sallust puts into Cato's mouth about Rome, — unequalled in the world! The word, again which we children of God speak, the voice which most hits our collective thought, the newspaper with the largest circulation in England, nay, with the largest circulation in the whole world, is the *Daily Telegraph*! I say that when our religious organizations, — which I admit to express the most considerable effort after perfection that our race has yet made, — land us in no better result than this, it is high time to examine carefully their idea of perfection, to see whether it does not leave out of account sides and forces of human nature which we might turn to great use; whether it would not be more operative if it were more complete. And I say that the English reliance on our religious organizations and on their ideas of human perfection just as they stand, is like our reliance on freedom, on muscular Christianity, on population, on coal, on wealth, — mere belief in machinery, and unfruitful; and that it is wholesomely counteracted by culture, bent on seeing things as they are, and on drawing the human race onwards to a more complete, a harmonious perfection.

Culture, however, shows its single-minded love of perfection, its desire simply to make reason and the will of God prevail, its freedom from fanaticism, by its attitude towards all this machinery, even while it insists that it is machinery. Fanatics, seeing the mischief men do

themselves by their blind belief in some machinery or other, — whether it is wealth and industrialism, or whether it is the cultivation of bodily strength and activity, or whether it is a political organization, — or whether it is a religious organization, — oppose with might and main the tendency to this or that political and religious organization, or to games and athletic exercises, or to wealth and industrialism, and try violently to stop it. But the flexibility which sweetness and light give, and which is one of the rewards of culture pursued in good faith, enables a man to see that a tendency may be necessary, and even, as a preparation for something in the future, salutary, and yet that the generations or individuals who obey this tendency are sacrificed to it, that they fall short of the hope of perfection by following it; and that its mischiefs are to be criticised, lest it should take too firm a hold and last after it has served its purpose.

Mr. Gladstone¹⁵ well pointed out, in a speech at Paris, — and others have pointed out the same thing, — how necessary is the present great movement towards wealth and industrialism, in order to lay broad foundations of material well-being for the society of the future. The worst of these justifications is, that they are generally addressed to the very people engaged, body and soul, in the movement in question; at all events, that they are always seized with the greatest avidity by these people, and taken by them as quite justifying their life; and that thus they tend to harden them in their sins. Now, culture admits the necessity of the movement towards fortune-making and exaggerated industrialism, readily allows that the future may derive benefit from it; but insists, at the same time, that the passing generations of industrialists, — forming, for the most part, the stout main body of Philistinism, — are sacrificed to it. In the same way, the result of all the games and sports which occupy the passing generation of boys and young men may be the establishment of a better and sounder physical type for the future to work with. Culture does not set itself against the games and sports; it congratulates the future, and

hopes it will make a good use of its improved physical basis; but it points out that our passing generation of boys and young men is, meantime, sacrificed. Puritanism was perhaps necessary to develop the moral fiber of the English race, Nonconformity to break the yoke of ecclesiastical domination over men's minds and to prepare the way for freedom of thought in the distant future; still, culture points out that the harmonious perfection of generations of Puritans and Nonconformists have been, in consequence, sacrificed. Freedom of speech may be necessary for the society of the future, but the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph* in the meanwhile are sacrificed. A voice for every man in his country's government may be necessary for the society of the future, but meanwhile Mr. Beales and Mr. Bradlaugh¹⁶ are sacrificed.

Oxford, the Oxford of the past, has many faults; and she has heavily paid for them in defeat, in isolation, in want of hold upon the modern world. Yet we in Oxford, brought up amidst the beauty and sweetness of that beautiful place, have not failed to seize one truth, — the truth that beauty and sweetness are essential characters of a complete human perfection. When I insist on this, I am all in the faith and tradition of Oxford. I say boldly that this our sentiment for beauty and sweetness, our sentiment against hideousness and rawness, has been at the bottom of our attachment to so many beaten causes, of our opposition to so many triumphant movements. And the sentiment is true, and has never been wholly defeated, and has shown its power even in its defeat. We have not won our political battles, we have not carried our main points, we have not stopped our adversaries' advance, we have not marched victoriously with the modern world; but we have told silently upon the mind of the country, we have prepared currents of feeling which sap our adversaries' position when it seems gained, we have kept up our own communications with the future. Look at the course of the great movement which shook Oxford to its center some thirty years ago! It was directed, as any one who reads Dr. Newman's "Apology"¹⁷ may see, against what

in one word may be called "Liberalism." Liberalism prevailed; it was the appointed force to do the work of the hour; it was necessary, it was inevitable that it should prevail. The Oxford movement was broken, it failed; our wrecks are scattered on every shore: —

*Quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris*¹⁸

But what was it, this liberalism, as Dr. Newman saw it, and as it really broke the Oxford movement? It was the great middle-class liberalism, which had for the cardinal points of its belief the Reform Bill of 1832, and local self-government, in politics; in the social sphere, free-trade, unrestricted competition, and the making of large industrial fortunes; in the religious sphere, the Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion. I do not say that other and more intelligent forces than this were not opposed to the Oxford movement: but this was the force which really beat it; this was the force which Dr. Newman felt himself fighting with; this was the force which till only the other day seemed to be the paramount force in this country, and to be in possession of the future; this was the force whose achievements fill Mr. Lowe¹⁹ with such inexpressible admiration, and whose rule he was so horror-struck to see threatened. And where is this great force of Philistinism now? It is thrust into the second rank, it is become a power of yesterday, it has lost the future. A new power has suddenly appeared, a power which it is impossible yet to judge fully, but which is certainly a wholly different force from middle-class liberalism; different in its cardinal points of belief, different in its tendencies in every sphere. It loves and admires neither the legislation of middle-class Parliaments, nor the local self-government of middle-class vestries, nor the unrestricted competition of middle-class industrialists, nor the Dissidence of middle-class Dissent and the Protestantism of middle-class Protestant religion. I am not now praising this new force, or saying that its own ideals are better; all I say, is, that they are wholly different. And who will estimate how much the currents of feeling created by

Dr. Newman's movement, the keen desire for beauty and sweetness which it nourished, the deep aversion it manifested to the hardness and vulgarity of middle-class liberalism, the strong light it turned on the hideous and grotesque illusions of middle-class Protestantism, — who will estimate how much all these contributed to swell the tide of secret dissatisfaction which has mined the ground under self-confident liberalism of the last thirty years, and has prepared the way for its sudden collapse and supersession? It is in this manner that the sentiment of Oxford for beauty and sweetness conquers, and in this manner long may it continue to conquer!

In this manner it works to the same end as culture, and there is plenty of work for it yet to do. I have said that the new and more democratic force which is now superseding our old middle-class liberalism cannot yet be rightly judged. It has its main tendencies still to form. We hear promises of its giving us administrative reform, law reform, reform of education, and I know not what; but those promises come rather from its advocates, wishing to make a good plea for it and to justify it for superseding middle-class liberalism, than from clear tendencies which it has itself yet developed. But meanwhile it has plenty of well-intentioned friends against whom culture may with advantage continue to uphold steadily its ideal of human perfection; that this is an *inward spiritual activity, having for its characters increased sweetness, increased light, increased life, increased sympathy*. Mr. Bright, who has a foot in both worlds, the world of middle-class liberalism and the world of democracy, but who brings most of his ideas from the world of middle-class liberalism in which he was bred, always inclines to inculcate that faith in machinery to which, as we have seen, Englishmen are so prone, and which has been the bane of middle-class liberalism. He complains with a sorrowful indignation of people who "appear to have no proper estimate of the value of the franchise"; he leads his disciples to believe, — what the Englishman is always too ready to believe, — that the having a vote, like the having a large family, or a large business, or large

muscles, has in itself some edifying and perfecting effect upon human nature. Or else he cries out to the democracy, — "the men," as he calls them, "upon whose shoulders the greatness of England rests," — he cries out to them: "See what you have done! I look over this country and see the cities you have built, the railroads you have made, the manufactures you have produced, the cargoes which freight the ships of the greatest mercantile navy the world has ever seen! I see that you have converted by your labors what was once a wilderness, these islands, into a fruitful garden; I know that you have created this wealth, and are a nation whose name is a word of power throughout all the world." Why, this is just the very style of laudation with which Mr. Roebuck or Mr. Lowe debauches the minds of the middle classes, and makes such Philistines of them. It is the same fashion of teaching a man to value himself not on what he *is*, not on his progress in sweetness and light, but on the number of the railroads he has constructed, or the bigness of the tabernacle he has built. Only the middle classes are told they have done it all with their energy, self-reliance, and capital, and the democracy are told they have done it all with their hands and sinews. But teaching the democracy to put its trust in achievements of this kind is merely training them to be Philistines to take the place of the Philistines whom they are superseding; and they too, like the middle class, will be encouraged to sit down at the banquet of the future without having on a wedding garment, and nothing excellent can then come from them. Those who know their besetting faults, those who have watched them and listened to them, or those who will read the instructive account recently given of them by one of themselves, the "Journeyman Engineer," will agree that the idea which culture sets before us of perfection, — an increased spiritual activity, having for its characters increased sweetness, increased light, increased life, increased sympathy, — is an idea which the new democracy needs far more than the idea of the blessedness of the franchise, or the wonderfulness of its own industrial performances.

Other well-meaning friends of this new power are for leading it, not in the old ruts of middle-class Philistinism, but in ways which are naturally alluring to the feet of democracy, though in this country they are novel and untried ways. I may call them the ways of Jacobinism. Violent indignation with the past, abstract systems of renovation applied wholesale, a new doctrine drawn up in black and white for elaborating down to the very smallest details a rational society for the future, — these are the ways of Jacobinism. Mr. Frederic Harrison and other disciples of Comte, — one of them, Mr. Congreve, is an old friend of mine, and I am glad to have an opportunity of publicly expressing my respect for his talents and character, — are among the friends of democracy who are for leading it in paths of this kind. Mr. Frederic Harrison is very hostile to culture, and from a natural enough motive; for culture is the eternal opponent of the two things, which are the signal marks of Jacobinism, — its fierceness, and its addiction to an abstract system. Culture is always assigning to system-makers and systems a smaller share in the bent of human destiny than their friends like. A current in people's minds sets towards new ideas; people are dissatisfied with their old narrow stock of Philistine ideas, Anglo-Saxon ideas, or any other; and some man, some Bentham²⁰ or Comte, who has the real merit of having early and strongly felt and helped the new current, but who brings plenty of narrowness and mistakes of his own into his feeling and help of it, is credited with being the author of the whole current, the fit person to be entrusted with its regulation and to guide the human race.

The excellent German historian of the mythology of Rome, Preller, relating the introduction at Rome under the Tarquins of the worship of Apollo, the god of light, healing, reconciliation, will have us observe that it was not so much the Tarquins who brought to Rome the new worship of Apollo, as a current in the mind of the Roman people which set powerfully at that time towards a new worship of this kind, and away from the old run of Latin and Sabine religious ideas. In a similar way, culture directs our attention to the

natural current there is in human affairs, and to its continual working, and will not let us rivet our faith upon any one man and his doings. It makes us see not only his good side, but also how much in him was of necessity limited and transient; nay, it even feels a pleasure, a sense of an increased freedom and of an ampler future, in so doing.

I remember, when I was under the influence of a mind to which I feel the greatest obligations, the mind of a man who was the very incarnation of sanity and clear sense, a man the most considerable, it seems to me, whom America has yet produced, — Benjamin Franklin, — I remember the relief with which, after long feeling the sway of Franklin's imperturbable common-sense, I came upon a project of his for a new version of the Book of Job, to replace the old version, the style of which, says Franklin, has become obsolete, and thence less agreeable. "I give," he continues, "a few verses, which may serve as a sample of the kind of version I would recommend." We all recollect the famous verse in our translation: "Then Satan answered the Lord and said: 'Doth Job fear God for nought?'" Franklin makes this: "Does your Majesty imagine that Job's good conduct is the effect of mere personal attachment and affection?" I well remember how, when first I read that, I drew a deep breath of relief, and said to myself: "After all, there is a stretch of humanity beyond Franklin's victorious good sense!" So, after hearing Bentham cried loudly up as the renovator of modern society, and Bentham's mind and ideas proposed as the rulers of our future, I open the "Deontology." There I read: "While Xenophon was writing his history and Euclid teaching geometry, Socrates and Plato were talking nonsense under pretence of talking wisdom and morality. This morality of theirs consisted in words; this wisdom of theirs was the denial of matters known to every man's experience." From the moment of reading that, I am delivered from the bondage of Bentham! the fanaticism of his adherents can touch me no longer. I feel the inadequacy of his mind and ideas for supplying the rule of human society, for perfection.

Culture tends always thus to deal with the men of a system, of disciples, of a school; with men like Comte, or the late Mr. Buckle,²¹ or Mr. Mill. However much it may find to admire in these personages, or in some of them, it nevertheless remembers the text: "Be not ye called Rabbi!" and it soon passes on from any Rabbi. But Jacobinism loves a Rabbi; it does not want to pass on from its Rabbi in pursuit of a future and still unreachd perfection; it wants its Rabbi and his ideas to stand for perfection, that they may with the more authority recast the world; and for Jacobinism, therefore, culture, — eternally passing onwards and seeking, — is an impertinence and an offense. But culture, just because it resists this tendency of Jacobinism to impose on us a man with limitations and errors of his own along with the true ideas of which he is the organ, really does the world and Jacobinism itself a service.

So, too, Jacobinism, in its fierce hatred of the past and of those whom it makes liable for the sins of the past, cannot away with the inexhaustible indulgence proper to culture, the consideration of circumstances, the severe judgment of actions joined to the merciful judgment of persons. "The man of culture is in politics," cries Mr. Frederic Harrison, "one of the poorest mortals alive!" Mr. Frederic Harrison wants to be doing business, and he complains that the man of culture stops him with a "turn for small fault-finding, love of selfish ease, and indecision in action." Of what use is culture, he asks, except for "a critic of new books or a professor of *belles-lettres*?" Why, it is of use because, in presence of the fierce exasperation which breathes, or rather, I may say, hisses through the whole production in which Mr. Frederic Harrison asks that question, it reminds us that the perfection of human nature is sweetness and light. It is of use because, like religion, — that other effort after perfection, — it testifies that, where bitter envying and strife are, there is confusion and every evil work.

The pursuit of perfection, then, is the pursuit of sweetness and light. He who works for sweetness and light, works to

make reason and the will of God prevail. He who works for machinery, he who works for hatred, works only for confusion. Culture looks beyond machinery, culture hates hatred; culture has one great passion, the passion for sweetness and light. It has one even yet greater!—the passion for making them *prevail*. It is not satisfied till we *all* come to a perfect man; it knows that the sweetness and light of the few must be imperfect until the raw and unkindled masses of humanity are touched with sweetness and light. If I have not shrunk from saying that we must work for sweetness and light, so neither have I shrunk from saying that we must have a broad basis, must have sweetness and light for as many as possible. Again and again I have insisted how those are the happy moments of humanity, how those are the marking epochs of a people's life, how those are the flowering times for literature and art and all the creative power of genius, when there is a *national* glow of life and thought, when the whole of society is in the fullest measure permeated by thought, sensible to beauty, intelligent and alive. Only it must be *real* thought and *real* beauty; *real* sweetness and *real* light. Plenty of people will try to give the masses, as they call them, an intellectual food prepared and adapted in the way they think proper for the actual condition of the masses. The ordinary popular literature is an example of this way of working on the masses. Plenty of people will try to indoctrinate the masses with the set of ideas and judgments constituting the creed of their own profession or party. Our religious and political organizations give an example of this way of working on the masses. I condemn neither way; but culture works differently. It does not try to teach down to the level of inferior classes; it does not try to win them for this or that sect of its own, with ready-made judgments and watchwords. It seeks to do away with classes; to make the best that has been thought and known in the world current everywhere; to make all men live in an atmosphere of sweetness and light, where they may use ideas, as it uses them itself, freely, — nourished, and not bound by them.

This is the *social idea*; and the men of culture are the true apostles of equality. The great men of culture are those who have had a passion for diffusing, for making prevail, for carrying from one end of society to the other, the best knowledge, the best ideas of their time; who have labored to divest knowledge of all that was harsh, uncouth, difficult, abstract, professional, exclusive; to humanize it, to make it efficient outside the clique of the cultivated and learned, yet still remaining the *best* knowledge and thought of the time, and a true source, therefore, of sweetness and light. Such a man was Abelard²² in the Middle Ages, in spite of all his imperfections; and thence the boundless emotion and enthusiasm which Abelard excited. Such were Lessing²³ and Herder²⁴ in Germany, at the end of the last century; and their services to Germany were in this way inestimably precious. Generations will pass, and literary monuments will accumulate, and works far more perfect than the works of Lessing and Herder will be produced in Germany; and yet the names of these two men will fill a German with a reverence and enthusiasm such as the names of the most gifted masters will hardly awaken. And why? Because they *humanized* knowledge; because they broadened the basis of life and intelligence; because they worked powerfully to diffuse sweetness and light, to make reason and the will of God prevail. With Saint Augustine they said: "Let us not leave thee alone to make in the secret of thy knowledge, as thou didst before the creation of the firmament, the division of light from darkness; let the children of thy spirit, placed in their firmament, make their light shine upon the earth, mark the division of night and day, and announce the revolution of the times; for the old order is passed, and the new arises; the night is spent, the day is come forth; and thou shalt crown the year with thy blessing, when thou shalt send forth laborers into thy harvest sown by other hands than theirs; when thou shalt send forth new laborers to new seed-times, where of the harvest shall be not yet."

WALTER HORATIO PATER (1839-1894)

ROMANTICISM

THE words, *classical* and *romantic*, although, like many other critical expressions, sometimes abused by those who have understood them too vaguely or too absolutely, yet define two real tendencies in the history of art and literature. Used in an exaggerated sense, to express a greater opposition between those tendencies than really exists, they have at times tended to divide people of taste into opposite camps. But in that *House Beautiful*,¹ which the creative mind of all generations — the artists and those who have treated life in the spirit of art — are always building together, for the refreshment of the human spirit, these oppositions cease; and the *Interpreter* of the *House Beautiful*, the true æsthetic critic, uses these divisions, only so far as they enable him to enter into the peculiarities of the objects with which he has to do. The term *classical*, fixed, as it is, to a well-defined literature, and a well-defined group in art, is clear, indeed; but then it has often been used in a hard, and merely scholastic sense, by the praisers of what is old and accustomed, at the expense of what is new, by critics who would never have discovered for themselves the charm of any work, whether new or old, who value what is old, in art or literature, for its accessories, and chiefly for the conventional authority that has gathered about it — people who would never really have been made glad by any Venus fresh-risen from the sea, and who praise the Venus of old Greece and Rome, only because they fancy her grown now into something staid and tame.

And as the term, *classical*, has been used in a too absolute, and therefore in a misleading sense, so the term, *romantic*, has been used much too vaguely, in various accidental senses. The sense in which Scott is called a romantic writer is chiefly this; that, in opposition to the literary tradition of the last century, he loved strange adventure, and sought it in the Middle Age. Much later, in a Yorkshire village, the spirit of romanticism bore a more really characteristic fruit in the work

of a young girl, Emily Brontë, the romance of *Wuthering Heights*; the figures of Hareton Earnshaw, of Catherine Linton, and of Heathcliffe — tearing open Catherine's grave, removing one side of her coffin, that he may really lie beside her in death — figures so passionate, yet woven on a background of delicately beautiful, moorland scenery, being typical examples of that spirit. In Germany, again, that spirit is shown less in Tieck, its professional representative, than in Meinhold, the author of *Sidonia the Sorceress* and the *Amber-Witch*. In Germany and France, within the last hundred years, the term has been used to describe a particular school of writers; and, consequently, when Heine criticises the *Romantic School* in Germany — that movement which culminated in Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen*; or when Théophile Gautier criticises the romantic movement in France, where, indeed, it bore its most characteristic fruits, and its play is hardly yet over, where, by a certain audacity, or *bizarrierie* of motive, united with faultless literary execution, it still shows itself in imaginative literature, they use the word, with an exact sense of special artistic qualities, indeed; but use it, nevertheless, with a limited application to the manifestation of those qualities at a particular period. But the romantic spirit is, in reality, an ever-present, and enduring principle, in the artistic temperament; and the qualities of thought and style which that, and other similar uses of the word *romantic* really indicate, are indeed but symptoms of a very continuous and widely working influence.

Though the words *classical* and *romantic*, then, have acquired an almost technical meaning, in application to certain developments of German and French taste, yet this is but one variation of an old opposition, which may be traced from the very beginning of the formation of European art and literature. From the first formation of anything like a standard of taste in these things, the restless curiosity of their more eager lovers necessarily made

itself felt in the craving for new motives, new subjects of interest, new modifications of style. Hence, the opposition between classicists and the romanticists — between the adherents, in the culture of beauty, of the principles of liberty, and authority, respectively — of strength, and order or what the Greeks called *κοσμιότης*.²

Sainte-Beuve, in the third volume of the *Causeries du Lundi*, has discussed the question, *What is meant by a classic?* It was a question he was well fitted to answer, having himself lived through many phases of taste, and having been in earlier life an enthusiastic member of the romantic school: he was also a great master of that sort of "philosophy of literature", which delights in tracing traditions in it, and the way in which various phases of thought and sentiment maintain themselves, through successive modifications, from epoch to epoch. His aim, then, is to give the word *classic* a wider and, as he says, a more generous sense than it commonly bears; to make it expressly *grandiose et flottant*;³ and, in doing this, he develops, in a masterly manner, those qualities of measure, purity, temperance, of which it is the especial function of classical art and literature, whatever meaning, narrower or wider, we attach to the term, to take care.

The charm, therefore, of what is classical, in art or literature, is that of the well-known tale, to which we can nevertheless listen over and over again, because it is told so well. To the absolute beauty of its artistic form, is added the accidental, tranquil charm of familiarity. There are times, indeed, at which these charms fail to work on our spirits at all, because they fail to excite us. "*Romanticism*", says Stendhal,⁴ "is the art of presenting to people the literary works which, in the actual state of their habits and beliefs, are capable of giving them the greatest possible pleasure; *classicism*, on the contrary, of presenting them with that which gave the greatest possible pleasure to their grandfathers." But then, beneath all changes of habits and beliefs, our love of that mere abstract proportion — or music — which what is classical in literature possesses, still maintains itself in the best of us, and what pleased our grandparents

may at least tranquillize us. The "classic" comes to us out of the cool and quiet of other times as the measure of what a long experience has shown will at least never displease us. And in the classical literature of Greece and Rome, as in the classics of the last century, the essentially classical element is that quality of order in beauty which they possess, indeed, in a preëminent degree, and which impresses some minds to the exclusion of everything else in them.

It is the addition of strangeness to beauty that constitutes the romantic character in art; and the desire of beauty being a fixed element in every artistic organization, it is the addition of curiosity to this desire of beauty, that constitutes the romantic temper. Curiosity and the desire of beauty, have each their place in art, as in all true criticism. When one's curiosity is deficient, when one is not eager enough for new impressions, and new pleasures, one is liable to value mere academical proprieties too highly, to be satisfied with worn-out or conventional types, with the insipid ornament of Racine, or the prettiness of that later Greek sculpture, which passed so long for true Hellenic work; to miss those places where the handiwork of nature, or of the artist, has been most cunning; to find the most stimulating products of art a mere irritation. And when one's curiosity is in excess, when it overbalances the desire of beauty, then one is liable to value in works of art what is inartistic in them; to be satisfied with what is exaggerated in art, with productions like some of those of the romantic school in Germany; not to distinguish, jealously enough, between what is admirably done, and what is done not quite so well, in the writings, for instance of Jean Paul.⁵ And if I had to give instances of these defects, then I should say, that Pope, in common with the age of literature to which he belonged, had too little curiosity, so that there is always a little insipidity in the effect of his work, exquisite as it is; and, coming down to our own time, that Balzac had an excess of curiosity — curiosity not duly tempered with the desire of beauty.

But, however falsely these two tenden-

cies may be opposed by critics, or exaggerated by artists themselves, they are tendencies really at work at all times in art, moulding it, with the balance sometimes a little on one side, sometimes a little on the other, generating, respectively, as the balance inclines on this side or that, two principles, two traditions, in art, and in literature so far as it partakes of the spirit of art. If there is a great overbalance of curiosity, then we have the grotesque in art: if the union of strangeness and beauty, under very difficult and complex conditions, be a successful one, if the union be entire, then the resultant beauty is very exquisite, very attractive. With a passionate care for beauty, the romantic spirit refuses to have it, unless the condition of strangeness be first fulfilled. Its desire is for a beauty born of unlikely elements, by a profound alchemy, by a difficult imitation, by the charm which wrings it even out of terrible things; and a trace of distortion, of the grotesque, may perhaps linger, as an additional element of expression, about its ultimate grace. Its eager, excited spirit will have strength, the grotesque, first of all — the trees shrieking as you tear off the leaves; for Jean Valjean,⁶ the long years of convict life; for Redgauntlet,⁷ the quicksands of Solway Moss; then, incorporate with this strangeness, and intensified by restraint, as much sweetness, as much beauty, as is compatible with that. *Énergique, frais, et dispos* — these, according to Sainte-Beuve, are the characteristics of a genuine classic — *les ouvrages anciens ne sont pas classiques parce qu'ils sont vieux, mais parce qu'ils sont énergiques, frais, et dispos*.⁸ Energy, freshness, intelligent and masterly disposition: — these are characteristics of Victor Hugo when his alchemy is complete, in certain figures, like Marius and Cosette, in certain scenes, like that in the opening of *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, where Déruchette writes the name of *Gilliatt* in the snow, on Christmas morning; but always there is a certain note of strangeness discernible there, as well.

The essential elements, then, of the romantic spirit are curiosity and the love of beauty; and it is only as an illustration of these qualities, that it seeks the Middle

Age, because, in the overcharged atmosphere of the Middle Age, there are unworked sources of romantic effect, of a strange beauty, to be won, by strong imagination, out of things unlikely or remote. . . .

Romanticism, then, although it has its epochs, is in its essential characteristics rather a spirit which shows itself at all times, in various degrees, in individual workmen and their work, and the amount of which criticism has to estimate in them taken one by one, than the peculiarity of a time or a school. Depending on the varying proportion of curiosity and the desire of beauty, natural tendencies of the artistic spirit at all times, it must be partly a matter of individual temperament. The eighteenth century in England has been regarded as almost exclusively a classical period; yet William Blake, a type of so much which breaks through what are conventionally thought the influences of that century, is still a noticeable phenomenon in it, and the reaction in favor of naturalism in poetry begins in that century, early. There are, thus, the born romanticists and the born classicists. There are the born classicists who start with *form*, to whose minds the comeliness of the old, immemorial, well-recognized types in art and literature have revealed themselves impressively; who will entertain no matter which will not go easily and flexibly into them; whose work aspires only to be a variation upon, or study from, the older masters. "'Tis art's decline, my son!"⁹ they are always saying, to the progressive element in their own generation; to those who care for that which in fifty years' time every one will be caring for. On the other hand, there are the born romanticists, who start with an original, untried *matter*, still in fusion; who conceive this vividly, and hold by it as the essence of their work; who, by the very vividness and heat of their conception, purge away, sooner or later, all that is not organically proportionate to it, till the whole effect adjusts itself in clear, orderly, appropriate form; which form, after a little time, becomes classical in its turn.

The romantic or classical character of a

picture, a poem, a literary work, depends, then, on the balance of certain qualities in it; and in this sense, a very real distinction may be drawn between good classical and good romantic work. But all critical terms are relative; and there is at least a valuable suggestion in that theory of Stendhal's, that all good art was romantic in its day. In the beauties of Homer and Phidias, quiet as they now seem, there must have been, for those who confronted them for the first time, excitement and surprise, the sudden, unforeseen satisfaction of the desire of beauty. Yet the *Odyssey*, with its marvelous adventure, is more romantic than the *Iliad*, which nevertheless contains, among other romantic episodes, that of the immortal horses of Achilles, who weep at the death of Patroclus. Æschylus is more romantic than Sophocles, whose *Philoctetes*, were it written now, might figure, for the strangeness of its motive and the perfectness of its execution, as typically romantic; while, of Euripides, it may be said, that his method in writing his plays is to sacrifice readily almost everything else, so that he may attain the fullness of a single romantic effect. These two tendencies, indeed, might be applied as a measure or standard, all through Greek and Roman art and poetry, with very illuminating results; and for an analyst of the romantic principle in art, no exercise would be more profitable, than to walk through the collection of classical antiquities at the Louvre, or the British Museum, or to examine some representative collection of Greek coins, and note how the element of curiosity, of the love of strangeness, insinuates itself into classical design, and record the effects of

the romantic spirit there, the traces of struggle, of the grotesque even, though overbalanced here by sweetness; as in the sculpture of Chartres and Rheims, the real sweetness of mind in the sculptor is often overbalanced by the grotesque, by the rudeness of his strength.

Classicism, then, means for Stendhal, for that younger enthusiastic band of French writers whose unconscious method he formulated into principles, the reign of what is pedantic, conventional, and narrowly academical in art; for him, all good art is romantic. To Sainte-Beuve, who understands the term in a more liberal sense, it is the characteristic of certain epochs, of certain spirits in every epoch, not given to the exercise of original imagination, but rather to the working out of refinements of manner on some authorized matter; and who bring to their perfection, in this way, the elements of sanity, of order and beauty in manner. In general criticism, again, it means the spirit of Greece and Rome, of some phases in literature and art that may seem of equal authority with Greece and Rome, the age of Louis the Fourteenth, the age of Johnson; though this is at best an uncritical use of the term, because in Greek and Roman work there are typical examples of the romantic spirit. But explain the terms as we may, in application to particular epochs, there are these two elements always recognizable; united in perfect art — in Sophocles, in Dante, in the highest work of Goethe, though not always absolutely balanced there; and these two elements may be not inappropriately termed the classical and romantic tendencies. . . .

1889

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY (1825–1895)

ON THE ADVISABLENESS OF IMPROVING NATURAL KNOWLEDGE

THIS time two hundred years ago¹ in the beginning of January, 1666 — those of our forefathers who inhabited this great and ancient city, took breath between the shocks of two fearful calamities: one not quite past, although its fury had abated; the other to come.

Within a few yards of the very spot² on

which we are assembled, so the tradition runs, that painful and deadly malady, the plague, appeared in the latter months of 1664; and, though no new visitor, smote the people of England and especially of her capital, with a violence unknown before, in the course of the following year. The hand of a master has pictured what

happened in those dismal months; and in the truest of fictions, "The History of the Plague Year," Defoe³ shows death, with every accompaniment of pain and terror, stalking through the narrow streets of old London, and changing their busy hum into a silence broken only by the wailing of the mourners of fifty thousand dead; by the woful denunciations and mad prayers of fanatics; and by the madder yells of despairing profligates.

But, about this time in 1666, the death-rate had sunk to nearly its ordinary amount; a case of plague occurred only here and there, and the richer citizens who had flown from the pest had returned to their dwellings. The remnant of the people began to toil at the accustomed round of duty, or of pleasure; and the stream of city life bid fair to flow back along its old bed, with renewed and uninterrupted vigour.

The newly kindled hope was deceitful. The great plague, indeed, returned no more; but what it had done for the Londoners, the great fire, which broke out in the autumn of 1666, did for London; and, in September of that year, a heap of ashes and the indestructible energy of the people were all that remained of the glory of five-sixths of the city within the walls.

Our forefathers had their own ways of accounting for each of these calamities. They submitted to the plague in humility and in penitence, for they believed it to be the judgment of God. But, towards the fire they were furiously indignant, interpreting it as the effect of the malice of man, — as the work of the Republicans, or of the Papists, according as their prepossessions ran in favour of loyalty or Puritanism.

It would, I fancy, have fared but ill with one who, standing where I now stand, in what was then a thickly peopled and fashionable part of London, should have broached to our ancestors the doctrine which I now propound to you — that all their hypotheses were alike wrong; that the plague was no more, in their sense, Divine judgment, than the fire was the work of any political, or of any religious, sect; but that they were themselves the authors of both plague and fire, and that

they must look to themselves to prevent the recurrence of calamities, to all appearance so peculiarly beyond the reach of human control — so evidently the result of the wrath of God, or of the craft and subtlety of an enemy.

And one may picture to oneself how harmoniously the holy cursing of the Puritan of that day would have chimed in with the unholy cursing and the crackling wit of the Rochesters and Sedleys,⁴ and with the revilings of the political fanatics, if my imaginary plain dealer had gone on to say that, if the return of such misfortunes were ever rendered impossible, it would not be in virtue of the victory of the faith of Laud,⁵ or of that of Milton; and, as little, by the triumph of republicanism, as by that of monarchy. But that the one thing needful for the compassing this end was, that the people of England should second the efforts of an insignificant corporation, the establishment of which, a few years before the epoch of the great plague and the great fire, had been as little noticed, as they were conspicuous.

Some twenty years before the outbreak of the plague a few calm and thoughtful students banded themselves together for the purpose, as they phrased it, of "improving natural knowledge." The ends they proposed to attain cannot be stated more clearly than in the words of one of the founders of the organization: —

"Our business was (precluding matters of theology and state affairs) to discourse and consider of philosophical enquiries, and such as related thereunto: — as Physic, Anatomy, Geometry, Astronomy, Navigation, Staticks, Magneticks, Chymicks, Mechanicks, and Natural Experiments; with the state of these studies and their cultivation at home and abroad. We then discoursed of the circulation of the blood, the valves in the veins, the *venæ lactæ*, the lymphatic vessels, the Copernican hypothesis, the nature of comets and new stars, the satellites of Jupiter, the oval shape (as it then appeared) of Saturn, the spots on the sun and its turning on its own axis, the inequalities and selenography⁶ of the moon, the several phases of Venus and Mercury, the improvement of telescopes and grind-

ing of glasses for that purpose, the weight of air, the possibility or impossibility of vacuities and nature's abhorrence thereof, the Torricellian⁷ experiment in quicksilver, the descent of heavy bodies and the degree of acceleration therein, with divers other things of like nature, some of which were then new discoveries, and others not so generally known and embraced as now they are; with other things appertaining to what hath been called the New Philosophy, which, from the times of Galileo at Florence, and Sir Francis Bacon (Lord Verulam) in England, hath been much cultivated in Italy, France, Germany, and other parts abroad, as well as with us in England."

The learned Dr. Wallis,⁸ writing in 1696, narrates, in these words, what happened half a century before, or about 1645. The associates met at Oxford, in the rooms of Dr. Wilkins, who was destined to become a bishop; and subsequently coming together in London, they attracted the notice of the king. And it is a strange evidence of the taste for knowledge which the most obviously worthless of the Stuarts shared with his father and grandfather, that Charles the Second was not content with saying witty things about his philosophers, but did wise things with regard to them. For he not only bestowed upon them such attention as he could spare from his poodles and his mistresses, but, being in his usual state of impecuniosity, begged for them of the Duke of Ormond; and, that step being without effect, gave them Chelsea College, a charter, and a mace; crowning his favours in the best way they could be crowned, by burdening them no further with royal patronage or state interference.

Thus it was that the half-dozen young men, studious of the "New Philosophy," who met in one another's lodgings in Oxford or in London, in the middle of the seventeenth century, grew in numerical and in real strength, until, in its latter part, the "Royal Society for the Improvement of Natural Knowledge" had already become famous and had acquired a claim upon the veneration of Englishmen, which it has ever since retained, as the principal focus of scientific activity in our islands,

and the chief champion of the cause it was formed to support.

It was by the aid of the Royal Society that Newton⁹ published his "Principia." If all the books in the world, except the Philosophical Transactions,¹⁰ were destroyed, it is safe to say that the foundations of physical science would remain unshaken, and the vast intellectual progress of the last two centuries would be largely, though incompletely, recorded. Nor have any signs of halting or of decrepitude manifested themselves in our own times. As in Dr. Wallis's days, so in these, "our business is, precluding theology and state affairs, to discourse and consider of philosophical enquiries." But our "Mathematick" is one which Newton would have to go to school to learn; our "Statics, Mechanics, Magneticks, Chymicks, and Natural Experiments" constitute a mass of physical and chemical knowledge, a glimpse at which would compensate Galileo¹¹ for the doings of a score of inquisitorial cardinals, our "Physick" and "Anatomy" have embraced such infinite varieties of being, have laid open such new worlds in time and space, have grappled, not unsuccessfully, with such complex problems, that the eyes of Vesalius¹² and of Harvey¹³ might be dazzled by the sight of the tree that has grown out of their grain of mustard seed.

The fact is perhaps rather too much, than too little, forced upon one's notice, nowadays, that all this marvellous intellectual growth has a no less wonderful expression in practical life; and that, in this respect, if in no other, the movement symbolized by the progress of the Royal Society stands without a parallel in the history of mankind.

A series of volumes as bulky as the Transactions of the Royal Society might possibly be filled with the speculations of the Schoolmen;¹⁴ not improbably, the obtaining a mastery over the products of mediæval thought might necessitate as even greater expenditure of time and of energy than the acquirement of the "New Philosophy"; but though such work engrossed the best intellects of Europe for a longer time than has elapsed since the

great fire, its effects were "writ in water,"¹⁵ so far as our social state is concerned.

On the other hand, if the noble first President of the Royal Society could revisit the upper air and once more gladden his eyes with the sight of the familiar mace, he would find himself in the midst of a material civilization more different from that of his day, than that of the seventeenth, was from that of the first, century. And if Lord Brouncker's¹⁶ native sagacity had not deserted his ghost, he would need no long reflection to discover that all these great ships, these railways, these telegraphs, these factories, these printing-presses, without which the whole fabric of modern English society would collapse into a mass of stagnant and starving pauperism, — that all these pillars of our State are but the ripples and the bubbles upon the surface of that great spiritual stream, the springs of which, only, he and his fellows were privileged to see: and seeing, to recognize as that which it behoved them above all things to keep pure and undefiled.

It may not be too great a flight of imagination to conceive our noble *revenant*¹⁷ not forgetful of the troubles of his own day, and anxious to know how often London had been burned down since his time, and how often the plague had carried off its thousands. He would have to learn that, although London contains tenfold the inflammable matter that it did in 1666; though, not content with filling our rooms with woodwork and light draperies, we must needs lead inflammable and explosive gases into every corner of our streets and houses, we never allow even a street to burn down. And if he asked how this had come about, we should have to explain that the improvement of natural knowledge has furnished us with dozens of machines for throwing water upon fires, any one of which would have furnished the ingenious Mr. Hooke, the first "curator and experimenter" of the Royal Society, with ample materials for discourse before half a dozen meetings of that body; and that, to say truth, except for the progress of natural knowledge, we should not have been able to make even the tools by which these machines are

constructed. And, further, it would be necessary to add, that although severe fires sometimes occur and inflict great damage, the loss is very generally compensated by societies, the operations of which have been rendered possible only by the progress of natural knowledge in the direction of mathematics, and the accumulation of wealth in virtue of other natural knowledge.

But the plague? My Lord Brouncker's observation would not, I fear, lead him to think that Englishmen of the nineteenth century are purer in life, or more fervent in religious faith, than the generation which could produce a Boyle,¹⁸ an Evelyn, and a Milton. He might find the mud of society at the bottom, instead of at the top, but I fear that the sum total would be as deserving of swift judgment as at the time of the Restoration. And it would be our duty to explain once more, and this time not without shame, that we have no reason to believe that it is the improvement of our faith, nor that of our morals, which keeps the plague from our city; but, again, that it is the improvement of our natural knowledge.

We have learned that pestilences will only take up their abode among those who have prepared unswept and ungarnished residences for them. Their cities must have narrow, unwatered streets, foul with accumulated garbage. Their houses must be ill-drained, ill-lighted, ill-ventilated. Their subjects must be ill-washed, ill-fed, ill-clothed. The London of 1665 was such a city. The cities of the East, where plague has an enduring dwelling, are such cities. We, in later time, have learned somewhat of nature, and partly obey her. Because of this partial improvement of our natural knowledge and of that fractional obedience, we have no plague; because that knowledge is still very imperfect and that obedience yet incomplete, typhus is our companion and cholera our visitor. But it is not presumptuous to express the belief that, when our knowledge is more complete and our obedience the expression of our knowledge, London will count her centuries of freedom from typhus and cholera, as she now gratefully reckons her two hundred years of igno-

rance of that plague which swooped upon her thrice in the first half of the seventeenth century.

Surely, there is nothing in these explanations which is not fully borne out by the facts? Surely, the principles involved in them are now admitted among the fixed beliefs of all thinking men? Surely, it is true that our countrymen are less subject to fire, famine, pestilence, and all the evils which result from a want of command over and due anticipation of the course of Nature, than were the countrymen of Milton; and health, wealth, and well-being are more abundant with us than with them? But no less certainly is the difference due to the improvement of our knowledge of Nature, and the extent to which that improved knowledge has been incorporated with the household words of men, and has supplied the springs of their daily actions.

Granting for a moment, then, the truth of that which the depreciators of natural knowledge are so fond of urging, that its improvement can only add to the resources of our material civilization; admitting it to be possible that the founders of the Royal Society themselves looked for no other reward than this, I cannot confess that I was so guilty of exaggeration when I hinted that to him who had the gift of distinguishing between prominent events and important events, the origin of a combined effort on the part of mankind to improve natural knowledge might have loomed larger than the Plague and have outshone the glare of the Fire; as a something fraught with a wealth of beneficence to mankind, in comparison with which the damage done by those ghastly evils would shrink into insignificance.

It is very certain that for every victim slain by the plague, hundreds of mankind exist and find a fair share of happiness in the world, by the aid of the spinning jenny. And the great fire, at its worst, could not have burned the supply of coal, the daily working of which, in the bowels of the earth, made possible by the steam pump, gives rise to an amount of wealth to which the millions lost in old London are but as an old song.

But spinning jenny and steam pump are, after all, but toys, possessing an accidental value; and natural knowledge creates multitudes of more subtle contrivances, the praises of which do not happen to be sung because they are not directly convertible into instruments for creating wealth. When I contemplate natural knowledge squandering such gifts among men, the only appropriate comparison I can find for her is, to liken her to such a peasant woman as one sees in the Alps, striding ever upward, heavily burdened, and with mind bent only on her home; but yet, without effort and without thought, knitting for her children. Now stockings are good and comfortable things, and the children will undoubtedly be much the better for them; but surely it would be short-sighted, to say the least of it, to depreciate this toiling mother as a mere stocking-machine — a mere provider of physical comforts?

However, there are blind leaders of the blind, and not a few of them, who take this view of natural knowledge, and can see nothing in the bountiful mother of humanity but a sort of comfort-grinding machine. According to them, the improvement in natural knowledge always has been, and always must be, synonymous with no more than the improvement of the material resources and the increase of the gratifications of men.

Natural knowledge is, in their eyes, no real mother of mankind, bringing them up with kindness, and, if need be, with sternness, in the way they should go, and instructing them in all things needful for their welfare; but a sort of fairy god-mother, ready to furnish her pets with shoes of swiftness, swords of sharpness, and omnipotent Aladdin's lamps, so that they may have telegraphs to Saturn, and see the other side of the moon, and thank God they are better than their benighted ancestors.

If this talk were true, I, for one should not greatly care to toil in the service of natural knowledge. I think I would just as soon be quietly chipping my own flint axe, after the manner of my forefathers a few thousand years back, as be troubled with the endless malady of thought which

now infests us all, for such reward. But I venture to say that such views are contrary alike to reason and to fact. Those who discourse in such fashion seem to me to be so intent upon trying to see what is above Nature, or what is behind her, that they are blind to what stares them in the face of her.

I should not venture to speak thus strongly if my justification were not to be found in the simplest and most obvious facts, — if it needed more than an appeal to the most notorious truths to justify my assertion, that the improvement of natural knowledge, whatever direction it has taken, and however low the aims of those who may have commenced it — has not only conferred practical benefits on men, but in so doing, has effected a revolution in their conceptions of the universe and of themselves, and has profoundly altered their modes of thinking and their views of right and wrong. I say that natural knowledge, seeking to satisfy natural wants, has found the ideas which can alone still spiritual cravings. I say that natural knowledge, in desiring to ascertain the laws of comfort, has been driven to discover those of conduct, and to lay foundations of a new morality.

Let us take these points separately; and, first, what great ideas has natural knowledge introduced into men's minds?

I cannot but think that the foundations of all natural knowledge were laid when the reason of man first came face to face with the facts of Nature; when the savage first learned that the fingers of one hand are fewer than those of both; that it is shorter to cross a stream than to head it; that a stone stops where it is unless it be moved, and that it drops from the hand which lets it go; that light and heat come and go with the sun; that sticks burn away in a fire; that plants and animals grow and die; that if he struck his fellow-savage a blow he would make him angry, and perhaps get a blow in return, while if he offered him a fruit he would please him, and perhaps receive a fish in exchange. When men had acquired this much knowledge, the outlines, rude though they were, of mathematics, of

physics, of chemistry, of biology, of moral, economical, and political science, were sketched. Nor did the germ of religion fail when science began to bud. Listen to words which, though new, are yet three thousand years old; —

“ . . . When in heaven the stars about
the moon
Look beautiful, when all the winds are
laid,
And every height comes out, and jutting
peak
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest, and all the
stars
Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his
heart.”¹⁹

If the half-savage Greek could share our feelings thus far, is it irrational to doubt that he went further, to find, as we do, that upon that brief gladness there follows a certain sorrow, — the little light of awakened human intelligence shines so mere a spark amidst the abyss of the unknown and unknowable; seems so insufficient to do more than illuminate the imperfections that cannot be remedied, the aspirations that cannot be realized, of man's own nature. But in this sadness, this consciousness of the limitation of man, this sense of an open secret which he cannot penetrate, lies the essence of all religion; and the attempt to embody it in the forms furnished by the intellect is the origin of the higher theologies.

Thus it seems impossible to imagine but that the foundations of all knowledge — secular or sacred — were laid when intelligence dawned, though the superstructure remained for long ages so slight and feeble as to be compatible with the existence of almost any general view respecting the mode of governance of the universe. No doubt, from the first, there were certain phenomena which, to the rudest mind, presented a constancy of occurrence, and suggested that a fixed order ruled, at any rate, among them. I doubt if the grossest of Fetish worshippers ever imagined that a stone must have a god within it to make it fall, or that a fruit had a god within it to make it taste sweet. With regard to such matters as these, it is hardly ques-

tionable that mankind from the first took strictly positive and scientific views.

But, with respect to all the less familiar occurrences which present themselves, uncultured man, no doubt, has always taken himself as the standard of comparison, as the centre and measure of the world; nor could he well avoid doing so. And finding that his apparently uncaused will has a powerful effect in giving rise to many occurrences, he naturally enough ascribed other and greater events to other and greater volitions, and came to look upon the world and all that therein is, as the product of the volitions of persons like himself, but stronger, and capable of being appeased or angered, as he himself might be soothed or irritated. Through such conceptions of the plan and working of the universe all mankind have passed, or are passing. And we may now consider, what has been the effect of the improvement of natural knowledge on the views of men who have reached this stage, and who have begun to cultivate natural knowledge with no desire but that of "increasing God's honour and bettering man's estate."²⁰

For example: what could seem wiser, from a mere material point of view, more innocent, from a theological one, to an ancient people, than that they should learn the exact succession of the seasons, as warnings for their husbandmen; or the position of the stars, as guides to their rude navigators? But what has grown out of this search for natural knowledge of so merely useful a character? You all know the reply. Astronomy, — which of all sciences has filled men's minds with general ideas of a character most foreign to their daily experience, and has, more than any other, rendered it impossible for them to accept the beliefs of their fathers. Astronomy, — which tells them that this so vast and seemingly solid earth is but an atom among atoms, whirling, no man knows whither, through illimitable space; which demonstrates that what we call the peaceful heaven above us, is but that space, filled by an infinitely subtle matter whose particles are seething and surging, like the waves of an angry sea; which opens up to us infinite regions where

nothing is known, but matter and force, operating according to rigid rules; which leads us to contemplate phenomena the very nature of which demonstrates that they must have had a beginning, and that they must have an end, but the very nature of which also proves that the beginning was, to our conceptions of time, infinitely remote, and that the end is as immeasurably distant.

But it is not alone those who pursue astronomy who ask for bread and receive ideas. What more harmless than the attempt to lift and distribute water by pumping it; what more absolutely and grossly utilitarian? But out of pumps grew the discussions about Nature's abhorrence of a vacuum; and then it was discovered that Nature does not abhor a vacuum, but that air has weight; and that notion paved the way for the doctrine that all matter has weight, and that the force which produces weight is co-extensive with the universe, — in short, to the theory of universal gravitation and endless force. While learning how to handle gases led to the discovery of oxygen, and to modern chemistry, and to the notion of the indestructibility of matter.

Again, what simpler, or more absolutely practical, than the attempt to keep the axle of a wheel from heating when the wheel turns round very fast? How useful for carters and gig drivers to know something about this; and how good were it, if any ingenious person would find out the cause of such phenomena, and thence educe a general remedy for them. Such an ingenious person was Count Rumford;²¹ and he and his successors have landed us in the theory of the persistence, or indestructibility, of force. And in the infinitely minute, as in the infinitely great, the seekers after natural knowledge, of the kinds called physical and chemical, have everywhere found a definite order and succession of events which never seemed to be infringed.

And how has it fared with "Physick," and Anatomy? Have the anatomist, the physiologist, or the physician, whose business it has been to devote themselves assiduously to that eminently practical and direct end, the alleviation of the

sufferings of mankind, — have they been able to confine their vision more absolutely to the strictly useful? I fear that they are the worst offenders of all. For if the astronomer has set before us the infinite magnitude of space, and the practical eternity of the duration of the universe; if the physical and chemical philosophers have demonstrated the infinite minuteness of its constituent parts, and the practical eternity of matter and of force; and if both have alike proclaimed the universality of a definite and predicable order and succession of events, the workers in biology have not only accepted all these, but have added more startling theses of their own. For, as the astronomers discover in the earth no centre of the universe but an eccentric speck, so the naturalists find man to be no centre of the living world, but one amidst endless modifications of life; and as the astronomer observes the mark of practically endless time set upon the arrangements of the solar system so the student of life finds the records of ancient forms of existence peopling the world for ages, which, in relation to human experience, are infinite.

Furthermore, the physiologist finds life to be as dependent for its manifestation on particular molecular arrangements as any physical or chemical phenomenon; and, wherever he extends his researches, fixed order and unchanging causation reveal themselves, as plainly as in the rest of Nature.

Nor can I find that any other fate has awaited the germ of Religion. Arising, like all other kinds of knowledge, out of the action and interaction of man's mind, with that which is not man's mind, it has taken the intellectual coverings of Fetishism or Polytheism; of Theism or Atheism; of Superstition or Rationalism. With these, and their relative merits and demerits, I have nothing to do; but this it is needful for my purpose to say, that if the religion of the present differs from that of the past, it is because the theology of the present has become more scientific than that of the past; because it has not only renounced idols of wood and idols of stone, but begins to see the necessity of breaking in pieces the idols built up of books and traditions and fine-spun eccle-

siastical cobwebs: and of cherishing the noblest and most human of man's emotions, by worship "for the most part of the silent sort" at the altar of the Unknown and Unknowable.

Such are a few of the new conceptions implanted in our minds by the improvement of natural knowledge. Men have acquired the ideas of the practically infinite extent of the universe and of its practical eternity; they are familiar with the conception that our earth is but an infinitesimal fragment of that part of the universe which can be seen; and that, nevertheless, its duration is, as compared with our standards of time, infinite. They have further acquired the idea that man is but one of innumerable forms of life now existing in the globe, and that the present existences are but the last of an immeasurable series of predecessors. Moreover, every step they have made in natural knowledge has tended to extend and rivet in their minds the conception of a definite order of the universe — which is embodied in what are called, by an unhappy metaphor, the laws of Nature — and to narrow the range and loosen the force of men's belief in spontaneity, or in changes other than such as arise out of that definite order itself.

Whether these ideas are well or ill founded is not the question. No one can deny that they exist, and have been the inevitable outgrowth of the improvement of natural knowledge. And if so, it cannot be doubted that they are changing the form of men's most cherished and most important convictions.

And as regards the second point — the extent to which the improvement of natural knowledge has remodelled and altered what may be termed the intellectual ethics of men, — what are among the moral convictions most fondly held by barbarous and semi-barbarous people?

They are the convictions that authority is the soundest basis of belief; that merit attaches to a readiness to believe; that the doubting disposition is a bad one, and scepticism a sin; that when good authority has pronounced what is to be believed, and faith has accepted it, reason has no further duty. There are many excellent

persons who yet hold by these principles, and it is not my present business, or intention, to discuss their views. All I wish clearly to bring before your mind is the unquestionable fact, that the improvement of natural knowledge is effected by methods which directly give the lie to all these convictions, and assume the exact reverse of each to be true.

The improver of natural knowledge absolutely refuses to acknowledge authority, as such. For him, scepticism is the highest of duties; blind faith the one unpardonable sin. And it cannot be otherwise, for every great advance in natural knowledge has involved the absolute rejection of authority, the cherishing of the keenest scepticism, the annihilation of the spirit of blind faith; and the most ardent votary of science holds his firmest convictions, not because the men he most venerates hold them; not because their verity is tested by portents and wonders; but because his experience teaches him that whenever he chooses to bring these convictions into contact with their primary sources, Nature—whenever he thinks fit to test them by appealing to experiment and to observation—Nature will confirm them. The man of science has

learned to believe in justification, not by faith, but by verification.

Thus, without for a moment pretending to despise the practical results of the improvement of natural knowledge, and its beneficial influence on material civilization it must, I think, be admitted that the great ideas, some of which I have indicated, and the ethical spirit which I have endeavoured to sketch, in the few moments which remained at my disposal, constitute the real and permanent significance of natural knowledge.

If these ideas be destined, as I believe they are, to be more and more firmly established as the world grows older; if that spirit be fated, as I believe it is, to extend itself into all departments of human thought, and to become co-extensive with the range of knowledge; if, as our race approaches its maturity, it discovers, as I believe it will, that there is but one kind of knowledge and but one method of acquiring it; then we, who are still children, may justly feel it our highest duty to recognize the advisableness of improving natural knowledge, and so to aid ourselves and our successors in their course towards the noble goal which lies before mankind.

1870

FREDERIC HARRISON (1831–1923)*

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS

It is the fashion for those who have any connection with letters to expatiate on the infinite blessings of literature, and the miraculous achievements of the press: to extol, as a gift above price, the taste for study and the love of reading. Far be it from me to gainsay the inestimable value of good books, or to discourage any man from reading the best; but I often think that we forget that other side to this glorious view of literature—the misuse of books, the debilitating waste of brains in aimless, promiscuous, vapid reading, or even, it may be, in the poisonous inhalation of mere literary garbage and bad men's worst thoughts.

For what can a book be more than the man who wrote it? The brightest genius

seldom puts the best of his own soul into his printed page; and some famous men have certainly put the worst of theirs. Yet are all men desirable companions, much less teachers, able to give us advice, even of those who get reputation and command a hearing? To put out of the question that writing which is positively bad, are we not, amidst the multiplicity of books and writers, in continual danger of being drawn off by what is stimulating rather than solid, by curiosity after something accidentally notorious, by what has no intelligible thing to recommend it, except that it is new? Now, to stuff our minds with what is simply trivial, simply curious, or that which at best has but a low nutritive power, this is to close our

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minds to what is solid and enlarging and spiritually sustaining.

Whether our neglect of the great books comes from our not reading at all, or from an incorrigible habit of reading the little books, it ends in just the same thing. And that thing is ignorance of all the greater literature of the world. To neglect all the abiding parts of knowledge for the sake of the evanescent parts is really to know nothing worth knowing. It is in the end the same, whether we do not use our minds for serious study at all, or whether we exhaust them by an impotent voracity for desultory "information" — a thing as fruitful as whistling. Of the two evils I prefer the former. At least, in that case, the mind is healthy and open. It is not gorged and enfeebled by excess in that which cannot nourish, much less enlarge and beautify our nature.

But there is much more than this. Even to those who resolutely avoid the idleness of reading what is trivial, a difficulty is presented — a difficulty every day increasing by virtue even of our abundance of books. What are the subjects, what are the class of books we are to read, in what order, with what connection, to what ultimate use or object?

Even those who are resolved to read the better books are embarrassed by a field of choice practically boundless. The longest life, the greatest industry, joined to the most powerful memory, would not suffice to make us profit from a hundredth part of the world of books before us. If the great Newton said that he seemed to have been all his life gathering a few shells on the shore, while a boundless ocean of truth still lay beyond and unknown to him, how much more to each of us must the sea of literature be a pathless immensity beyond our powers of vision or of reach — an immensity in which industry itself is useless without judgment, method, discipline; where it is of infinite importance what we can learn and remember, and of utterly no importance what we may have once looked at or heard of. Alas! the most of our reading leaves as little mark even in our own education as the foam that gathers round the keel of a passing boat!

For myself, I am inclined to think the most useful help to reading is to know what we should not read, what we can keep out from that small cleared spot in the overgrown jungle of "information," the corner which we can call our ordered patch of fruit-bearing knowledge. The incessant accumulation of fresh books must hinder any real knowledge of the old; for the multiplicity of volumes becomes a bar upon our use of any. In literature especially does it hold — that we cannot see the wood for the trees.

How shall we choose our books? Which are the best, the eternal, indispensable books? To all to whom reading is something more than a refined idleness these questions recur, bringing with them the sense of bewilderment; and a still, small voice within us is forever crying out for some guide across the Slough of Despond¹ of an illimitable and ever-swelling literature. How many a man stands beside it, as uncertain of his pathway as the Pilgrim,² when he who dreamed the immortal dream heard him "break out with a lamentable cry: saying, what shall I do?" And this, which comes home to all of us, at times, presses hardest upon those who have lost the opportunity of systematic education, who have to educate themselves, or who seek to guide the education of their young people.

Systematic reading is but little in favor even among studious men; in a true sense it is hardly possible for women. A comprehensive course of home study, and a guide to books fit for the highest education of women, is yet a blank page remaining to be filled. Generations of men of culture have labored to organize a system of reading and materials appropriate for the methodical education of men in academic lines. Teaching equal in mental caliber to any that is open to men in universities, yet modified for the needs of those who must study at home, remains in the dim pages of that melancholy volume entitled "*Libri valde desiderati*."³

I do not aspire to fill one of those blank pages; but I long to speak a word or two, as the Pilgrim did to Neighbor Pliable, upon the glories that await those who will

pass through the narrow wicket-gate. On this, if one can find anything useful to say, it may be chiefly from the memory of the waste labor and pitiful stumbling in the dark which fill up so much of the travail that one is fain to call one's own education. We who have wandered in the wastes so long, and lost so much of our lives in our wandering, may at least offer warnings to younger wayfarers, as men who in thorny paths have borne the heat and burden of the day might give a clue to their journey to those who have yet a morning and a noon. As I look back and think of those cataracts of printed stuff which honest compositors set up, meaning, let us trust, no harm, and which at least found them in daily bread, — printed stuff which I and the rest of us, to our infinitely small profit, have consumed with our eyes, not even making an honest living of it, but much impairing our substance, — I could almost reckon the printing press as among the scourges of mankind. I am grown a wiser and a sadder man, importunate, like that Ancient Mariner, to tell each blithe wedding guest the tale of his shipwreck on the infinite sea of printers' ink, as one escaped by mercy and grace from the region where there is water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink.

A man of power, who has got more from books than most of his contemporaries, once said: "Form a habit of reading, do not mind what you read; the reading of better books will come when you have a habit of reading the inferior." We need not accept this *obiter dictum*⁴ of Lord Sherbrooke. A habit of reading idly debilitates and corrupts the mind for all wholesome reading; the habit of reading wisely is one of the most difficult habits to acquire, needing strong resolution and infinite pains; and reading for mere reading's sake, instead of for the sake of the good we gain from reading, is one of the worst and commonest and most unwholesome habits we have.

And so our inimitable humorist has made delightful fun of the solid books, — which no gentleman's library should be without, — the Humes,⁵ Gibbons,⁶ Adam Smiths,⁷ which, he says, are not books at

all, and prefers some "kind-hearted play-book," or at times the "Town and County Magazine."

Poor Lamb has not a little to answer for, in the revived relish for garbage unearthed from old theatrical dung-heaps. Be it jest or earnest, I have little patience with the Eleatic philosophy⁸ of the frivolous. Why do we still suffer the traditional hypocrisy about the dignity of literature — literature, I mean, in the gross, which includes about equal parts of what is useful and what is useless? Why are books as books, writers as writers, readers as readers, meritorious, apart from any good in them, or anything that we can get from them? Why do we pride ourselves on our powers of absorbing print, as our grandfathers did on their gifts in imbibing port, when we know that there is a mode of absorbing print, which makes it impossible that we can ever learn anything good out of books?

Our stately Milton said in a passage which is one of the watchwords of the English race, "as good almost kill a Man as kill a good Book." But has he not also said that he would "have a vigilant eye how Bookes demeane themselves, as well as men; and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors"? . . . Yes! they do kill the good book who deliver up their few and precious hours of reading to the trivial book; they make it dead for them; they do what lies in them to destroy "the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalm'd and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life"; they "spill that season'd life of man preserv'd and stor'd up in Bookes." For in the wilderness of books most men, certainly all busy men, must strictly choose. If they saturate their minds with the idler books, the "good book," which Milton calls "an immortality rather than a life," is dead to them: it is a book sealed up and buried.

It is most right that in the great republic of letters there should be freedom of intercourse and a spirit of equality. Every reader who holds a book in his hand is free of the inmost minds of men past and present; their lives both within and without the pale of their uttered thoughts are unveiled to him; he needs

no introduction to the greatest; he stands on no ceremony with them; he may, if he be so minded, scribble "doggerel" on his Shelley, or he may kick Lord Byron, if he please, into a corner. He hears Burke perorate, and Johnson dogmatize, and Scott tell his border tales, and Wordsworth muse on the hillside, without the leave of any man, or the payment of any toll. In the republic of letters there are no privileged orders or places reserved. Every man who has written a book, even the diligent Mr. Whitaker,⁹ is in one sense an author; "a book's a book although there's nothing in 't"; and every man who can decipher a penny journal is in one sense a reader. And your "general reader," like the grave-digger in "Hamlet," is hail-fellow with all the mighty dead; he pats the skull of the jester; batters the cheek of lord, lady, or courtier; and uses "imperious Cæsar" to teach boys the Latin declensions.

But this notable equality of all writers — of all writers and of all readers — has a perilous side to it. It is apt to make us indiscriminate in the books we read, and somewhat contemptuous of the mighty men of the past. Men who are most observant as to the friends they make, or the conversation they share, are carelessness itself as to the books to whom they intrust themselves, and the printed language with which they saturate their minds. Yet can any friendship or society be more important to us than that of the books which form so large a part of our minds and even of our characters? Do we in real life take any pleasant fellow to our homes and chat with some agreeable rascal by our firesides, we who will take up any pleasant fellow's printed memoirs, we who delight in the agreeable rascal when he is cut up into pages and bound in calf? If any person given to reading were honestly to keep a register of all the printed stuff that he or she consumes in a year — all the idle tales of which the very names and the story are forgotten in a week, the bookmaker's prattle about nothing at so much a sheet, the fugitive trifling about silly things, and empty people, the memoirs of the unmemorable, and lives of those who never

really lived at all — of what a mountain of rubbish would be the catalogue! Exercise for the eye and the memory, as mechanical as if we set ourselves to learn the names, ages, and family histories of every one who lives in our own street, the flirtations of their maiden aunts, and the circumstances surrounding the birth of their grandmothers' first baby.

It is impossible to give any method to our reading till we get nerve enough to reject. The most exclusive and careful among us will (in literature) take boon companions out of the street, as easily as an idler in a tavern. "I came across such and such a book that I never heard mentioned," says one, "and found it curious, though entirely worthless." "I strayed on a volume by I know not whom, on a subject for which I never cared." And so on. There are curious and worthless creatures enough in any pot-house all day long; and there is incessant talk in omnibus, train, or street by we know not whom, about we care not what. Yet if a printer and a bookseller can be induced to make this gabble as immortal as print and publication can make it, then it straightway is literature, and in due time it becomes "curious."

I have no intention to moralize or to indulge in a homily against the reading of what is deliberately evil. There is not so much need for this now, and I am not discoursing on the whole duty of man. I take that part of our reading which by itself is no doubt harmless, entertaining, and even gently instructive. But of this enormous mass of literature how much deserves to be chosen out, to be preferred to all the great books of the world, to be set apart for those precious hours which are all that the most of us can give to solid reading? The vast proportion of books are books that we shall never be able to read. A serious percentage of books are not worth reading at all. The really vital books for us we also know to be a very trifling portion of the whole. And yet we act as if every book were as good as any other, as if it were merely a question of order which we take up first, as if any book were good enough for us, and as if all were alike honorable, precious, and

satisfying. Alas! books cannot be more than the men who write them; and as a fair proportion of the human race now write books, with motives and objects as various as human activity, books as books, are entitled *a priori*,¹⁰ until their value is proved, to the same attention and respect as houses, steam-engines, pictures, fiddles, bonnets, and other products of human industry.

In the shelves of those libraries which are our pride, libraries public or private, circulating or very stationary, are to be found those great books of the world *rari nantes in gurgile vasto*,¹¹ those books which are truly "the precious life-blood of a master-spirit." But the very familiarity which their mighty fame has bred in us makes us indifferent; we grow weary of what every one is supposed to have read; and we take down something which looks a little eccentric, some worthless book, on the mere ground that we never heard of it before. Thus the difficulties of literature are in their way as great as those of the world, the obstacles to finding the right friends are as great, the peril is as great of being lost in a Babel of voices and an ever-changing mass of beings.

Books are not wiser than men, the true books are not easier to find than the true men, the bad books or the vulgar books are not less obtrusive and not less ubiquitous than the bad or vulgar men are everywhere; the art of right reading is as long and difficult to learn as the art of right living. Those who are on good terms with the first author they meet, run as much risk as men who surrender their time to the first passer in the street; for to be open to every book is for the most part to gain as little as possible from any. A man aimlessly wandering about in a crowded city is of all men the most lonely; so he who takes up only the books that he "comes across" is pretty certain to meet but few that are worth knowing.

Now this danger is one to which we are specially exposed in this age. Our high-pressure life of emergencies, our whirling industrial organization or disorganization have brought us in this (as in most things) their peculiar difficulties and drawbacks. In almost everything vast opportunities

and gigantic means of multiplying our products bring with them new perils and troubles which are often at first neglected. Our huge cities, where wealth is piled up and the requirements and appliances of life extended beyond the dreams of our forefathers, seem to breed in themselves new forms of squalor, disease, blights, or risks to life such as we are yet unable to master. So the enormous multiplicity of modern books is not altogether favorable to the knowing of the best. I listen with mixed satisfaction to the pæans that they chant over the works which issue from the press each day; how the books poured forth from Paternoster Row¹² might in a few years be built into a pyramid that would fill the dome of St. Paul's. How in this mountain of literature am I to find the really useful book? How, when I have found it, and found its value, am I to get others to read it? How am I to keep my head clear in the torrent and din of works, all of which distract my attention, most of which promise me something, while so few fulfill that promise? The Nile is the source of the Egyptian's bread, and without it he perishes of hunger. But the Nile may be rather too liberal in his flood, and then the Egyptian runs imminent risk of drowning.

And thus there never was a time, at least during the last two hundred years, when the difficulties in the way of making an efficient use of books were greater than they are to-day, when the obstacles were more real between readers and the right books to read, when it was practically so troublesome to find out that which it is of vital importance to know; and that not by the dearth, but by the plethora of printed matter. For it comes to nearly the same thing whether we are actually debarred by physical impossibility from getting the right book into our hand, or whether we are choked off from the right book by the obtrusive crowd of the wrong books; so that it needs a strong character and a resolute system of reading to keep the head cool in the storm of literature around us. We read nowadays in the market-place — I would rather say in some large steam factory of letter-press, where damp sheets of new print whirl

round us perpetually — if it be not rather some noisy book-fair where literary showmen tempt us with performing dolls, and the gongs of rival booths are stunning our ears from morn till night.

Contrast with this pandemonium of Leipsic and Paternoster Row the sublime picture of our Milton in his early retirement at Horton, when, musing over his coming flight to the epic heaven, practising his pinions, as he tells Diodati,¹³ he consumed five years of solitude in reading the ancient writers —

*"Et totum rapiunt me, mea vita, libri."*¹⁴

Who now reads the ancient writers? Who systematically reads the great writers, be they ancient or modern, whom the consent of ages has marked out as classics: typical, immortal, peculiar teachers of our race? Alas! the "Paradise Lost" is lost again to us beneath an inundation of graceful academic verse, sugary stanzas of ladylike prettiness, and ceaseless explanations in more or less readable prose of what John Milton meant or did not mean, or what he saw or did not see, who married his great-aunt, and why Adam or Satan is like that, or unlike the other. We read a perfect library about the "Paradise Lost," but the "Paradise Lost" itself we do not read.

I am not presumptuous enough to assert that the larger part of modern literature is not worth reading in itself, that the prose is not readable, entertaining, one may say highly instructive. Nor do I pretend that the verses which we read so zealously in place of Milton's are not good verses. On the contrary, I think them sweetly conceived, as musical and as graceful as the verse of any age in our history. A great deal of our modern literature is such that it is exceedingly difficult to resist it, and it is undeniable that it gives us real information. It seems perhaps unreasonable to many to assert that a decent readable book which gives us actual instruction can be otherwise than a useful companion and a solid gain. Possibly many people are ready to cry out upon me as an obscurantist¹⁵ for venturing to doubt a genial confidence in all literature simply as such. But the question which weighs upon me with such

really crushing urgency is this: What are the books that in our little remnant of reading time it is most vital for us to know? For the true use of books is of such sacred value to us that to be simply entertained is to cease to be taught, elevated, inspired by books; merely to gather information of a chance kind is to close the mind to knowledge of the urgent kind.

Every book that we take up without a purpose is an opportunity lost of taking up a book with a purpose — every bit of stray information which we cram into our heads without any sense of its importance, is for the most part a bit of the most useful information driven out of our heads and choked off from our minds.

It is so certain that information, *i. e.*, the knowledge the stored thoughts and observations of mankind, is now grown to proportions so utterly incalculable and prodigious, that even the learned whose lives are given to study can but pick up some crumbs that fall from the table of truth. They delve and tend but a plot in that vast and teeming kingdom, while those whom active life leaves with but a few cramped hours of study can hardly come to know the very vastness of the field before them, or how infinitesimally small is the corner they can traverse at the best. We know all is not of equal value. We know that books differ in value as much as diamonds differ from the sand on the seashore, as much as our living friend differs from a dead rat. We know that much in the myriad-peopled world of books — very much in all kinds — is trivial, enervating, inane, even obnoxious. And thus, where we have infinite opportunities of wasting our efforts to no end, of fatiguing our minds without enriching them, of clogging the spirit without satisfying it, there, I cannot but think, the very infinity of opportunities is robbing us of the actual power of using them. And thus I come often, in my less hopeful moods, to watch the remorseless cataract of daily literature which thunders over the remnants of the past, as if it were a fresh impediment to the men of our day in the way of systematic knowledge and consistent powers of thought, as if it were destined one day to overwhelm the

great inheritance of mankind in prose and verse.

I remember, when I was a very young man at college, that a youth, in no spirit of paradox, but out of plenary conviction, undertook to maintain before a body of serious students, the astounding proposition that the invention of printing had been one of the greatest misfortunes that had ever befallen mankind. He argued that exclusive reliance on printed matter had destroyed the higher method of oral teaching, the dissemination of thought by the spoken word to the attentive ear. He insisted that the formation of a vast literary class looking to the making of books as a means of making money rather than as a social duty, had multiplied books for the sake of the writers rather than for the sake of the readers; that the reliance on books as a cheap and common resource had done much to weaken the powers of memory; that it destroyed the craving for a general culture of taste, and the need of artistic expression in all the surroundings of life. And he argued lastly that the sudden multiplication of all kinds of printed matter had been fatal to the orderly arrangement of thought, and had hindered a system of knowledge and a scheme of education.

I am far from sharing this immature view. Of course I hold the invention of printing to have been one of the most momentous facts in the whole history of man. Without it universal social progress, true democratic enlightenment, and the education of the people would have been impossible, or very slow, even if the cultured few, as is likely, could have advanced the knowledge of mankind without it. We place Gutenberg¹⁶ among the small list of the unique and special benefactors of mankind, in the sacred choir of those whose work transformed the conditions of life, whose work, once done, could never be repeated. And no doubt the things which our ardent friend regarded as so fatal a disturbance of society were all inevitable and necessary, part of the great revolution of mind through which men grew out of the medieval incompleteness to a richer conception of life and of the world.

Yet there is a sense in which this boyish anathema against printing may become true to us by our own fault. We may create for ourselves these very evils. For the art of printing has not been a gift wholly unmixed with evils; it must be used wisely if it is to be a boon to man at all; it entails on us heavy responsibilities, resolution to use it with judgment and self-control, and the will to resist its temptations and its perils. Indeed, we may easily so act that we may make it a clog on the progress of the human mind, a real curse and not a boon. The power of flying at will through space would probably extinguish civilization and society, for it would release us from the wholesome bondage of place and rest. The power of hearing every word that had ever been uttered on this planet would annihilate thought, as the power of knowing all recorded facts by the process of turning a handle would annihilate true science. Our human faculties and our mental forces are not enlarged simply by multiplying our materials of knowledge and our facilities for communication. Telephones, microphones, pantoscopes, steam-presses, and ubiquity-engines in general may, after all, leave the poor human brain panting and throbbing under the strain of its appliances, no bigger and no stronger than the brains of the men who heard Moses speak, and saw Aristotle and Archimedes pondering over a few worn rolls of crabbed manuscript. Until some new Gutenberg or Watt can invent a machine for magnifying the human mind, every fresh apparatus for multiplying its work is a fresh strain on the mind, a new realm for it to order and to rule.

And so, I say it most confidently, the first intellectual task of our age is rightly to order and make serviceable the vast realm of printed material which four centuries have swept across our path. To organize our knowledge, to systematize our reading, to save, out of the relentless cataract of ink, the immortal thoughts of the greatest — this is a necessity, unless the productive ingenuity of man is to lead us at last to a measureless and pathless chaos. To know anything that turns up is, in the infinity of knowledge, to know

nothing. To read the first book we come across, in the wilderness of books, is to learn nothing. To turn over the pages of ten thousand volumes is to be practically indifferent to all that is good.

But this warns me that I am entering on a subject which is far too big and solemn. It is plain that to organize our knowledge, even to systematize our reading, to make a working selection of books for general study, really implies a complete scheme of education. A scheme of education ultimately implies a system of philosophy, a view of man's duty and powers as a moral and social being — a religion. Before a problem so great as this, on which readers have such different ideas and wants, and differ so profoundly on the very premises from which we start, before such a problem as a general theory of education, I prefer to pause. I will keep silence even from good words. I have chosen my own part, and adopted my own teacher. But to ask men to adopt the education of Auguste Comte,¹⁷ is almost to ask them to adopt Positivism itself. Nor will I enlarge on the matter for thought, for forboding, almost for despair, that is presented to us by the fact of our familiar literary ways and our recognized literary profession. That things infinitely trifling in themselves: men, events, societies, phenomena, in no way otherwise more valuable than the myriad other things which flit around us like the sparrows on the housetop, should be glorified, magnified, and perpetuated, set under a literary microscope and focussed in the blaze of a literary magic-lantern — not for what they are in themselves, but solely to amuse and excite the world by showing how it can be done — all this is to me so amazing, so heart-breaking, that I forbear now to treat it, as I cannot say all that I would.

The choice of books is really the choice of our education, of a moral and intellectual ideal, of the whole duty of man. But though I shrink from any so high a theme, a few words are needed to indicate my general point of view in the matter.

In the first place, when we speak about books, let us avoid the extravagance of expecting too much from books, the

pedant's habit of extolling books as synonymous with education. Books are no more education than laws are virtue; and just as profligacy is easy within the strict limits of law, a boundless knowledge of books may be found with a narrow education. A man may be, as the poet saith, "deep vers'd in books, and shallow in himself." We need to know in order that we may feel rightly and act wisely. The thirst after truth itself may be pushed to a degree where indulgence enfeebles our sympathies and unnerves us in action. Of all men perhaps the booklover needs most to be reminded that man's business here is to know for the sake of living; not to live for the sake of knowing. A healthy mode of reading would follow the lines of a sound education. And the first canon of a sound education is to make it the instrument to perfect the whole nature and character. Its aims are comprehensive, not special; they regard life as a whole, not mental curiosity; they have to give us, not so much materials, as capacities. So that, however moderate and limited the opportunity for education, in its way it should be always more or less symmetrical and balanced, appealing equally in turn to the three grand intellectual elements — imagination, memory, reflection: and so having something to give us in poetry, in history, in science, and in philosophy.

And thus our reading will be sadly one-sided, however voluminous it be, if it entirely close to us any of the great types and ideals which the creative instinct of man has produced, if it shut out from us either the ancient world, or other European poetry, as important almost as our own. When our reading, however deep, runs wholly into "pockets," and exhausts itself in the literature of one age, one country, one type, then we may be sure that it is tending to narrow or deform our minds. And the more it leads us into curious byways and nurtures us into indifference for the beaten highways of the world, the sooner we shall end, if we be not specialists and students by profession, in ceasing to treat our books as the companions and the solace of our lifetime, and in using them as the instruments of a refined sort of self-indulgence.

A wise education, and so judicious reading, should leave no great type of thought, no dominant phase of human nature, wholly a blank. Whether our reading be great or small, so far as it goes, it should be general. If our lives admit of but a short space for reading, all the more reason that, so far as may be, it should remind us of the vast expanse of human thought, and the wonderful variety of human nature.

To read, and yet so to read that we see nothing but a corner of literature, the loose fringe, or flats and wastes of letters, and by reading only deepen our natural belief that this island is the hub of the universe, and the nineteenth century the only age worth notice, all this is really to call in the aid of books to thicken and harden our untaught prejudices. Be it imagination, memory, or reflection that we address — that is, in poetry, history, science, or philosophy — our first duty is to aim at knowing something at least of the best, at getting some definite idea of the mighty realm whose outer rim we are permitted to approach.

But how are we to know the best; how are we to gain this definite idea of the vast world of letters? There are some who appear to suppose that the "best" are known only to experts in an esoteric way, who may reveal to inquirers what school-boys and betting-men describe as "tips." There are no "tips" in literature; the "best" authors are never dark horses; we need no "crammers" and "coaches" to thrust us into the presence of the great writers of all time. "Crammers" will only lead us wrong. It is a thing far easier and more common than many imagine, to discover the best. It needs no research, no learning, and is only misguided by recondite information. The world has long ago closed the great assize of letters, and judged the first places everywhere. In such a matter the judgment of the world, guided and informed by a long succession of accomplished critics, is almost unerring. When some Zoilus¹⁸ finds blemishes in Homer, and prefers, it may be, the work of some Apollonius¹⁹ of his own discovering, we only laugh. There may be doubts about the third and the

fourth rank; but the first and the second are hardly open to discussion.

The gates which lead to the Elysian fields may slowly wheel back on their adamantine hinges to admit now and then some new and chosen modern. But the company of the masters of those who know, and in especial degree of the great poets, is a roll long closed and complete, and they who are of it hold ever peaceful converse together. Hence we may find it a useful maxim that, if our reading be utterly closed to the great poems of the world, there is something amiss with our reading. If you find Milton, Dante, Calderon,²⁰ Goethe, so much "Hebrew-Greek" to you; if your Homer and Virgil, your Molière²¹ and Scott, rest year after year undisturbed on their shelves beside your school trigonometry and your old college text-books; if you have never opened the "Cid,"²² the "Nibelungen,"²³ "Crusoe," and "Don Quixote," since you were a boy, and are wont to leave the Bible and the Imitation²⁴ for some wet Sunday afternoon — know, friend, that your reading can do you little real good. Your mental digestion is ruined or sadly out of order.

No doubt, to thousands of intelligent educated men who call themselves readers, the reading through a Canto of "The Purgatorio," or a Book of the "Paradise Lost," is a task as irksome as it would be to decipher an ill-written manuscript in a language that is almost forgotten. But, although we are not to be always reading epics, and are chiefly in the mood for slighter things, to be absolutely unable to read Milton or Dante with enjoyment, is to be in a very bad way. Aristophanes,²⁵ Theocritus,²⁶ Boccaccio,²⁷ Cervantes,²⁸ Molière are often as light as the driven foam; but they are not light enough for the general reader. Their humor is too bright and lovely for the groundlings. They are, alas! "classics," somewhat apart from our everyday ways; they are not banal enough for us; and so for us they slumber "unknown in a long night," just because they are immortal poets, and are not scribblers of to-day.

When will men understand that the reading of great books is a faculty to be

acquired, not a natural gift, at least not to those who are spoiled by our current education and habits of life? *Ceci tuera cela*,³⁰ the last great poet might have said of the first circulating library. An insatiable appetite for new novels makes it as hard to read a masterpiece as it seems to a Parisian boulevardier to live in a quiet country. Until a man can truly enjoy a draught of clear water bubbling from a mountain side, his taste is in an unwholesome state.

And so he who finds the Heliconian spring insipid should look to the state of his nerves. Putting aside the iced air of the difficult mountain tops of epic, tragedy, or psalm, there are some simple pieces which may serve as an unerring test of a healthy or a vicious taste for imaginative work. If the "Cid," the "Vita Nuova,"³¹ the "Canterbury Tales," Shakespeare's "Sonnets," and "Lycidas" pall on a man; if he care not for Malory's "Morte d'Arthur" and the "Red Cross Knight";³² if he thinks "Crusoe" and the "Vicar"

books for the young; if he thrill not with "The Ode to the West Wind," and "The Ode on a Grecian Urn"; if he have no stomach for "Christabel"³³ or the lines written on "The Wye above Tintern Abbey," he should fall on his knees and pray for a cleaner and quieter spirit.

The intellectual system of most of us in these days needs "to purge and to live cleanly." Only by a course of treatment shall we bring our minds to feel at peace with the grand pure works of the world. Something we ought all to know of the masterpieces of antiquity, and of the other nations of Europe. To understand a great national poet, such as Dante, Calderon, Corneille,³⁴ or Goethe, is to know other types of human civilization in ways which a library of histories does not sufficiently teach. The great masterpieces of the world are thus, quite apart from the charm and solace they give us, the master instruments of a solid education.

1878, 1891.

The New Age

THOMAS HARDY

(1840-)

THE DARKLING THRUSH *

I leant upon a coppice gate
When Frost was spectre-gray,
And Winter's dregs made desolate
The weakening end of day.
The tangled vine-stems scored the sky 5
Like strings from broken lyres;
And all mankind that haunted nigh
Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be
The Century's corpse outland;
His crypt, the cloudy canopy, 10
The wind, his death-lament.
The ancient pulse of germ and birth
Was shrunken hard and dry,
And every spirit upon earth 15
Seemed fervorless as I.

At once a voice burst forth among
The bleak twigs overhead
In a full-hearted evensong
Of joy illimited: 20
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
In blast-beruffled plume,
Had chosen thus to fling his soul
Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carolings 25
Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things
Afar or nigh around,
That I could think there trembled through
His happy good-night air 30
Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew
And I was unaware.

December, 1900

AFTERWARDS *

When the Present has latched its postern
behind my tremulous stay,

And the May month flaps its glad
green leaves like wings,
Delicate-filmed as new-spun silk, will the
neighbors say,
"He was a man who used to notice such
things"?

If it be in the dusk when, like an eyelid's
soundless blink, 5
The dewfall-hawk comes crossing the
shades to alight
Upon the wind-warped upland thorn, will
a gazer think,
"To him this must have been a familiar
sight"?

If I pass during some nocturnal blackness,
mothy and warm,
When the hedgehog travels furtively
over the lawn, 10
Will they say, "He strove that such inno-
cent creatures should come to no
harm,
But he could do little for them; and now
he is gone"?

If, when hearing that I have been stilled
at last, they stand at the door,
Watching the full-starred heavens that
winter sees,
Will this thought rise on those who will
meet my face no more, 15
"He was one who had an eye for such
mysteries"?

And will any say when my bell of quit-
tance is heard in the gloom,
And a crossing breeze cuts a pause in its
outrollings,
Till they rise again, as they were a new
bell's boom,
"He hears it not now, but used to notice
such things"? 20

c. 1916

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WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

(1849-1903)

INVICTUS

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from Pole to Pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance 5
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of 'rath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade, 10
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the
scroll,
I am the master of my fate: 15
I am the captain of my soul. 1875

SIR WILLIAM WATSON

(1858-)

WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE *

Poet who sleepest by this wandering wave!
When thou wast born, what birth-gift
hadst thou then?

To thee what wealth was that the Im-
mortals gave,
The wealth thou gavest in thy turn to
men?

Not Milton's keen, translunar music
thine; 5

Not Shakespeare's cloudless, boundless
human view;

Not Shelley's flush of rose on peaks
divine;

Nor yet the wizard twilight Coleridge
knew.

What hadst thou that could make so
large amends

For all thou hadst not and thy peers
possessed, 10

Motion and fire, swift means to radiant
ends? —

Thou hadst, for weary feet, the gift of rest.

From Shelley's dazzling glow or thun-
derous haze,

From Byron's tempest-anger, tempest-
mirth,

Men turned to thee and found — not
blast and blaze, 15

Tumult of tottering heavens, but peace
on earth.

Nor peace that grows by Lethe, scentless
flower,

There in white languors to decline and
cease;

But peace whose names are also rapture,
power,

Clear sight, and love: for these are parts
of peace. 20

1890

FRANCIS THOMPSON

(1859-1907)

THE HOUND OF HEAVEN †

I fled Him, down the nights and down the
days;

I fled Him, down the arches of the
years;

I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of
tears

I hid from Him, and under running
laughter. 5

Up vistaed hopes, I sped;

And shot, precipitated,

Adown Titanic glooms of chasmèd fears,
From those strong Feet that followed,
followed after.

But with unhurrying chase, 10

And unperturbed pace,

Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,

They beat — and a Voice beat

More instant than the Feet —

"All things betray thee, who betrayest
Me." 15

I pleaded, outlaw-wise,

By many a hearted casement, curtained
red,

Trellised with intertwining charities;

(For, though I knew His love Who fol-
lowèd,

Yet was I sore adread 20

* From *Wordsworth's Grave and Other Poems*, by William Watson. Copyright by Dodd, Mead and Co., Inc.

† Copyright by Dodd, Mead and Co., Inc.

Lest, having Him, I must have naught
beside.)

But, if one little casement parted wide,
The gust of His approach would clash
it to.

Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to
pursue.

Across the margent of the world I fled, 25
And troubled the gold gateways of the
stars,

Smiting for shelter on their clangèd
bars;

Fretted to dulcet jars

And silvern chatter the pale ports o' the
moon.

I said to dawn: Be sudden; to eve: Be
soon — 30

With thy young skyey blossoms heap
me over

From this tremendous Lover!

Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see!

I tempted all His servitors, but to find

My own betrayal in their constancy, 35
In faith to Him their fickleness to me,

Their traitorous trueness, and their
loyal deceit.

To all swift things for swiftness did I sue
Clung to the whistling mane of every
wind.

But whether they swept, smooth-
ly fleet, 40

The long savannahs of the blue;

Or whether, Thunder-driven,

They clangèd His chariot 'thwart a
heaven,

Plashy with flying lightnings round the
spurn o' their feet: —

Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to
pursue. 45

Still with unhurrying chase,

And unperturbèd pace,

Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,

Came on the following Feet,

And a Voice above their
beat — 50

"Naught shelters thee, who wilt not
shelter Me."

I sought no more that after which I
strayed

In face of man or maid;

But still within the little children's eyes

Seems something, something that
replies, 55

They at least are for me, surely for
me!

I turned me to them very wistfully;
But just as their young eyes grew sudden
fair

With dawning answers there,
Their angel plucked them from me by the
hair. 60

"Come then, ye other children, Nature's
— share

With me" (said I) "your delicate fellow-
ship;

Let me greet you lip to lip,

Let me twine with you caresses,

Wantoning, 65

With our Lady-Mother's vagrant
tresses,

Banqueting

With her in her wind-walled palace,

Underneath her azure dais,

Quaffing, as your taintless way is, 70

From a chalice

Lucent-weeping out of the dayspring."

So it was done:

I in their delicate fellowship was one —

Drew the bolt of Nature's secrecies. 75

I knew all the swift importings

On the wilful face of skies;

I knew how the clouds arise,

Spumèd of the wild sea-snortings;

All that's born or dies 80

Rose and drooped with; made them
shapers

Of mine own moods, or wailful or
divine —

With them joyed and was bereaven.

I was heavy with the even,

When she lit her glimmering tapers 85

Round the day's dead sanctities.

I laughed in the morning's eyes.

I triumphed and I saddened with all
weather,

Heaven and I wept together,

And its sweet tears were salt with mortal
mine; 90

Against the red throb of its sunset-heart

I laid my own to beat,

And share commingling heat;

But not by that, by that, was eased my
human smart.

In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's
gray cheek. 95

For ah! we know not what each other
says,

These things and I; in sound I
 speak —
Their sound is but their stir, they speak
 by silences.

Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my
 drouth;

Let her, if she would owe me, 100
 Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show
 me

The breasts o' her tenderness:
 Never did any milk of hers once bless
 My thirsting mouth.

Nigh and nigh draws the chase, 105
 With unperturbèd pace,

Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
 And past those noisèd Feet

A Voice comes yet more fleet —
 "Lo! naught contents thee, who
 content'st not Me." 110

Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke!
 My harness piece by piece Thou hast
 hewn from me,

And smitten me to my knee;
 I am defenseless utterly.

I slept, methinks, and woke, 115
 And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in
 sleep.

In the rash lustihead of my young powers,
 I shook the pillaring hours

And pulled my life upon me; grimed with
 smears,

I stand amid the dust o' the mounded
 years — 120

My mangled youth lies dead beneath the
 heap.

My days have crackled and gone up in
 smoke,

Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a
 stream.

Yea, faileth now even dream
 The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist; 125
 Even the linked fantasies, in whose blos-
 somey twist

I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,
 Are yielding; cords of all too weak account
 For earth, with heavy griefs so over-
 plussed.

Ah! is Thy love indeed 130
 A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,
 Suffering no flowers except its own to
 mount?

Ah! must —
 Designer infinite! —

Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou
 canst limn with it? 135

My freshness spent its wavering shower i'
 the dust;

And now my heart is as a broken fount,
 Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, spilt
 down ever

From the dank thoughts that shiver
 Upon the sighful branches of my mind. 140
 Such is; what is to be?

The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the
 rind?

I dimly guess what Time in mists con-
 founds;

Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
 From the hid battlements of Eternity: 145
 Those shaken mists a space unsettle then
 Round the half-glimpsèd turrets slowly
 wash again;

But not ere him who summoneth

I first have seen, enwound

With glooming robes purpureal, cypress-
 crowned; 150

His name I know, and what his trumpet
 saith.

Whether man's heart or life it be which
 yields

Thee harvest, must Thy harvest
 fields

Be dunged with rotten death?

Now of that long pursuit 155
 Comes on at hand the bruit;

That Voice is round me like a bursting
 sea:

"And is thy earth so marred,
 Shattered in shard on shard?

Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest
 Me! 160

Strange, piteous, futile thing!

Wherefore should any set thee love apart?
 Seeing none but I makes much of naught"

(He said),

"And human love needs human meriting:
 How hast thou merited — 165

Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?
 Alack, thou knowest not

How little worthy of any love thou art!

Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee.
 Save Me, save only Me? 170

All which I took from thee I did but take,
 Not for thy harms,

But just that thou might'st seek it in My
 arms.

All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at
home: 175
Rise, clasp My hand, and come!"

Halts by me that footfall:
Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched caress-
ingly?
"Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest, 180
I am He Whom thou seekest!
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest
Me." 1893

A. E. HOUSMAN
(1859-)

TO AN ATHLETE DYING YOUNG *
The time you won your town the race
We chaired you through the market-place;
Man and boy stood cheering by,
And home we brought you shoulder-high.

To-day, the road all runners come, 5
Shoulder-high we bring you home,
And set you at your threshold down,
Townsmen of a stiller town.

Smart lad, to slip betimes away
From fields where glory does not stay, 10
And early though the laurel grows
It withers quicker than the rose.

Eyes the shady night has shut
Cannot see the record cut,
And silence sounds no worse than cheers 15
After earth has stopped the ears:

Now you will not swell the rout
Of lads that wore their honors out,
Runners whom renown outran
And the name died before the man. 20

So set, before its echoes fade,
The fleet foot on the sill of shade,
And hold to the low lintel up
The still-defended challenge-cup.

And round that early-laurelled head 25
Will flock to gaze the strengthless dead,
And find unwithered on its curls
The garland briefer than a girl's.

1896

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT
(1862-)

VITAI LAMPADA **

There's a breathless hush in the Close to-
night:
Ten to make and the match to win —
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned
coat, 5
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his captain's hand on his shoulder
smote:
"Play up! play up! and play the
game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red,
Red with the wreck of a square that
broke; 10
The gatling's jammed and the colonel
dead,
And the regiment blind with dust and
smoke.
The river of death has brimmed his banks,
And England's far, and Honor a
name,
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the
ranks: 15
"Play up! play up! and play the
game!"

This is the word that year by year,
While in her place the school is set,
Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget. 20
This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling fling to the host behind:
"Play up! play up! and play the
game!"

DRAKE'S DRUM **

Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand
mile away,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),
Slung atween the round shot in Nombro
Dios Bay,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth
Hoe.
Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the
ships, 5
Wi' sailor lads a dancin' heel-an'-toe,

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An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-
 tide dashin',
 He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et
 long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the
 Devon seas,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there be-
 low?), 10

Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi'
 heart at ease,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth
 Hoe.

"Take my drum to England, hang et by
 the shore,

Strike et when your powder's runnin'
 low;

If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port
 o' Heaven, 15

An' drum them up the Channel as we
 drummed them long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great
 Armadas come,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),

Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for
 the drum,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plym.outh
 Hoe. 20

Call him on the deep sea, call him up the
 Sound,

Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
 Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old
 flag flyin'

They shall find him ware an' wakin', as
 they found him long ago!

1897

RUDYARD KIPLING

(1865-)

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise
 the Border side,

And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that
 is the Colonel's pride:

He has lifted her out of the stable-door be-
 tween the dawn and the day,

And turned the calkins upon her feet, and
 ridden her far away.

Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that
 led a troop of the Guides: 5

"Is there never a man of all my men can
 say where Kamal hides?"

Then up and spoke Mohammed Khan, the
 son of the Ressaldar,

"If ye know the track of the morning-
 mist, ye know where his pickets
 are.

"At dusk he harries the Abazai — at dawn
 he is into Bonair,

"But he must go by Fort Monroe to his
 own place to fare, 10

"So, if ye gallop to Fort Monroe as fast as
 a bird can fly,

"By the favor of God ye may cut him off
 ere he win to the Tongue of Jagai,

"But if he be passed the Tongue of Jagai,
 right swiftly turn ye then,

"For the length and the breadth of that
 grisly plain is sown with Kamal's
 men."

The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a
 raw rough dun was he, 15

With the mouth of a bell and the heart of
 Hell, and the head of the gallows-
 tree.

The Colonel's son to the Fort has won,
 they bid him stay to eat —

Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he
 sits not long at his meat.

He's up and away from Fort Monroe as
 fast as he can fly,

Till he was aware of his father's mare in
 the gut of the Tongue of Jagai, 20

Till he was aware of his father's mare with
 Kamal upon her back,

And when he could spy the white of her
 eye, he made the pistol crack.

He has fired once, he has fired twice, but
 the whistling ball went wide.

"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said.
 "Show now if ye can ride."

It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as
 blown dust-devils go, 25

The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the
 mare like a barren doe.

The dun he leaned against the bit and
 slugged his head above,

But the red mare played with the snaffle-
 bars, as a lady plays with a glove.

They have ridden the low moon out of the
 sky, their hoofs drum up the
 dawn,

The dun he went like a wounded bull,
 but the mare like a new-roused
 fawn. 30

The dun he fell at a water-course — in a
woeful heap fell he,
And Kamal has turned the red mare back,
and pulled the rider free.
He has knocked the pistol out of his
hand — small room was there to
strive,

"'Twas only by favor of mine," quoth he,
"ye rode so long alive:

"There was not a rock for twenty mile,
there was not a clump of tree, 35

"But covered a man of my own men with
his rifle cocked on his knee.

"If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have
held it low,

"The little jackals that flee so fast, were
feasting all in a row:

"If I had bowed my head on my breast,
as I have held it high,

"The kite that whistles above us now were
gorged till she could not fly." 40

Lightly answered the Colonel's son: —
"Do good to bird and beast,

"But count who come for the broken
meats before thou makest a feast.

"If there should follow a thousand swords
to carry my bones away,

"Belike the price of a jackal's meal were
more than a thief could pay.

"They will feed their horse on the stand-
ing crop, their men on the garnered
grain, 45

"The thatch of the byres will serve their
fires when all the cattle are slain.

"But if thou thinkest the price be fair,
and thy brethren wait to sup,

"The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn, —
howl, dog, and call them up!

"And if thou thinkest the price be high,
in steer and gear and stack,

"Give me my father's mare again, and
I'll fight my own way back!" 50

Kamal has gripped him by the hand and
set him upon his feet.

"No talk shall be of dogs," said he, "when
wolf and gray wolf meet

"May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in
deed or breath;

"What dam of lances brought thee forth
to jest at the dawn with Death?"

Lightly answered the Colonel's son, "I
hold by the blood of my clan: 55

"Take up the mare for my father's gift —
she will carry no better man!"

The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and
nuzzled against his breast,

"We be two strong men," said Kamal
then, "but she loveth the younger
beast.

"So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my
turquoise-studded rein,

"My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth,
and silver stirrups twain." 60

The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held
it muzzle-end,

"Ye have taken the one from a foe,"
said he; "will ye take the mate from
a friend?"

"A gift for a gift," said Kamal straight;
"a limb for the risk of a limb.

"Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll
send my son to him!"

With that he whistled his only son,
that dropped from a mountain-
crest — 65

He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and
he looked like a lance in rest.

"Now here is thy master," Kamal said,
"who leads a troop of the Guides,

"And thou must ride at his left side as
shield to shoulder rides.

"Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp
and board and bed,

"Thy life is his — thy fate it is to guard
him with thy head. 70

"And thou must eat the White Queen's
meat, and all her foes are thine,

"And thou must harry thy father's hold
for the peace of the Border-line,

"And thou must make a trooper tough and
hack thy way to power —

"Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar
when I am hanged in Peshawur."

They have looked each other between the
eyes, and there they found no
fault, 75

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-
in-Blood on leavened bread and
salt:

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-
in-Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber
knife, and the Wondrous Names of
God.

The Colonel's son he rides the mare and
 Kamal's boy the dun,
 And two have come back to Fort Monroe
 where there went forth but one. 80
 And when they drew to the Quarter-
 Guard, full twenty swords flew
 clear —

There was not a man but carried his
 feud with the blood of the moun-
 taineer.

"Ha' done! ha' done!" said the Colonel's
 son. "Put up the steel at your
 sides!

"Last night ye had struck at a Border
 thief — to-night 't is a man of the
 Guides!"

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and
 never the two shall meet, 85
 Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's
 great Judgment Seat;
 But there is neither East nor West, Border,
 or Breed, or Birth,
 When two strong men stand face to face,
 tho' they come from the ends of the
 earth.*

1889

DANNY DEEVER

"What are the bugles blowin' for?" said
 Files-on-Parade.

"To turn you out, to turn you out," the
 Color-Sergeant said.

"What makes you look so white, so
 white?" said Files-on-Parade.

"I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch,"
 the Color-Sergeant said.

For they're hangin' Danny Deever, you
 can hear the Dead March play, 8
 The regiment's in 'ollow square—they're
 hangin' him to-day;

They've taken of his buttons off an' cut
 his stripes away,

An' they're hangin' Danny Deever in
 the mornin'.

"What makes the rear-rank breathe so
 'ard?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," the
 Color-Sergeant said. 10

"What makes that front-rank man fall
 down?" says Files-on-Parade.

"A touch of sun, a touch of sun," the
 Color-Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, they
 are marchin' of 'im round,

They 'ave 'altd Danny Deever by 'is
 coffin on the ground;

An' 'e'll swing in 'arf a minute for a
 sneakin', shootin' hound — 15

O they're hangin' Danny Deever in the
 mornin'!

"'Is cot was right-'and cot to mine," said
 Files-on-Parade.

"'E's sleepin' out an' far to-night," the
 Color-Sergeant said.

"I've drunk 'is beer a score o' times,"
 said Files-on-Parade.

"'E's drinkin' bitter beer alone," the
 Color-Sergeant said. 20

They are hangin' Danny Deever, you
 must mark 'im to 'is place,

For 'e shot a comrade sleepin' — you
 must look 'im in the face;

Nine 'undred of 'is county an' the regi-
 ment's disgrace,

While they're hangin' Danny Deever in
 the mornin'.

"What's that so black agin the sun?"
 said Files-on-Parade. 25

"It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life," the
 Color-Sergeant said.

"What's that that whimpers over'eard?"
 said Files-on-Parade.

"It's Danny's soul that's passin' now,"
 the Color-Sergeant said.

For they're done with Danny Deever,
 you can 'ear the quickstep play.

The regiment's in column, an' they're
 marchin' us away; 30

Ho! the young recruits are shakin', an'
 they'll want their beer to-day,

After hangin' Danny Deever in the
 mornin'.

MANDALAY

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin'
 eastward to the sea,

There's a Burma girl a-settin', an' I know
 she thinks o' me;

For the wind is in the palm-trees, an' the
 temple-bells they say:

"Come you back, you British soldier;
 come you back to Mandalay!" 8

Come you back to Mandalay,
 Where the old Flotilla lay:

Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin'
from Rangoon to Mandalay?

On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer
China 'crost the Bay! 10

'Er petticoat was yaller an' 'er little cap
was green,

An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat — jes' the
same as Theebaw's Queen,

An' I seed her fust a-smokin' of a whackin'
white cheroot,

An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an
'cathen idol's foot:

Bloomin' idol made o' mud — 15

Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd —

Plucky lot she cared for idols when I
kissed 'er where she stud!

On the road to Mandalay —

When the mist was on the rice-fields an'
the sun was droppin' slow,

She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing
"Kullalo-lo!" 20

With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' her
cheek agin my cheek

We useter watch the steamers an' the
hathis pilin' teak.

Elephints a-pilin' teak

In the sludgy, squidgy creek,

Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you
was 'arf afraid to speak! 25

On the road to Mandalay —

But that's all shove be'ind me — long ago
an' fur away,

An' there ain't no 'buses runnin' from the
Benk to Mandalay;

An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the
ten-year sodger tells:

"If you've 'eard the East a-callin', why
you won't 'eed nothin' else." 30

No! you won't 'eed nothin' else

But them spiey garlic smells

An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an'
the tinkly temple-bells!

On the road to Mandalay —

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gutty
pavin'-stones, 35

An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes
the fever in my bones;

Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer
Chelsea to the Strand,

An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do
they understand?

Beefy face an' grubby 'and —

Law! wot do they understand? 40

I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a
cleaner, greener land!

On the road to Mandalay —

Ship me somewheres east of Suez where
the best is like the worst,

Where there aren't no Ten Command-
ments, an' a man can raise a thirst;

For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's
there that I would be — 45

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin'
lazy at the sea —

On the road to Mandalay,

Where the old Flotilla lay,

With our sick beneath the awnings when
we went to Mandalay!

On the road to Mandalay, 50

Where the flyin'-fishes play,

An' the dawn comes up like thunder
outer China 'crost the Bay!

RECESSIONAL *

God of our fathers, known of old,

Lord of our far-flung battle-line —

Beneath whose awful hand we hold

Dominion over palm and pine —

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, 5

Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies —

The captains and the kings depart —

Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,

An humble and a contrite heart. 10

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,

Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away —

On dune and headland sinks the fire —

Lo, all our pomp of yesterday 15

Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!

Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,

Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose

Wild tongues that have not Thee in
awe — 20

Such boasting as the Gentiles use

Or lesser breeds without the Law —

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Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust 25
In reeking tube and iron shard —
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard —
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord! 30
Amen. 1897

JOHN McCRAE
(1872-1918)

IN FLANDERS FIELDS *

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below. 5
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe; 10
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch. Be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields. 15

1915

JOHN MASEFIELD
(1874-)

A CONSECRATION **

Not of the princes and prelates with peri-
wigged charioteers
Riding triumphantly laurelled to lap the
fat of the years, —
Rather the scorned — the rejected — the
men hemmed in with the spears;
The men of the tattered battalion which
fights till it dies,
Dazed with the dust of the battle, the din
and the cries. 5
The men with the broken heads and the
blood running into their eyes.
Not the be-medalled Commander, be-
loved of the throne,
Riding cock-horse to parade when the
bugles are blown,

But the lads who carried the koppie and
cannot be known.

Not the ruler for me, but the ranker, the
tramp of the road, 10

The slave with the sack on his shoulders
pricked on with the goad,

The man with too weighty a burden, too
weary a load.

The sailor, the stoker of steamers, the
man with the clout,

The chantyman bent at the halliards put-
ting a tune to the shout,

The drowsy man at the wheel and the
tired look-out. 15

Others may sing of the wine and the
wealth and the mirth,

The portly presence of potentates goodly
in girth; —

Mine be the dirt and the dross, the dust
and scum of the earth!

Theirs be the music, the colour, the glory,
the gold;

Mine be a handful of ashes, a mouthful of
mould. 20

Of the maimed, of the halt and the blind
in the rain and the cold —

Of these shall my songs be fashioned, my
tales be told.

Amen. 1901, 1902

SEA-FEVER **

I must down to the seas again, to the
lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to
steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song
and the white sail's shaking,
And a gray mist on the sea's face and a
gray dawn breaking.

I must down to the seas again, for the call
of the running tide 5

Is a wild call and a clear call that may not
be denied;

And all I ask is a windy day with the
white clouds flying,

And the flung spray and the blown spume
and the sea-gulls crying.

I must down to the seas again to the
vagrant gipsy life,

To the gull's way and the whale's way where
the wind's like a whetted knife; 10

* From *In Flanders Fields and Other Poems*, by Lieutenant-Colonel John McCrae. Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers. New York and London.

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And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laugh-
ing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when
the long trick's over. 1901, 1902

THE CHOICE *

The Kings go by with jewelled crowns;
Their horses gleam, their banners shake,
their spears are many.

The sack of many-peopled towns
Is all their dream:

The way they take 5
Leaves but a ruin in the brake,
And, in the furrow that the ploughmen make,
A stampless penny; a tale, a dream.

The Merchants reckon up their gold,
Their letters come, their ships arrive, their
freights are glories: 10

The profits of their treasures sold
They tell and sum;
Their foremen drive
Their servants, starved to half-alive,
Whose labours do but make the earth a
hive 15

Of stinking glories; a tale, a dream.

The Priests are singing in their stalls,
Their singing lifts, their incense burns,
their praying clamours;

Yet God is as the sparrow falls,
The ivy drifts; 20
The votive urns
Are all left void when Fortune turns,
The god is but a marble for the kerns
To break with hammers; a tale, a dream.

O Beauty, let me know again 25
The green earth cold, the April rain, the
quiet waters figuring sky,
The one star risen.

So shall I pass into the feast
Not touched by King, Merchant, or Priest;
Know the red spirit of the beast, 30
Be the green grain;
Escape from prison. 1917

ALFRED NOYES
(1880-)

FORTY SINGING SEAMEN **

"In our lands be Beeres and Lyons of
dyvers colours as ye redd, grene, black,
and white. And in our land be also uni-

cornes and these Unicorns slee many
Lyons. . . . Also there dare no man
make a lye in our lande, for if he dyde he
sholde incontynent be sleyn." — *Medieval
Epistle, of Pope Prester John.*

I

Across the seas of Wonderland to Moga-
dore we plodded,

Forty singing seamen in an old black
barque,

And we landed in the twilight where a
Polyphemus nodded

With his battered moon-eye winking
red and yellow through the dark!

For his eye was growing mellow, 5
Rich and ripe and red and yellow,

As was time, since old Ulysses made him
bellow in the dark!

Cho. — Since Ulysses bunged his eye up
with a pine-torch in the dark!

II

Were they mountains in the gloaming or
the giant's ugly shoulders

Just beneath the rolling eyeball, with
its bleared and vinous glow, 10

Red and yellow o'er the purple of the
pines among the boulders

And the shaggy horror brooding on the
sullen slopes below,

Were they pines among the boulders
Or the hair upon his shoulders?

We were only simple seamen, so of
course we didn't know. 15

Cho. — We were simple singing seamen,
so of course we couldn't know.

III

But we crossed a plain of poppies, and
we came upon a fountain

Not of water, but of jewels, like a spray
of leaping fire;

And behind it, in an emerald glade, be-
neath a golden mountain

There stood a crystal palace, for a
sailor to admire; 20

For a troop of ghosts came round us,
Which with leaves of bay they
crowned us,

Then with grog they well nigh drowned
us, to the depth of our desire!

Cho. — And 'twas very friendly of them,
as a sailor can admire!

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** From *Forty Singing Seamen and Other Poems*, by Alfred Noyes, 1909. Frederick A. Stokes Com-
pany. Used by permission.

IV

There was music all about us, we were
growing quite forgetful 25
We were only singing seamen from the
dirt of London-town,
Though the nectar that we swallowed
seemed to vanish half regretful
As if we wasn't good enough to take
such vittles down,
When we saw a sudden figure,
Tall and black as any nigger, 30
Like the devil — only bigger — draw-
ing near us with a frown!
Cho. — Like the devil — but much bigger
— and he wore a golden crown!

V

And "What's all this?" he growls at us!
With dignity we chaunted,
"Forty singing seamen, sir, as won't be
put upon!"
"What? Englishmen?" he cries, "Well,
if ye don't mind being haunted, 35
Faith you're welcome to my palace;
I'm the famous Prester John!
Will ye walk into my palace?
I don't bear 'ee any malice!
One and all ye shall be welcome in the
halls of Prester John!"
Cho. — So we walked into the palace and
the halls of Prester John! 40

VI

Now the door was one great diamond and
the hall a hollow ruby —
Big as Beachy Head, my lads, nay
bigger by a half!
And I sees the mate wi' mouth agape,
a-staring like a booby,
And the skipper close behind him, with
his tongue out like a calf!
Now the way to take it rightly 45
Was to walk along politely
Just as if you didn't notice — so I
couldn't help but laugh!
Cho. — For they both forgot their man-
ners and the crew was bound to
laugh!

VII

But he took us through his palace and,
my lads, as I'm a sinner,
We walked into an opal like a sunset-
coloured cloud — 50

"My dining-room," he says, and quick as
light we saw a dinner
Spread before us by the fingers of a
hidden fairy crowd;
And the skipper, swaying gently
After dinner, murmurs faintly,
"I looks to-wards you, Prester John,
you've done us very proud!" 55
Cho. — And we drank his health with
honours, for he *done* us *very*
proud!

VIII

Then he walks us to his garden where we
sees a feathered demon
Very splendid and important on a scrt
of spicy tree!
"That's the Phoenix", whispers Prester,
which all eddicated seamen
Knows the only one existent, and *he's*
waiting for to flee! 60
When his hundred years expire
Then he'll set hisself a-fire
And another from his ashes rise most
beautiful to see!"
Cho. — With wings of rose and emerald
most beautiful to see!

IX

Then he says, "In yonder forest there's a
little silver river, 65
And whosoever drinks of it, his youth
shall never die!
The centuries go by, but Prester John en-
dures forever
With his music in the mountains and
his magic on the sky!
While *your* hearts are growing colder,
While your world is growing older, 70
There's a magic in the distance, where
the sea-line meets the sky."
Cho. — It shall call to singing seamen till
the fount o' song is dry!

X

So we thought we'd up and seek it, but
that forest fair defied us, —
First a crimson leopard laughs at us
most horrible to see,
Then a sea-green lion came and sniffed
and licked his chops and eyed
us, 75
While a red and yellow unicorn was
dancing round a tree!

We was trying to look thinner,
Which was hard, because our dinner
Must ha' made us very tempting to a
cat o' high degree!
Cho. — Must ha' made us very tempting
to the whole menarjeree! 80

XI

So we scuttled from that forest and across
the poppy meadows
Where the awful shaggy horror brooded
o'er us in the dark!
And we pushes out from shore again a-
jumping at our shadows,
And pulls away most joyful to the old
black barque!
And home again we plodded 85
While the Polyphemus nodded
With his battered moon-eye winking red
and yellow through the dark.
Cho. — O, the moon above the mountains,
red and yellow through the dark!

XII

Across the seas of Wonderland to London-
town we blundered,
Forty singing seamen as was puzzled
for to know 90
If the visions that we saw was caused by
— here again we pondered —
A tippie in a vision forty thousand
years ago.
Could the grog we *dreamt* we swal-
lowed
Make us *dream* of all that followed?

We were only simple seamen, so of
course we didn't know! 95
Cho. — We were simple singing seamen,
so of course we could not know!
1907

RUPERT BROOKE

(1887-1915)

THE SOLDIER *

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign
field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust con-
cealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made
aware, 5
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her
ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English
air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of
home.
And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less 10
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by
England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as
her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and
gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English
heaven.

1914, 1915

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850-1894)

ÆS TRIPLEX

THE changes wrought by death are in
themselves so sharp and final, and so
terrible and melancholy in their conse-
quences, that the thing stands alone in
man's experience, and has no parallel
upon earth. It outdoes all other acci-
dents because it is the last of them. Some-
times it leaps suddenly upon its victims,
like a thug; sometimes it lays a regu-
lar siege and creeps upon their citadel
during a score of years. And when the
business is done, there is sore havoc made
in other people's lives, and a pin knocked

out by which many subsidiary friendships
hung together. There are empty chairs,
solitary walks, and single beds at night.
Again, in taking away our friends, death
does not take them away utterly, but
leaves behind a mocking, tragical, and
soon intolerable residue, which must be
hurriedly concealed. Hence a whole chap-
ter of sights and customs striking to the
mind, from the pyramids of Egypt to
the gibbets and dule trees¹ of medieval
Europe. The poorest persons have a bit
of pageant going towards the tomb;

* From the *Collected Poems* of Rupert Brooke. Copyright by Dodd, Mead and Co., Inc.

memorial stones are set up over the least memorable; and, in order to preserve some show of respect for what remains of our old loves and friendships, we must accompany it with much grimly ludicrous ceremonial, and the hired undertaker parades before the door. All this, and much more of the same sort, accompanied by the eloquence of poets, has gone a great way to put humanity in error; nay, in many philosophies the error has been embodied and laid down with every circumstance of logic; although in real life the bustle and swiftness, in leaving people little time to think, have not left them time enough to go dangerously wrong in practice.

As a matter of fact, although few things are spoken of with more fearful whisperings than this prospect of death, few have less influence on conduct under healthy circumstances. We have all heard of cities in South America built upon the side of fiery mountains, and how, even in this tremendous neighborhood, the inhabitants are not a jot more impressed by the solemnity of mortal conditions than if they were delving gardens in the greenest corner of England. There are serenades and suppers and much gallantry among the myrtles overhead; and meanwhile the foundation shudders underfoot, the bowels of the mountain growl, and at any moment living ruin may leap sky-high into the moonlight, and tumble man and his merry-making in the dust. In the eyes of very young people, and very dull old ones, there is something indescribably reckless and desperate in such a picture. It seems not credible that respectable married people, with umbrellas, should find appetite for a bit of supper within quite a long distance of a fiery mountain; ordinary life begins to smell of high-handed debauch when it is carried on so close to a catastrophe; and even cheese and salad, it seems, could hardly be relished in such circumstances without something like a defiance of the Creator. It should be a place for nobody but hermits dwelling in prayer and maceration, or mere born-devils drowning care in perpetual carouse.

And yet, when one comes to think

upon it calmly, the situation of these South American citizens forms only a very pale figure for the state of ordinary mankind. This world itself, travelling blindly and swiftly in over-crowded space, among a million other worlds travelling blindly and swiftly in contrary directions, may very well come by a knock that would set it into explosion like a penny squib. And what, pathologically looked at, is the human body with all its organs, but a mere bagful of petards? The least of these is as dangerous to the whole economy as the ship's powder-magazine to the ship; and with every breath we breathe, and every meal we eat, we are putting one or more of them in peril. If we clung as devotedly as some philosophers pretend we do to the abstract idea of life, or were half as frightened as they make out we are, for the subversive accident that ends it all, the trumpets might sound by the hour and no one would follow them into battle—the blue-peter² might fly at the truck, but who would climb into a sea-going ship? Think (if these philosophers were right) with what a preparation of spirit we should affront the daily peril of the dinner-table; a deadlier spot than any battle-field in history, where the far greater proportion of our ancestors have miserably left their bones! What woman would ever be lured into marriage, so much more dangerous than the wildest sea? And what would it be to grow old? For, after a certain distance, every step we take in life we find the ice growing thinner below our feet, and all around us and behind us we see our contemporaries going through. By the time a man gets well into the seventies, his continued existence is a mere miracle; and when he lays his old bones in bed for the night, there is an overwhelming probability that he will never see the day. Do the old men mind it, as a matter of fact? Why, no. They were never merrier; they have their grog at night, and tell the raciest stories; they hear of the death of people about their own age, or even younger, not as if it was a grisly warning, but with a simple childlike pleasure at having outlived some one else; and when a draught might puff

them out like a guttering candle, or a bit of a stumble shatter them like so much glass, their old hearts keep sound and unafrighted, and they go on, bubbling with laughter, through years of man's age compared to which the valley at Balaclava³ was as safe and peaceful as a village cricket-green on Sunday. It may fairly be questioned (if we look to the peril only) whether it was a much more daring feat for Curtius⁴ to plunge into the gulf, than for any old gentleman of ninety to doff his clothes and clamber into bed.

Indeed, it is a memorable subject for consideration, with what unconcern and gaiety mankind pricks on along the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The whole way is one wilderness of snares, and the end of it, for those who fear the last pinch, is irrevocable ruin. And yet we go spinning through it all, like a party for the Derby.⁵ Perhaps the reader remembers one of the humorous devices of the deified Caligula:⁶ how he encouraged a vast concourse of holiday-makers on to his bridge over Baie bay; and when they were in the height of their enjoyment, turned loose the Prætorian guards among the company, and had them tossed into the sea. This is no bad miniature of the dealings of nature with the transitory race of man. Only, what a chequered picnic we have of it, even while it lasts! and into what great waters, not to be crossed by any swimmer, God's pale Prætorian throws us over in the end!

We live the time that a match flickers; we pop the cork of a ginger-beer bottle, and the earthquake swallows us on the instant. Is it not odd, is it not incongruous, is it not, in the highest sense of human speech, incredible, that we should think so highly of the ginger-beer, and regard so little the devouring earthquake? The love of Life and the fear of Death are two famous phrases that grow harder to understand the more we think about them. It is a well-known fact that an immense proportion of boat accidents would never happen if people held the sheet in their hands instead of making it fast; and yet, unless it be some martinet of a professional mariner or some lands-

man with shattered nerves, every one of God's creatures makes it fast. A strange instance of man's unconcern and brazen boldness in the face of death!

We confound ourselves with metaphysical phrases, which we import into daily talk with noble inappropriateness. We have no idea of what death is, apart from its circumstances and some of its consequences to others; and although we have some experience of living there is not a man on earth who has flown so high into abstraction as to have any practical guess at the meaning of the word *life*. All literature, from Job and Omar Khayyám⁷ to Thomas Carlyle or Walt Whitman,⁸ is but an attempt to look upon the human state with such largeness of view as shall enable us to rise from the consideration of living to the Definition of Life. And our sages give us about the best satisfaction in their power when they say that it is a vapor, or a show, or made out of the same stuff with dreams.⁹ Philosophy, in its more rigid sense, has been at the same work for ages; and after a myriad bald heads have wagged over the problem, and piles of words have been heaped one upon another into dry and cloudy volumes without end, philosophy has the honor of laying before us, with modest pride, her contribution towards the subject: that life is a Permanent Possibility of Sensation. Truly a fine result! A man may very well love beef, or hunting, or a woman; but surely, surely, not a Permanent Possibility of Sensation! He may be afraid of a precipice, or a dentist, or a large enemy with a club, or even an undertaker's man; but not certainly of abstract death. We may trick with the word *life* in its dozen senses until we are weary of tricking; we may argue in terms of all the philosophies on earth, but one fact remains true throughout—that we do not love life, in the sense that we are greatly preoccupied about its conservation; that we do not, properly speaking, love life at all, but living. Into the views of the least careful there will enter some degree of providence; no man's eyes are fixed entirely on the passing hour; but although we have some anticipation of good health,

good weather, wine, active employment, love, and self-approval, the sum of these anticipations does not amount to anything like a general view of life's possibilities and issues; nor are those who cherish them most vividly at all the most scrupulous of their personal safety. To be deeply interested in the accidents of our existence, to enjoy keenly the mixed texture of human experience, rather leads a man to disregard precautions, and risk his neck against a straw. For surely the love of living is stronger in an Alpine climber roping over a peril, or a hunter riding merrily at a stiff fence, than in a creature who lives upon a diet and walks a measured distance in the interest of his constitution.

There is a great deal of very vile nonsense talked upon both sides of the matter: tearing divines reducing life to the dimensions of a mere funeral procession, so short as to be hardly decent, and melancholy unbelievers yearning for the tomb as if it were a world too far away. Both sides must feel a little ashamed of their performances now and again when they draw in their chairs to dinner. Indeed, a good meal and a bottle of wine is an answer to most standard works upon the question. When a man's heart warms to his viands, he forgets a great deal of sophistry, and soars into a rosy zone of contemplation. Death may be knocking at the door, like the Commander's statue;¹⁰ we have something else in hand, thank God, and let him knock. Passing bells are ringing all the world over. All the world over, and every hour, some one is parting company with all his aches and ecstasies. For us also the trap is laid. But we are so fond of life that we have no leisure to entertain the terror of death. It is a honeymoon with us all through, and none of the longest. Small blame to us if we give our whole hearts to this glowing bride of ours, to the appetites, to honor, to the hungry curiosity of the mind, to the pleasure of the eyes in nature, and the pride of our own nimble bodies.

We all of us appreciate the sensations; but as for caring about the Permanence of the Possibility, a man's head is gener-

ally very bald, and his senses very dull, before he comes to that. Whether we regard life as a lane leading to a dead wall — a mere bag's end,¹¹ as the French say — or whether we think of it as a vestibule or gymnasium, where we wait our turn and prepare our faculties for some more noble destiny; whether we thunder in a pulpit, or pule in little atheistic poetry-books, about its vanity and brevity; whether we look justly for years of health and vigor, or are about to mount into a Bath-chair,¹² as a step towards the hearse; in each and all of these views and situations there is but one conclusion possible: that a man should stop his ears against paralysing terror, and run the race that is set before him with a single mind. No one surely could have recoiled with more heartache and terror from the thought of death than our respected lexicographer;¹³ and yet we know how little it affected his conduct, how wisely and boldly he walked, and in what a fresh and lively vein he spoke of life. Already an old man, he ventured on his Highland tour; and his heart, bound with triple brass, did not recoil before twenty-seven individual cups of tea. As courage and intelligence are the two qualities best worth a good man's cultivation, so it is the first part of intelligence to recognize our precarious estate in life, and the first part of courage to be not at all abashed before the fact. A frank and somewhat headlong carriage, not looking too anxiously before, not dallying in maudlin regret over the past, stamps the man who is well armored for this world.

And not only well armored for himself, but a good friend and a good citizen to boot. We do not go to cowards for tender dealing; there is nothing so cruel as panic; the man who has least fear for his own carcass, has most time to consider others. That eminent chemist who took his walks abroad in tin shoes, and subsisted wholly upon tepid milk, had all his work cut out for him in considerate dealings with his own digestion. So soon as prudence has begun to grow up in the brain, like a dismal fungus, it finds its first expression in a paralysis of gener-

ous acts. The victim begins to shrink spiritually; he develops a fancy for parlors with a regulated temperature, and takes his morality on the principle of tin shoes and tepid milk. The care of one important body or soul becomes so engrossing, that all the noises of the outer world begin to come thin and faint into the parlor with the regulated temperature; and the tin shoes go equably forward over blood and rain. To be otherwise is to ossify; and the scruple-monger ends by standing stockstill. Now the man who has his heart on his sleeve, and a good whirling weathercock of a brain, who reckons his life as a thing to be dashingly used and cheerfully hazarded, makes a very different acquaintance of the world, keeps all his pulses going true and fast, and gathers impetus as he runs, until, if he be running towards anything better than wildfire, he may shoot up and become a constellation in the end. Lord, look after his health, Lord, have a care of his soul, says he; and he has at the key of the position, and smashes through incongruity and peril towards his aim. Death is on all sides of him with pointed batteries, as he is on all sides of all of us; unfortunate surprises gird him round; mim-mouthed¹⁴ friends and relations hold up their hands in quite a little elegiacal synod about his path: and what cares he for all this? Being a true lover of living, a fellow with something pushing and spontaneous in his inside, he must, like any other soldier, in any other stirring, deadly warfare, push on at his best pace until he touch the goal. "A peerage or Westminster Abbey!" cried Nelson in his bright, boyish, heroic manner. These are great incentives; not for any of these, but for the plain satisfaction of living, of being about their business in some sort or other, do the brave, serviceable men of every nation tread down the nettle danger, and pass flyingly over all the stumbling-blocks of prudence. Think of the heroism of Johnson, think of that superb indifference to mortal limitation that set him upon his dictionary, and carried him through triumphantly until the end! Who, if he were wisely considerate of things at

large, would ever embark upon any work much more considerable than a half-penny post-card? Who would project a serial novel, after Thackeray and Dickens had each fallen in mid-course? Who would find heart enough to begin to live, if he dallied with the consideration of death?

And, after all, what sorry and pitiful quibbling all this is! To forego all the issues of living in a parlor with a regulated temperature — as if that were not to die a hundred times over, and for ten years at a stretch! As if it were not to die in one's own lifetime, and without even the sad immunities of death! As if it were not to die, and yet be the patient spectators of our own pitiable change! The Permanent Possibility is preserved, but the sensations carefully held at arm's length, as if one kept a photographic plate in a dark chamber. It is better to lose health like a spendthrift than to waste it like a miser. It is better to live and be done with it, than to die daily in the sick-room. By all means begin your folio; even if the doctor does not give you a year, even if he hesitates about a month, make one brave push and see what can be accomplished in a week. It is not only in finished undertakings that we ought to honor useful labor. A spirit goes out of the man who means execution, which outlives the most untimely ending. All who have meant good work with their whole hearts, have done good work, although they may die before they have the time to sign it. Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the tradition of mankind. And even if death catch people, like an open pitfall, and in mid-career, laying out vast projects, and planning monstrous foundations, flushed with hope, and their mouths full of boastful language, they should be at once tripped up and silenced: is there not something brave and spirited in such a termination? and does not life go down with a better grace, foaming in full body over a precipice, than miserably straggling to an end in sandy deltas? When the Greeks made their fine saying that

those whom the gods love die young, I cannot help believing they had this sort of death also in their eye. For surely, at whatever age it overtake the man, this is to die young. Death has not been suffered to take so much as an illusion from his heart. In the hot-fit of life, a-tiptoe on the highest point of being,

he passes at a bound on to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land.

1881

MARKHEIM

"Yes," said the dealer, "our windfalls are of various kinds. Some customers are ignorant, and then I touch a dividend on my superior knowledge. Some are dishonest," and here he held up the candle, so that the light fell strongly on his visitor, "and in that case," he continued, "I profit by my virtue."

Markheim had but just entered from the daylight streets, and his eyes had not yet grown familiar with the mingled shine and darkness in the shop. At these pointed words, and before the near presence of the flame, he blinked painfully and looked aside.

The dealer chuckled. "You come to me on Christmas Day," he resumed, "when you know that I am alone in my house, put up my shutters, and make a point of refusing business. Well, you will have to pay for that; you will have to pay for my loss of time, when I should be balancing my books; you will have to pay, besides, for a kind of manner that I remark in you to-day very strongly. I am the essence of discretion, and ask no awkward questions; but when a customer cannot look me in the eye, he has to pay for it." The dealer once more chuckled; and then, changing to his usual business voice, though still with a note of irony, "You can give, as usual, a clear account of how you came into the possession of the object?" he continued. "Still your uncle's cabinet? A remarkable collector, sir!"

And the little pale, round-shouldered dealer stood almost on tip-toe, looking over the top of his gold spectacles, and nodding his head with every mark of disbelief. Markheim returned his gaze with one of infinite pity, and a touch of horror.

"This time," said he, "you are in error. I have not come to sell, but to buy. I have no curios to dispose of; my uncle's cabinet is bare to the wainscot; even were it still intact, I have done well on the Stock Exchange, and should more likely add to it than otherwise, and my errand to-day is simplicity itself. I seek a Christmas present for a lady," he continued, waxing more fluent as he struck into the speech he had prepared; "and certainly I owe you every excuse for thus disturbing you upon so small a matter. But the thing was neglected yesterday; I must produce my little compliment at dinner; and, as you very well know, a rich marriage is not a thing to be neglected."

There followed a pause, during which the dealer seemed to weigh this statement incredulously. The ticking of many clocks among the curious lumber of the shop, and the faint rushing of the cabs in a near thoroughfare, filled up the interval of silence.

"Well, sir," said the dealer, "be it so. You are an old customer after all; and if, as you say, you have the chance of a good marriage, far be it from me to be an obstacle. Here is a nice thing for a lady now," he went on, "this hand glass — fifteenth century, warranted; comes from a good collection, too, but I reserve the name, in the interests of my customer, who was just like yourself, my dear sir, the nephew and sole heir of a remarkable collector."

The dealer, while he thus ran on in his dry and biting voice, had stooped to take the object from its place; and, as he had done so, a shock had passed through Markheim, a start both of hand and foot, a sudden leap of many tumult-

tuous passions to the face. It passed as swiftly as it came, and left no trace beyond a certain trembling of the hand that now received the glass.

"A glass," he said hoarsely, and then paused, and repeated it more clearly. "A glass? For Christmas? Surely not?"

"And why not?" cried the dealer. "Why not a glass?"

Markheim was looking upon him with an indefinable expression. "You ask me why not?" he said. "Why, look here—look in it—look at yourself! Do you like to see it? No! nor I—nor any man."

The little man had jumped back when Markheim had so suddenly confronted him with the mirror; but now, perceiving there was nothing worse on hand, he chuckled. "Your future lady, sir, must be pretty hard favored," said he.

"I ask you," said Markheim, "for a Christmas present, and you give me this—this damned reminder of years, and sins and follies—this hand-conscience! Did you mean it? Had you a thought in your mind? Tell me. It will be better for you if you do. Come, tell me about yourself. I hazard a guess now, that you are in secret a very charitable man?"

The dealer looked closely at his companion. It was very odd, Markheim did not appear to be laughing; there was something in his face like an eager sparkle of hope, but nothing of mirth.

"What are you driving at?" the dealer asked.

"Not charitable?" returned the other, gloomily. "Not charitable, not pious; not scrupulous; unloving, unbeloved; a hand to get money, a safe to keep it. Is that all? Dear God, man, is that all?"

"I will tell you what it is," began the dealer, with some sharpness, and then broke off again into a chuckle. "But I see this is a love match of yours, and you have been drinking the lady's health."

"Ah!" cried Markheim, with a strange curiosity. "Ah, have you been in love? Tell me about that."

"I," cried the dealer. "I in love! I never had the time, nor have I the time to-day for all this nonsense. Will you take the glass?"

"Where is the hurry?" returned Markheim. "It is very pleasant to stand here talking; and life is so short and insecure that I would not hurry away from any pleasure—no, not even from so mild a one as this. We should rather cling, cling to what little we can get, like a man at a cliff's edge. Every second is a cliff, if you think upon it—a cliff a mile high—high enough, if we fall, to dash us out of every feature of humanity. Hence it is best to talk pleasantly. Let us talk of each other; why should we wear this mask? Let us be confidential. Who knows, we might become friends?"

"I have just one word to say to you," said the dealer. "Either make your purchase, or walk out of my shop."

"True, true," said Markheim. "Enough fooling. To business. Show me something else."

The dealer stooped once more, this time to replace the glass upon the shelf, his thin blond hair falling over his eyes as he did so. Markheim moved a little nearer, with one hand in the pocket of his greatcoat; he drew himself up and filled his lungs; at the same time many different emotions were depicted together on his face—terror, horror, and resolve, fascination and a physical repulsion; and through a haggard lift of his upper lip, his teeth looked out.

"This, perhaps, may suit," observed the dealer; and then, as he began to rearise, Markheim bounded from behind upon his victim. The long, skewerlike dagger flashed and fell. The dealer struggled like a hen, striking his temple on the shelf, and then tumbled on the floor in a heap.

Time had some score of small voices in that shop, some stately and slow as was becoming to their great age; others garrulous and hurried. All these told out the seconds in an intricate chorus of tickings. Then the passage of a lad's feet, heavily running on the pavement, broke in upon these smaller voices and startled Markheim into the consciousness of his surroundings. He looked about him awfully. The candle stood on the counter, its flame solemnly wagging in a draught; and by that inconsiderable

movement, the whole room was filled with noiseless bustle and kept heaving like a sea: the tall shadows nodding, the gross blots of darkness swelling and dwindling as with respiration, the faces of the portraits and the china gods changing and wavering like images in water. The inner door stood ajar, and peered into that leaguer of shadows with a long slit of daylight like a pointing finger.

From these fear-stricken roivings, Markheim's eyes returned to the body of his victim, where it lay both humped and sprawling, incredibly small and strangely meaner than in life. In these poor, miserly clothes, in that ungainly attitude, the dealer lay like so much sawdust. Markheim had feared to see it, and, lo! it was nothing. And yet, as he gazed, this bundle of old clothes and pool of blood began to find eloquent voices. There it must lie; there was none to work the cunning hinges or direct the miracle of locomotion — there it must lie till it was found. Found! ay, and then? Then would this dead flesh lift up a cry that would ring over England, and fill the world with the echoes of pursuit. Ay, dead or not, this was still the enemy. "Time was that when the brains were out," he thought; and the first word struck into his mind. Time, now that the deed was accomplished — time, which had closed for the victim, had become instant and momentous for the slayer.

The thought was yet in his mind, when, first one and then another, with every variety of pace and voice — one deep as the bell from a cathedral turret, another ringing on its treble notes the prelude of a waltz — the clocks began to strike the hour of three in the afternoon.

The sudden outbreak of so many tongues in that dumb chamber staggered him. He began to bestir himself, going to and fro with the candle, beleaguered by moving shadows, and startled to the soul by chance reflections. In many rich mirrors, some of home designs, some from Venice or Amsterdam, he saw his face repeated and repeated, as it were an army of spies; his own eyes met and detected him; and the sound of his own steps, lightly as they fell, vexed the sur-

rounding quiet. And still as he continued to fill his pockets, his mind accused him, with a sickening iteration, of the thousand faults of his design. He should have chosen a more quiet hour; he should have prepared an alibi; he should not have used a knife; he should have been more cautious, and only bound and gagged the dealer, and not killed him; he should have been more bold, and killed the servant also; he should have done all things otherwise; poignant regrets, weary, incessant toiling of the mind to change what was unchangeable, to plan what was now useless, to be the architect of the irrevocable past. Meanwhile, and behind all this activity, brute terrors, like the scurrying of rats in a deserted attic, filled the more remote chambers of his brain with riot; the hand of the constable would fall heavy on his shoulder, and his nerves would jerk like a hooked fish; or he beheld, in galloping defile, the dock, the prison, the gallows, and the black coffin.

Terror of the people in the street sat down before his mind like a besieging army. It was impossible, he thought, but that some rumour of the struggle must have reached their ears and set on edge their curiosity; and now, in all the neighbouring houses, he divined them sitting motionless and with uplifted ear — solitary people, condemned to spend Christmas dwelling alone on memories of the past, and now startlingly recalled from that tender exercise; happy family parties, struck into silence round the table, the mother still with raised finger: every degree and age and humour, but all, by their own hearths, prying and hearkening and weaving the rope that was to hang him. Sometimes it seemed to him he could not move too softly; the clink of the tall Bohemian goblets rang out loudly like a bell; and alarmed by the bigness of the ticking, he was tempted to stop the clocks. And then, again, with a swift transition of his terrors, the very silence of the place appeared a source of peril, and a thing to strike and freeze the passer-by; and he would step more boldly, and bustle aloud among the contents of the shop, and imitate, with elaborate bravado,

the movements of a busy man at ease in his own house.

But he was now so pulled about by different alarms that, while one portion of his mind was still alert and cunning, another trembled on the brink of lunacy. One hallucination in particular took a strong hold on his credulity. The neighbour hearkening with white face beside his window, the passer-by arrested by a horrible surmise on the pavement — these could at worst suspect, they could not know; through the brick walls and shuttered windows only sounds could penetrate. But here, within the house, was he alone? He knew he was; he had watched the servant set forth sweet-hearting, in her poor best, "out for the day" written in every ribbon and smile. Yes, he was alone, of course; and yet, in the bulk of empty house above him, he could surely hear a stir of delicate footing — he was surely conscious, inexplicably conscious of some presence. Ay, surely; to every room and corner of the house his imagination followed it; and now it was a faceless thing, and yet had eyes to see with; and again it was a shadow of himself; and yet again behold the image of the dead dealer, re-inspired with cunning and hatred.

At times, with a strong effort, he would glance at the open door which still seemed to repel his eyes. The house was tall, the skylight small and dirty, the day blind with fog; and the light that filtered down to the ground story was exceedingly faint, and showed dimly on the threshold of the shop. And yet, in that strip of doubtful brightness, did there not hang wavering a shadow?

Suddenly, from the street outside, a very jovial gentleman began to beat with a staff on the shop-door, accompanying his blows with shouts and raileries in which the dealer was continually called upon by name. Markheim, smitten into ice, glanced at the dead man. But no! he lay quite still; he was fled away far beyond earshot of these blows and shoutings; he was sunk beneath seas of silence; and his name, which would once have caught his notice above the howling of a storm, had become an empty sound.

And presently the jovial gentleman desisted from his knocking and departed.

Here was a broad hint to hurry what remained to be done, to get forth from this accusing neighbourhood, to plunge into a bath of London multitudes, and to reach, on the other side of day, that haven of safety and apparent innocence — his bed. One visitor had come: at any moment another might follow and be more obstinate. To have done the deed, and yet not to reap the profit, would be too abhorrent a failure. The money, that was now Markheim's concern; and as a means to that, the keys.

He glanced over his shoulder at the open door, where the shadow was still lingering and shivering; and with no conscious repugnance of the mind, yet with a tremor of the belly, he drew near the body of his victim. The human character had quite departed. Like a suit half-stuffed with bran, the limbs lay scattered, the trunk doubled, on the floor; and yet the thing repelled him. Although so dingy and inconsiderable to the eye, he feared it might have more significance to the touch. He took the body by the shoulders, and turned it on its back. It was strangely light and supple, and the limbs, as if they had been broken, fell into the oddest postures. The face was robbed of all expression; but it was as pale as wax, and shockingly smeared with blood about one temple. That was, for Markheim, the one displeasing circumstance. It carried him back, upon the instant, to a certain fair day in a fishers' village: a gray day, a piping wind, a crowd upon the street, the blare of brasses, the booming of drums, the nasal voice of a ballad singer; and a boy going to and fro, buried over head in the crowd and divided between interest and fear, until, coming out upon the chief place of concourse, he beheld a booth and a great screen with pictures, dismally designed, garishly coloured: Brownrigg with her apprentice; the Mannings with their murdered guest; Weare in the death-grip of Thurtell; and a score besides of famous crimes. The thing was as clear as an illusion: he was once again that little boy; he was looking

once again, and with the same sense of physical revolt, at these vile pictures; he was still stunned by the thumping of the drums. A bar of that day's music returned upon his memory; and at that, for the first time, a qualm came over him, a breath of nausea, a sudden weakness of the joints, which he must instantly resist and conquer.

He judged it more prudent to confront than to flee from these considerations; looking the more hardily in the dead face, bending his mind to realise the nature and greatness of his crime. So little a while ago that face had moved with every change of sentiment, that pale mouth had spoken, that body had been all on fire with governable energies; and now, and by his act, that piece of life had been arrested, as the horologist, with interjected finger, arrests the beating of the clock. So he reasoned in vain; he could rise to no more remorseful consciousness; the same heart which had shuddered before the painted effigies of crime, looked on its reality unmoved. At best, he felt a gleam of pity for one who had been endowed in vain with all those faculties that can make the world a garden of enchantment, one who had never lived and who was now dead. But of penitence, no, not a tremor.

With that, shaking himself clear of these considerations, he found the keys and advanced towards the open door of the shop. Outside, it had begun to rain smartly; and the sound of the shower upon the roof had banished silence. Like some dripping cavern, the chambers of the house were haunted by an incessant echoing, which filled the ear and mingled with the ticking of the clocks. And, as Markheim approached the door, he seemed to hear, in answer to his own cautious tread, the steps of another foot withdrawing up the stair. The shadow still palpitated loosely on the threshold. He threw a ton's weight of resolve upon his muscles, and drew back the door.

The faint, foggy daylight glimmered dimly on the bare floor and stairs; on the bright suit of armour posted, halbert in hand, upon the landing; and on the dark wood-carvings, and framed pictures that

hung against the yellow panels of the wainscot. So loud was the beating of the rain through all the house that, in Markheim's ears, it began to be distinguished into many different sounds. Footsteps and sighs, the tread of regiments marching in the distance, the chink of money in the counting, and the creaking of doors held stealthily ajar, appeared to mingle with the patter of the drops upon the cupola and the gushing of the water in the pipes. The sense that he was not alone grew upon him to the verge of madness. On every side he was haunted and begirt by presences. He heard them moving in the upper chambers; from the shop, he heard the dead man getting to his legs; and as he began with a great effort to mount the stairs, feet fled quietly before him and followed stealthily behind. If he were but deaf, he thought, how tranquilly he would possess his soul! And then again, and hearkening with ever fresh attention, he blessed himself for that unresting sense which held the outposts and stood a trusty sentinel upon his life. His head turned continually on his neck; his eyes, which seemed starting from their orbits, scouted on every side, and on every side were half-rewarded as with the tail of something nameless vanishing. The four-and-twenty steps to the first floor were four-and-twenty agonies.

On that first story, the doors stood ajar, three of them like three ambushes, shaking his nerves like the throats of cannon. He could never again, he felt, be sufficiently immured and fortified from men's observing eyes; he longed to be home, girt in by walls, buried among bed-clothes, and invisible to all but God. And at that thought he wondered a little, recollecting tales of other murderers and the fear they were said to entertain of heavenly avengers. It was not so, at least, with him. He feared the laws of nature, lest, in their callous and immutable procedure, they should preserve some damning evidence of his crime. He feared tenfold, more with a slavish, superstitious terror, some scission in the continuity of man's experience, some wilful illegality of nature. He played a

game of skill, depending on the rules, calculating consequence from cause; and what if nature, as the defeated tyrant overthrew the chessboard, should break the mould of their succession? The like had befallen Napoleon (so writers said) when the winter changed the time of its appearance. The like might befall Markheim: the solid walls might become transparent and reveal his doings like those of bees in a glass hive; the stout planks might yield under his foot like quicksands and detain him in their clutch; ay, and there were soberer accidents that might destroy him; if, for instance, the house should fall and imprison him beside the body of his victim; or the house next door should fly on fire, and the firemen invade him from all sides. These things he feared; and, in a sense, these things might be called the hands of God reached forth against sin. But about God himself he was at ease; his act was doubtless exceptional, but so were his excuses, which God knew; it was there, and not among men, that he felt sure of justice.

When he had got safe into the drawing-room, and shut the door behind him, he was aware of a respite from alarms. The room was quite dismantled, uncarpeted besides, and strewn with packing cases and incongruous furniture; several great pier-glasses, in which he beheld himself at various angles, like an actor on a stage; many pictures, framed and unframed, standing, with their faces to the wall; a fine Sheraton sideboard, a cabinet of marquetry, and a great old bed, with tapestry hangings. The windows opened to the floor; but by great good fortune the lower part of the shutters had been closed, and this concealed him from the neighbours. Here, then, Markheim drew in a packing case before the cabinet, and began to search among the keys. It was a long business, for there were many; and it was irksome, besides; for, after all, there might be nothing in the cabinet, and time was on the wing. But the closeness of the occupation sobered him. With the tail of his eye he saw the door — even glanced at it from time to time directly like a besieged commander pleased to verify the good estate of his defences.

But in truth he was at peace. The rain falling in the street sounded natural and pleasant. Presently, on the other side, the notes of a piano were awakened to the music of a hymn, and the voices of many children took up the air and words. How stately, how comfortable was the melody! How fresh the youthful voices! Markheim gave ear to it smilingly, as he sorted out the keys; and his mind was thronged with answerable ideas and images; church-going children and the pealing of the high organ; children afield, bathers by the brookside, ramblers on the brambly common, kite-flyers in the windy and cloud-navigated sky; and then, at another cadence of the hymn, back again to church, and the somnolence of summer Sundays, and the high genteel voice of the parson (which he smiled a little to recall) and the painted Jacobean tombs, and the dim lettering of the Ten Commandments in the chancel.

And as he sat thus, at once busy and absent, he was startled to his feet. A flash of ice, a flash of fire, a bursting gush of blood, went over him, and then he stood transfixed and thrilling. A step mounted the stair slowly and steadily, and presently a hand was laid upon the knob, and the lock clicked, and the door opened.

Fear held Markheim in a vice. What to expect he knew not, whether the dead man walking, or the official ministers of human justice, or some chance witness blindly stumbling in to consign him to the gallows. But when a face was thrust into the aperture, glanced round the room, looked at him, nodded and smiled as if in friendly recognition, and then withdrew again, and the door closed behind it, his fear broke loose from his control in a hoarse cry. At the sound of this the visitant returned.

"Did you call me?" he asked pleasantly, and with that he entered the room and closed the door behind him.

Markheim stood and gazed at him with all his eyes. Perhaps there was a film upon his sight, but the outlines of the newcomer seemed to change and waver like those of the idols in the wavering candle-light of the shop; and at times he thought he knew him; and at times he thought he

bore a likeness to himself; and always like a lump of living terror, there lay in his bosom the conviction that this thing was not of the earth and not of God.

And yet the creature had a strange air of the commonplace, as he stood looking on Markheim with a smile; and when he added, "You are looking for the money, I believe?" it was in the tones of everyday politeness.

Markheim made no answer.

"I should warn you," resumed the other, "that the maid has left her sweetheart earlier than usual and will soon be here. If Mr. Markheim be found in this house, I need not describe to him the consequences."

"You know me?" cried the murderer.

The visitor smiled. "You have long been a favourite of mine," he said; "and I have long observed and often sought to help you."

"What are you?" cried Markheim; "the devil?"

"What I may be," returned the other, "cannot affect the service I propose to render you."

"It can," cried Markheim; "it does! Be helped by you? No, never; not by you! You do not know me yet; thank God, you do not know me!"

"I know you," replied the visitant, with a sort of kind severity or rather firmness. "I know you to the soul."

"Know me!" cried Markheim. "Who can do so? My life is but a travesty and slander on myself. I have lived to belie my nature. All men do; all men are better than this disguise that grows about and stifles them. You see each dragged away by life, like one whom bravos have seized and muffled in a cloak. If they had their own control — if you could see their faces, they would be altogether different, they would shine out for heroes and saints! I am worse than most; myself is more overlaid; my excuse is known to me and God. But, had I the time, I could disclose myself."

"To me?" inquired the visitant.

"To you before all," returned the murderer. "I supposed you were intelligent. I thought — since you exist — you would prove a reader of the heart. And

yet you would propose to judge me by my acts! Think of it; my acts! I was born and I have lived in a land of giants; giants have dragged me by the wrists since I was born out of my mother — the giants of circumstance. And you would judge me by my acts! But can you not look within? Can you not understand that evil is hateful to me? Can you not see within me the clear writing of conscience, never blurred by any wilful sophistry, although too often disregarded? Can you not read me for a thing that surely must be common as humanity — the unwilling sinner?"

"All this is very feelingly expressed," was the reply, "but it regards me not. These points of consistency are beyond my province, and I care not in the least by what compulsion you may have been dragged away, so as you are but carried in the right direction. But time flies; the servant delays, looking in the faces of the crowd and at the pictures on the hoardings, but still she keeps moving nearer; and remember, it is as if the gallows itself was striding towards you through the Christmas streets! Shall I help you; I, who know all? Shall I tell you where to find the money?"

"For what price?" asked Markheim.

"I offer you the service for a Christmas gift," returned the other.

Markheim could not refrain from smiling with a kind of bitter triumph. "No," said he, "I will take nothing at your hands; if I were dying of thirst, and it was your hand that put the pitcher to my lips, I should find the courage to refuse. It may be credulous, but I will do nothing to commit myself to evil."

"I have no objection to a death-bed repentance," observed the visitant.

"Because you disbelieve their efficacy!" Markheim cried.

"I do not say so," returned the other; "but I look on these things from a different side, and when the life is done my interest falls. The man has lived to serve me, to spread black looks under colour of religion, or to sow tares in the wheat-field, as you do, in a course of weak compliance with desire. Now that he draws so near to his deliverance, he can

add but one act of service — to repent, to die smiling, and thus to build up in confidence and hope the more timorous of my surviving followers. I am not so hard a master. Try me. Accept my help. Please yourself in life as you have done hitherto; please yourself more amply, spread your elbows at the board; and when the night begins to fall and the curtains to be drawn, I tell you, for your greater comfort, that you will find it even easy to compound your quarrel with your conscience, and to make a truckling peace with God. I came but now from such a death-bed, and the room was full of sincere mourners, listening to the man's last words: and when I looked into that face, which had been set as a flint against mercy, I found it smiling with hope."

"And do you, then, suppose me such a creature?" asked Markheim. "Do you think I have no more generous aspirations than to sin, and sin, and sin, and, at last, sneak into heaven? My heart rises at the thought. Is this, then, your experience of mankind? or is it because you find me with red hands that you presume such baseness? and is this crime of murder indeed so impious as to dry up the very springs of good?"

"Murder is to me no special category," replied the other. "All sins are murder, even as all life is war. I behold your race, like starving mariners on a raft, plucking crusts out of the hands of famine and feeding on each other's lives. I follow sins beyond the moment of their acting; I find in all that the last consequence is death; and to my eyes, the pretty maid who thwarts her mother with such taking graces on a question of a ball, drips no less visibly with human gore than such a murderer as yourself. Do I say that I follow sins? I follow virtues also; they differ not by the thickness of a nail, they are both scythes for the reaping angel of Death. Evil, for which I live, consists not in action, but in character. The bad man is dear to me; not the bad act, whose fruits, if we could follow them far enough down the hurtling cataract of the ages, might yet be found more blessed than those of the rarest virtues. And it is not because you have killed a dealer,

but because you are Markheim, that I offered to forward your escape."

"I will lay my heart open to you," answered Markheim. "This crime on which you find me is my last. On my way to it I have learned many lessons; itself is a lesson, a momentous lesson. Hitherto I have been driven with revolt to what I would not; I was a bond-slave to poverty, driven and scourged. There are robust virtues that can stand in these temptations; mine was not so: I had a thirst of pleasure. But to-day, and out of this deed, I pluck both warning and riches — both the power and a fresh resolve to be myself. I become in all things a free actor in the world; I begin to see myself all changed, these hands the agents of good, this heart at peace. Something comes over me out of the past; something of what I have dreamed on Sabbath evenings to the sound of the church organ, of what I forecast when I shed tears over noble books, or talked, an innocent child, with my mother. There lies my life; I have wandered a few years, but now I see once more my city of destination."

"You are to use this money on the Stock Exchange, I think?" remarked the visitor; "and there, if I mistake not, you have already lost some thousands?"

"Ah," said Markheim, "but this time I have a sure thing."

"This time, again, you will lose," replied the visitor, quietly.

"Ah, but I keep back the half!" cried Markheim.

"That also you will lose," said the other.

The sweat started upon Markheim's brow. "Well, then, what matter?" he exclaimed. "Say it be lost, say I am plunged again in poverty, shall one part of me, and that the worse, continue until the end to override the better? Evil and good run strong in me, haling me both ways. I do not love the one thing, I love all. I can conceive great deeds, renunciations, martyrdoms; and though I be fallen to such a crime as murder, pity is no stranger to my thoughts. I pity the poor; who knows their trials better than myself? I pity and help

them; I prize love, I love honest laughter; there is no good thing nor true thing on earth but I love it from my heart. And are my vices only to direct my life, and my virtues to lie without effect, like some passive lumber of the mind? Not so; good, also, is a spring of acts."

But the visitant raised his finger. "For six-and-thirty years that you have been in this world," said he, "through many changes of fortune and varieties of humour, I have watched you steadily fall. Fifteen years ago you would have started at a theft. Three years back you would have blenched at the name of murder. Is there any crime, is there any cruelty or meanness, from which you still recoil? — five years from now I shall detect you in the fact! Downward, downward, lies your way; nor can anything but death avail to stop you."

"It is true," Markheim said huskily, "I have in some degree complied with evil. But it is so with all: the very saints, in the mere exercise of living, grow less dainty, and take on the tone of their surroundings."

"I will propound to you one simple question," said the other; "and as you answer, I shall read to you your moral horoscope. You have grown in many things more lax; possibly you do right to be so; and at any account, it is the same with all men. But granting that, are you in any one particular, however trifling, more difficult to please with your own conduct, or do you go in all things with a looser rein?"

"In any one?" repeated Markheim, with an anguish of consideration. "No," he added, with despair, "in none! I have gone down in all."

"Then," said the visitor, "content yourself with what you are, for you will never change; and the words of your part on this stage are irrevocably written down."

Markheim stood for a long while silent, and indeed it was the visitor who first broke the silence. "That being so," he said, "shall I show you the money?"

"And grace?" cried Markheim.

"Have you not tried it?" returned the other. "Two or three years ago, did I

not see you on the platform of revival meetings, and was not your voice the loudest in the hymn?"

"It is true," said Markheim; "and I see clearly what remains for me by way of duty. I thank you for these lessons from my soul; my eyes are opened, and I behold myself at last for what I am."

At this moment, the sharp note of the door-bell rang through the house; and the visitant, as though this were some concerted signal for which he had been waiting, changed at once in his demeanour.

"The maid!" he cried. "She has returned, as I forewarned you, and there is now before you one more difficult passage. Her master, you must say, is ill; you must let her in, with an assured but rather serious countenance — no smiles, no over-acting, and I promise you success! Once the girl within, and the door closed, the same dexterity that has already rid you of the dealer will relieve you of this last danger in your path. Thenceforward you have the whole evening — the whole night, if needful — to ransack the treasures of the house and to make good your safety. This is help that comes to you with the mask of danger. Up!" he cried; "up, friend; your life hangs trembling in the scales; up, and act!"

Markheim steadily regarded his counsellor. "If I be condemned to evil acts," he said, "there is still one door of freedom open — I can cease from action. If my life be an ill thing, I can lay it down. Though I be, as you say truly, at the beck of every small temptation, I can yet, by one decisive gesture, place myself beyond the reach of all. My love of good is damned to barrenness; it may, and let it be! But I have still my hatred of evil; and from that, to your galling disappointment, you shall see that I can draw both energy and courage."

The features of the visitor began to undergo a wonderful and lovely change: they brightened and softened with a tender triumph; and, even as they brightened, faded and dislimned. But Markheim did not pause to watch or understand the transformation. He opened the door and went downstairs very slowly, thinking to himself. His past went soberly

before him; he beheld it as it was, ugly and strenuous like a dream, random as chance-medley — a scene of defeat. Life, as he thus reviewed it, tempted him no longer; but on the further side he perceived a quiet haven for his bark. He paused in the passage, and looked into the shop, where the candle still burned by the dead body. It was strangely

silent. Thoughts of the dealer swarmed into his mind, as he stood gazing. And then the bell once more broke out into impatient clamour.

He confronted the maid upon the threshold with something like a smile.

"You had better go for the police," said he; "I have killed your master."

1885

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN (1832-1904)

THE REGRETS OF A MOUNTAINEER*

ONE element of mountain beauty is, we shall all admit, their vast size and steepness. That a mountain is very big, and is faced by perpendicular walls of rock, is the first thing which strikes everybody, and is the whole essence and outcome of a vast quantity of poetical description. Hence the first condition towards a due appreciation of mountain scenery is that these qualities should be impressed upon the imagination. The mere dry statement that a mountain is so many feet in vertical height above the sea, and contains so many tons of granite, is nothing. Mont Blanc is about three miles high. What of that? Three miles is an hour's walk for a lady — an eighteen-penny cab-fare — the distance from Hyde Park¹ Corner to the Bank — an express train could do it in three minutes, or a racehorse in five. It is a measure which we have learnt to despise, looking at it from a horizontal point of view; and accordingly most persons, on seeing the Alps for the first time, guess them to be higher, as measured in feet, than they really are. What, indeed, is the use of giving measures in feet to any but the scientific mind? Who cares whether the moon is 250,000 or 2,500,000 miles distant? Mathematicians try to impress upon us that the distance of the fixed stars is only expressible by a row of figures which stretches across a page; suppose it stretched across two or across a dozen pages, should we be any the wiser, or have, in the least degree, a clearer notion of the superlative distances? We civilly say, "Dear me!" when the as-

tronomer looks to us for the appropriate stare, but we only say it with the mouth; internally our remark is, "You might as well have multiplied by a few more millions whilst you were about it." Even astronomers, though not a specially imaginative race, feel the impotence of figures, and try to give us some measure which the mind can grasp a little more conveniently. They tell us about the cannon-ball which might have been flying ever since the time of Adam, and not yet have reached the heavenly body, or about the stars which may not yet have become visible, though the light has been flying to us at a rate inconceivable by the mind for an inconceivable number of years; and they succeed in producing a bewildering and giddy sensation, although the numbers are too vast to admit of any accurate apprehension.

We feel a similar need in the case of mountains. Besides the bare statement of figures, it is necessary to have some means for grasping the meaning of the figures. The bare tens and thousands must be clothed with some concrete images. The statement that a mountain is 15,000 feet high is, by itself, little more impressive than that it is 3,000; we want something more before we can mentally compare Mont Blanc and Snowdon.² Indeed, the same people who guess of a mountain's height at a number of feet much exceeding the reality, show, when they are cross-examined, that they fail to appreciate in any tolerable degree the real meaning of the figures. An old lady one day, about 11 A.M., proposed to

* From *Playgrounds of Europe*, by Leslie Stephen. Green and Company.

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walk from the Äggischhorn to the Jungfrau-Joch, and to return for luncheon — the distance being a good twelve hours' journey for trained mountaineers. Every detail of which the huge mass is composed is certain to be underestimated. A gentleman the other day pointed out to me a grand ice-cliff at the end of a hanging glacier, which must have been at least 100 feet high, and asked me whether that snow was three feet deep. Nothing is more common than for tourists to mistake some huge pinnacle of rock, as big as a church tower, for a traveller. The rocks of the Grands Mulets, in one corner of which the *châlet* is hidden, are often identified with a party ascending Mont Blanc; and I have seen boulders as big as a house pointed out confidently as *chamois*. People who make these blunders must evidently see the mountains as mere toys, however many feet they may give them at a random guess. Huge overhanging cliffs are to them steps within the reach of human legs; yawning crevasses are ditches to be jumped; and foaming waterfalls are like streams from penny squirts. Everyone knows the avalanches on the Jungfrau, and the curiously disproportionate appearance of the little puffs of white smoke, which are said to be the cause of the thunder; but the disproportion ceases to an eye that has learnt really to measure distance, and to know that these smoke-puffs represent a cataract of crashing blocks of ice.

Now the first merit of mountaineering is that it enables one to have what theologians would call an experimental faith in the size of mountains — to substitute a real living belief for a dead intellectual assent. It enables one, first, to assign something like its true magnitude to a rock or snow-slope; and, secondly, to measure that magnitude in terms of muscular exertion instead of bare mathematical units. Suppose that we are standing upon the Wengern Alp; between the *Mönch* and the *Eiger* there stretches a round white bank, with a curved outline, which we may roughly compare to the back of one of Sir E. Landseer's lions. The ordinary tourists

— the old man, the woman, or the cripple, who are supposed to appreciate the real beauties of Alpine scenery — may look at it comfortably from their hotel. They may see its graceful curve, the long straight lines that are ruled in delicate shading down its sides, and the contrast of the blinding white snow with the dark blue sky above; but they will probably guess it to be a mere bank — a snowdrift, perhaps, which has been piled by the last storm. If you pointed out to them one of the great rocky teeth that projected from its summit, and said that it was a guide, they would probably remark that he looked very small, and would fancy that he could jump over the bank with an effort. Now a mountaineer knows, to begin with, that it is a massive rocky rib, covered with snow, lying at a sharp angle, and varying perhaps from 500 to 1,000 feet in height. So far he might be accompanied by men of less soaring ambition; by an engineer who had been mapping the country, or an artist who had been carefully observing the mountains from their bases. They might learn in time to interpret correctly the real meaning of shapes at which the uninitiated guess at random. But the mountaineer can go a step further, and it is the next step which gives the real significance to those delicate curves and lines. He can translate the 500 or 1,000 feet of snow-slope into a more tangible unit of measurement. To him, perhaps, they recall the memory of a toilsome ascent, the sun beating on his head for five or six hours, the snow returning the glare with still more parching effect; a stalwart guide toiling all the weary time, cutting steps in hard blue ice, the fragments hissing and spinning down the long straight grooves in the frozen snow till they lost themselves in the yawning chasm below; and step after step taken along the slippery staircase, till at length he triumphantly sprang upon the summit of the tremendous wall that no human foot had scaled before. The little black knobs that rise above the edge represent for him huge impassable rocks, sinking on one side in scarped slippery surfaces towards the snowfield,

and on the other stooping in one tremendous cliff to a distorted glacier thousands of feet below. The faint blue line across the upper *névé*,⁴ scarcely distinguishable to the eye, represents to one observer nothing but a trifling undulation; a second, perhaps, knows that it means a crevasse; the mountaineer remembers that it is the top of a huge chasm, thirty feet across, and perhaps ten times as deep, with perpendicular sides of glimmering blue ice, and fringed by thick rows of enormous pendent icicles. The marks that are scored in delicate lines, such as might be ruled by a diamond on glass, have been cut by innumerable streams trickling in hot weather from the everlasting snow, or ploughed by succeeding avalanches that have slipped from the huge upper snowfields above. In short, there is no insignificant line or mark that has not its memory or its indication of the strange phenomena of the upper world. True, the same picture is painted upon the retina of all classes of observers; and so Porson⁵ and a school-boy and a peasant might receive the same physical impression from a set of black and white marks on the page of a Greek play; but to one they would be an incoherent conglomeration of unmeaning and capricious lines, to another they would represent certain sounds more or less corresponding to some English words; whilst to the scholar they would reveal some of the noblest poetry in the world, and all the associations of successful intellectual labour. I do not say that the difference is quite so great in the case of the mountains; still I am certain that no one can decipher the natural writing on the face of a snow-slope or a precipice who has not wandered amongst their recesses, and learnt by slow experience what is indicated by marks which an ignorant observer would scarcely notice. True, even one who sees a mountain for the first time may know that, as a matter of fact, a scar on the face of a cliff means, for example, a recent fall of a rock; but between the bare knowledge and the acquaintance with all which that knowledge implies — the thunder of the fall, the crash of the smaller fragments,

the bounding energy of the descending mass — there is almost as much difference as between hearing that a battle has been fought and being present at it yourself. We have all read descriptions of Waterloo till we are sick of the subject; but I imagine that our emotions on seeing the shattered well of Hougomont are very inferior to those of one of the Guard who should revisit the place where he held out for a long day against the assaults of the French army.

Now to an old mountaineer the Oberland cliffs are full of memories; and, more than this, he has learnt the language spoken by every crag and every wave of glacier. It is strange if they do not affect him rather more powerfully than the casual visitor who has never been initiated by practical experience into their difficulties. To him, the huge buttress which runs down from the Monch is something more than an irregular pyramid, purple with white patches at the bottom and pure white at the top. He fills up the bare outline supplied by the senses with a thousand lively images. He sees tier above tier of rock, rising in a gradually ascending scale of difficulty, covered at first by long lines of the *débris* that have been splintered by frost from the higher wall, and afterwards rising bare and black and threatening. He knows instinctively which of the ledges has a dangerous look — where such a bold mountaineer as John Lauener might slip on the polished surface, or be in danger of an avalanche from above. He sees the little shell-like swelling at the foot of the glacier crawling down the steep slope above, and knows that it means an almost inaccessible wall of ice; and the steep snowfields that rise towards the summit are suggestive of something very different from the picture which might have existed in the mind of a German student, who once asked me whether it was possible to make the ascent on a mule.

Hence, if mountains owe their influence upon the imagination in a great degree to their size and steepness, and apparent inaccessibility — as no one can doubt that they do, whatever may be the ex-

planation of the fact that people like to look at big, steep, inaccessible objects — the advantages of the mountaineer are obvious. He can measure those qualities on a very different scale from the ordinary traveller. He measures the size, not by the vague abstract term of so many thousand feet, but by the hours of labour, divided into minutes — each separately felt — of strenuous muscular exertion. The steepness is not expressed in degrees, but by the memory of the sensation produced when a snow-slope seems to be rising up and smiting you in the face; when, far away from all human help, you are clinging like a fly to the slippery side of a mighty pinnacle in mid air. And as for the inaccessibility, no one can measure the difficulty of climbing a hill who has not wearied his muscles and brain in struggling against the opposing obstacles. Alpine travellers, it is said, have removed the romance from the mountains by climbing them. What they have really done is to prove that there exists a narrow line by which a way may be found to the top of any given mountain; but the clue leads through innumerable inaccessibilities; true, you can follow one path, but to right and left are cliffs which no human foot will ever tread, and whose terrors can only be realised when you are in their immediate neighbourhood. The cliffs of the Matterhorn do not bar the way to the top effectually, but it is only by forcing a passage through them that you can really appreciate their terrible significance.

Hence I say that the qualities which strike every sensitive observer are impressed upon the mountaineer with tenfold force and intensity. If he is as accessible to poetical influences as his neighbours — and I don't know why he should be less so — he has opened new avenues of access between the scenery and his mind. He has learnt a language which is but partially revealed to ordinary men. An artist is superior to an unlearned picture-seer, not merely because he has greater natural sensibility, but because he has improved it by methodical experience; because his senses have been sharpened by constant practice, till he

can catch finer shades of colouring, and more delicate inflexions of line; because, also, the lines and colours have acquired new significance, and been associated with a thousand thoughts with which the mass of mankind has never cared to connect them. The mountaineer is improved by a similar process. But I know some sceptical critics will ask, does not the way in which he is accustomed to regard mountains rather deaden their poetical influence? Doesn't he come to look at them as mere instruments of sport, and overlook their more spiritual teaching? Does not all the excitement of personal adventure and the noisy apparatus of guides, and ropes, and axes, and tobacco, and the fun of climbing, rather dull his perceptions and incapacitate him from perceiving

The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills?*

Well, I have known some stupid and unpoetical mountaineers; and, since I have been dismounted from my favourite hobby, I think I have met some similar specimens among the humbler class of tourists. There are persons, I fancy, who "do" the Alps; who look upon the Lake of Lucerne as one more task ticked off from their memorandum book, and count up the list of summits visible from the Görnegrat without being penetrated with any keen sense of sublimity. And there are mountaineers who are capable of making a pun on the top of Mont Blanc — and capable of nothing more. Still I venture to deny that even punning is incompatible with poetry, or that those who make the pun can have no deeper feeling in their bosoms which they are perhaps too shamefaced to utter.

The fact is that that which gives its inexpressible charm to mountaineering is the incessant series of exquisite natural scenes, which are for the most part enjoyed by the mountaineer alone. This is, I am aware, a round assertion; but I will try to support it by a few of the visions which are recalled to me by these Oberland cliffs, and which I have seen profoundly enjoyed by men who perhaps never mentioned them again,

and probably in describing their adventures scrupulously avoided the danger of being sentimental.

Thus every traveller has occasionally done a sunrise, and a more lamentable proceeding than the ordinary view of a sunrise can hardly be imagined. You are cold, miserable, breakfastless; have risen shivering from a warm bed, and in your heart long only to creep into bed again. To the mountaineer all this is changed. He is beginning a day full of the anticipation of a pleasant excitement. He has, perhaps, been waiting anxiously for fine weather, to try conclusions with some huge giant not yet scaled. He moves out with something of the feeling with which a soldier goes to the assault of a fortress, but without the same probability of coming home in fragments; the danger is trifling enough to be merely exhilaratory, and to give a pleasant tension to the nerves; his muscles feel firm and springy, and his stomach — no small advantage to the enjoyment of scenery — is in excellent order. He looks at the sparkling stars with keen satisfaction, prepared to enjoy a fine sunrise with all his faculties at their best, and with the added pleasure of a good omen for his day's work. Then a huge dark mass begins to mould itself slowly out of the darkness, the sky begins to form a background of deep purple, against which the outline becomes gradually more definite; one by one, the peaks catch the exquisite Alpine glow, lighting up in rapid succession, like a vast illumination; and when at last the steady sunlight settles upon them, and shows every rock and glacier, without even a delicate film of mist to obscure them, he feels his heart bound, and steps out gaily to the assault — just as the people on the Rigi are giving thanks that the show is over and that they may go to bed. Still grander is the sight when the mountaineer has already reached some lofty ridge, and, as the sun rises, stands between the day and the night — the valley still in deep sleep, with the mists lying between the folds of the hills, and the snow-peaks standing out clear and pale white just before the sun reaches

them, whilst a broad band of orange light runs all round the vast horizon. The glory of sunsets is equally increased in the thin upper air. The grandest of all such sights that live in my memory is that of a sunset from the Aiguille du Goûté. The snow at our feet was glowing with rich light, and the shadows in our footsteps a vivid green by the contrast. Beneath us was a vast horizontal floor of thin level mists suspended in mid air, spread like a canopy over the whole boundless landscape, and tinged with every hue of sunset. Through its rents and gaps we could see the lower mountains, the distant plains, and a fragment of the Lake of Geneva lying in a more sober purple. Above us rose the solemn mass of Mont Blanc in the richest glow of an Alpine sunset. The sense of lonely sublimity was almost oppressive, and although half our party was suffering from sickness, I believe even the guides were moved to a sense of solemn beauty.

These grand scenic effects are occasionally seen by ordinary travellers, though the ordinary traveller is for the most part out of temper at 3 A.M. The mountaineer can enjoy them, both because his frame of mind is properly trained to receive the natural beauty, and because he alone sees them with their best accessories, amidst the silence of the eternal snow, and the vast panoramas visible from the loftier summits. And he has a similar advantage in most of the great natural phenomena of the cloud and the sunshine. No sight in the Alps is more impressive than the huge rocks of a black precipice suddenly frowning out through the chasms of a storm-cloud. But grand as such a sight may be from the safe verandahs of the inn at Grindelwald, it is far grander in the silence of the Central Alps amongst the savage wilderness of rock and snow. Another characteristic effect of the High Alps often presents itself when one has been climbing for two or three hours, with nothing in sight but the varying wreaths of mist that chased each other monotonously along the rocky ribs up whose snow-covered backbone we were laboriously fighting our way. Suddenly there is a

puff of wind, and looking round we find that we have in an instant pierced the clouds, and emerged, as it were, on the surface of the ocean of vapour. Beneath us stretches for hundreds of miles the level fleecy floor, and above us shines out clear in the eternal sunshine every mountain, from Mont Blanc to Monte Rosa and the Jungfrau. What, again, in the lower regions, can equal the mysterious charm of gazing from the edge of a torn rocky parapet into an apparently fathomless abyss, where nothing but what an Alpine traveller calls a "strange formless wreathing of vapour" indicates the storm-wind that is raging below us? I might go on indefinitely recalling the strangely impressive scenes that frequently startle the traveller in the waste upper world; but language is feeble indeed to convey even a glimmering of what is to be seen to those who have not seen it for themselves, whilst to them it can be little more than a peg upon which to hang their own recollections. These glories, in which the mountain Spirit reveals himself to his true worshippers, are only to be gained by the appropriate service of climbing — at some risk, though a very trifling risk, if he is approached with due form and ceremony — into the furthest recesses of his shrines. And without seeing them, I maintain that no man has really seen the Alps.

The difference between the exoteric and the esoteric school of mountaineers may be indicated by their different view of glaciers. At Grindelwald, for example, it is the fashion to go and "see the glaciers" — heaven save the mark! Ladies in costumes, heavy German professors, Americans doing the Alps at a gallop, Cook's tourists, and other varieties of a well-known genus, go off in shoals and see — what? A gigantic mass of ice, strangely torn with a few of the exquisite blue crevasses, but defiled and prostrate in dirt and ruins. A stream foul with mud oozes out from the base; the whole mass seems to be melting fast away; the summer sun has evidently got the best of it in these lower regions, and nothing can resist him but the great mounds of decaying rock that strew the

surface in confused lumps. It is as much like the glacier of the upper regions as the melting fragments of snow in a London street are like the surface of the fresh snow that has just fallen in a country field. And by way of improving its attractions a perpetual picnic is going on, and the ingenious natives have hewed a tunnel into the ice, for admission to which they charge certain centimes. The unlucky glacier reminds me at his latter end of a wretched whale stranded on a beach, dissolving into masses of blubber, and hacked by remorseless fishermen, instead of plunging at his ease in the deep blue water. Far above, where the glacier begins his course, he is seen only by the true mountaineer. There are vast amphitheatres of pure snow, of which the glacier known to tourists is merely the insignificant drainage, but whose very existence they do not generally suspect. They are utterly ignorant that from the top of the icefall which they visit you may walk for hours on the eternal ice. After a long climb you come to the region where the glacier is truly at its noblest; where the surface is a spotless white; where the crevasses are enormous rents sinking to profound depths, with walls of the purest blue; where the glacier is torn and shattered by the energetic forces which mould it, but has an expression of superabundant power, like a full stream fretting against its banks and plunging through the vast gorges that it has hewn for itself in the course of centuries. The bases of the mountains are immersed in a deluge of cockneyism — fortunately a shallow deluge — whilst their summits rise high into the bracing air, where everything is pure and poetical.

The difference which I have thus endeavoured to indicate is more or less traceable in a wider sense. The mountains are exquisitely beautiful, indeed, from whatever points of view we contemplate them; and the mountaineer would lose much if he never saw the beauties of the lower valleys, of pastures deep in flowers, and dark pine-forests with the summits shining from far off between the stems. Only, as it seems to me, he has the exclusive pre-

rogative of thoroughly enjoying one — and that the most characteristic, though by no means only, element of the scenery. There may be a very good dinner spread before twenty people; but if nineteen of them were teetotalers, and the twentieth drank his wine like a man, he would be the only one to do it full justice; the others might praise the meat or the fruits, but he would alone enjoy the champagne; and in the great feast which Nature spreads before us (a stock metaphor, which emboldens me to make the comparison), the high mountain scenery acts the part of the champagne. Unluckily, too, the teetotalers are very apt, in this case also, to sit in judgment upon their more adventurous neighbours. Especially are they pleased to carp at the views from high summits. I have been constantly asked, with a covert sneer, "Did it repay you?" — a question which involves the assumption that one wants to be repaid, as though the labour were not itself part of the pleasure, and which implies a doubt that the view is really enjoyable. People are always demonstrating that the lower views are the most beautiful; and at the same time complaining that mountaineers frequently turn back without looking at the view from the top, as though that would necessarily imply that they cared nothing for scenery. In opposition to which I must first remark that, as a rule, every step of an ascent has a beauty of its own, which one is quietly absorbing even when one is not directly making it a subject of contemplation, and that the view from the top is generally the crowning glory of the whole.

It will be enough if I conclude with an attempt to illustrate this last assertion: and I will do it by still referring to the Oberland. Every visitor with a soul for the beautiful admires the noble form of the Wetterhorn — the lofty snow-crowned pyramid rising in such light and yet massive lines from its huge basement of perpendicular cliffs. The Wetterhorn has, however, a further merit. To my mind — and I believe most connoisseurs of mountain tops agree with me — it is one of the most impressive summits in the

Alps. It is not a sharp pinnacle like the Weisshorn, or a cupola like Mont Blanc, or a grand rocky tooth like the Monte Rosa, but a long and nearly horizontal knife-edge, which, as seen from either end, has of course the appearance of a sharp-pointed cone. It is when balanced upon this ridge — sitting astride of the knife-edge on which one can hardly stand without giddiness — that one fully appreciates an Alpine precipice. Mr. Justice Wills has admirably described the first ascent, and the impression it made upon him, in a paper which has become classical for succeeding adventurers. Behind you the snow-slope sinks with perilous steepness towards the wilderness of glacier and rock through which the ascent has lain. But in front the ice sinks with even greater steepness for a few feet or yards. Then it curves over and disappears, and the next thing that the eye catches is the meadowland of Grindelwald, some 9,000 feet below. I have looked down many precipices, where the eye can trace the course of every pebble that bounds down the awful slopes, and where I have shuddered as some dislodged fragment of rock showed the course which, in case of accident, fragments of my own body would follow. A precipice is always, for obvious reasons, far more terrible from above than from below. The creeping, tingling sensation which passes through one's limbs — even when one knows oneself to be in perfect safety — testifies to the thrilling influence of the sight. But I have never so realised the terrors of a terrific cliff as when I could not see it. The awful gulf which intervened between me and the green meadows struck the imagination by its invisibility. It was like the view which may be seen from the ridge of a cathedral roof, where the eaves have for their immediate background the pavement of the streets below; only this cathedral was 9,000 feet high. Now, any one standing at the foot of the Wetterhorn may admire their stupendous massiveness and steepness; but, to feel their influence enter in the very marrow of one's bones, it is necessary to stand at the summit, and to fancy the one little slide down the short ice-

slope, to be followed apparently by a bound into clear air and a fall down to the houses, from heights where only the eagle ventures to soar.

This is one of the Alpine beauties, which, of course, is beyond the power of art to imitate, and which people are therefore apt to ignore. But it is not the only one to be seen on the high summits. It is often said that these views are not "beautiful" — apparently because they won't go into a picture, or, to put it more fairly, because no picture can in the faintest degree imitate them. But without quarrelling about words, I think that, even if "beautiful" be not the most correct epithet, they have a marvellously stimulating effect upon the imagination. Let us look round from this wonderful pinnacle in mid air, and note one or two of the most striking elements of the scenery.

You are, in the first place, perched on a cliff, whose presence is the more felt because it is unseen. Then you are in a region over which eternal silence is brooding. Not a sound ever comes there, except the occasional fall of a splintered fragment of rock, or a layer of snow; no stream is heard trickling, and the sounds of animal life are left thousands of feet below. The most that you can hear is some mysterious noise made by the wind eddying round the gigantic rocks; sometimes a strange flapping sound, as if an unearthly flag were shaking its invisible folds in the air. The enormous tract of country over which your view extends — most of it dim and almost dissolved into air by distance — intensifies the strange influence of the silence. You feel the force of the line I have quoted from Wordsworth —

The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

None of the travellers whom you can see crawling at your feet has the least conception of what is meant by the silent solitudes of the High Alps. To you, it is like a return to the stir of active life, when, after hours of lonely wandering, you return to hear the tinkling of the cow-bells below; to them the same sound is the ultimate limit of the habitable world.

Whilst your mind is properly toned by these influences, you become conscious of another fact, to which the common variety of tourists is necessarily insensible. You begin to find out for the first time what the mountains really are. On one side, you look back upon the huge reservoirs from which the Oberland glaciers descend. You see the vast stores from which the great rivers of Europe are replenished, the monstrous crawling masses that are carving the mountains into shape, and the gigantic bulwarks that separate two great quarters of the world. From below these wild regions are half invisible; they are masked by the outer line of mountains; and it is not till you are able to command them from some lofty point that you can appreciate the grandeur of the huge barriers, and the snow that is piled within their folds. There is another half of the view equally striking. Looking towards the north, the whole of Switzerland is couched at your feet; the Jura and the Black Forest lie on the far horizon. And then you know what is the nature of a really mountainous country. From below everything is seen in a kind of distorted perspective. The people of the valley naturally think that the valley is everything — that the country resembles old-fashioned maps, where a few sporadic lumps are distributed amongst towns and plains. The true proportions reveal themselves as you ascend. The valleys, you can now see, are nothing but narrow trenches scooped out amidst a tossing waste of mountain, just to carry off the drainage. The great ridges run hither and thither, having it all their own way, wild and untamable regions of rock or open grass or forest, at whose feet the valleys exist on sufferance. Creeping about amongst the roots of the hills, you half miss the hills themselves; you quite fail to understand the massiveness of the mountain chains, and, therefore, the wonderful energy of the forces that have heaved the surface of the world into these distorted shapes. And it is to a half-conscious sense of the powers that must have been at work that a great part of the influence of mountain scenery

is due. Geologists tell us that a theory of catastrophes is unphilosophical; but, whatever may be the scientific truth, our minds are impressed as though we were witnessing the results of some incredible convulsion. At Stonehenge? we ask what human beings could have erected these strange grey monuments, and in the mountains we instinctively ask what force can have carved out the Matterhorn, and placed the Wetterhorn on its gigantic pedestal. Now, it is not till we reach some commanding point that we realise the amazing extent of country over which the solid ground has been shaking and heaving itself in irresistible tumult.

Something, it is true, of this last effect may be seen from such mountains as the Rigi or the Faulhorn. There, too, one seems to be at the centre of a vast sphere, the earth bending up in a cup-like form to meet the sky, and the blue vault above stretching in an arch majestic by its enormous extent. There you seem to see a sensible fraction of the world at your feet. But the effect is far less striking when other mountains obviously look down upon you; when, as it were, you are looking at the waves of the great ocean of hills merely from the crest of one of the waves themselves, and not from some lighthouse that rises far over their heads; for the Wetterhorn, like the Eiger, Mönch, and Jungfrau, owes one great beauty to the fact that it is on the edge of the lower country, and stands between the real giants and the crowd of inferior, though still enormous, masses in attendance upon them. And, in the next place, your mind is far better adapted to receive impressions of sublimity when you are alone, in a silent region, with a black sky above and giant cliffs all round; with a sense still in your mind, if not of actual danger, still of danger that would become real with the slightest relaxation of caution, and with the world divided from you by hours of snow and rock.

I will go no further, not because I have no more to say, but because descriptions of scenery soon become wearisome, and because I have, I hope, said enough to show that the mountaineer may boast

of some intellectual pleasures; that he is not a mere scrambler, but that he looks for poetical impressions, as well as for such small glory as his achievements may gain in a very small circle. Something of what he gains fortunately sticks by him: he does not quite forget the mountain language; his eye still recognises the space and the height and the glory of the lofty mountains. And yet there is some pain in wandering ghostlike among the scenes of his earlier pleasures. For my part, I try in vain to hug myself in a sense of comfort. I turn over in bed when I hear the stamping of heavily nailed shoes along the passage of an inn about 2 A.M. I feel the skin of my nose complacently when I see others returning with a glistening tight aspect about that unluckily prominent feature, and know that in a day or two it will be raw and blistered and burning. I think, in a comfortable inn at night, of the miseries of those who are trying to sleep in damp hay, or on hard boards of chalets, at once cold and stuffy and haunted by innumerable fleas. I congratulate myself on having a whole skin and unfractured bones, and on the small danger of ever breaking them over an Alpine precipice. But yet I secretly know that these consolations are feeble. It is little use to avoid early rising and discomfort, and even fleas, if one also loses the pleasures to which they were the sauce — rather too *piquante* a sauce occasionally, it must be admitted. The philosophy is all very well which recommends moderate enjoyment, regular exercise, and a careful avoidance of risk and over-excitement. That is, it is all very well so long as risk and excitement and immoderate enjoyment are out of your power; but it does not stand the test of looking on and seeing them just beyond your reach. In time, no doubt, a man may grow calm; he may learn to enjoy the pleasures and the exquisite beauties of the lower regions — though they, too, are most fully enjoyed when they have a contrast with beauties of a different, and pleasures of a keener excitement. When first debarred, at any rate, one feels like a balloon full of gas, and fixed by immovable ropes to the

prosaic ground. It is pleasant to lie on one's back in a bed of rhododendrons, and look up to a mountain top peering at one from above a bank of cloud; but it is pleasantest when one has qualified oneself for repose by climbing the peak the day before and becoming familiar with its terrors and its beauties. In time, doubtless, one may get reconciled to anything; one may settle down to be a caterpillar, even after one has known the pleasures of being a butterfly; one may become philosophical, and have one's clothes let out; and even in time, perhaps — though it is almost too terrible to contemplate — be content with a mule or a carriage, or that lowest depth to which human beings can sink, and for which the English language happily affords no name, a *chaise à porteurs*: and even in such degradation the memory of better times may be pleasant; for I doubt much whether it is truth the poet sings —

That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.*

Certainly, to a philosophical mind, the sentiment is doubtful. For my part, the fate which has cut me off, if I may use the expression, in the flower of my youth, and doomed me to be a non-climbing animal in future, is one which ought to exclude grumbling. I cannot indicate it more plainly, for I might so make even the grumbling in which I have already indulged look like a sin. I can only say that there are some very delightful things in which it is possible to discover an infinitesimal drop of bitterness, and that the mountaineer who undertakes to cut himself off from his favourite pastime, even for reasons which he will admit in his wildest moods to be more than amply sufficient, must expect at times to feel certain pangs of regret, however quickly they may be smothered.

1871

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON (1874—)

A DEFENCE OF NONSENSE *

THERE are two equal and eternal ways of looking at this twilight world of ours: we may see it as the twilight of evening or the twilight of morning; we may think of anything, down to a fallen acorn, as a descendant or as an ancestor. There are times when we are almost crushed, not so much with the load of the evil as with the load of the goodness of humanity, when we feel that we are nothing but the inheritors of a humiliating splendour. But there are other times when everything seems primitive, when the ancient stars are only sparks blown from a boy's bonfire, when the whole earth seems so young and experimental that even the white hair of the aged, in the fine biblical phrase, is like almond-trees that blossom, like the white hawthorn grown in May. That it is good for a man to realize that he is "the heir of all the ages" is pretty commonly admitted; it is a less popular but equally important point that it is good for him sometimes to realize that he is not only an ancestor, but an ancestor of primal antiquity; it is good for him to

wonder whether he is not a hero, and to experience ennobling doubts as to whether he is not a solar myth.

The matters which most thoroughly evoke this sense of the abiding childhood of the world are those which are really fresh, abrupt, and inventive in any age; and if we were asked what was the best proof of this adventurous youth in the nineteenth century we should say, with all respect to its portentous sciences and philosophies, that it was to be found in the rhymes of Mr. Edward Lear¹ and in the literature of nonsense. "The Dong with the Luminous Nose," at least, is original, as the first ship and the first plough were original.

It is true in a certain sense that some of the greatest writers the world has seen — Aristophanes,² Rabelais³ and Sterne⁴ — have written nonsense; but unless we are mistaken, it is in a widely different sense. The nonsense of these men was satiric — that is to say, symbolic; it was a kind of exuberant capering round a discovered truth. There is all the difference in the

* From *The Defendant*, by G. K. Chesterton. Copyright by Dodd, Mead and Co., Inc.

world between the instinct of satire, which, seeing in the Kaiser's moustaches something typical of him, draws them continually larger and larger; and the instinct of nonsense which, for no reason whatever, imagines what those moustaches would look like on the present Archbishop of Canterbury if he grew them in a fit of absence of mind. We incline to think that no age except our own could have understood that the Quangle-Wangle meant absolutely nothing, and the Lands of the Jumblies were absolutely nowhere. We fancy that if the account of the knave's trial in "Alice in Wonderland" had been published in the seventeenth century it would have been bracketed with Bunyan's "Trial of Faithful" as a parody on the State prosecutions of the time. We fancy that if "The Dong with the Luminous Nose" had appeared in the same period every one would have called it a dull satire on Oliver Cromwell.

It is altogether advisedly that we quote chiefly from Mr. Lear's "Nonsense Rhymes." To our mind he is both chronologically and essentially the father of nonsense; we think him superior to Lewis Carroll. In one sense, indeed, Lewis Carroll has a great advantage. We know what Lewis Carroll was in daily life: he was a singularly serious and conventional don, universally respected, but very much of a pedant and something of a Philistine. Thus his strange double life in earth and in dreamland emphasizes the idea that lies at the back of nonsense—the idea of *escape*, of escape into a world where things are not fixed horribly in an eternal appropriateness, where apples grow on pear-trees, and any odd man you meet may have three legs. Lewis Carroll, living one life in which he would have thundered morally against any one who walked on the wrong plot of grass, and another life in which he would cheerfully call the sun green and the moon blue, was, by his very divided nature, his one foot on both worlds, a perfect type of the position of modern nonsense. His Wonderland is a country populated by insane mathematicians. We feel the whole is an escape into a world of masquerade; we feel that if we could pierce their disguises, we might

discover that Humpty Dumpty and the March Hare were Professors and Doctors of Divinity enjoying a mental holiday. This sense of escape is certainly less emphatic in Edward Lear, because of the completeness of his citizenship in the world of unreason. We do not know his prosaic biography as we know Lewis Carroll's. We accept him as a purely fabulous figure, on his own description of himself:

"His body is perfectly spherical,
He weareth a runcible hat."

While Lewis Carroll's Wonderland is purely intellectual, Lear introduces quite another element—the element of the poetical and even emotional. Carroll works by the pure reason, but this is not so strong a contrast; for, after all, mankind in the main has always regarded reason as a bit of a joke. Lear introduces his unmeaning words and his amorphous creatures not with the pomp of reason, but with the romantic prelude of rich hues and haunting rhythms.

"Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies
live,"

is an entirely different type of poetry to that exhibited in "Jabberwocky." Carroll, with a sense of mathematical neatness, makes his whole poem a mosaic of new and mysterious words. But Edward Lear, with more subtle and placid effrontery, is always introducing scraps of his own elvish dialect into the middle of simple and rational statements, until we are almost stunned into admitting that we know what they mean. There is a genial ring of common sense about such lines as,

"For his aunt Jobiska said 'Every one
knows
That a Pobble is better without his toes,'"

which is beyond the reach of Carroll. The poet seems so easy on the matter that we are almost driven to pretend that we see his meaning, that we know the peculiar

difficulties of a Pobble, that we are as old travellers in the "Gromboolian Plain" as he is.

Our claim that nonsense is a new literature (we might almost say a new sense) would be quite indefensible if nonsense were nothing more than a mere æsthetic fancy. Nothing sublimely artistic has ever arisen out of mere art, any more than anything essentially reasonable has ever arisen out of the pure reason. There must always be a rich moral soil for any great æsthetic growth. The principle of *art for art's sake* is a very good principle if it means that there is a vital distinction between the earth and the tree that has its roots in the earth; but it is a very bad principle if it means that the tree could grow just as well with its roots in the air. Every great literature has always been allegorical — allegorical of some view of the whole universe. The "Iliad" is only great because all life is a battle, the "Odyssey" because all life is a journey, the Book of Job because all life is a riddle. There is one attitude in which we think that all existence is summed up in the word "ghosts"; another, and somewhat better one, in which we think it is summed up in the words "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Even the vilest melodrama or detective story can be good if it expresses something of the delight in sinister possibilities — the healthy lust for darkness and terror which may come on us any night in walking down a dark lane. If, therefore, nonsense is really to be the literature of the future, it must have its own version of the Cosmos to offer; the world must not only be the tragic, romantic, and religious, it must be nonsensical also. And here we fancy that nonsense will, in a very unexpected way, come to the aid of the spiritual view of things. Religion has for centuries been trying to make men exult in the "wonders" of creation, but it has forgotten that a

thing cannot be completely wonderful so long as it remains sensible. So long as we regard a tree as an obvious thing, naturally and reasonably created for a giraffe to eat, we cannot properly wonder at it. It is when we consider it as a prodigious wave of the living soil sprawling up to the skies for no reason in particular that we take off our hats, to the astonishment of the park-keeper. Everything has in fact another side to it, like the moon, the patroness of nonsense. Viewed from that other side, a bird is a blossom broken loose from its chain of stalk, a man a quadruped begging on its hind legs, a house a gigantesque hat to cover a man from the sun, a chair an apparatus of four wooden legs for a cripple with only two.

This is the side of things which tends most truly to spiritual wonder. It is significant that in the greatest religious poem existent, the Book of Job, the argument which convinces the infidel is not (as has been represented by the merely rational religionism of the eighteenth century) a picture of the ordered beneficence of the Creation; but, on the contrary, a picture of the huge and undecipherable unreason of it. "Hast Thou sent the rain upon the desert where no man is?" This simple sense of wonder at the shapes of things, and at their exuberant independence of our intellectual standards and our trivial definitions, is the basis of spirituality as it is the basis of nonsense. Nonsense and faith (strange as the conjunction may seem) are the two supreme symbolic assertions of the truth that to draw out the soul of things with a syllogism is as impossible as to draw out Leviathan with a hook. The well-meaning person who, by merely studying the logical side of things, has decided that "faith is nonsense," does not know how truly he speaks; later it may come back to him in the form that nonsense is faith.

1901

RUDYARD KIPLING (1865-)

THE MAN WHO WAS

LET it be clearly understood that the Russian is a delightful person till he tucks

in his shirt. As an Oriental he is charming. It is only when he insists upon being

treated as the most easterly of Western peoples, instead of the most westerly of Easterns, that he becomes a racial anomaly extremely difficult to handle. The host never knows which side of his nature is going to turn up next.

Dirkovitch was a Russian — a Russian of the Russians — who appeared to get his bread by serving the czar as an officer in a Cossack regiment, and corresponding for a Russian newspaper with a name that was never twice alike. He was a handsome young Oriental, fond of wandering through unexplored portions of the earth, and he arrived in India from nowhere in particular. At least no living man could ascertain whether it was by way of Balkh, Budukhshan, Chitral, Beloochistan, Nepaul, or anywhere else. The Indian government, being in an unusually affable mood, gave orders that he was to be civilly treated, and shown everything that was to be seen; so he drifted, talking bad English and worse French, from one city to another till he foregathered with her Majesty's White Hussars in the city of Peshawur, which stands at the mouth of that narrow sword-cut in the hills that men call the Khyber Pass. He was undoubtedly an officer, and he was decorated, after the manner of the Russians, with little enameled crosses, and he could talk, and (though this has nothing to do with his merits) he had been given up as a hopeless task or cask by the Black Tyrones, who, individually and collectively, with hot whiskey and honey, mulled brandy and mixed spirits of every kind, had striven in all hospitality to make him drunk. And when the Black Tyrones, who are exclusively Irish, fail to disturb the peace of head of a foreigner, that foreigner is certain to be a superior man.

The White Hussars were as conscientious in choosing their wine as in charging the enemy. All that they possessed, including some wondrous brandy, was placed at the absolute disposition of Dirkovitch, and he enjoyed himself hugely — even more than among the Black Tyrones.

But he remained distressingly European

through it all. The White Hussars were — "My dear true friends," "Fellow-soldiers glorious," and "Brothers inseparable." He would unburden himself by the hour on the glorious future that awaited the combined arms of England and Russia when their hearts and their territories should run side by side, and the great mission of civilizing Asia should begin. That was unsatisfactory, because Asia is not going to be civilized after the methods of the West. There is too much Asia, and she is too old. You cannot reform a lady of many lovers, and Asia has been insatiable in her flirtations aforetime. She will never attend Sunday-school, or learn to vote save with swords for tickets.

Dirkovitch knew this as well as any one else, but it suited him to talk special-correspondently and to make himself as genial as he could. Now and then he volunteered a little, a very little, information about his own Sotnia¹ of Cossacks, left apparently to look after themselves somewhere at the back of beyond. He had done rough work in Central Asia, and had seen rather more help-yourself fighting than most men of his years. But he was careful never to betray his superiority, and more than careful to praise on all occasions the appearance, drill, uniform, and organization of her Majesty's White Hussars. And, indeed, they were a regiment to be admired. When Mrs. Durgan, widow of the late Sir John Durgan, arrived in their station, and after a short time had been proposed to by every single man at mess, she put the public sentiment very neatly when she explained that they were all so nice that unless she could marry them all, including the colonel and some majors already married, she was not going to content herself with one hussar. Wherefore she wedded a little man in a rifle regiment — being by nature contradictory — and the White Hussars were going to wear crape on their arms, but compromised by attending the wedding in full force, and lining the aisle with unutterable reproach. She had jilted them all — from Basset-Holmer, the

senior captain, to Little Mildred, the junior subaltern, who could have given her four thousand a year and a title.

The only persons who did not share the general regard for the White Hussars were a few thousand gentlemen of Jewish extraction who lived across the border, and answered to the name of Pathan. They had once met the regiment officially, and for something less than twenty minutes, but the interview, which was complicated with many casualties, had filled them with prejudice. They even called the White Hussars "children of the devil," and sons of persons whom it would be perfectly impossible to meet in decent society. Yet they were not above making their aversion fill their money-belts. The regiment possessed carbines, beautiful Martini-Henri carbines, that would cob a bullet into an enemy's camp at one thousand yards, and were even handier than the long rifle. Therefore they were coveted all along the border, and, since demand inevitably breeds supply, they were supplied at the risk of life and limb for exactly their weight in coined silver — seven and one-half pounds of rupees, or sixteen pounds sterling, reckoning the rupee at par. They were stolen at night by snaky-haired thieves that crawled on their stomachs under the nose of the sentries; they disappeared mysteriously from locked arm-racks; and in the hot weather, when all the barrack doors and windows were open, they vanished like puffs of their own smoke. The border people desired them for family vendettas, and contingencies. But in the long cold nights of the Northern Indian winter they were stolen most extensively. The traffic of murder was liveliest among the hills at that season, and prices ruled high. The regimental guards were first doubled and then trebled. A trooper does not much care if he loses a weapon — government must make it good — but he deeply resents the loss of his sleep. The regiment grew very angry, and one rifle-thief bears the visible marks of their anger upon him to this hour. That incident stopped the burglaries for a time, and the guards were reduced accordingly, and the regiment

devoted itself to polo with unexpected results, for it beat by two goals to one that very terrible polo corps the Lushkar Light Horse, though the latter had four ponies apiece for a short hour's fight, as well as a native officer who played like a lambent flame across the ground.

They gave a dinner to celebrate the event. The Lushkar team came, and Dirkovitch came, in the fullest full uniform of a Cossack officer, which is as full as a dressing-gown, and was introduced to the Lushkars, and opened his eyes as he regarded them. They were lighter men than the Hussars, and they carried themselves with the swing that is the peculiar right of the Punjab frontier force, and all irregular horse. Like everything else in the service, it has to be learned; but, unlike many things, it is never forgotten, and remains on the body till death.

The great beam-roofed mess-room of the White Hussars was a sight to be remembered. All the mess-plate was out on the long table — the same table that had served up the bodies of five officers after a forgotten fight long and long ago — the dingy, battered standards faced the door of entrance, clumps of winter roses lay between the silver candlesticks, and the portraits of eminent officers deceased looked down on their successors from between the heads of sambhur,² nilghai,³ maikhor, and, pride of all the mess, two grinning snow-leopards that had cost Basset-Holmer four months' leave that he might have spent in England instead of on the road to Thibet, and the daily risk of his life by ledge, snow-slide, and grassy slope.

The servants, in spotless white muslin and the crest of their regiments on the brow of their turbans, waited behind their masters, who were clad in the scarlet and gold of the White Hussars and the cream and silver of the Lushkar Light Horse. Dirkovitch's dull green uniform was the only dark spot at the board, but his big onyx eyes made up for it. He was fraternizing effusively with the captain of the Lushkar team, who was wondering how many of Dirkovitch's Cossacks his own long, lathy down-countrymen could

account for in a fair charge. But one does not speak of these things openly.

The talk rose higher and higher, and the regimental band played between the courses, as is the immemorial custom, till all tongues ceased for a moment with the removal of the dinner slips and the First Toast of Obligation, when the colonel, rising, said, "Mr. Vice, the Queen," and Little Mildred from the bottom of the table answered, "The Queen, God bless her!" and the big spurs clanked as the big men heaved themselves up and drank the Queen, upon whose pay they were falsely supposed to pay their mess-bills. That sacrament of the mess never grows old, and never ceases to bring a lump into the throat of the listener wherever he be, by land or sea. Dirkovitch rose with his "brothers glorious," but he could not understand. No one but an officer can tell what the toast means; and the bulk have more sentiment than comprehension. Immediately after the little silence that follows on the ceremony there entered the native officer who had played for the Lushkar team. He could not of course eat with the mess, but he came in at dessert, all six feet of him, with the blue-and-silver turban atop and the big black boots below. The mess rose joyously as he thrust forward the hilt of his sabre, in token of fealty, for the colonel of the White Hussars to touch, and dropped into a vacant chair amid shouts of "*Rung ho! Hira Singh!*" (which being translated means "Go in and win!"). "Did I whack you over the knee, old man?" "Ressaidar Sahib, what the devil made you play that kicking pig of a pony in the last ten minutes?" "Shabash, Ressaidar Sahib!" Then the voice of the colonel "The health of Ressaidar Hira Singh!"

After the shouting had died away Hira Singh rose to reply, for he was the cadet of a royal house, the son of a king's son, and knew what was due on these occasions. Thus he spoke in the vernacular:

"Colonel Sahib and officers of this regiment, much honor have you done me. This will I remember. We came down from afar to play you; but we were

beaten." ("No fault of yours, Ressaidar Sahib. Played on our own ground, y' know. Your ponies were cramped from the railway. Don't apologize.") "Therefore perhaps we will come again if it be so ordained." ("Hear! Hear, hear, indeed! Bravo! Hsh!") "Then we will play you afresh" ("Happy to meet you"), "till there are left no feet upon our ponies. Thus far for sport." He dropped one hand on his sword-hilt and his eye wandered to Dirkovitch lolling back in his chair. "But if by the will of God there arises any other game which is not the polo game, then be assured, Colonel Sahib and officers, that we shall play it out side by side, though *they*" — again his eye sought Dirkovitch — "though *they*, I say, have fifty ponies to our one horse." And with a deep-mouthed *Rung ho!* that sounded like a musket-butt on flagstones, he sat down amid leaping glasses.

Dirkovitch, who had devoted himself steadily to the brandy — the terrible brandy aforementioned — did not understand, nor did the expurgated translations offered to him at all convey the point. Decidedly the native officer's was the speech of the evening, and the clamor might have continued to the dawn had it not been broken by the noise of a shot without that sent every man feeling at his defenceless left side. Then there was a scuffle and a yell of pain.

"Carbine stealing again!" said the adjutant, calmly sinking back in his chair. "This comes of reducing the guards, I hope the sentries have killed him."

The feet of armed men pounded on the veranda flags, and it was as though something was being dragged.

"Why don't they put him in the cells till the morning?" said the colonel testily. "See if they've damaged him, sergeant."

The mess-sergeant fled into the darkness, and returned with two troopers and a corporal, all very much perplexed.

"Caught a man stealin' carbines, sir," said the corporal. "Leastways 'e was crawlin' toward the barracks, sir, past the main-road sentries; an' the sentry 'e says, sir —"

The limp heap of rags upheld by the three men groaned. Never was seen so

destitute and demoralized an Afghan. He was turbanless, shoeless, caked with dirt, and all but dead with rough handling. Hira Singh started slightly at the sound of the man's pain. Dirkovitch took another glass of brandy.

"What does the sentry say?" said the colonel.

"Sez he speaks English, sir," said the corporal.

"So you brought him into mess instead of handing him over to the sergeant! If he spoke all the tongues of the Pentecost you've no business——"

Again the bundle groaned and muttered. Little Mildred had risen from his place to inspect. He jumped back as though he had been shot.

"Perhaps it would be better, sir, to send the men away," said he to the colonel, for he was a much-privileged subaltern. He put his arms round the rag-bound horror as he spoke and dropped him into a chair. It may not have been explained that the littleness of Mildred lay in his being six feet four, and big in proportion. The corporal, seeing that an officer was disposed to look after the capture, and that the colonel's eye was beginning to blaze, promptly removed himself and his men. The mess was left alone with the carbine thief, who laid his head on the table and wept bitterly, hopelessly, and inconsolably, as little children weep.

Hira Singh leaped to his feet. "Colonel Sahib," said he, "that man is no Afghan, for they weep '*Ai! Ai!*' Nor is he of Hindustan, for they weep '*Ow! Ho!*' He weeps after the fashion of the white men, who say '*Ow! Ow!*'"

"Now where the dickens did you get that knowledge, Hira Singh?" said the captain of the Lushkar team.

"Hear him!" said Hira Singh simply, pointing at the crumpled figure, that wept as though it would never cease.

"He said, '*My God!*'" said Little Mildred. "I heard him say it."

The colonel and the mess-room looked at the man in silence. It is a horrible thing to hear a man cry. A woman can sob from the top of her palate, or her lips, or anywhere else, but a man must cry from his diaphragm, and it rends him to pieces.

"Poor devil!" said the colonel, coughing tremendously. "We ought to send him to hospital. He's been man-handled."

Now the adjutant loved his carbines. They were to him as his grandchildren — the men standing in the first place. He grunted rebelliously: "I can understand an Afghan stealing, because he's made that way. But I can't understand his crying. That makes it worse."

The brandy must have affected Dirkovitch, for he lay back in his chair and stared at the ceiling. There was nothing special in the ceiling beyond a shadow as of a huge black coffin. Owing to some peculiarity in the construction of the mess-room, this shadow was always thrown when the candles were lighted. It never disturbed the digestion of the White Hussars. They were, in fact, rather proud of it.

"Is he going to cry all night," said the colonel, "or are we supposed to sit with Little Mildred's guest until he feels better?"

The man in the chair threw up his head and stared at the mess. "O my God!" he said, and every soul in the mess rose to his feet. Then the Lushkar captain did a deed for which he ought to have been given the Victoria Cross — distinguished gallantry in a fight against overwhelming curiosity. He picked up his team with his eyes as the hostess picks up the ladies at the opportune moment, and pausing only by the colonel's chair to say, "This isn't *our* affair, you know, sir," led the team into the veranda and the gardens. Hira Singh was the last to go, and he looked at Dirkovitch. But Dirkovitch had departed into a brandy paradise of his own. His lips moved without sound, and he was studying the coffin on the ceiling.

"White — white all over," said Basset-Holmer, the adjutant. "What a pernicious renegade he must be! I wonder where he came from?"

The colonel shook the man gently by the arm, and "Who are you?" said he.

There was no answer. The man stared round the mess-room and smiled in the colonel's face. Little Mildred, who was always more of a woman than a man till "Boot and saddle" was sounded, repeated the question in a voice that would have

drawn confidences from a geyser. The man only smiled. Dirkovitch, at the far end of the table, slid gently from his chair to the floor. No son of Adam, in this present imperfect world, can mix the Hussars' champagne with the Hussars' brandy by five and eight glasses of each without remembering the pit whence he was digged and descending thither. The band began to play the tune with which the White Hussars, from the date of their formation, have concluded all their functions. They would sooner be disbanded than abandon that tune. It is a part of their system. The man straightened himself in his chair and drummed on the table with his fingers.

"I don't see why we should entertain lunatics," said the colonel; "call a guard and send him off to the cells. We'll look into the business in the morning. Give him a glass of wine first, though."

Little Mildred filled a sherry glass with the brandy and thrust it over to the man. He drank, and the tune rose louder, and he straightened himself yet more. Then he put out his long-taloned hands to a piece of plate opposite and fingered it lovingly. There was a mystery connected with that piece of plate in the shape of a spring, which converted what was a seven-branched candlestick, three springs on each side and one in the middle, into a sort of wheel-spoke candelabrum. He found the spring, pressed it, and laughed weakly. He rose from his chair and inspected a picture on the wall, then moved on to another picture, the mess watching him without a word. When he came to the mantelpiece he shook his head and seemed distressed. A piece of plate representing a mounted hussar in full uniform caught his eye. He pointed to it, and then to the mantelpiece, with inquiry in his eyes.

"What is it — oh, what is it?" said Little Mildred. Then as a mother might speak to a child, "That is a horse — yes, a horse."

Very slowly came the answer, in a thick, passionless guttural: "Yes, I — have seen. But — where is the horse?"

You could have heard the hearts of the mess beating as the men drew back to give the stranger full room in his wanderings. There was no question of calling the guard.

Again he spoke, very slowly, "Where is our horse?"

There is but one horse in the White Hussars, and his portrait hangs outside the door of the mess-room. He is the piebald drum-horse, the king of the regimental band, that served the regiment for seven-and-thirty years, and in the end was shot for old age. Half the mess tore the thing down from its place and thrust it into the man's hands. He placed it above the mantelpiece; it clattered on the ledge, as his poor hands dropped it, and he staggered toward the bottom of the table, falling into Mildred's chair. Then all the men spoke to one another something after this fashion: "The drum-horse hasn't hung over the mantelpiece since '67." "How does he know?" "Mildred, go and speak to him again." "Colonel, what are you going to do?" "Oh, dry up, and give the poor devil a chance to pull himself together!" "It isn't possible, anyhow. The man's a lunatic."

Little Mildred stood at the colonel's side talking into his ear. "Will you be good enough to take your seats, please, gentlemen?" he said, and the mess dropped into the chairs.

Only Dirkovitch's seat, next to Little Mildred's, was blank, and Little Mildred himself had found Hira Singh's place. The wide-eyed mess-sergeant filled the glasses in dead silence. Once more the colonel rose, but his hand shook and the port spilled on the table as he looked straight at the man in Little Mildred's chair and said, hoarsely, "Mr. Vice, the Queen." There was a little pause, but the man sprang to his feet and answered, without hesitation, "The Queen, God bless her!" and as he emptied the thin glass he snapped the shank between his fingers.

Long and long ago, when the Empress of India was a young woman, and there were no unclean ideals in the land, it was the custom in a few messes to drink the Queen's toast in broken glass, to the huge delight of the mess contractors. The custom is now dead, because there is nothing to break anything for, except now and again the word of a government, and that has been broken already.

"That settles it," said the colonel, with

a gasp. "He's not a sergeant. What in the world is he?"

The entire mess echoed the word, and the volley of questions would have scared any man. Small wonder that the ragged, filthy invader could only smile and shake his head.

From under the table, calm and smiling, rose Dirkovitch, who had been roused from healthful slumber by feet upon his body. By the side of the man he rose, and the man shrieked and groveled. It was a horrible sight, coming so swiftly upon the pride and glory of the toast that had brought the strayed wits together.

Dirkovitch made no offer to raise him, but Little Mildred heaved him up in an instant. It is not good that a gentleman who can answer to the Queen's toast should lie at the feet of a subaltern of Cossacks.

The hasty action tore the wretch's upper clothing nearly to the waist, and his body was seamed with dry black scars. There is only one weapon in the world that cuts in parallel lines, and it is neither the cane nor the cat. Dirkovitch saw the marks, and the pupils of his eyes dilated — also, his face changed. He said something that sounded like "Shto ve takeye;" and the man, fawning, answered "Chetyre."

"What's that?" said, everybody together.

"His number. That is number four, you know." Dirkovitch spoke very thickly.

"What has a Queen's officer to do with a qualified number?" said the colonel, and there rose an unpleasant growl round the table.

"How can I tell?" said the affable Oriental with a sweet smile. "He is a — how you have it? — escape — runaway, from over there."

He nodded towards the darkness of the night.

"Speak to him, if he'll answer you, and speak to him gently," said Little Mildred, settling the man in a chair. It seemed most improper to all present that Dirkovitch should sip brandy as he talked in purring, spitting Russian to the creature who answered so feebly and with such evident dread. But since Dirkovitch appeared to understand, no man said a word. They breathed heavily, leaning forward, in

the long gaps of the conversation. The time that they have no engagements next on hand the White Hussars intend to go to St. Petersburg in a body to learn Russian.

"He does not know how many years ago," said Dirkovitch, facing the mess, "but he says it was very long ago, in a war. I think that there was an accident. He says he was of this glorious and distinguished regiment in the war."

"The rolls! The rolls! Holmer, get the rolls!" said Little Mildred, and the adjutant dashed off bareheaded to the orderly-room where the muster rolls of the regiment were kept. He returned just in time to hear Dirkovitch conclude. "Therefore, my dear friends, I am most sorry to say there was an accident, which would have been reparable if he had apologized to that our colonel, which he had insulted."

Then followed another growl, which the colonel tried to beat down. The mess was in no mood just then to weigh insults to Russian colonels.

"He does not remember, but I think that there was an accident, and so he was not exchanged among the prisoners, but he was sent to another place — how do you say? — the country. So, he says, he came here. He does not know how he came. Eh? He was at Chepany" — the man caught the word, nodded, and shivered — "at Zhigansk and Irkutsk. I cannot understand how he escaped. He says, too, that he was in the forests for many years, but how many years he has forgotten — that with many things. It was an accident; done because he did not apologize to that our colonel. Ah!"

Instead of echoing Dirkovitch's sigh of regret, it is sad to record that the White Hussars lively exhibited unchristian delight and other emotions, hardly restrained by their sense of hospitality. Holmer flung the frayed and yellow regimental rolls on the table, and the men flung themselves atop of these.

"Steady! Fifty-six — fifty-five — fifty-four," said Holmer. "Here we are. 'Lieutenant Austin Limmason — missing.' That was before Sebastopol. What an infernal shame! Insulted one of their colonels, and

was quietly shipped off. Thirty years of his life wiped out."

"But he never apologized. Said he'd see him d — d first," chorused the mess.

"Poor chap! I suppose he never had the chance afterward. How did he come here?" said the colonel.

The dingy heap in the chair could give no answer.

"Do you know who you are?"

It laughed weakly.

"Do you know that you are Limmason — Lieutenant Limmason, of the White Hussars?"

Swift as a shot came the answer, in a slightly surprised tone, "Yes, I'm Limmason, of course." The light died out in his eyes, and he collapsed afresh, watching every motion of Dirkovitch with terror. A flight from Siberia may fix a few elementary facts in the mind, but it does not lead to continuity of thought. The man could not explain how, like a homing pigeon, he had found his way to his own old mess again. Of what he had suffered or seen he knew nothing. He cringed before Dirkovitch as instinctively as he had pressed the spring of the candlestick, sought the picture of the drum-horse, and answered to the Queen's toast. The rest was a blank that the dreaded Russian tongue could only in part remove. His head bowed on his breast, and he giggled and cowered alternately.

The devil that lived in the brandy prompted Dirkovitch at this extremely inopportune moment to make a speech. He rose, swaying slightly, gripped the table-edge, while his eyes glowed like opals, and began:

"Fellow-soldiers glorious — true friends and hospitable. It was an accident, and deplorable — most deplorable." Here he smiled sweetly all round the mess. "But you will think of this little, little thing. So little, is it not? The czar! Posh! I snap my fingers — I snap my fingers at him. Do I believe in him? No! But in us Slav who have done nothing, *him* I believe. Seventy — how much? — millions peoples that have done nothing — not one thing. Posh! Napoleon was an episode." He banged a hand on the table.

"Hear you, old peoples, we have done nothing in the world — out here. All our work is to do: and it shall be done, old peoples. Get away!" He waved his hand imperiously, and pointed to the man. "You see him. He is not good to see. He was just one little — oh, so little — accident, that no one remembered. Now he is *That*. So will you be, brother-soldiers so brave — so will you be. But you will never come back. You will all go where he is gone, or" — he pointed to the great coffin shadow on the ceiling, and muttering, "Seventy millions — get away, you old people," fell asleep.

"Sweet, and to the point," said Little Mildred. "What's the use of getting wrath? Let's make this poor devil comfortable."

But that was a matter suddenly and swiftly taken from the loving hands of the White Hussars. The lieutenant had returned only to go away again three days later, when the wail of the "Dead March" and the tramp of the squadrons told the wondering station, that saw no gap in the mess-table, an officer of the regiment had resigned his new-found commission.

And Dirkovitch — bland, supple, and always genial — went away too by a night train. Little Mildred and another saw him off, for he was the guest of the mess, and even had he smitten the colonel with the open hand the law of that mess allowed no relaxation of hospitality.

"Good-by, Dirkovitch, and a pleasant journey," said Little Mildred.

"*Au revoir*, my true friends," said the Russian.

"Indeed! But we thought you were going home?"

"Yes; but I will come again. My dear friends, is that road shut?" He pointed to where the north star burned over the Khyber Pass.

"By Jove! I forgot. Of course. Happy to meet you, old man, any time you like. Got everything you want — cheroots, ice, bedding? That's all right. Well, *au revoir*, Dirkovitch."

"Um," said the other man, as the tail-lights of the train grew small. "Of — all — the — unmitigated —"

Little Mildred answered nothing, but watched the north star, and hummed a selection from a recent Simla burlesque that had much delighted the White Hussars. It ran:

"I'm sorry for Mr. Bluebeard,
I'm sorry to cause him pain;
But a terrible spree there's sure to be
When he comes back again."

1890

H. G. WELLS (1866—)

THE LORD OF THE DYNAMOS

THE chief attendant of the three dynamos that buzzed and rattled at Camberwell, and kept the electric railway going, came out of Yorkshire, and his name was James Holroyd. He was a practical electrician, but fond of whisky, a heavy, red-haired brute with irregular teeth. He doubted the existence of the deity, but accepted Carnot's cycle,¹ and he had read Shakespeare and found him weak in chemistry. His helper came out of the mysterious East, and his name was Azuma-zi. But Holroyd called him Pooh-bah. Holroyd liked a nigger help because he would stand kicking—a habit with Holroyd—and did not pry into the machinery and try to learn the ways of it. Certain odd possibilities of the negro mind brought into abrupt contact with the crown of our civilisation Holroyd never fully realized, though just at the end he got some inkling of them.

To define Azuma-zi was beyond ethnology. He was, perhaps, more negroid than anything else, though his hair was curly rather than frizzy, and his nose had a bridge. Moreover, his skin was brown rather than black, and the whites of his eyes were yellow. His broad cheek-bones and narrow chin gave his face something of the viperine V. His head, too, was broad behind, and low and narrow at the forehead, as if his brain had been twisted round in the reverse way to a European's. He was short of stature and still shorter of English. In conversation he made numerous odd noises of no known marketable value, and his infrequent words were carved and wrought into heraldic grotesqueness. Holroyd tried to elucidate his religious beliefs, and—especially after whisky—lectured to him against superstition and missionaries. Azuma-zi, how-

ever, shirked the discussion of his gods even though he was kicked for it.

Azuma-zi had come, clad in white but insufficient raiment, out of the stoke-hole of the *Lord Clive*, from the Straits Settlements, and beyond, into London. He had heard even in his youth of the greatness and riches of London, where all the women are white and fair, and even the beggars in the streets are white, and he had arrived, with newly-earned gold coins in his pocket, to worship at the shrine of civilization. The day of his landing was a dismal one; the sky was dun, and a wind-worried drizzle filtered down to the greasy streets, but he plunged boldly into the delights of Shadwell, and was presently cast up, shattered in health, civilized in costume, penniless, and, except in matters of the direst necessity, practically a dumb animal, to toil for James Holroyd and to be bullied by him in the dynamo shed at Camberwell. And to James Holroyd bullying was a labour of love.

There were three dynamos with their engines at Camberwell. The two that have been there since the beginning are small machines; the larger one was new. The smaller machines made a reasonable noise; their straps hummed over the drums, every now and then the brushes buzzed and fizzled, and the air churned steadily, whoo! whoo! whoo! between their poles. One was loose in its foundations and kept the shed vibrating. But the big dynamo drowned these little noises altogether with the sustained drone of its iron core, which somehow set part of the ironwork humming. The place made the visitor's head reel with the throb, throb, throb of the engines, the rotation of the big wheels, the spinning ball-valves, the occasional spittings of the steam, and over all the deep,

unceasing, surging note of the big dynamo. This last noise was from an engineering point of view a defect, but Azuma-zi accounted it unto the monster for mightiness and pride.

If it were possible we would have the noises of that shed always about the reader as he reads, we would tell all our story to such an accompaniment. It was a steady stream of din, from which the ear picked out first one thread and then another; there was the intermittent snorting, panting, and seething of the steam engines, the suck and thud of their pistons, the dull beat on the air as the spokes of the great driving-wheels came round, a note the leather straps made as they ran tighter and looser, and a fretful tumult from the dynamos; and over all, sometimes inaudible, as the ear tired of it, and then creeping back upon the senses again, was this trombone note of the big machine. The floor never felt steady and quiet beneath one's feet, but quivered and jarred. It was a confusing, unsteady place, and enough to send anyone's thoughts jerking into odd zigzags. And for three months, while the big strike of the engineers was in progress, Holroyd, who was a blackleg, and Azuma-zi, who was a mere black, were never out of the stir and eddy of it, but slept and fed in the little wooden shanty, between the shed and the gates.

Holroyd delivered a theological lecture on the text of his big machine soon after Azuma-zi came. He had to shout to be heard in the din. "Look at that," said Holroyd; "where's your 'eathen idol to match 'im?" And Azuma-zi looked. For a moment Holroyd was inaudible, and then Azuma-zi heard: "Kill a hundred men. Twelve per cent. on the ordinary shares," said Holroyd, "and that's something like a Gord!"

Holroyd was proud of his big dynamo, and expatiated upon its size and power to Azuma-zi until heaven knows what odd currents of thought that and the incessant whirling and shindy set up within the curly black cranium. He would explain in the most graphic manner the dozen or so ways in which a man might be killed by it, and once he gave Azuma-zi a shock as

a sample of its quality. After that, in the breathing-times of his labour — it was heavy labour, being not only his own, but most of Holroyd's — Azuma-zi would sit and watch the big machine. Now and then the brushes would sparkle and spit blue flashes, at which Holroyd would swear, but all the rest was as smooth and rhythmic as breathing. The band ran shouting over the shaft, and ever behind one as one watched was the complacent thud of the piston. So it lived all day in this big airy shed, with him and Holroyd to wait upon it; not prisoned up and slaving to drive a ship as the other engines he knew — mere captive devils of the British Solomon — had been, but a machine enthroned. Those two smaller dynamos, Azuma-zi by force of contrast despised; the large one he privately christened the Lord of the Dynamos. They were fretful and irregular, but the big dynamo was steady. How great it was! How serene and easy in its working! Greater and calmer even than the Buddahs he had seen at Rangoon, and yet not motionless, but living! The great black coils spun, spun, spun, the rings ran round under the brushes, and the deep note of its coil steadied the whole. It affected Azuma-zi queerly.

Azuma-zi was not fond of labour. He would sit about and watch the Lord of the Dynamos while Holroyd went away to persuade the yard porter to get whisky, although his proper place was not in the dynamo shed but behind the engines, and, moreover, if Holroyd caught him skulking he got hit for it with a rod of stout copper wire. He would go and stand close to the colossus and look up at the great leather band running overhead. There was a black patch on the band that came round, and it pleased him somehow among all the clatter to watch this return again and again. Odd thoughts spun with the whirl of it. Scientific people tell us that savages give souls to rocks and trees — and a machine is a thousand times more alive than a rock or a tree. And Azuma-zi was practically a savage still; the veneer of civilization lay no deeper than his slop suit, his bruises, and the coal grime on his

face and hands. His father before him had worshipped a meteoric stone, kindred blood it may be had splashed the broad wheels of Juggernaut.²

He took every opportunity Holroyd gave him of touching and handling the great dynamo that was fascinating him. He polished and cleaned it until the metal parts were blinding in the sun. He felt a mysterious sense of service in doing this. He would go up to it and touch its spinning coils gently. The gods he had worshipped were all far away. The people in London hid their gods.

At last his dim feelings grew more distinct, and took shape in thoughts and at last in acts. When he came into the roaring shed one morning he salaamed to the Lord of the Dynamos, and then, when Holroyd was away, he went and whispered to the thundering machine that he was its servant, and prayed it to have pity on him and save him from Holroyd. As he did so a rare gleam of light came in through the open archway of the throbbing machine-shed, and the Lord of the Dynamos, as he whirled and roared, was radiant with pale gold. Then Azuma-zi knew that his service was acceptable to his Lord. After that he did not feel so lonely as he had done, and he had indeed been very much alone in London. And even when his work time was over, which was rare, he loitered about the shed.

Then, the next time Holroyd maltreated him, Azumi-zi went presently to the Lord of the Dynamos and whispered, "Thou seest, O my Lord!" and the angry whirr of the machinery seemed to answer him. Thereafter it appeared to him that whenever Holroyd came into the shed a different note came into the sounds of the dynamo. "My Lord bides his time," said Azuma-zi to himself. "The iniquity of the fool is not yet ripe." And he waited and watched for the day of reckoning. One day there was evidence of short circuiting, and Holroyd, making an unwary examination — it was in the afternoon — got a rather severe shock. Azuma-zi from behind the engine saw him jump off and curse at the peccant³ coil.

"He is warned," said Azuma-zi to himself. "Surely my Lord is very patient."

Holroyd had at first initiated his "nigger" into such elementary conceptions of the dynamo's working as would enable him to take temporary charge of the shed in his absence. But when he noticed the manner in which Azuma-zi hung about the monster he became suspicious. He dimly perceived his assistant was "up to something," and connecting him with the anointing of the coils with oil that had rotted the varnish in one place, he issued an edict, shouted above the confusion of the machinery, "Don't 'ee go nigh that big dynamo any more, Pooh-bah, or a'll take thy skin off!" Besides, if it pleased Azuma-zi to be near the big machine, it was plain sense and decency to keep him away from it.

Azuma-zi obeyed at the time, but later he was caught bowing before the Lord of the Dynamos. At which Holroyd twisted his arm and kicked him as he turned to go away. As Azuma-zi presently stood behind the engine and glared at the back of the hated Holroyd, the noises of the machinery took a new rhythm, and sounded like four words in his native tongue.

It is hard to say exactly what madness is. I fancy Azuma-zi was mad. The incessant din and whirl of the dynamo shed may have churned up his little store of knowledge and big store of superstitious fancy, at last, into something akin to frenzy. At any rate, when the idea of making Holroyd a sacrifice to the Dynamo Fetish was thus suggested to him, it filled him with a strange tumult of exultant emotion.

That night the two men and their black shadows were alone in the shed together. The shed was lit with one big arc light that winked and flickered purple. The shadows lay black behind the dynamos, the ball governors of the engines whirled from light to darkness, and their pistons beat loud and steady. The world outside seen through the open end of the shed seemed incredibly dim and remote. It seemed absolutely silent, too, since the riot of the machinery drowned every external sound. Far away was the black fence of the yard with grey shadowy houses behind, and above was the deep

blue sky and the pale little stars. Azuma-zi suddenly walked across the centre of the shed above which the leather bands were running, and went into the shadow by the big dynamo. Holroyd heard a click, and the spin of the armature changed.

"What are you dewin' with that switch?" he bawled in surprise. "Han't I told you —"

Then he saw the set expression of Azuma-zi's eyes as the Asiatic came out of the shadow towards him.

In another moment the two men were grappling fiercely in front of the great dynamo.

"You coffee-headed fool!" gasped Holroyd, with a brown hand at his throat. "Keep off those contact rings." In another moment he was tripped and reeling back upon the Lord of the Dynamos. He instinctively loosened his grip upon his antagonist to save himself from the machine.

The messenger, sent in furious haste from the station to find out what had happened in the dynamo shed, met Azuma-zi at the porter's lodge by the gate. Azuma-zi tried to explain something, but the messenger could make nothing of the black's incoherent English, and hurried on to the shed. The machines were all noisily at work, and nothing seemed to be disarranged. There was, however, a queer smell of singed hair. Then he saw an odd-looking crumpled mass clinging to the front of the big dynamo, and, approaching, recognised the distorted remains of Holroyd.

The man stared and hesitated a moment. Then he saw the face, and shut his eyes convulsively. He turned on his heel before he opened them, so that he should not see Holroyd again, and went out of the shed to get advice and help.

When Azuma-zi saw Holroyd die in the grip of the Great Dynamo he had been a little scared about the consequences of his act. Yet he felt strangely elated, and knew that the favour of the Lord Dynamo was upon him. His plan was already settled when he met the man coming from the station, and the scientific manager who speedily arrived on the scene jumped at

the obvious conclusion of suicide. This expert scarcely noticed Azuma-zi, except to ask a few questions. Did he see Holroyd kill himself? Azuma-zi explained he had been out of sight at the engine furnace until he heard a difference in the noise from the dynamo. It was not a difficult examination, being untinctured by suspicion.

The distorted remains of Holroyd, which the electrician removed from the machine, were hastily covered by the porter with a coffee-stained tablecloth. Somebody, by a happy inspiration, fetched a medical man. The expert was chiefly anxious to get the machine at work again, for seven or eight trains had stopped midway in the stuffy tunnels of the electric railway. Azuma-zi, answering or misunderstanding the questions of the people who had by authority or impudence come into the shed, was presently sent back to the stoke-hold by the scientific manager. Of course a crowd collected outside the gates of the yard — a crowd, for no known reason, always hovers for a day or two near the scene of a sudden death in London — two or three reporters percolated somehow into the engine-shed, and one even got to Azuma-zi; but the scientific expert cleared them out again, being himself an amateur journalist.

Presently the body was carried away, and public interest departed with it. Azuma-zi remained very quietly at his furnace, seeing over and over again in the coals a figure that wriggled violently and became still. An hour after the murder, to anyone coming into the shed it would have looked exactly as if nothing remarkable had ever happened there. Peeping presently from his engine-room the black saw the Lord Dynamo spin and whirl beside his little brothers, and the driving wheels were beating round, and the steam in the pistons went thud, thud, exactly as it had been earlier in the evening. After all, from the mechanical point of view, it had been a most insignificant incident — the mere temporary deflection of a current. But now the slender form and slender shadow of the scientific manager replaced the sturdy outline of Holroyd travelling up and down the lane of light upon the vibrating floor under the straps between the engines and the dynamos.

"Have I not served my Lord?" said Azuma-zi inaudibly, from his shadow, and the note of the great dynamo rang out full and clear. As he looked at the big whirling mechanism the strange fascination of it that had been a little in abeyance since Holroyd's death resumed its sway.

Never had Azuma-zi seen a man killed so swiftly and pitilessly. The big humming machine had slain its victim without wavering for a second from its steady beating. It was indeed a mighty god.

The unconscious scientific manager stood with his back to him, scribbling on a piece of paper. His shadow lay at the foot of the monster.

"Was the Lord Dynamo still hungry? His servant was ready."

Azuma-zi made a stealthy step forward; then stopped. The scientific manager suddenly stopped writing, and walked down the shed to the endmost of the dynamos, and began to examine the brushes.

Azuma-zi hesitated, and then slipped across noiselessly into the shadow by the switch. There he waited. Presently the manager's footsteps could be heard returning. He stopped in his old position, unconscious of the stoker crouching ten feet away from him. Then the big dynamo suddenly fizzled, and in another moment Azuma-zi had sprung out of the darkness upon him.

First, the scientific manager was gripped round the body and swung towards the big dynamo, then, kicking with his knee and forcing his antagonist's head down with his hands, he loosened the grip on his waist and swung round away from the machine. Then the black grasped him again, putting a curly head against his chest, and they swayed and panted as it seemed for an age or so. Then the scientific manager was impelled to catch a black ear in his teeth and bite furiously. The black yelled hideously.

They rolled over on the floor, and the black, who had apparently slipped from the vice of the teeth or parted with some ear — the scientific manager wondered which at the time — tried to throttle him. The scientific manager was making some ineffectual efforts to claw something with his hands and to kick, when the welcome sound of quick footsteps sounded on the floor. The next moment Azuma-zi had left him and darted towards the big dynamo. There was a splutter amid the roar.

The officer of the company who had entered, stood staring as Azuma-zi caught the naked terminals in his hands, gave one horrible convulsion, and then hung motionless from the machine, his face violently distorted.

"I'm jolly glad you came in when you did," said the scientific manager, still sitting on the floor.

He looked at the still quivering figure. "It is not a nice death to die, apparently — but it is quick."

The official was still staring at the body. He was a man of slow apprehension.

There was a pause.

The scientific manager got up on his feet rather awkwardly. He ran his fingers along his collar thoughtfully, and moved his head to and fro several times.

"Poor Holroyd! I see now." Then almost mechanically he went towards the switch in the shadow and turned the current into the railway circuit again. As he did so the singed body loosened its grip upon the machine and fell forward on its face. The core of the dynamo roared out loud and clear, and the armature beat the air.

So ended prematurely the Worship of the Dynamo Deity, perhaps the most short-lived of all religions. Yet withal it could at least boast a Martyrdom and a Human Sacrifice. 1895

JOHN GALSWORTHY (1867-)

SPINDLEBERRIES

THE celebrated painter, Scudamore — whose studies of Nature had been hung on the line for so many years that he had for-

gotten the days when, not yet in the Scudamore manner, they depended from the sky — stood where his cousin had left

him so abruptly. His lips, between comely grey moustache and comely pointed beard, wore a mortified smile, and he gazed rather dazedly at the spindleberries fallen on to the flagged courtyard from the branch she had brought to show him. Why had she thrown up her head as if he had struck her, and whisked round so that those dull-pink berries quivered and lost their rain-drops, and four had fallen? He had but said: "Charming! I'd like to use them!" And she had answered: "God!" and rushed away. Alicia really was crazed; who would have thought that once she had been so adorable? He stooped and picked up the four berries — a beautiful colour, that dull pink! And from below the coatings of success and the Scudamore manner a little thrill came up; the stir of emotional vision. Paint! What good? How express? He went across to the low wall which divided the courtyard of his expensively restored and beautiful old house from the first flood of the River Arun wandering silvery in pale winter sunlight. Yes, indeed! How express Nature, its translucence and mysterious unities, its mood never the same from hour to hour? Those brown-tufted rushes over there against the gold grey of light and water — those restless, hovering, white gulls! A kind of disgust at his own celebrated manner welled up within him — the disgust akin to Alicia's "God!" Beauty! What use — how express it? Had she been thinking the same thing?

He looked at the four pink berries glistening on the grey stone of the wall and memory stirred. What a lovely girl she had been, with her grey-green eyes shining under long lashes, the rose-petal colour in her cheeks and the too-fine dark hair — now so very grey — always blowing a little wild. An enchanting, enthusiastic creature! He remembered, as if it had been but last week, that day when they started from Arundel Station by the road to Burpham, when he was twenty-nine and she twenty-five, both of them painters and neither of them famed — a day of showers and sunlight in the middle of March, and Nature preparing for full spring! How they had chattered at first; and when their arms touched, how he had thrilled, and the colour had deepened in her rain-wet

cheeks; and then, gradually, they had grown silent; a wonderful walk, which seemed leading so surely to a more wonderful end. They had wandered round through the village and down past the chalkpit and Jacob's ladder, into the field path and so to the river bank. And he had taken her ever so gently round the waist, still silent, waiting for that moment when his heart would leap out of him in words and hers — he was sure — would leap to meet it. The path entered a thicket of blackthorn with a few primroses close to the little river running full and gentle. The last drops of a shower were falling, but the sun had burst through, and the sky above the thicket was cleared to the blue of speedwell flowers. Suddenly she had stopped and cried: "Look, Dick! Oh look! It's heaven!" A high bush of blackthorn was lifted there, starry white against the blue and that bright cloud. It seemed to sing, it was so lovely; the whole of spring was in it. But the sight of her ecstatic face had broken down all his restraint, and tightening his arm around her he had kissed her lips. He remembered still the expression of her face, like a child's startled out of sleep. She had gone rigid, gasped, started away from him, quivered and gulped, and broken suddenly into sobs. Then, slipping from his arm, she had fled. He had stood at first, amazed and hurt, utterly bewildered; then, recovering a little, had hunted for her full half an hour before at last he found her sitting on wet grass, with a stony look on her face. He had said nothing, and she nothing, except to murmur: "Let's go on; we shall miss our train!" And all the rest of that day and the day after, until they parted, he had suffered from the feeling of having tumbled down off some high perch in her estimation. He had not liked it at all; it had made him very angry. Never from that day to this had he thought of it as anything but a piece of wanton prudery. Had it — had it been something else?

He looked at the four pink berries, and, as if they had uncanny power to turn the wheel of memory, he saw another vision of his cousin five years later. He was married by then, and already hung on the line.

With his wife he had gone down to Alicia's country cottage. A summer night, just dark and very warm. After many exhortations she had brought into the little drawing-room her last finished picture. He could see her now placing it where the light fell, her tall, slight form already rather sharp and meagre, as the figures of some women grow at thirty, if they are not married; the nervous, fluttering look on her charming face, as though she could hardly bear this inspection; the way she raised her shoulder just a little as if to ward off an expected blow of condemnation. No need! It had been a beautiful thing, a quite surprisingly beautiful study of night. He remembered with what a really jealous ache he had gazed at it — a better thing than he had ever done himself. And, frankly, he had said so. Her eyes had shone with pleasure.

"Do you really like it? I tried so hard!"

"The day you show that, my dear," he had said, "your name's made!" She had clasped her hands and simply sighed: "Oh, Dick!" He had felt quite happy in her happiness, and presently the three of them had taken their chairs out, beyond the curtains, on to the dark verandah, had talked a little, then somehow fallen silent. A wonderful warm, black, grape-bloom night, exquisitely gracious and inviting; the stars very high and white, the flowers glimmering in the garden-beds, and against the deep, dark blue, roses hanging, unearthly, stained with beauty. There was a scent of honeysuckle, he remembered, and many moths came fluttering by toward the tall, narrow chink of light between the curtains. Alicia had sat leaning forward, elbows on knees, ears buried in her hands. Probably they were silent because she sat like that. Once he heard her whisper to herself: "Lovely, lovely! Oh, God! How lovely!" His wife, feeling the dew, had gone in, and he had followed; Alicia had not seemed to notice. But when she too came in, her eyes were glistening with tears. She said something about bed in a queer voice; they had taken candles and gone up. Next morning, going to her little studio to give her advice about that picture, he had been literally horrified to see

it streaked with lines of Chinese white — Alicia, standing before it, was dashing her brush in broad smears across and across. She heard him and turned round. There was a hard red spot in either cheek, and she said in a quivering voice: "It was blasphemy. That's all!" And turning her back on him she had gone on smearing it with Chinese white. Without a word, he had turned tail in simple disgust. Indeed, so deep had been his vexation at that wanton destruction of the best thing she had ever done or was ever likely to do, that he had avoided her for years. He had always had a horror of eccentricity. To have planted her foot firmly on the ladder of fame and then deliberately kicked it away; to have wantonly foregone this chance of making money — for she had but a mere pittance! It had seemed to him really too exasperating, a thing only to be explained by tapping one's forehead. Every now and then he still heard of her, living down there, spending her days out in the woods and fields, and sometimes even her nights, they said, and steadily growing poorer and thinner and more eccentric; becoming, in short, impossibly difficult, as only Englishwomen can. People would speak of her as "such a dear," and talk of her charm, but always with that shrug which is hard to bear when applied to one's relations. What she did with the productions of her brush he never inquired, too disillusioned by that experience. Poor Alicia!

The pink berries glowed on the grey stone, and he had yet another memory. A family occasion when Uncle Martin Scudamore departed this life, and they all went up to bury him and hear his will. The old chap, whom they had looked on as a bit of a disgrace, money-grubbing up in the little grey Yorkshire town which owed its rise to his factory, was expected to make amends by his death, for he had never married — too sunk in industry, apparently, to have the time. By tacit agreement, his nephews and nieces had selected the Inn at Bolton Abbey, nearest beauty spot, for their stay. They had driven six miles to the funeral, in three carriages. Alicia had gone with him and

his brother, the solicitor. In her plain black clothes she looked quite charming, in spite of the silver threads already thick in her fine dark hair, loosened by the moor wind. She had talked of painting to him with all her old enthusiasm, and her eyes had seemed to linger on his face as if she still had a little weakness for him. He had quite enjoyed that drive. They had come rather abruptly on the small grimy town clinging to the river banks, with old Martin's long, yellow brick house dominating it, about two hundred yards above the mills. Suddenly, under the rug, he felt Alicia's hand seize his with a sort of desperation, for all the world as if she were clinging to something to support her. Indeed, he was sure she did not know it was his hand she squeezed. The cobbled streets, the muddy looking water, the dingy, staring factories, the yellow, staring house, the little dark-clothed, dreadfully plain workpeople, all turned out to do a last honour to their creator; the hideous new grey church, the dismal service, the brand-new tombstones—and all of a glorious autumn day! It was inexpressibly sordid—too ugly for words! Afterward the will was read to them seated decorously on bright mahogany chairs in the yellow mansion, a very satisfactory will, distributing in perfectly adjusted portions, to his own kinsfolk and nobody else, a very considerable wealth. Scudamore had listened to it dreamily, with his eyes fixed on an oily picture, thinking, "My God! What a thing!" and longing to be back in the carriage smoking a cigar to take the reek of black clothes and sherry—sherry!—out of his nostrils. He happened to look at Alicia. Her eyes were closed; her lips, always sweet-looking, quivered amusingly. And at that very moment the will came to her name. He saw those eyes open wide, and marked a beautiful pink flush, quite like that of old days, come into her thin cheeks. "Splendid!" he had thought; "it's really jolly for her. I am glad! Now she won't have to pinch. Splendid!" He shared with her to the full the surprised relief showing in her still beautiful face.

All the way home in the carriage he felt at least as happy over her good fortune as over his own, which had been substantial.

He took her hand under the rug and squeezed it, and she answered with a long, gentle pressure, quite unlike the clutch when they were driving in. That same evening he strolled out to where the river curved below the Abbey. The sun had not quite set, and its last smoky radiance slanted into the burnished autumn wood. Some white-faced Herefords were grazing in lush grass, the river rippled and gleamed, all over golden scales. About that scene was the magic which has so often startled the hearts of painters, the wistful gold—the enchantment of a dream. For some minutes he had gazed with delight which had in it a sort of despair. A little crisp rustle ran along the bushes; the leaves fluttered, then hung quite still. And he heard a voice—Alicia's—speaking. "My lovely, lovely world!" And moving forward a step, he saw her standing on the river bank, braced against the trunk of a birch tree, her head thrown back, and her arms stretched wide apart as though to clasp the lovely world she had apostrophized. To have gone up to her would have been like breaking up a lovers' interview, and he turned round instead and went away.

A week later he heard from his brother that Alicia had refused her legacy. "I don't want it," her letter had said simply; "I couldn't bear to take it. Give it to those poor people who live in that awful place." Really eccentricity could go no further! They decided to go down and see her. Such mad neglect of her own good must not be permitted without some effort to prevent it. They found her very thin, and charming; humble, but quite obstinate in her refusal. "Oh! I couldn't really! I should be so unhappy. Those poor little stunted people who made it all for him! That little, awful town! I simply couldn't be reminded. Don't talk about it, please. I'm quite all right as I am." They had threatened her with lurid pictures of the workhouse and a destitute old age. To no purpose, she would not take the money. She had been forty when she refused that aid from heaven—forty, and already past any hope of marriage. For though Scudamore had never known for certain that she had ever wished or hoped for

marriage, he had his theory — that all her eccentricity came from wasted sexual instinct. This last folly had seemed to him monstrous enough to be pathetic, and he no longer avoided her. Indeed, he would often walk over to tea in her little hermitage. With Uncle Martin's money he had bought and restored the beautiful old house over the River Arun, and was now only five miles from Alicia's, across country. She, too, would come tramping over at all hours, floating in with wild flowers or ferns, which she would put into water the moment she arrived. She had ceased to wear hats, and had by now a very doubtful reputation for sanity about the countryside. This was the period when Watts was on every painter's tongue, and he seldom saw Alicia without a disputation concerning that famous symbolist. Personally, he had no use for Watts, resenting his faulty drawing and crude allegories, but Alicia always maintained with her extravagant fervour that he was great because he tried to paint the soul of things. She especially loved a painting called "Iris" — a female symbol of the rainbow, which indeed, in its floating eccentricity, had a certain resemblance to herself. "Of course he failed," she would say; "he tried for the impossible, and went on trying all his life. Oh! I can't bear your rules and catchwords, Dick; what's the good of them! Beauty's too big, too deep!" Poor Alicia! She was sometimes very wearing.

He never knew quite how it came about that she went abroad with them to Dauphiné in the autumn of 1904 — a rather disastrous business. Never again would he take anyone travelling who did not know how to come in out of the cold. It was a painter's country and he had hired a little château in front of the Glandaz mountain — himself, his wife, their eldest girl and Alicia. The adaptation of his famous manner to that strange scenery, its browns and French greys and filmy blues, so pre-occupied him that he had scant time for becoming intimate with these hills and valleys. From the little gravelled terrace in front of the annex, out of which he had made a studio, there was an absorbing view over the pantiled old town of Die. It glistened below in the early or late sun-

light, flat-roofed and of pinkish yellow, with the dim, blue River Drôme circling one side, and cut, dark cypress trees dotting the vineyarded slopes. And he painted it continually. What Alicia did with herself they none of them very much knew, except that she would come in and talk ecstatically of things and beasts and people she had seen. One favourite haunt of hers they did visit, a ruined monastery high up in the amphitheatre of the Glandaz mountain. They had their lunch up there, a very charming and remote spot, where the watercourses and ponds and chapel of the old monks were still visible, though converted by the farmer to his use. Alicia left them abruptly in the middle of their praises, and they had not seen her again till they found her at home when they got back. It was almost as if she had resented laudation of her favourite haunt. She had brought in with her a great bunch of golden berries, of which none of them knew the name; berries almost as beautiful as these spindleberries glowing on the stone of the wall. And a fourth memory of Alicia came.

Christmas Eve, a sparkling frost, and every tree round the little château rimed so that they shone in the starlight as though dowered with cherry blossom. Never were more stars in clear black sky above the whitened earth. Down in the little town a few faint points of yellow light twinkled in the mountain wind keen as a razor's edge. A fantastically lovely night — quite "Japanese," but cruelly cold. Five minutes on the terrace had been enough for all of them except Alicia. She — unaccountable, crazy creature — would not come in. Twice he had gone out to her, with commands, entreaties, and extra wraps; the third time he could not find her, she had deliberately avoided his onslaught and slid off somewhere to keep this mad vigil by frozen starlight. When at last she did come in she reeled as if drunk. They tried to make her really drunk, to put warmth back into her. No good! In two days she was down with double pneumonia; it was two months before she was up again — a very shadow of herself. There had never been much health in her since then. She floated like a ghost through life, a crazy ghost, who still would steal away,

goodness knew where, and come in with a flush in her withered cheeks, and her grey hair wild blown, carrying her spoil — some flower, some leaf, some tiny bird or little soft rabbit. She never painted now, never even talked of it. They had made her give up her cottage and come to live with them, literally afraid that she would starve herself to death in her forgetfulness of everything. These spindleberries even! Why, probably, she had been right up this morning to that sunny chalk-pit in the lew of the Downs to get them, seven miles there and back, when you wouldn't think she could walk seven hundred yards, and as likely as not had lain there on the dewy grass looking up at the sky, as he had come on her sometimes. Poor Alicia! And once he had been within an ace of marrying her! A life spoiled! By what, if not by love of beauty? But who would have ever thought that the intangible could wreck a woman, deprive her of love, marriage, motherhood, of fame, of wealth, of health? And yet — by George! — it had!

Scudamore flipped the four pink berries off the wall. The radiance and the meandering milky waters; that swan against the brown tufted rushes; those far, filmy Downs — there was beauty! *Beauty!* But, damn it all — moderation! Moderation! And turning his back on that prospect, which he had painted so many times, in his celebrated manner, he went in, and up the expensively restored staircase to his studio. It had great windows on three sides, and perfect means for regulating light. Unfinished studies melted into walls so subdued that they looked like atmosphere. There were no completed pictures — they sold too fast. As he walked over to his easel his eye was caught by a spray of colour — the branch of spindleberries set in water, ready for him to use, just where the pale sunlight fell so that their delicate colour might glow and the few

tiny drops of moisture still clinging to them shine. For a second he saw Alicia herself as she must have looked, setting them there, her transparent hands hovering, her eyes shining, that grey hair of hers all fine and loose. The vision vanished! But what had made her bring them after that horrified "God!" when he spoke of using them? Was it her way of saying: "Forgive me for being rude"? Really she was pathetic, that poor devotee! The spindleberries glowed in their silver-lustre jug, sprayed up against the sunlight. They looked triumphant — as well they might, who stood for that which had ruined — or was it saved? — a life! Alicia! She had made a pretty mess of it, and yet who knew what secret raptures she had felt with her subtle lover, Beauty, by starlight and sunlight and moonlight, in the fields and woods, on the hilltops, and by riverside? Flowers, and the flight of birds, and the ripple of the wind, and all the shifting play of light and colour which made a man despair when he wanted to use them; she had taken them, hugged them to her with no afterthought, and been happy! Who could say that she had missed the price of life? Who could say it? . . . Spindleberries! A bunch of spindleberries to set such doubts astir in him! Why, what was beauty but just the extra value which certain forms and colours, blended, gave to things — just the extra value in the human market! Nothing else on earth, nothing! And the spindleberries glowed against the sunlight, delicate, remote!

Taking his palette, he mixed crimson lake, white, and ultra-marine. What was that? Who sighed, away out there behind him? Nothing!

"Damn it all!" he thought; "this is childish. This is as bad as Alicia!" And he set to work to paint in his celebrated manner — spindleberries.

1920

JOHN MORLEY (1838–1923)

LITERATURE

NEXT I am going to deal with another question, with which perhaps I ought to have started. What is literature? It has

often been defined. Emerson says it is a record of the best thoughts. "By literature," says another author, "we mean the

written thoughts and feelings of intelligent men and women arranged in a way that shall give pleasure to the reader." A third account is that "the aim of a student of literature is to know the best that has been thought in the world." Definitions always appear to me in these things to be in the nature of vanity. I feel that the attempt to be compact in the definition of literature ends in something that is rather meagre, partial, starved, and unsatisfactory. I turn to the answer given by a great French writer to a question not quite the same, viz., "What is a classic?" Literature consists of a whole body of classics in the true sense of the word, and a classic, as Sainte-Beuve¹ defines him, is an "author who has enriched the human mind, who has really added to its treasure, who has got it to take a step further; who has discovered some unequivocal moral truth, or penetrated to some eternal passion, in that heart of man where it seemed as though all were known and explored, who has produced his thoughts, or his observation, or his invention under some form, no matter what, so it be great, large, acute and reasonable, sane and beautiful in itself; who has spoken to all in a style of his own, yet a style that finds itself the style of everybody, — in a style that is at once new and antique, and is the contemporary of all the ages." Another Frenchman, Doudan, who died in 1872, has an excellent passage on the same subject: —

"The man of letters properly so called is a rather singular being: he does not look at things exactly with his own eyes, he has not impressions of his own, we could not discover the imagination with which he started. 'Tis a tree on which have been grafted Homer, Virgil, Milton, Dante, Petrarch; hence have grown peculiar flowers which are not natural, and yet they are not artificial. Study has given to the man of letters something of the reverie of René;² with Homer he has looked upon the plain of Troy, and there has remained in his brain some of the light of the Grecian sky; he has taken a little of the pensive luster of Virgil, as he wanders by his side on the slopes of the Aventine;³ he sees the world as Milton saw it, through the gray mists of England, as Dante saw it, through

the clear and glowing light of Italy. Of all these colors he composes for himself a color that is unique, and his own; from all these glasses by which his life passes on its journey to the real world, there is formed a special tint, and that is what makes the imagination of men of letters."

At a single hearing you may not take all that in; but if you should have any opportunity of recurring to it, you will find this a satisfactory, full, and instructive account of what is a classic, and will find in it a full and satisfactory account of what those who have thought most on literature hope to get from it, and most would desire to confer upon others by it. Literature consists of all the books — and they are not so many — where moral truth and human passion are touched with a certain largeness, sanity, and attraction of form. My notion of the literary student is one who through books explores the strange voyages of man's moral reason, the impulses of the human heart, the chances and changes that have overtaken human ideals of virtue and happiness, of conduct and manners, and the shifting fortunes of great conceptions of truth and virtue. Poets, dramatists, humorists, satirists, masters of fiction, the great preachers, the character-writers, the maxim-writers, the great political orators — they are all literature in so far as they teach us to know man and to know human nature. This is what makes literature, rightly sifted and selected and rightly studied, not the mere elegant trifling that it is so often and so erroneously supposed to be, but a proper instrument for a systematic training of the imagination and sympathies, and of a genial and varied moral sensibility.

From this point of view let me remind you that books are not the product of accidents and caprice. As Goethe said, if you would understand an author, you must understand his age. The same thing is just as true of a book. If you would fully comprehend it, you must know the age. There is an order; there are causes and relations between great compositions and the societies in which they have emerged. Just as the naturalist strives to understand and to explain the distribution of plants and animals over the surface of the globe, to

connect their presence or absence with the great geological, climatic, and oceanic changes, so the student of literature, if he be wise, undertakes an ordered and connected survey of ideas, of tastes, of sentiments, of imagination, of humor, of invention, as they affect and as they are affected by the ever-changing experiences of human nature, and the manifold variations that time and circumstances are incessantly working in human society.

Those who are possessed, and who desire to see others possessed, by that conception of literary study must watch with greatest sympathy and admiration the efforts of those who are striving so hard, and, I hope, so successfully, to bring the systematic and methodical study of our own literature, in connection with other literatures, among subjects for teaching and examination in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. I regard those efforts with the liveliest interest and sympathy. Everybody agrees that an educated man ought to have a general notion of the course of the great outward events of European history. So, too, an educated man ought to have a general notion of the course of all those inward thoughts and moods which find their expression in literature. I think that in cultivating the study of literature, as I have perhaps too laboriously endeavored to define it, you will be cultivating the most important side of history. Knowledge of it gives stability and substance to character. It furnishes a view of the ground we stand on. It builds up a solid backing of precedent and experience. It teaches us where we are. It protects us against imposture and surprise.

Before closing I should like to say one word upon the practice of composition. I have suffered, by the chance of life, many things from the practice of composition. It has been my lot, I suppose, to read more unpublished work than any one else in this room.

There is an idea, and, I venture to think, a very mistaken idea, that you cannot have a taste for literature unless you are yourself an author. I make bold entirely to demur to that proposition. It is practically most mischievous, and leads scores and even hundreds of people to waste their

time in the most unprofitable manner that the wit of man can devise, on work in which they can no more achieve the most moderate excellence than they can compose a Ninth Symphony⁴ or paint a Transfiguration.⁵ It is a terrible error to suppose that because one is happily able to relish "Wordsworth's solemn-thoughted idyll, or Tennyson's enchanted reverie," therefore a solemn mission calls you to run off to write bad verse at the Lakes or the Isle of Wight. I beseech you all not to turn to authorship. I will even venture, with all respect to those who are teachers of literature, to doubt the excellence and the utility of the practice of over-much essay-writing and composition. I have very little faith in the rules of style, though I have an unbounded faith in the virtue of cultivating direct and precise expression. But you must carry on the operation inside the mind, and not merely by practicing literary deportment on paper. It is not everybody who can command the mighty rhythm of the greatest masters of human speech. But every one can make reasonably sure that he knows what he means, and whether he has found the right word. These are internal operations, and are not forward led by writing for writing's sake. Everybody must be urgent for attention to expression, if that attention be exercised in the right way. It has been said a million times that the foundation of right expression in speech or writing is sincerity. That is as true now as it ever has been. Right expression is a part of character. As somebody has said, by learning to speak with precision, you learn to think with correctness; and the way to firm and vigorous speech lies through the cultivation of high and noble sentiments. So far as my observation has gone, men will do better if they seek precision by studying carefully with an open mind and a vigilant eye the great models of writing, than by the excessive practice of writing on their own account.

Much might here be said on what is one of the most important of all the sides of literary study. I mean its effect as helping to preserve the dignity and purity of the English language. That noble instrument has never been exposed to such dangers as

those which beset it to-day. Domestic slang, scientific slang, pseudo-aesthetic affectations, hideous importations from American newspapers, all bear down with horrible force upon the glorious fabric which the genius of our race has reared. I will say nothing of my own on this pressing theme, but will read to you a passage of weight and authority from the greatest master of mighty and beautiful speech.

"Whoever in a state," said Milton, "knows how wisely to form the manners of men and rule them at home and in war with excellent institutes, him in the first place, above all others, I should esteem worthy of all honor. But next to him the man who strives to establish in maxims and rules the method and habit of speaking and writing received from a good age of the nation, and as it were, to fortify the same round with a kind of wall, the daring to overleap which let a law only short of that of Romulus be used to prevent. . . . The one, as I believe, supplies noble courage and intrepid counsels against an enemy invading the territory. The other takes to himself the task of extirpating and defeating, by means of a learned detective police of ears, and a light band of good authors, that barbarism which makes large inroads upon the minds of men, and is a destructive intestine enemy of genius. Nor is it to be considered of small consequence what language, pure or corrupt, a people has, or what is their customary degree of propriety in speaking it. . . . For, let the words of a country be in part unhandsome and offensive in themselves, in part debased by wear and wrongly uttered, and what do they declare, but, by no light indication, that the inhabitants of that country are an indolent, idle-yawning race, with the minds already long prepared for any amount of servility? On the other hand, we have never heard that any empire, and state, did not at least flourish in a middling degree as long as its own liking and care for its language lasted." ¹

The probabilities are that we are now coming to an epoch of a quieter style. There have been in our generation three strong masters in the art of prose writing. There was, first of all, Carlyle, there was Macaulay, and there is Mr. Ruskin. These

are all giants, and they have the rights of giants. But I do not believe that a greater misfortune can befall the students who attend the classes here, than that they should strive to write like any one of these three illustrious men. I think it is the worst thing that can happen to them. They can never attain the high mark which they have set before themselves. It is not everybody who can bend the bow of Ulysses, and most men only do themselves a mischief by trying to bend it. If we are now on our way to a quieter style, I am not sorry for it. Truth is quiet. Milton's phrase ever lingers in our minds as one of imperishable beauty — where he regrets that he is drawn by I know not what, from beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies. Moderation and judgment are, for most purposes, more than the flash and glitter even of the genius. I hope that your professors of rhetoric will teach you to cultivate that golden art — the steadfast use of a language in which truth can be told; a speech that is strong by natural force, and not merely effective by declamation; an utterance without trick, without affectation, without mannerisms, without any of that excessive ambition which overleaps itself as disastrously in prose writing as in so many other things.

I will detain you no longer. I hope that I have made it clear that we conceive the end of education on its literary side to be to make a man and not a cyclopædia, to make a citizen and not an album of elegant extracts. Literature does not end with knowledge of forms, with inventories of books and authors, with finding the key of rhythm, with the varying measure of the stanza, or the changes from the involved and sonorous periods of the seventeenth century down to the *staccato* of the nineteenth, or all the rest of the technicalities of scholarship. Do not think I condemn these. They are all good things to know, but they are not ends in themselves. The intelligent man, says Plato, will prize those studies which result in his soul getting soberness, righteousness, and wisdom, and he will less value the others. Literature is one of the instruments for forming character, for giving us men and

women armed with reason, braced by knowledge, clothed with steadfastness and courage, and inspired by that public spirit and public virtue of which it has been well said that they are the highest ornaments of the mind of man. Bacon is right, as he generally is, when he bids us read not to contradict and refute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Yes, let us read to weigh and to consider. In the times before us that promise or threaten deep political, economical, and social controversy, what we need to do is to induce our people to weigh and consider. We want them to cultivate energy without

impatience, activity without restlessness, inflexibility without ill-humor. I am not going to preach to you any indifference to money, or to the pleasures of social intercourse, or to the esteem and good-will of our neighbors, or to any other of the consolations and necessities of life. But, after all, the thing that matters most, both for happiness and for duty, is that we should strive habitually to live with wise thoughts and right feelings. Literature helps us more than other studies to this most blessed companionship of wise thoughts and right feelings, and so I have taken this opportunity of earnestly commending it to your interest and care. 1891

JAMES BRYCE (1838-1922)

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS AS MOULDING PUBLIC OPINION

As the public opinion of a people is even more directly than its political institutions the reflection and expression of its character, it is convenient to begin the analysis of opinion in America by noting some of those general features of national character which give tone and colour to the people's thoughts and feelings on politics. There are, of course, varieties proper to different classes, and to different parts of the vast territory of the Union; but it is well to consider first such characteristics as belong to the nation as a whole, and afterwards to examine the various classes and districts of the country. And when I speak of the nation, I mean the native Americans. What follows is not applicable to the recent immigrants from Europe, and, of course, even less applicable to the Southern negroes; though both these elements are potent by their votes.

The Americans are a good-natured people, kindly, helpful to one another, disposed to take a charitable view even of wrongdoers. Their anger sometimes flames up, but the fire is soon extinct. Nowhere is cruelty more abhorred. Even a mob lynching a horse thief in the West has consideration for the criminal, and will give him a good drink of whisky before he is strung up. Cruelty to slaves was rare while slavery lasted, the best proof of which is the quietness of the slaves during the war when all the men and many of the

boys of the South were serving in the Confederate armies. As everybody knows, juries are more lenient to offences of all kinds but one, offences against women, than they are anywhere in Europe. The Southern "rebels" were soon forgiven; and though civil wars are proverbially bitter, there have been few struggles in which the combatants did so many little friendly acts for one another, few in which even the vanquished have so quickly buried their resentments. It is true that newspapers and public speakers say hard things of their opponents; but this is a part of the game, and is besides a way of relieving their feelings: the bark is sometimes the louder in order that a bite may not follow. Vindictiveness shown by a public man excites general disapproval, and the maxim of letting bygones be bygones is pushed so far that an offender's misdeeds are often forgotten when they ought to be remembered against him.

All the world knows that they are a humorous people. They are as conspicuously the purveyors of humour to the nineteenth century as the French were the purveyors of wit to the eighteenth. Nor is this sense of the ludicrous side of things confined to a few brilliant writers. It is diffused among the whole people; it colours their ordinary life, and gives to their talk that distinctively new flavour which a

European palate enjoys. Their capacity for enjoying a joke against themselves was oddly illustrated at the outset of the Civil War, a time of stern excitement, by the merriment which arose over the hasty retreat of the Federal troops at the battle of Bull Run. When William M. Tweed¹ was ruling and robbing New York, and had set on the bench men who were openly prostituting justice, the citizens found the situation so amusing that they almost forgot to be angry. Much of President Lincoln's popularity, and much also of the gift he showed for restoring confidence to the North at the darkest moments of the war, was due to the humorous way he used to turn things, conveying the impression of not being himself uneasy, even when he was most so.

That indulgent view of mankind which I have already mentioned, a view odd in a people whose ancestors were penetrated with the belief in original sin, is strengthened by this wish to get amusement out of everything. The want of seriousness which it produces may be more apparent than real. Yet it has its significance; for people become affected by the language they use, as we see men grow into cynics when they have acquired the habit of talking cynicism for the sake of effect.

They are a hopeful people. Whether or no they are right in calling themselves a new people, they certainly seem to feel in their veins the bounding pulse of youth. They see a long vista of years stretching out before them, in which they will have time enough to cure all their faults, to overcome all the obstacles that block their path. They look at their enormous territory with its still only half-explored sources of wealth, they reckon up the growth of their population and their products, they contrast the comfort and intelligence of their labouring classes with the condition of the masses in the Old World. They remember the dangers that so long threatened the Union from the slave power, and the rebellion it raised, and see peace and harmony now restored, the South more prosperous and contented than at any previous epoch, perfect good feeling between all sections of the country. It is natural for them to believe in their

star. And this sanguine temper makes them tolerant of evils which they regard as transitory, removable as soon as time can be found to root them up.

They have unbounded faith in what they call the People and in a democratic system of government. The great States of the European continent are distracted by the contests of Republicans and Monarchists, and of rich and poor, — contests which go down to the foundations of government, and in France are further embittered by religious passions. Even in England the ancient Constitution is always under repair, and while many think it is being ruined by changes, others hold that still greater changes are needed to make it tolerable. No such questions trouble American minds, for nearly everybody believes, and everybody declares, that the frame of government is in its main lines so excellent that such reforms as seem called for need not touch those lines, but are required only to protect the Constitution from being perverted by the parties. Hence a further confidence that the people are sure to decide right in the long run, a confidence inevitable and essential in a government which refers every question to the arbitrament of numbers. There have, of course, been instances where the once insignificant minority proved to have been wiser than the majority of the moment. Such was eminently the case in the great slavery struggle. But here the minority prevailed by growing into a majority as events developed the real issues, so that this also has been deemed a ground for holding that all minorities which have right on their side will bring round their antagonists, and in the long run win by voting power. If you ask an intelligent citizen why he so holds, he will answer that truth and justice are sure to make their way into the minds and consciences of the majority. This is deemed an axiom, and the more readily so deemed, because truth is identified with common sense, the quality which the average citizen is most confidently proud of possessing.

This feeling shades off into another, externally like it, but at bottom distinct — the feeling not only that the majority, be it right or wrong, will and must prevail,

but that its being the majority proves it to be right. This feeling appears in the guise sometimes of piety and sometimes of fatalism. Religious minds hold — you find the idea underlying many books and hear it in many pulpits — that Divine Providence has especially chosen and led the American people to work out a higher type of freedom and civilization than any other state has yet attained, and that this great work will surely be brought to a happy issue by the protecting hand which has so long guided it. Before others who are less sensitive to such impressions, the will of the people looms up like one of the irresistible forces of nature, which you must obey, and which you can turn and use only by obeying. In the famous words of Bacon, *non nisi parendo vincitur*. [Only by obedience is it overcome].

The Americans are an educated people, compared with the whole mass of the population in any European country except Switzerland, parts of Germany, Norway, Iceland, and Scotland; that is to say, the average of knowledge is higher, the habit of reading and thinking more generally diffused, than in any other country. (I speak, of course, of the native Americans, excluding negroes and recent immigrants.) They know the Constitution of their own country, they follow public affairs, they join in local government and learn from it how government must be carried on, and in particular how discussion must be conducted in meetings, and its results tested at elections. The Town Meeting has been the most perfect school of self-government in any modern country. They exercise their minds on theological questions, debating points of Christian doctrine with no small acuteness. Women in particular, though their chief reading is fiction and theology, pick up at the public schools and from the popular magazines far more miscellaneous information than the women of any European country possess, and this naturally tells on the intelligence of the men.

That the education of the masses is nevertheless a superficial education goes without saying. It is sufficient to enable them to think they know something about the great problems of politics: insufficient

to show them how little they know. The public elementary school gives everybody the key to knowledge in making reading and writing familiar, but it has not time to teach him how to use the key, whose use is in fact, by the pressure of daily work, almost confined to the newspaper and the magazine. So we may say that if the political education of the average American voter be compared with that of the average voter in Europe, it stands high; but if it be compared with the functions which the theory of the American government lays on him, which its spirit implies, which the methods of its party organization assume, its inadequacy is manifest. This observation, however, is not so much a reproach to the schools, which at least do what English schools omit — instruct the child in the principles of the Constitution — as a tribute to the height of the ideal which the American conception of popular rule sets up.

For the functions of the citizen are not, as has hitherto been the case in Europe, confined to the choosing of legislators, who are then left to settle issues of policy and select executive rulers. The American citizen is virtually one of the governors of the Republic. Issues are decided and rulers selected by the direct popular vote. Elections are so frequent that to do his duty at them a citizen ought to be constantly watching public affairs with a full comprehension of the principles involved in them, and a judgment of the candidates derived from a criticism of their arguments as well as a recollection of their past careers. As has been said, the instruction received in the common schools and from the newspapers, and supposed to be developed by the practice of primaries and conventions, while it makes the voter deem himself capable of governing, does not completely fit him to weigh the real merits of statesmen, to discern the true grounds on which questions ought to be decided, to note the drift of events and discover the direction in which parties are being carried. He is like a sailor who knows the spars and ropes of the ship and is expert in working her, but is ignorant of geography and navigation; who can perceive that some of the officers are smart and others dull, but can-

not judge which of them is qualified to use the sextant or will best keep his head during a hurricane.

They are a moral and well-conducted people. Setting aside the *colluvies gentium*,² which one finds in Western mining camps, and which popular literature has presented to Europeans as far larger than it really is, setting aside also the rabble of a few great cities and the negroes of the South, the average of temperance, chastity, truthfulness, and general probity is somewhat higher than in any of the great nations of Europe. The instincts of the native farmer or artisan are almost invariably kindly and charitable. He respects the law; he is deferential to women and indulgent to children; he attaches an almost excessive value to the possession of a genial manner and the observance of domestic duties.

They are also a religious people. It is not merely that they respect religion and its ministers, for that one might say of Russians or Sicilians, not merely that they are assiduous church-goers and Sunday-school teachers, but that they have an intelligent interest in the form of faith they profess, are pious without superstition, and zealous without bigotry. The importance which they still, though less than formerly, attach to dogmatic propositions, does not prevent them from feeling the moral side of their theology. Christianity influences conduct, not indeed half as much as in theory it ought, but probably more than it does in any other modern country, and far more than it did in the so-called ages of faith.

Nor do their moral and religious impulses remain in the soft haze of self-complacent sentiment. The desire to expunge or cure the visible evils of the world is strong. Nowhere are so many philanthropic and reformatory agencies at work. Zeal outruns discretion, outruns the possibilities of the case, in not a few of the efforts made, as well by legislation as by voluntary action, to suppress vice, to prevent intemperance, to purify popular literature.

Religion apart, they are an unreverential people. I do not mean irreverent, — far from it; nor do I mean that they have not a great capacity for hero-worship, as

they have many a time shown. I mean that they are little disposed, especially in public questions — political, economical, or social — to defer to the opinions of those who are wiser or better instructed than themselves. Everything tends to make the individual independent and self-reliant. He goes early into the world; he is left to make his way alone; he tries one occupation after another, if the first or second venture does not prosper; he gets to think that each man is his own best helper and adviser. Thus he is led, I will not say to form his own opinions, for even in America few are those who do that, but to fancy that he has formed them, and to feel little need of aid from others towards correcting them. There is, therefore, less disposition than in Europe to expect light and leading on public affairs from speakers or writers. Oratory is not directed towards instruction, but towards stimulation. Special knowledge, which commands deference in applied science or in finance, does not command it in politics, because that is not deemed a special subject, but one within the comprehension of every practical man. Politics is, to be sure, a profession, and so far might seem to need professional aptitudes. But the professional politician is not the man who has studied statesmanship, but the man who has practised the art of running conventions and winning elections.

Even that strong point of America, the completeness and highly popular character of local government, contributes to lower the standard of attainment expected in a public man, because the citizens judge of all politics by the politics they see first and know best, — those of their township or city, — and fancy that he who is fit to be selectman, or county commissioner, or alderman, is fit to sit in the great council of the nation. Like the shepherd in Virgil, they think the only difference between their town and Rome is in its size, and believe that what does for Lafayetteville will do well enough for Washington. Hence when a man of statesmanlike gifts appears, he has little encouragement to take a high and statesmanlike tone, for his words do not necessarily receive weight from his position. He fears to be instructive or

hortatory, lest such an attitude should expose him to ridicule; and in America ridicule is a terrible power. Nothing escapes it. Few have the courage to face it. In the indulgence of it even this humane race can be unfeeling.

They are a busy people. I have already observed that the leisured class is relatively small, is in fact confined to a few Eastern cities. The citizen has little time to think about political problems. Engrossing all the working hours, his avocation leaves him only stray moments for this fundamental duty. It is true that he admits his responsibilities, considers himself a member of a party, takes some interest in current events. But although he would reject the idea that his thinking should be done for him, he has not leisure to do it for himself, and must practically lean upon and follow his party. It astonishes an English visitor to find how small a part politics play in conversation among the wealthier classes and generally in the cities. During a tour of four months in America in the autumn of 1881, in which I had occasion to mingle with all sorts and conditions of men in all parts of the country, and particularly in the Eastern cities, I never once heard American politics discussed except when I or some other European brought the subject on the carpet. In a presidential year, and especially during the months of a presidential campaign, there is, of course, abundance of private talk, as well as of public speaking, but even then the issues raised are largely personal rather than political in the European sense. But at other times the visitor is apt to feel — more, I think, than he feels anywhere in Britain — that his host has been heavily pressed by his own business concerns during the day, and that when the hour of relaxation arrives he gladly turns to lighter and more agreeable topics than the state of the nation. This remark is less applicable to the dwellers in villages. There is plenty of political chat round the store at the cross roads, and though it is rather in the nature of gossip than of debate, it seems, along with the practice of local government, to sustain the interest of ordinary folk in public affairs.²

The want of serious and sustained think-

ing is not confined to politics. One feels it even more as regards economical and social questions. To it must be ascribed the vitality of certain prejudices and fallacies which could scarcely survive the continuous application of such vigorous minds as one finds among the Americans. Their quick perceptions serve them so well in business and in the ordinary affairs of private life that they do not feel the need for minute investigation and patient reflection on the underlying principles of things. They are apt to ignore difficulties, and when they can no longer ignore them, they will evade them rather than lay siege to them according to the rules of art. The sense that there is no time to spare haunts an American even when he might find the time, and would do best for himself by finding it.

Some one will say that an aversion to steady thinking belongs to the average man everywhere. Admitting this, I must repeat once more that we are now comparing the Americans not with average men in other countries, but with the ideal citizens of a democracy. We are trying them by the standard which the theory of their government assumes. In other countries statesmen or philosophers do, and are expected to do, the solid thinking for the bulk of the people. Here the people are expected to do it for themselves. To say that they do it imperfectly is not to deny them the credit of doing it better than a European philosopher might have predicted.

They are a commercial people, whose point of view is primarily that of persons accustomed to reckon profit and loss. Their impulse is to apply a direct practical test to men and measures, to assume that the men who have got on fastest are the smartest men, and that a scheme which seems to pay well deserves to be supported. Abstract reasonings they dislike, subtle reasonings they suspect; they accept nothing as practical which is not plain, down-right, apprehensible by an ordinary understanding. Although open-minded, so far as willingness to listen goes, they are hard to convince, because they have really made up their minds on most subjects, having adopted the prevailing notions of

their locality or party as truths due to their own reflection.

It may seem a contradiction to remark that with this shrewdness and the sort of hardness it produces, they are nevertheless an impressionable people. Yet this is true. It is not their intellect, however, that is impressionable, but their imagination and emotions, which respond in unexpected ways to appeals made on behalf of a cause which seems to have about it something noble or pathetic. They are capable of an ideality surpassing that of Englishmen or Frenchmen.

They are an unsettled people. In no State of the Union is the bulk of the population so fixed in its residence as everywhere in Europe; in many it is almost nomadic. Nobody feels rooted to the soil. Here to-day and gone to-morrow, he cannot readily contract habits of trustful dependence on his neighbours. Community of interest, or of belief in such a cause as temperance, or protection for native industry, unites him for a time with others similarly minded, but congenial spirits seldom live long enough together to form a school or type of local opinion which develops strength and becomes a proselytizing force. Perhaps this tends to prevent the growth of variety in opinion. When a man arises with some power of original thought in politics, he is feeble if isolated, and is depressed by his insignificance, whereas if he grows up in favourable soil with sympathetic minds around him, whom he can in prolonged intercourse permeate with his ideas, he learns to speak with confidence and soars on the wings of his disciples. Whether or no there be truth in this suggestion, one who considers the variety of conditions under which men live in America may certainly find ground for surprise that there should be so few independent schools of opinion.

But even while an unsettled, they are nevertheless an associative, because a sympathetic people. Although the atoms are in constant motion, they have a strong attraction for one another. Each man catches his neighbour's sentiment more quickly and easily than happens with the English. That sort of reserve and isolation, that tendency rather to repel than to invite

confidence, which foreigners attribute to the Englishman, though it belongs rather to the upper and middle class than to the nation generally, is, though not absent, yet less marked in America.⁴ It seems to be one of the notes of difference between the two branches of the race. In the United States, since each man likes to feel that his ideas raise in other minds the same emotions as in his own, a sentiment or impulse is rapidly propagated and quickly conscious of its strength. Add to this the aptitude for organization which their history and institutions have educated, and one sees how the tendency to form and the talent to work combinations for a political or any other object has become one of the great features of the country. Hence, too, the immense strength of party. It rests not only on interest and habit and the sense of its value as a means of working the government, but also on the sympathetic element and instinct of combination ingrained in the national character.

They are a changeable people. Not fickle, for they are if anything too tenacious of ideas once adopted, too fast bound by party ties, too willing to pardon the errors of a cherished leader. But they have what chemists call low specific heat; they grow warm suddenly and cool as suddenly; they are liable to swift and vehement outbursts of feeling which rush like wildfire across the country, gaining glow, like the wheel of a railway car, by the accelerated motion. The very similarity of ideas and equality of conditions which makes them hard to convince at first makes a conviction once implanted run its course the more triumphantly. They seem all to take flame at once, because what has told upon one, has told in the same way upon all the rest, and the obstructing and separating barriers which exist in Europe scarcely exist here. Nowhere is the saying so applicable that nothing succeeds like success. The native American or so-called Know-nothing party⁵ had in two years from its foundation become a tremendous force, running, and seeming for a time likely to carry, its own presidential candidate. In three years more it was dead without hope of revival. Now and then, as for instance in the elections of 1874-75,⁶ there comes a rush of

feeling so sudden and tremendous, that the name of Tidal Wave has been invented to describe it.

After this it may seem a paradox to add that the Americans are a conservative people. Yet any one who observes the power of habit among them, the tenacity with which old institutions and usages, legal and theological formulas, have been clung to, will admit the fact. A love for what is old and established is in their English blood. Moreover, prosperity helps to make them conservative. They are satisfied with the world they live in, for they have found it a good world, in which they have grown rich and can sit under their own vine and fig tree, none making them afraid. They are proud of their history and of their Constitution, which has come out of the furnace of civil war with scarcely the smell of fire upon it. It is little to say that they do not seek change for the sake of change, because the nations that do this exist only in the fancy of alarmist philosophers. There are nations, however, whose impatience of existing evils, or whose proneness to be allured by visions of a brighter future, makes them underestimate the risk of change, nations that will pull up the plant to see whether it has begun to strike root. This is not the way of the Americans. They are no doubt

ready to listen to suggestions from any quarter. They do not consider that an institution is justified by its existence, but admit everything to be matter for criticism. Their keenly competitive spirit and pride in their own ingenuity have made them quicker than any other people to adopt and adapt inventions: telephones were in use in every little town over the West, while in the city of London men were just beginning to wonder whether they could be made to pay. I have remarked in an earlier chapter that the fondness for trying experiments has produced a good deal of hasty legislation, especially in the newer States, and that some of it has already been abandoned. But these admissions do not affect the main proposition. The Americans are at bottom a conservative people, in virtue both of the deep instincts of their race and of that practical shrewdness which recognizes the value of permanence and solidity in institutions. They are conservative in their fundamental beliefs, in the structure of their governments, in their social and domestic usages. They are like a tree whose pendulous shoots quiver and rustle with the lightest breeze, while its roots enfold the rock with a grasp which storms cannot loosen.

1888

FOUR CENTURIES OF LITERATURE
AMERICAN

AMERICAN LITERATURE

The Earlier Period

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

(1794-1878)

THANATOPSIS

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she
speaks

A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides 5
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When
thoughts

Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images 10
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow
house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at
heart; —

Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all
around — 15

Earth and her waters, and the depths of
air —

Comes a still voice — Yet a few days, and
thee

The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground
Where thy pale form was laid, with many
tears, 20

Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee,
shall claim

Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering
up

Thine individual being, shalt thou go 25
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock

And to the sluggish clod, which the rude
swain

Turns with his snare, and treads upon.
The oak

Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce
thy mold. 30

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou
wish

Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie
down

With patriarchs of the infant world —
with kings,

The powerful of the earth — the wise, the
good, 35

Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, —
the vales

Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods — rivers that
move 40

In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and,
poured round all,

Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden
sun, 45

The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that
tread

The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. — Take the
wings 50

Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no
sound,

Save his own dashings — yet the dead are
there:

And millions in those solitudes, since
first 55

The flight of years began, have laid them
 down
 In their last sleep — the dead reign there
 alone,
 So shalt thou rest, and what if thou with-
 draw
 In silence from the living, and no friend
 Take note of thy departure? All that
 breathe 60
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will
 laugh
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of
 care
 Plod on, and each one as before will chase
 His favorite phantom; yet all these shall
 leave
 Their mirth and their employments, and
 shall come 65
 And make their bed with thee. As the
 long train
 Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
 The youth in life's fresh spring, and he
 who goes
 In the full strength of years, matron and
 maid,
 The speechless babe, and the gray-headed
 man — 70
 Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
 By those who in their turn shall follow
 them.

So live, that when thy summons comes
 to join
 The innumerable caravan, which moves
 To that mysterious realm, where each
 shall take 75
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at
 night,
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained
 and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy
 grave
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his
 couch 80
 About him, and lies down to pleasant
 dreams.

1817

TO A WATERFOWL

Whither, midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last steps
 of day,

Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou
 pursue
 Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye 5
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee
 wrong,
 As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide, 10
 Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
 On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
 Teaches thy way along that pathless
 coast —
 The desert and illimitable air — 15
 Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
 At that far height, the cold, thin atmos-
 phere,
 Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
 Though the dark night is near. 20

And soon that toil shall end;
 Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and
 rest,
 And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall
 bend,
 Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven 25
 Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my
 heart
 Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast
 given,
 And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
 Guides through the boundless sky thy
 certain flight, 30
 In the long way that I must tread alone,
 Will lead my steps aright.

1815, 1818

HOMER'S ODYSSEY*

BOOK XXIII

Up to the royal bower the matron went
 With an exulting heart, to tell the queen

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That her beloved husband was within.
With knees that faltered not, and quick
light step

She went, and, standing by her mistress,
said: — 5

“Awake, Penelope, dear child, and see
With thine own eyes what thou hast pined
for long.

Ulysses has returned; thy lord is here,
Though late, and he has slain the arrogant
crew

Of suitors, who disgraced his house, and
made 10

His wealth a spoil, and dared insult his
son.”

And thus discreet Penelope replied:

“The gods, dear nurse, have made thee
mad; for they

Have power to change the wisest men to
fools,

And make the foolish wise, and they have
warped 15

Thy mind once sound. How canst thou
mock me thus,

Amidst my sorrows, with such idle tales?
Why wake me from the pleasant sleep
that closed

My lids so softly? Never have I slept
So sweetly since Ulysses went from me 20
To that bad city, which no tongue should
name.

Go, then; return into the lower rooms.

Had any of my women save thyself
Brought such a message to disturb my
sleep,

I would have sent her back into the
hall 25

With angry words; thy years are thy
excuse.”

But Eurycleia, the dear nurse, rejoined:
“Nay, my dear child, I mock thee not.
Most true

It is that thy Ulysses has returned,
And here he is at home, as I have said. 30
The stranger whom they scoffed at in the
hall

Is he; and long Telemachus has known
That he was here, but wisely kept from all
His father's secret, till he should avenge
Upon those violent men their guilty
deeds.” 35

She ended, and her mistress, overjoyed,
Sprang from her couch, embraced the aged
dame,

And wept, and said to her in winged
words: —

“Tell me, dear nurse, and truly, if in-
deed

Ulysses have returned as thou hast
said. 40

How smote he those proud suitors? — he
alone,

And they so many, gathered in the hall.”

And thus the well-beloved nurse re-
plied:

“I saw it not, nor knew of it. I heard
Only the moanings of the slain, while
we 45

The maids, affrighted, sat in a recess
Of that well-vaulted chamber; the firm
doors

Closed us all in, until at length thy son,
Sent by his father, called me forth. I
found

Ulysses standing midst the dead that
lay 50

Heaped on each other, everywhere along
The solid pavement. Thou wouldst have
rejoiced

To see him like a lion with the stains
Of slaughter on him. Now the suitors lie
Before the portals of the palace-court, 55

And he has kindled a great fire, and
steeps

In smoke the noble hall. He bade me
come

To call thee. Follow me, that ye may
give

Your hearts to gladness, — for ye have
endured

Great sorrows both, and your long-cher-
ished hope 60

Is now fulfilled. He hath returned alive
To his dear home, and finds thee and his
son

Yet in his palace, and hath terribly
Avenged himself upon the guilty men
Who under his own roof have done him
wrong.” 65

Then spake the sage Penelope again:

“Beloved nurse, exult not overmuch,
Nor rashly boast. Well is it known to
thee

Were he to come beneath this roof again,
How welcome he would be to all, but
most 70

To me and to the son to whom we gave
His being. Yet thy tidings are not true.

Some one of the immortals must have
slain

The arrogant suitors, angry to behold
Their foul injustice and their many
crimes; 75

For no respect had they to mortal man,
Good he might be, or bad, whome'er they
met;

And therefore have they made an evil
end.

But my Ulysses must have perished far
From Ithaca, cut off from his return." 80

Then Eurycleia, the dear nurse, re-
joined:

"What words are these, my child, that
pass thy lips?

Sayst thou, then, that thy husband, who
now stands

Upon thy hearthstone, never will return?
O slow of faith! but thou wert ever
thus. 85

Come, then, I give a certain proof. I saw
Myself, when he was at the bath, the scar
Left on him by the white tusk of a boar,
And would have told thee, but he laid his
hands

Upon my mouth, and would not suffer
me 90

To bear the tidings, such his forecast was.
Now follow me; I give my life in pledge.
If I deceive thee, slay me ruthlessly."

Then spake discreet Penelope again:

"Dear nurse, though thou in many things
art wise, 95

Think not to scan the counsels of the gods,
Who live forever. Yet will we descend,
And meet my son, and look upon the
slain,

And see the avenger by whose hand they
fell."

She spake, and from the royal bower
went down, 100

Uncertain whether she should stand aloof
And question there her lord, or haste to
him

And clasp his hands in hers and kiss his
brow.

But having passed the threshold of hewn
stone,

Entering she took her seat right oppo-
site 105

Ulysses, in the full glow of the fire,
Against the other wall. Ulysses sat
Beside a lofty column with his eyes

Cast down, and waiting for his high-born
wife

To speak when she had seen him. Long
she sat 110

In silence, for amazement overpowered
Her senses. Sometimes, looking in his
eyes,

She saw her husband there, and then
again,

Clad in those sordid weeds, she knew him
not.

Then spake Telemachus, and chid her
thus:— 115

"Mother, unfeeling mother! hard of
heart

Art thou; how else couldst thou remain
aloof?

How keep from taking at my father's
side,

Thy place, to talk with him, and question
him?

No other wife could bring herself to
bear 120

Such distance from a husband, just re-
turned

After long hardships, in the twentieth
year

Of absence, to his native land and her.
Mother! thy heart is harder than a
stone."

And thus the sage Penelope replied: 125
"Dear child, my faculties are over-
powered

With wonder, and I cannot question him,
Nor even speak to him, nor fix my looks
Upon his face. But if it be indeed

Ulysses, and he have returned, we
soon 130

Shall know each other; there are tokens
known

To both of us, to none but him and me."

She ended, and the much-enduring
chief

Ulysses, smiling at her words, bespake
Telemachus at once, in winged
words:— 135

"Suffer thy mother, O Telemachus,
To prove me; she will know me better
soon.

My looks are sordid, and my limbs are
wrapped

In tattered raiment, therefore does she
think

Meanly of me, and cannot willingly 140

Believe that I am he. But let us now
Consider what most wisely may be done.
He who hath slain, among a tribe of men,
A single one with few to avenge his death,
Flees from his kindred and his native
land; 145
But we have slain the champions of the
realm,
The flower of all the youth of Ithaca.
Therefore, I pray thee, think what shall
be done."

And then discreet Telemachus replied:
"Look thou to that, dear father; for they
say 150
That thou of all mankind wert wont to
give
The wisest counsels. None of mortal
birth
In this was deemed thy peer. We follow
thee
With cheerful hearts; nor will our courage
fail,
I think, in aught that lies within our
power." 155

Ulysses, the sagacious, answered thus:
"Then will I tell thee what I deem most
wise.

First take the bath, and then array your-
selves
In tunics, bid the palace-maidens choose
Fresh garments; let the godlike bard, who
bears 160
The clear-toned harp, be leader, and strike
up
A melody to prompt the festive dance,
That all may say who hear it from with-
out, —

Whether the passers by or dwellers near, —
'It is a wedding.' Else throughout the
land 165

The rumor of the slaughter we have
wrought

Among the suitors may have spread before
We reach our wooded farm, and there
consult

Beneath the guidance of Olympian Jove."

He spake; they hearkened and obeyed.
They took 170

The bath, and then they put their gar-
ments on.

The maids arrayed themselves; the god-
like bard

Took the curved harp, and woke in all the
love

Of melody, and of the graceful dance.
The spacious pile resounded to the
steps 175

Of men and shapely women in their mirth,
And one who stood without was heard to
say: —

"Some one, no doubt, has made the
long-wooded queen

His bride at last; a worthless woman she,
Who could not, for the husband of her
youth, 180
Keep his fair palace till he came again."

Such words were said, but they who
uttered them

Knew little what had passed. Eurynomè,
The matron of the palace, meantime took
Magnanimous Ulysses to the bath 185
In his own dwelling, smoothed his limbs
with oil,

And threw a gorgeous mantle over him
And tunic. Pallas on the hero's head
Shed grace and majesty; she made him
seem

Taller and statelier, made his locks flow
down 190

In curls like blossoms of the hyacinth,
As when a workman skilled in many arts,
And taught by Pallas and Minerva,
twines

A golden border round the silver mass,
A glorious work; so did the goddess
shed 195

Grace o'er his face and form. So from the
bath

He stepped, like one of the immortals,
took

The seat from which he rose, right opposite
Penelope, and thus addressed the queen:—

"Lady, the dwellers of the Olympian
heights 200

Have given thee an impenetrable heart
Beyond all other women. Sure I am
No other wife could bring herself to bear
Such distance from a husband just re-
turned

After long hardships, in the twentieth
year 205

Of absence, to his native land and her.
Come, nurse, prepare a bed, where by my-
self

I may lie down; an iron heart is hers."

To this the sage Penelope replied:

"Nay, sir, 't is not through pride or dis-
regard, 210

Or through excess of wonder, that I act
Thus toward thee. Well do I remember
thee

As thou wert in the day when thy good
ship

Bore thee from Ithaca. Bestir thyself,
Dame Eurycleia, and make up with
care 215

A bed without the chamber, which he
framed

With his own hands; bear out the massive
bed,

And lay upon it seemly coverings,
Fleeces and mantles for his nightly rest."

She spake to try her husband; but, dis-
pleased, 220

Ulysses answered thus his virtuous
queen: —

"O woman, thou hast said unwelcome
words.

Who hath displaced my bed? That task
were hard

For long experienced hands, unless some
god

Had come to shift its place. No living
man, 225

Even in his prime of years, could easily
Have moved it, for in that elaborate work

There was a mystery; it was I myself
Who shaped it, no one else. Within my
court

There grew an olive-tree with full-leaved
boughs, 230

A tall and flourishing tree; its massive
stem

Was like a column. Round it I built up
A chamber with cemented stones until

The walls were finished; then I framed a
roof

Above it, and put on the well-glued
doors 235

Close fitting. Next I lopped the full-
leaved boughs,

And, cutting off the trunk above the root,
Smoothed well the stump with tools, and
made of it

A post to bear the couch. I bored the
wood

With wimble, placed on it the frame, and
carved 240

The work till it was done, inlaying it
With silver, gold, and ivory. I stretched

Upon it thongs of oxhide brightly dyed
In purple. Now, O wife, I cannot know

Whether my bed remains as then it
was, 245

Or whether some one from the root has
hewn

The olive trunk, and moved it from its
place."

He spake, and her knees faltered and
her heart

Was melted as she heard her lord recount
The tokens all so truly; and she wept, 250

And rose, and ran to him, and flung her
arms

About his neck, and kissed his brow, and
said: —

"Ulysses, look not on me angrily,
Thou who in other things art wise above

All other men. The gods have made our
lot 255

A hard one, jealous lest we should have
passed

Our youth together happily, and thus
Have reached old age. I pray, be not in-
censed,

Nor take it ill that I embraced thee not
As soon as I beheld thee, for my heart 260

Has ever trembled lest some one who
comes

Into this isle should cozen me with words;
And they who practise fraud are number-
less.

The Argive Helen, child of Jupiter,
Would ne'er have listened to a stranger's
suit 265

And loved him, had she known that in the
years

To come the warlike Greeks would bring
her back

To her own land. It was a deity
Who prompted her to that foul wrong.

Her thought

Was never of the great calamity 270

Which followed, and which brought such
woe on us.

But now, since thou, by tokens clear and
true,

Hast spoken of our bed, which human eye
Has never seen save mine and thine, and
those

Of one handmaiden only, Actoris, — 275

Her whom my father gave me when I came
To this thy palace, and who kept the door

Of our close chamber, — thou hast won
my mind

To full belief, though hard it was to win."

She spake, and he was moved to tears;
 he wept 280
 As in his arms he held his dearly loved
 And faithful wife. As welcome as the land
 To those who swim the deep, of whose
 stout bark
 Neptune has made a wreck amidst the
 waves,
 Tossed by the billow and the blast, and
 few 285
 Are those who from the hoary ocean reach
 The shore, their limbs all crested with the
 brine,
 These gladly climb the sea-beach, and are
 safe, —
 So welcome was her husband to her eyes.
 Nor would her fair white arms release his
 neck, 290
 And there would rosy-fingered Morn have
 found
 Both weeping, but the blue-eyed Pallas
 planned
 That thus it should not be; she stayed the
 night
 When near its close, and held the golden
 Morn
 Long in the ocean deeps, nor suffered
 her 295
 To yoke her steeds that bring the light to
 men, —
 Lampas and Phaëthon, swift steeds that
 bear
 The Morning on her way. Ulysses then,
 The man of forecast, thus bespake his
 queen: —
 "Not yet, O wife, have we attained the
 close 300
 Of all our labors. One remains which yet
 I must achieve, toilsome, and measureless
 In difficulty; for so prophesied
 The spirit of Tiresias, on the day
 When to the abode of Pluto I went
 down 305
 To ask the seer concerning the return
 Of my companions, and my own. But now
 Seek we our couch, dear wife, that, softly
 laid,
 We may refresh ourselves with welcome
 sleep."
 Then spake in turn the sage Penel-
 ope: 310
 "Whenever thou desirest it thy couch
 Shall be made ready, since the gods vouch-
 safe

To bring thee back into thy pleasant home
 And to thy native land. But now that
 thou
 Hast spoken of it, and some deity 315
 Is prompting thee, declare what this new
 task
 May be. Hereafter I shall hear of it,
 No doubt, nor were it worse to know it
 now."
 Ulysses, the sagacious, answered thus:
 "Dear wife, why wilt thou ask? why press
 me thus? 320
 Yet will I tell thee truly, nor will keep
 Aught from thee, though thou wilt not
 gladly hear,
 Nor I relate. Tiresias bade me pass
 Through city after city, till I found
 A people who know not the sea, nor eat 325
 Their food with salt, who never yet be-
 held
 The red-prowed galley, nor the shapely
 oars,
 Which are the wings of ships. And this
 plain sign
 He gave, nor will I keep it back from thee,
 That when another traveller whom I
 meet 330
 Shall say it is a winnowing-fan I bear
 On my stout shoulder, there he bade me
 plant
 The oar upright in earth, and offer up
 To monarch Neptune there a ram, a bull,
 And sturdy boar, and then, returning
 home, 335
 Burn hallowed hecatombs to all the gods
 Who dwell in the broad heaven, each one
 in turn.
 At last will death come over me, afar
 From ocean, such a death as peacefully
 Shall take me off in a serene old age, 340
 Amid a people prosperous and content.
 All this, the prophet said, will come to
 pass."
 And then the sage Penelope rejoined:
 "If thus the immortals make thy later age
 The happier, there is hope that thou wilt
 find 345
 Escape from evil in the years to come."
 So talked they with each other. Mean-
 time went
 Eurynomè, attended by the nurse,
 And in the light of blazing torches dressed
 With soft fresh drapery a bed; and
 when 350

Their busy hands had made it full and high,

The aged dame withdrew to take her rest
In her own chamber, while Eurynomê,
Who kept the royal bower, upheld a torch
And thither led the pair, and, when they
both 355

Were in the chamber, went her way.
They took

Their place delighted in the ancient bed.
The prince, the herdsman, and the swine-
herd ceased

Meantime to tread the dance, and bade
the maids

Cease also, and within the palace-
rooms 360

Dark with night's shadow, sought their
place of rest.

Then came the time of pleasant mutual
talk,

In which that noblest among women
spake

Of wrongs endured beneath her roof from
those

Who came to woo her, — an insatiate
crew, — 365

Who made of beeves and fatlings of the
flock

Large slaughter, and drained many a
wine-cask dry.

Then nobly born Ulysses told what woes
His valor brought on other men; what toils
And suffering he had borne; he told her
all, 370

And she, delighted, heard him, nor did
sleep

Light on her eyelids till his tale was done.

And first he told her how he overcame
The people of Ciconia; how he passed
Thence to the rich fields of the race who
feed 375

Upon the lotus; what the Cyclops did,
And how upon the Cyclops he avenged
The death of his brave comrades, whom
the wretch

Had piteously slaughtered and devoured.
And how he came to Æolus, and found 380

A friendly welcome, and was sent by him
Upon his voyage; yet 't was not his fate
To reach his native land; a tempest caught
His fleet, and far across the fishy deep
Bore him away, lamenting bitterly. 385

And how he landed at Telegylus,
Among the Læstrigianians, who destroyed

His ships and warlike comrades, he alone
In his black ship escaping. Then he told
Of Circe, her deceit and many arts, 390
And how he went to Pluto's dismal realm
In his good galley, to consult the soul
Of him of Thebes, Tiresias, and beheld
All his lost comrades and his mother, —
her

Who brought him forth, and trained him
when a child 395

And how he heard the Sirens afterward,
And how he came upon the wandering
rocks,

The terrible Charybdis, and the crags
Of Scylla, — which no man had ever
passed

In safety; how his comrades slew for
food 400

The oxen of the Sun; how Jupiter,
The Thunderer, with a bolt of fire from
heaven

Smote his swift bark; and how his gallant
crew

All perished, he alone escaped with life.
And how he reached Ogygia's isle, he
told, 405

And met the nymph Calypso, who de-
sired

That he would be her husband, and long
time

Detained and fed him in her vaulted grot,
And promised that he ne'er should die,
nor know

Decay of age, through all the days to
come; 410

Yet moved she not the purpose of his
heart.

And how he next through many hardships
came

To the Phæacians, and they welcomed him
And honored him as if he were a god,
And to his native country in a bark 415
Sent him with ample gifts of brass and
gold

And raiment. As he uttered this last word
Sleep softly overcame him; all his limbs
Lay loose in rest, and all his cares were
calmed.

The blue-eyed Pallas had yet new de-
signs; 420

And when she deemed Ulysses was re-
freshed

With rest and sleep, in that accustomed
bed,

She called the Morning, daughter of the
Dawn,

To rise from ocean in her car of gold,
And shed her light on men. Ulysses
rose 425

From his soft couch, and thus enjoined his
spouse: —

“O wife! enough of misery have we
borne

Already, — thou in weeping for my long
Unhappy absence, — I for years withheld
By Jupiter and all the other gods 430
From my return to this dear land, although
I pined for home. Now since upon this
couch

We take the place so earnestly desired,
Take thou the charge of all that I possess
Here in the palace. For the herds and
flocks 435

Which those high-handed suitors have
devoured,

I shall seize many others as a spoil;
The rest the Greeks will bring me, till my
stalls

Are filled again. I hasten to my farm
Embowered in trees, to greet the aged
man 440

My excellent father, who continually
Grieves for me. Prudent as thou art, I
give

This charge; a rumor, with the rising sun,
Will quickly go abroad that I have slain
The suitors in the palace. Now with-
draw, 445

Thou and thy maidens, to the upper room,
And sit and look not forth, nor ask of
aught.”

So spake the chief, and on his shoulders
braced

His glorious armor. Then he called his
son,
The herdsman, and the swineherd, bidding
them 450

To take in hand their weapons. They
obeyed,
And, having armed themselves in brass,
they threw

The portals open. As they all went forth,
Ulysses led the way. The early light
Was on the earth, but Pallas, shrouding
them 455

In darkness, led them quickly through the
town.

1871

RALPH WALDO EMERSON
(1803-1882)

CONCORD HYMN

By the rude bridge that arched the
flood,

Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the
world.

The foe long since in silence slept; 5
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward
creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone; 10
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare 15
The shaft we raise to them and thee.
1837

THE HUMBLE-BEE

Burly, dozing humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime for me,
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone, 5
Thou animated torrid-zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines. 10

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air;
Voyager of light and noon; 15
Epicurean of June;
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum, —
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days, 20
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And with softness touching all,

Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,
Thou, in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

I, in my pleached garden, watched the
25 pomp,
 Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
 Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
 Turned and departed silent. I, too
 late, 10
30 Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

1857

VOLUNTARIES

III

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers; 35
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

In an age of fops and toys,
Wanting wisdom, void of right,
Who shall nerve heroic boys
To hazard all in Freedom's fight, —
Break sharply off their jolly games, 5
Forsake their comrades gay
And quit proud homes, and youthful
dames
For famine, toil, and fray?
Yet on the nimble air benign
Speed nimbler messages, 10
That waft the breath of grace divine
To hearts in sloth and ease.
So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must* 15
The youth replies, *I can*.

1863

Aught unsavory or unclean	40
Hath my insect never seen;	
But violets and bilberry bells,	
Maple-sap and daffodels,	
Grass with green flag half-mast high,	
Succory to match the sky,	45
Columbine with horn of honey,	
Scented fern and agrimony,	
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue	
And brier-roses, dwelt among;	
All beside was unknown waste,	50
All was picture as he passed.	

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet, 55
Thou dost mock at fate and care;
Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep; 60
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

1839

DAYS

Daughters of Time, the hypocrite
Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will, 5
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds
 them all.

**HENRY WADSWORTH
LONGFELLOW
(1807-1882)**

HYMN TO THE NIGHT

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might, &
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes, 10
That fill the haunted chambers of the
Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;

The fountain of perpetual peace flows
there, — 15
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more. 20

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this
prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the
most fair,
The best-belovèd Night! 1839

THE DAY IS DONE

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village 5
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain, 10
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling, 15
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time. 20

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet 25
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease, 30

Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction 35
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rime of the poet
The beauty of thy voice. 40

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

1844

MY LOST YOUTH

Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old
town,

And my youth comes back to me. 5
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees, 10
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.

And the burden of that old song, 15
It murmurs and whispers still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the
slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free; 20
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.

And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still: 25
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
 And the fort upon the hill;
 The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar, 30
 The drum beat repeated o'er and o'er,
 And the bugle wild and shrill.
 And the music of that old song
 Throbs in my memory still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will, 35
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long
 thoughts."

I remember the sea fight far away,
 How it thundered o'er the tide!
 And the dead captains as they lay
 In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil 40
 bay
 Where they in battle died.
 And the sound of that mournful song
 Goes through me with a thrill:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long 45
 thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
 The shadows of Deering's Woods;
 And the friendships old and the early loves
 Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of 50
 doves
 In quiet neighborhoods.
 And the verse of that sweet old song,
 It flutters and murmurs still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long 55
 thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that
 dart 55
 Across the schoolboy's brain;
 The song and the silence in the heart,
 That in part are prophecies, and in part
 Are longings wild and vain.
 And the voice of that fitful song 60
 Sings on, and is never still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long
 thoughts."

There are things of which I may not
 speak;
 There are dreams that cannot die; 65
 There are thoughts that make the strong
 heart weak,
 And bring a pallor into the cheek,
 And a mist before the eye.

And the words of that fatal song
 Come over me like a chill: 70
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long
 thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
 When I visit the dear old town;
 But the native air is pure and sweet, 75
 And the trees that o'ershadow each well-
 known street,
 As they balance up and down,
 Are singing the beautiful song,
 Are sighing and whispering still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will, 80
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long
 thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
 And with joy that is almost pain
 My heart goes back to wander there,
 And among the dreams of the days that 85
 were,

I find my lost youth again.
 And the strange and beautiful song,
 The groves are repeating it still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long 90
 thoughts."

1855, 1858

HAWTHORNE

How beautiful it was, that one bright day
 In the long week of rain!
 Though all its splendor could not chase 95
 away
 The omnipresent pain.

The lovely town was white with apple-
 blooms, 5
 And the great elms o'erhead
 Dark shadows wove on their aerial
 looms
 Shot through with golden thread.

Across the meadows, by the gray old
 manse,
 The historic river flowed: 10
 I was as one who wanders in a trance,
 Unconscious of his road.

The faces of familiar friends seemed
 strange;
 Their voices I could hear,

And yet the words they uttered seemed to
change 15
Their meaning to my ear.

For the one face I looked for was not
there,
The one low voice was mute;
Only an unseen presence filled the air,
And baffled my pursuit. 20

Now I look back, and meadow, manse,
and stream
Dimly my thought defines;
I only see — a dream within a dream —
The hill-top hearsed with pines.

I only hear above his place of rest 25
Their tender undertone,
The infinite longings of a troubled breast,
The voice so like his own.

There in seclusion and remote from men
The wizard hand lies cold, 30
Which at its topmost speed let fall the
pen,
And left the tale half told.

Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic
power,
And the lost clew regain?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's
tower 35
Unfinished must remain! 1864

SONNETS

Prefaced to his Translation of Dante

Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent
feet

Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er; 5
Far off the noises of the world retreat;
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar.
So, as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minster
gate, 10

Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to
pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.
1864

How strange the sculptures that adorn
these towers! 15

This crowd of statues, in whose folded
sleeves

Birds build their nests; while canopied
with leaves

Parvis and portal bloom like trellised
bowers,

And the vast minster seems a cross of
flowers!

But fiends and dragons on the gargoyle'd
eaves 20

Watch the dead Christ between the living
thieves,

And, underneath, the traitor Judas lowers!
Ah! From what agonies of heart and
brain,

What exultations trampling on despair,
What tenderness, what tears, what hate
of wrong, 25

What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,
Uprose this poem of the earth and air,
This mediæval miracle of song!

1866

I enter, and I see thee in the gloom
Of the long aisles, O poet saturnine! 30
And strive to make my steps keep pace
with thine.

The air is filled with some unknown per-
fume;

The congregation of the dead make room
For thee to pass; the votive tapers shine;
Like rooks that haunt Ravenna's groves
of pine, 35

The hovering echoes fly from tomb to
tomb.

From the confessionals I hear arise
Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies,
And lamentations from the crypts below.

And then a voice celestial that begins 40
With the pathetic words, "Although your
sins

As scarlet be," and ends with "as the
snow." 1866

O star of morning and of liberty!
O bringer of the light, whose splendor
shines

Above the darkness of the Apennines, 45
Forerunner of the day that is to be!
The voices of the city and the sea,

The voices of the mountains and the pines,
 Repeat thy song, till the familiar lines
 Are footpaths for the thought of Italy! 50
 Thy fame is blown abroad from all the
 heights,
 Through all the nations; and a sound is
 heard,
 As of a mighty wind, and men devout,
 Strangers of Rome, and the new proselytes,
 In their own language hear thy wondrous
 word, 55
 And many are amazed and many doubt.
 1866

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
 (1807-1892)

ICHABOD

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
 Which once he wore!
 The glory from his gray hairs gone
 Forevermore!
 Revile him not, the Tempter hath 5
 A snare for all:
 And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
 Befit his fall!
 Oh, dumb be passion's stormy rage,
 When he who might 10
 Have lighted up and led his age,
 Falls back in night.
 Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark
 A bright soul driven,
 Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark, 15
 From hope and heaven!
 Let not the land once proud of him
 Insult him now,
 Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
 Dishonored brow. 20
 But let its humbled sons, instead,
 From sea to lake,
 A long lament, as for the dead,
 In sadness make.
 Of all we loved and honored, naught 25
 Save power remains;
 A fallen angel's pride of thought,
 Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
 The soul has fled: 30
 When faith is lost, when honor dies,
 The man is dead!
 Then, pay the reverence of old days
 To his dead fame;
 Walk backward, with averted gaze, 35
 And hide the shame! 1850

THE LOST OCCASION *

Some die too late and some too soon,
 At early morning, heat of noon,
 Or the chill evening twilight. Thou,
 Whom the rich heavens did so endow
 With eyes of power and Jove's own
 brow, 5
 With all the massive strength that fills
 Thy home-horizon's granite hills,
 With rarest gifts of heart and head
 From manliest stock inherited,
 New England's stateliest type of man, 10
 In port and speech Olympian;
 Whom no one met, at first, but took
 A second awed and wondering look
 (As turned, perchance, the eyes of Greece
 On Phidias' unveiled masterpiece); 15
 Whose words in simplest homespun clad,
 The Saxon strength of Cædmon's had,
 With power reserved at need to reach
 The Roman forum's loftiest speech,
 Sweet with persuasion, eloquent 20
 In passion, cool in argument,
 Or, ponderous, falling on thy foes
 As fell the Norse god's hammer blows,
 Crushing as if with Talus' flail
 Through Error's logic-woven mail, 25
 And failing only when they tried
 The adamant of the righteous side, —
 Thou, foiled in aim and hope, bereaved
 Of old friends, by the new deceived,
 Too soon for us, too soon for thee, 30
 Beside thy lonely Northern sea,
 Where long and low the marsh-lands
 spread,
 Laid wearily down thy august head.

Thou shouldst have lived to feel below
 Thy feet Disunion's fierce upthrow; 35
 The late-sprung mine that underlaid
 Thy sad concessions vainly made.
 Thou shouldst have seen from Sumter's
 wall

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The star-flag of the Union fall,
 And armed rebellion pressing on 40
 The broken lines of Washington!
 No stronger voice than thine had then
 Called out the utmost might of men,
 To make the Union's charter free
 And strengthen law by liberty. 45
 How had that stern arbitrament
 To thy gray age youth's vigor lent,
 Shaming ambition's paltry prize
 Before thy disillusioned eyes;
 Breaking the spell about thee wound 50
 Like the green withes that Samson bound;
 Redeeming in one effort grand,
 Thyself and thy imperilled land!
 Ah, cruel fate, that closed to thee,
 O sleeper by the Northern sea, 55
 The gates of opportunity!
 God fills the gaps of human need,
 Each crisis brings its word and deed.
 Wise men and strong we did not lack;
 But still, with memory turning back, 60
 In the dark hours we thought of thee,
 And thy lone grave beside the sea.
 Above that grave the east winds blow,
 And from the marsh-lands drifting slow
 The sea-fog comes, with evermore 65
 The wave-wash of a lonely shore,
 And sea-bird's melancholy cry,
 As Nature fain would typify
 The sadness of a closing scene,
 The loss of that which should have 70
 been.
 But, where thy native mountains bare
 Their foreheads to diviner air,
 Fit emblem of enduring fame,
 One lofty summit keeps thy name.
 For thee the cosmic forces did 75
 The rearing of that pyramid,
 The prescient ages shaping with
 Fire, flood, and frost thy monolith.
 Sunrise and sunset lay thereon
 With hands of light their benison, 80
 The stars of midnight pause to set
 Their jewels in its coronet.
 And evermore that mountain mass
 Seems climbing from the shadowy pass
 To light, as if to manifest 85
 Thy nobler self, thy life at best!

1880

MAUD MULLER

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
 Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
 Of simple beauty and rustic health.
 Singing she wrought, and her merry
 glee 5
 The mock-bird echoed from his tree.
 But when she glanced to the far-off
 town,
 White from its hill-slope looking down,
 The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
 And a nameless longing filled her
 breast, — 10
 A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
 For something better than she has known.
 The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
 Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.
 He drew his bridle in the shade 15
 Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid.
 And asked a draught from the spring that
 flowed
 Through the meadow across the road.
 She stooped where the cool spring bubbled
 up,
 And filled for him her small tin cup, 20
 And blushed as she gave it, looking down
 On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.
 "Thanks!" said the Judge; "a sweeter
 draught
 From a fairer hand was never quaffed."
 He spoke of the grass and flowers and
 trees, 25
 Of the singing birds and the humming
 bees;
 Then talked of the haying, and wondered
 whether
 The cloud in the west would bring foul
 weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
 And her graceful ankles bare and brown; 30

And listened, while a pleased surprise
 Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah
me! 35
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat
My brother should sail a painted boat. 40

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each
day. .

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the
poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the
hill, 45
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair. 50

"Would she were mine, and I, to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and
wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds, 55
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters proud and
cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone. 60

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-
tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower, 65
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright
glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise. 70

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret
pain, 75
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her
hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her
door. 80

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone
hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook
fall 85
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein.

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face. 90

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney
lug, 95
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been." 100

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen, 105
The saddest are these: "It might have
been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away! 110
1854

EDGAR ALLAN POE
(1809-1849)

TO HELEN

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicéan barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore 5
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece 10
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which 15
Are Holy Land!

1831

ISRAFEL

And the angel Israfel whose heart-strings are a
lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's
creatures. — KORAN.

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
"Whose heart-strings are a lute";
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel, 5
And the giddy stars (so legends tell),

Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above
In her highest noon,
The enamoured moon 10
Blushes with love,
While, to listen, the red levin
(With the rapid Pleiads, even,
Which were seven)
Pauses in Heaven. 15

And they say (the starry choir
And the other listening things)
That Israfeli's fire
Is owing to that lyre 20
By which he sits and sings,
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty,
Where Love's a grown-up God, 25
Where the Houri glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

Therefore thou art not wrong,
Israfeli, who despisest 30
An unimpassioned song;
To thee the laurels belong,
Best bard, because the wisest:
Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above 35
With thy burning measures suit:
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervor of thy lute:
Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this 40
Is a world of sweets and sour;
Our flowers are merely — flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell 45
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might 50
swell
From my lyre within the sky. 1831

TO ONE IN PARADISE

Thou wast all that to me, love,
 For which my soul did pine:
 A green isle in the sea, love,
 A fountain and a shrine
 All wreathed with fairy fruits and
 flowers, 5
 And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!
 Ah, starry Hope, that didst arise
 But to be overcast!
 A voice from out the Future cries, 10
 "On! on!" — but o'er the Past
 (Dim gulf) my spirit hovering lies
 Mute, motionless, aghast.

For, alas! alas! with me
 The light of Life is o'er! 15
 No more — no more — no more —
 (Such language holds the solemn sea
 To the sands upon the shore)
 Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
 Or the stricken eagle soar! 20

And all my days are trances,
 And all my nightly dreams
 Are where thy gray eye glances,
 And where thy footstep gleams —
 In what eternal dances, 25
 By what eternal streams.

1835

THE RAVEN

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I
 pondered, weak and weary,
 Over many a quaint and curious volume
 of forgotten lore, —
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly
 there came a tapping,
 As of some one gently rapping, rapping at
 my chamber door.
 "'T is some visitor," I muttered, "tap-
 ping at my chamber door: 5
 Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the
 bleak December,
 And each separate dying ember wrought
 its ghost upon the floor.
 Eagerly I wished the morrow; — vainly I
 had sought to borrow
 From my books surcease of sorrow —
 sorrow for the lost Lenore, 10

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the
 angels name Lenore:
 Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of
 each purple curtain
 Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic
 terrors never felt before;
 So that now, to still the beating of my
 heart, I stood repeating 15
 "'T is some visitor entreating entrance at
 my chamber door:
 This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitat-
 ing then no longer,
 "Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your for-
 giveness I implore:
 But the fact is I was napping, and so
 gently you came rapping, 20
 And so faintly you came tapping, tapping
 at my chamber door,
 That I scarce was sure I heard you" —
 here I opened wide the door: —
 Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I
 stood there wondering, fearing,
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal
 ever dared to dream before: 25
 But the silence was unbroken, and the
 stillness gave no token,
 And the only word there spoken was the
 whispered word, "Lenore!"
 This I whispered, and an echo murmured
 back the word, "Lenore!"
 Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my
 soul within me burning, 30
 Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat
 louder than before.
 "Surely," said I, "surely that is some-
 thing at my window lattice;
 Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this
 mystery explore;
 Let my heart be still a moment and this
 mystery explore:
 'T is the wind and nothing more." 35

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with
 many a flirt and flutter,
 In there stepped a stately Raven of the
 saintly days of yore.

Not the least obeisance made he; not a
minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched
above my chamber door,
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above
my chamber door: 40
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad
fancy into smiling
By the grave and stern decorum of the
countenance it wore, —
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,
thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wander-
ing from the Nightly shore: 45
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the
Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to
hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning — little
relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living
human being 50
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird
above his chamber door,
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust
above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid
bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one
word he did outpour, 55
Nothing further then he uttered, not a
feather then he fluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered, —
"Other friends have flown before;
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my
Hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply
so aptly spoken, 60
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its
only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom
unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his
songs one burden bore:
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy
burden bore
Of 'Never — nevermore.'" 65

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy
into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in
front of bird and bust and
door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook
myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this
ominous bird of yore,
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt,
and ominous bird of yore 70
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no
syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned
into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my
head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the
lamplight gloated o'er, 75
But whose velvet violet lining with the
lamplight gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, per-
fumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls
tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent
thee — by these angels he hath sent
thee 80
Respite — respite and nepenthe from thy
memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and
forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet
still, if bird or devil!
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tem-
pest tossed thee here ashore, 85
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert
land enchanted —
On this home by Horror haunted — tell
me truly, I implore:
Is there — *is* there balm in Gilead? — tell
me — tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil —
prophet still, if bird or devil! 90
By that Heaven that bends above us, by
that God we both adore,

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within
 the distant Aidenn,
 It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the
 angels name Lenore:
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the
 angels name Lenore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore." 95

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or
 fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting:
 "Get thee back into the tempest and the
 Night's Plutonian shore!
 Leave no black plume as a token of that
 lie thy soul hath spoken!
 Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the
 bust above my door!
 Take thy beak from out my heart, and take
 thy form from off my door!" 100

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sit-
 ting, *still* is sitting
 On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my
 chamber door
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a
 demon's that is dreaming,
 And the lamp-light o'er him streaming
 throws his shadow on the floor: 105
 And my soul from out that shadow that
 lies floating on the floor
 Shall be lifted — nevermore!

1845

ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,
 In a kingdom by the sea,
 That a maiden there lived, whom you
 may know
 By the name of Annabel Lee: —
 And this maiden she lived with no other
 thought 5
 Than to love, and be loved by me.

She was a child and *I* was a child,
 In this kingdom by the sea;
 But we loved with a love that was more
 than love,
 I and my Annabel Lee — 10
 With a love that the winged seraphs of
 heaven
 Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
 In this kingdom by the sea,

A wind blew out of a cloud by night 15
 Chilling my Annabel Lee;
 So that her highborn kinsmen came
 And bore her away from me,
 To shut her up in a sepulcher
 In this kingdom by the sea. 20

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
 Went envying her and me;
 Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
 In this kingdom by the sea)
 That the wind came out of the cloud, chill-
 ing, 25
 And killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than
 the love
 Of those who were older than we,
 Of many far wiser than we;
 And neither the angels in heaven
 above, 30
 Nor the demons down under the sea,
 Can ever dissever my soul from the
 soul
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams, without bring-
 ing me dreams
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee, 35
 And the stars never rise, but I see the
 bright eyes
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
 And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by
 the side
 Of my darling — my darling — my life
 and my bride,
 In her sepulcher there by the sea, 40
 In her tomb by the sounding sea.

1849

ELDERADO

Gaily bedight,
 A gallant knight,
 In sunshine and in shadow,
 Had journeyed long,
 Singing a song, 5
 In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old —
 This knight so bold —
 And o'er his heart a shadow
 Fell, as he found 10
 No spot of ground
 That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow — 15
"Shadow," said he,
"Where can it be —
This land of Eldorado?"

"Over the Mountains
Of the Moon, 20
Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,"
The shade replied,
"If you seek for Eldorado!"
1849

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES
(1809-1894)

OLD IRONSIDES

Aye, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout, 5
And burst the cannon's roar; —
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes'
blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe, 10
When winds were hurrying o'er the
flood
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee; —
The harpies of the shore shall pluck 15
The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave; 20
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms, —
The lightning and the gale!
1830

THE LAST LEAF

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again

The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground 5
With his cane.

They say that in his prime
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found 10
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And looks at all he meets
Sad and wan, 15
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest 20
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmama has said, — 25
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago, —
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow. 30

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack 35
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat, 40
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring, — 45
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

1833

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE
OR, THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY"

A Logical Story

Have you heard of the wonderful one-
hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without de-
lay, 5
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits, —
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive, — 10
Snuffy old drone from the German hivel
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown. 15
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest
spot, —
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill, 20
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, — lurking
still
Find it somewhere you must and will, —
Above or below, or within or without, —
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt, 25
That a chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't
wear out.

But the Deacon swore (as deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell
yeou")
He would build one shay to beat the
taown
'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry
raoun'; 30
It should be so built that it *could n't*
break daown;
"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty
plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the
strain;
'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest 35
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That could n't be split nor bent nor
broke. —

That was for spokes and floor and sills; 40
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straight-
est trees,
The panels of white-wood that cuts like
cheese,

But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's
ellum," — 45
Last of its timber, — they could n't sell
'em,

Never an ax had seen their chips.
And the wedges flew from between their
lips,

Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw, 50
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and
wide;

Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died. 55
That was the way he "put her through," —
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll
dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray, 60
Deacon and deaconness dropped away.
Children and grandchildren — where were
they?

But there stood the stout old one-hoss-
shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED; — it came and
found 65
The Deacon's Masterpiece strong and
sound.

Eighteen hundred increased by ten: —
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came; —
Running as usual; much the same. 70
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer. 75

In fact, there's nothing that keeps its
youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it. — You're welcome. — No extra
charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER, — the earthquake-
day, — 80
There are traces of age in the one-hoss
shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There could n't be, — for the Deacon's
art
Had made it so like in every part 85
That there was n't a chance for one to
start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the
thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whipple-tree neither less nor
more, 90
And the back crossbar as strong as the
fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out*!

First of November, 'Fifty-five! 95
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson. — Off went
they. 100
The parson was working his Sunday's
text, —
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the — Moses — was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill. 105
First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill, —
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half past nine by the meet'n'-house
clock, —
Just the hour of the Earthquake
shock! 110
— What do you think the parson found
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!

You see, of course, if you're not a
dunce, 115
How it went to pieces all at once, —
All at once, and nothing first, —
Just as bubbles do when they burst,

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay
Logic is logic. That's all I say. 120
1858

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets
feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled
wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren
sings, 5
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their
streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more
unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell, 10
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to
dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing
shell,
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt
unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil 15
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the
new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway
through,
Built up its idle door, 20
Stretched in his last-found home, and
knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought
by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is
born 25
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed
horn!

While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear
a voice that sings: —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my
soul,
As the swift seasons roll! 30
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the
last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more
vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's un-
resting sea! 35
1858

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
(1819–1891)

THE PRESENT CRISIS

When a deed is done for Freedom, through
the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling
on from east to west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels
the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the
energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the
thorny stem of Time. 5

Through the walls of hut and palace
shoots the instantaneous throe,
When the travail of the Ages wrings
earth's systems to and fro;
At the birth of each new Era, with a rec-
ognizing start,
Nation wildly looks at nation, standing
with mute lips apart,
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child
leaps beneath the Future's heart. 10

So the Evil's triumph sendeth, with a
terror and a chill,
Under continent to continent, the sense
of coming ill,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels
his sympathies with God
In hot tear-drops ebbing earthward, to be
drunk up by the sod,
Till a corpse crawls round unburied,
delving in the nobler clod. 15

For mankind are one in spirit, and an in-
stinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift
flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet
Humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels
the gush of joy or shame; —
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest
have equal claim. 20

Once to every man and nation comes the
moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for
the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah,
offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and
the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that
darkness and that light. 25

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose
party thou shalt stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals
shakes the dust against our land?
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis
Truth alone is strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see
around her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to en-
shield her from all wrong. 30

Backward look across the ages and the
beacon-moments see,
That, like peaks of some sunk continent,
jut through Oblivion's sea;
Not an ear in court or market for the low
foreboding cry
Of those Crises, God's stern winnowers, from
whose feet earth's chaff must fly;
Never shows the choice momentous till
the judgment hath passed by. 35

Careless seems the great Avenger; his-
tory's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt
old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong for-
ever on the throne, —
Yet that scaffold aways the future, and,
behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keep-
ing watch above his own. 40

We see dimly in the Present what is small
and what is great,
Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn
the iron helm of fate,
But the soul is still oracular; amid the
market's din,
List the ominous stern whisper from the
Delphic cave within, —
"They enslave their children's children who
make compromise with sin". 45

Slavery, the earth-born Cyclops, fellest of
the giant brood,
Sons of brutish Force and Darkness, who
have drenched the earth with blood,
Famished in his self-made desert, blinded
by our purer day,
Gropes in yet unblasted regions for his
miserable prey; —
Shall we guide his gory fingers where our
helpless children play? 50

Then to side with Truth is noble when we
share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and
'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while
the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord
is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the
faith they had denied. 55

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes, —
they were souls that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurled
the contumelious stone,
Stood serene, and down the future saw
the golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by
their faith divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and
to God's supreme design. 60

By the light of burning heretics Christ's
bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the
cross that turns not back,
And these mounts of anguish number
how each generation learned
One new word of that grand *Credo* which
in prophet-hearts hath burned
Since the first man stood God-conquered
with his face to heaven up-
turned. 65

For Humanity sweeps onward: where to-
day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the
silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready and
the crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in
silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into His-
tory's golden urn. 70

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle
slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our
father's graves,
Worshippers of light ancestral make the
present light a crime; —
Was the Mayflower launched by cowards,
steered by men behind their
time?
Turn those tracks toward Past or Future,
that make Plymouth Rock sub-
lime? 75

They were men of present valor, stalwart
old iconoclasts,
Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all
virtue was the Past's;
But we make their truth our falsehood,
thinking that hath made us free,
Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while
our tender spirits flee
The rude grasp of that great Impulse
which drove them across the
sea. 80

They have rights who dare maintain
them; we are traitors to our
sires,
Smothering in their holy ashes Freedom's
new-lit altar-fires;
Shall we make their creed our jailer?
Shall we, in our haste to slay,
From the tombs of the old prophets steal
the funeral lamps away
To light up the martyr-fagots round the
prophets of to-day? 85

New occasions teach new duties; Time
makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward,
who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we
ourselves must Pilgrims be,

Launch our Mayflower, and steer bold-
ly through the desperate winter
sea,

Nor attempt the Future's portal with the
Past's blood-rusted key. 90

1845

TO THE DANDELION

Dear common flower, that grow'st be-
side the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless
gold,

First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride
uphold,

High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that
they 5
An Eldorado in the grass have found,

Which not the rich earth's ample
round

May match in wealth, thou art more
dear to me

Than all the prouder summer-blooms
may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the
Spanish prow* 10
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow

Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
'Tis the Spring's largess, which she
scatters now

To rich and poor alike, with lavish
hand, 15
Though most hearts never under-
stand

To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded
eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime; 20
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or
time:

Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed
bee
Feels a more summer-like warm ravish-
ment

In the white lily's breezy tent, 25
His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when
first

From the dark green thy yellow circles
burst,

Then think I of deep shadows on the
grass,

Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass, 30

The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways,
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind, of waters blue

That from the distance sparkle
through

Some woodland gap, and of a sky
above, 35

Where one white cloud like a stray lamb
doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are
linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's
song,

Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day
long, 40

And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he
could bring

Fresh every day to my untainted ears
When birds and flowers and I were
happy peers. 45

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common
art!

Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty
gleam 50

Of heaven, and could some wondrous
secret show,

Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom
look

On all these living pages of God's book.
1845

THE COURTIN'

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huld' all alone,
'ith no one nigh to hender.

The wannut logs shot sparkles out 5
Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle fires danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

The very room, coz she wuz in,
Looked warm, frum floor to ceilin', 10
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it, tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper, —
All ways to once her feelins flew 15
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfle o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle. 20

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him funder,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?" 25
"Wal, no; I come designin'" —
"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin clo'es
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t' other, 30
An' on which one he felt the wust
He could n't ha' told ye, nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin";
Says she, "Think likely, *Mister*":
Thet last word pricked him like a pin, 35
An' . . . wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily round the lips
An' teary round the lashes. 40

Her blood riz quick, though, like the
tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they was cried
In meetin', come nex' Sunday.

1848

PRELUDE TO "THE VISION OF
SIR LAUNFAL"

Over his keys the musing organist,
Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
And builds a bridge from Dreamland
for his lay:

Then, as the touch of his loved instru-
ment 5
Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws
his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flushes
sent
Along the wavering vista of his dream.
Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors
lie; 10
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies; 15
With our faint hearts the mountain
strives;
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
Waits with its benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea. 20

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives
us;
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die
in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and
shrives us,
We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the devil's booth are all things sold, 25
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of
gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's
tasking:
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the ask-
ing; 30
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in
tune, 35

And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and
towers; 40
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;

The flush of life may well be seen
 Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
 The cowslip startles in meadows green, 45
 The buttercup catches the sun in its
 chalice,
 And there's never a leaf nor a blade too
 mean
 To be some happy creature's palace;
 The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
 Atilt like a blossom among the leaves, 50
 And lets his illumined being o'errun
 With the deluge of summer it receives;
 His mate feels the eggs beneath her
 wings,
 And the heart in her dumb breast flutters
 and sings;
 He sings to the wide world, and she to her
 nest, — 55
 In the nice ear of Nature which song is
 the best?
 Now is the high tide of the year,
 And whatever of life hath ebbed away
 Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
 Into every bare inlet and creek and
 bay; 60
 Now the heart is so full that a drop over-
 fills it,
 We are happy now because God wills it;
 No matter how barren the past may have
 been,
 'Tis enough for us now that the leaves
 are green;
 We sit in the warm shade and feel right
 well 65
 How the sap creeps up and the blossoms
 swell;
 We may shut our eyes but we cannot help
 knowing
 That skies are clear and grass is growing;
 The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
 That dandelions are blossoming near, 70
 That maize has sprouted, that streams
 are flowing,
 That the river is bluer than the sky,
 That the robin is plastering his house
 hard by;
 And if the breeze kept the good news
 back,
 For other couriers we should not lack; 75
 We could guess it all by yon heifer's
 lowing, —
 And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
 Warned with the new wine of the year,
 Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not
 how; 80
 Everything is happy now,
 Everything is upward striving;
 'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
 As for grass to be green or skies to be
 blue, —
 'Tis the natural way of living: 85
 Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
 In the unscarred heaven they leave no
 wake;
 And the eyes forget the tears they have
 shed,
 The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
 The soul partakes the season's youth, 90
 And the sulphurous rifts of passion and
 woe
 Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
 Like burnt-out craters healed with
 snow.
 What wonder if Sir Launfal now
 Remembered the keeping of his vow?
 1848

ON LINCOLN, FROM ODE RECITED AT
 THE HARVARD COMMEMORATION,
 JULY 21, 1865

Life may be given in many ways,
 And loyalty to Truth be sealed
 As bravely in the closet as the field,
 So bountiful is Fate;
 But then to stand beside her, 5
 When craven churls deride her,
 To front a lie in arms and not to yield,
 This shows, methinks, God's plan
 And measure of a stalwart man,
 Limbed like the old heroic breeds, 10
 Who stands self-poised on manhood's
 solid earth,
 Not forced to frame excuses for his
 birth,
 Fed from within with all the strength he
 needs.
 Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
 Whom late the Nation he had led, 15
 With ashes on her head,
 Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
 Forgive me, if from present things I turn
 To speak what in my heart will beat and
 burn,
 And hang my wreath on his world-
 honored urn. 20
 Nature, they say, doth dote
 And cannot make a man

Save on some worn-out plan,
 Repeating us by rote:
 For him her Old-World moulds aside she
 threw, 25
 And choosing sweet clay from the
 breast
 Of the unexhausted West,
 With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
 Wise, steadfast in the strength of God,
 and true.
 How beautiful to see 30
 Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
 Who loved his charge, but never loved to
 lead;
 One whose meek flock the people joyed
 to be,
 Not lured by any cheat of birth,
 But by his clear-grained human
 worth, 35
 And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
 They knew that outward grace is
 dust;
 They could not choose but trust
 In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
 And supple-tempered will 40
 That bent like perfect steel to spring again
 and thrust.
 His was no lonely mountain-peak of
 mind,
 Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy
 bars,
 A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors
 blind;
 Broad prairie rather, genial, level-
 lined, 45
 Fruitful and friendly for all human
 kind,
 Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of
 loftiest stars.
 Nothing of Europe here,
 Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
 Ere any names of Serf and Peer 50
 Could Nature's equal scheme deface
 And thwart her genial will;
 Here was a type of the true elder race,
 And one of Plutarch's men talked with us
 face to face.
 I praise him not; it were too late; 55
 And some innate weakness there must be
 In him who condescends to victory
 Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
 Safe in himself as in a fate.
 So always firmly he: 60

He knew to bide his time,
 And can his fame abide,
 Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
 Till the wise years decide.
 Great captains, with their guns and
 drums, 65
 Disturb our judgment for the hour,
 But at last silence comes;
 These all are gone, and, standing like a
 tower,
 Our children shall behold his fame.
 The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing
 man, 70
 Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not
 blame,
 New birth of our new soil, the first
 American. 1865

WALT WHITMAN

(1819-1892)

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN! *
 O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip
 is done,
 The ship has weather'd every rack, the
 prize we sought is won,
 The port is near, the bells I hear, the people
 all exulting,
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the
 vessel grim and daring;
 But O heart! heart! heart! 5
 O the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.
 O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear
 the bells;
 Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for
 you the bugle trills, 10
 For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—
 for you the shores a-crowding,
 For you they call, the swaying mass, their
 eager faces turning;
 Here Captain! dear father!
 This arm beneath your head!
 It is some dream that on the
 deck, 15
 You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are
 pale and still,
 My father does not feel my arm, he has
 no pulse nor will,

* From "Leaves of Grass," by Walt Whitman, Published by Doubleday, Page and Company.

The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its
 voyage closed and done,
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in
 with object won; 20
 Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
 But I with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead. 1865

WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE
 DOORYARD BLOOM'D *

1
 When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,
 And the great star early droop'd in the
 western sky in the night,
 I mourn'd, and yet shall mourn with ever-
 returning spring.
 Ever-returning spring, trinity sure to me
 you bring,
 Lilac blooming perennial and drooping
 star in the west, 5
 And thought of him I love.

2
 O powerful western fallen star!
 O shades of night — O moody, tearful
 night!
 O great star disappear'd — O the black
 murk that hides the star!
 O cruel hands that hold me powerless —
 O helpless soul of me! 10
 O harsh surrounding cloud that will not
 free my soul.

3
 In the dooryard fronting an old farm-
 house near the white-wash'd pal-
 ings,
 Stands the lilac-bush, tall-growing with
 heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
 With many a pointed blossom rising deli-
 cate, with the perfume strong I
 love,
 With every leaf a miracle — and from this
 bush in the dooryard, 15
 With delicate-color'd blossoms and heart-
 shaped leaves of rich green,
 A sprig with its flower I break.

4
 In the swamp in secluded recesses,
 A shy and hidden bird is warbling a
 song.

Solitary the thrush, 20
 The hermit withdrawn to himself, avoid-
 ing the settlements,
 Sings by himself a song.
 Song of the bleeding throat,
 Death's outlet song of life (for well dear
 brother I know,
 If thou wast not granted to sing thou
 would 'st surely die). 25

5
 Over the breast of the spring, the land,
 amid cities,
 Amid lanes and through old woods, where
 lately the violets peep'd from the
 ground, spotting the gray debris,
 Amid the grass in the fields each side of
 the lanes, passing the endless grass;
 Passing the yellow-spear'd wheat, every
 grain from its shroud in the dark-
 brown fields uprisen,
 Passing the apple-tree blows of white and
 pink in the orchards, 30
 Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in
 the grave,
 Night and day journeys a coffin.

6
 Coffin that passes through lanes and
 streets,
 Through day and night with the great
 cloud darkening the land,
 With the pomp of the inloop'd flags with
 the cities draped in black, 35
 With the show of the States themselves as
 of crape-veil'd women standing,
 With processions long and winding and
 the flambeaus of the night,
 With the countless torches lit, with the
 silent sea of faces and the unbared
 heads,
 With the waiting depot, the arriving
 coffin, and the somber faces,
 With dirges through the night, with the
 thousand voices rising strong and
 solemn, 40
 With all the mournful voices of the dirges
 pour'd around the coffin,
 The dim-lit churches and the shuddering
 organs — where amid these you
 journey,
 With the tolling tolling bells' perpetual
 clang,

* From "Leaves of Grass," by Walt Whitman, Published by Doubleday, Page and Company.

Here, coffin that slowly passes,
I give you my sprig of lilac. 45

7

(Nor for you, for one alone,
Blossoms and branches green to coffins all
I bring,
For fresh as the morning, thus would I
chant a song for you O sane and
sacred death.

All over bouquets of roses,
O death, I cover you over with roses and
early lilies, 50
But mostly and now the lilac that blooms
the first,
Copious I break, I break the sprigs from
the bushes,
With loaded arms I come, pouring for you,
For you and the coffins of all of you O
death.)

8

O western orb sailing the heaven, 55
Now I know what you must have meant
as a month since I walk'd,
As I walk'd in silence the transparent
shadowy night,
As I saw you had something to tell as you
bent to me night after night,
As you droop'd from the sky low down as
if to my side (while the other stars
all look'd on),
As we wander'd together the solemn night
(for something I know not what
kept me from sleep), 60
As the night advanced and I saw on the
rim of the west how full you were
of woe,
As I stood on the rising ground in the
breeze in the cool transparent
night,
As I watch'd where you pass'd and was
lost in the netherward black of the
night,
As my soul in its trouble dissatisfied sank,
as where you sad orb,
Concluded, dropt in the night, and was
gone. 65

9

Sing on there in the swamp,
O singer bashful and tender, I hear your
notes, I hear your call,

I hear, I come presently, I understand
you,

But a moment I linger, for the lustrous
star has detain'd me,
The star my departing comrade holds and
detains me. 70

10

O how shall I warble myself for the dead
one there I loved?
And how shall I deck my song for the large
sweet soul that has gone?
And what shall my perfume be for the
grave of him I love?

Sea-winds blown from east and west,
Blown from the Eastern sea and blown
from the Western sea till there on
the prairies meeting: 75
These and with these and the breath of
my chant,
I'll perfume the grave of him I love.

11

O what shall I hang on the chamber
walls?
And what shall the pictures be that I hang
on the walls,
To adorn the burial-house of him I
love? 80

Pictures of growing spring and farms and
homes,
With the Fourth-month eve at sundown,
and the gray smoke lucid and
bright,
With floods of the yellow gold of the gor-
geous, indolent, sinking sun, burn-
ing, expanding the air.

With the fresh sweet herbage under foot,
and the pale green leaves of the
trees prolific,
In the distance the flowing glaze, the
breast of the river, with a wind-
dapple here and there; 85
With ranging hills on the banks, with
many a line against the sky, and
shadows;
And the city at hand with dwellings so
dense, and stacks of chimneys,
And all the scenes of life and the work-
shops, and the workmen homeward
returning.

12

Lo, body and soul — this land,
 My own Manhattan with spires, and the
 sparkling and hurrying tides, and
 the ships, 90
 The varied and ample land, the South and
 the North in the light — Ohio's
 shores and flashing Missouri,
 And ever the far-spreading prairies cover'd
 with grass and corn.

Lo, the most excellent sun so calm and
 haughty,
 The violet and purple morn with just-felt
 breezes,
 The gentle soft-born measureless light, 95
 The miracle spreading bathing all, the
 fulfill'd noon,
 The coming eve delicious, the welcome
 night and the stars,
 Over my cities shining all, enveloping
 man and land.

13

Sing on, sing on you gray-brown bird,
 Sing from the swamps, the recesses, pour
 your chant from the bushes; 100
 Limitless out of the dusk, out of the cedars
 and pines.

Sing on dearest brother, warble your
 reedy song,
 Loud human song, with voice of utter-
 most woe.

O liquid and free and tender!
 O wild and loose to my soul — O won-
 drous singer! 105
 You only I hear — yet the star holds me
 (but will soon depart),
 Yet the lilac with mastering odor holds
 me.

14

Now while I sat in the day and look'd
 forth,
 In the close of the day with its light and
 the fields of spring, and the farmers
 preparing their crops,
 In the large unconscious scenery of
 my land with its lakes and
 forests, 110
 In the heavenly aerial beauty (after the
 perturb'd winds and the storms),

Under the arching heavens of the after-
 noon swift passing, and the voices
 of children and women,
 The many-moving sea-tides, and I saw
 the ships how they sail'd,
 And the summer approaching with richness,
 and the fields all busy with labor,
 And the infinite separate houses, how they
 all went on, each with its meals
 and minutia of daily usages, 115
 And the streets how their throbbings
 throbb'd, and the cities pent — lo,
 then and there,
 Falling upon them all and among them
 all, enveloping me with the rest,
 Appear'd the cloud, appear'd the long
 black trail;
 And I knew death, its thought, and the
 sacred knowledge of death.

Then with the knowledge of death as walk-
 ing one side of me, 120
 And the thought of death close-walking
 the other side of me,
 And I in the middle as with companions,
 and as holding the hands of com-
 panions,
 I fled forth to the hiding receiving night
 that talks not,
 Down to the shores of the water, the path
 by the swamp in the dimness,
 To the solemn shadowy cedars and ghostly
 pines so still. 125

And the singer so shy to the rest receiv'd me,
 The gray-brown bird I know receiv'd us
 comrades three,
 And he sang the carol of death, and a verse
 for him I love.

From deep secluded recesses,
 From the fragrant cedars and the ghostly
 pines so still, 130
 Came the carol of the bird.

And the charm of the carol rapt me,
 As I held as if by their hands my comrades
 in the night;
 And the voice of my spirit tallied the song
 of the bird.

Come lovely and soothing death, 135
Undulate round the world, serenely arriv-
ing, arriving,

*In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later delicate death.*

*Prais'd be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowl-
edge curious, 140
And for love, sweet love — but praise!
praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-
enfolding death.*

*Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest
welcome?
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above
all, 145
I bring thee a song that when thou must in-
deed come, come unflatteringly.*

*Approach strong deliveress,
When it is so, when thou hast taken them, I
joyously sing the dead,
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O death. 150*

*From me to thee glad serenades,
Dances for thee I propose saluting thee,
adornments and feasts for thee,
And the sights of the open landscape and
the high-spread sky are fitting,
And life and the fields, and the huge and
thoughtful night.*

*The night in silence under many a star, 155
The ocean shore and the husky whispering
wave whose voice I know,
And the soul turning to thee O vast and well-
veil'd death,
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.*

*Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,
Over the rising and sinking waves, over the
myriad fields and the prairies wide, 160
Over the dense-pack'd cities all and the
teeming wharves and ways,
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee,
O death!*

15

*To the tally of my soul,
Loud and strong kept up the gray-brown
bird,
With pure, deliberate notes spreading,
filling the night. 165*

*Loud in the pines and cedars dim,
Clear in the freshness moist and the
swamp-perfume,
And I with my comrades there in the
night.*

*While my sight that was bound in my eyes
unclosed,
As to long panoramas of visions. 170*

*And I saw askant the armies;
I saw as in noiseless dreams hundreds of
battle-flags,
Borne through the smoke of the battles
and pierc'd with missiles I saw
them,
And carried hither and yon through the
smoke, and torn and bloody,
And at last but a few shreds left on the
staffs (and all in silence), 175
And the staffs all splinter'd and broken.*

*I saw battle-corpses, myriads of them,
And the white skeletons of young men, I
saw them,
I saw the débris and débris of all the slain
soldiers of the war,
But I saw they were not as was
thought, 180
They themselves were fully at rest, they
suffer'd not,
The living remain'd and suffer'd, the
mother suffer'd,
And the wife and the child and the mus-
ing comrade suffer'd,
And the armies that remain'd suffer'd.*

16

*Passing the visions, passing the night, 185
Passing, unloosing the hold of my com-
rades' hands,
Passing the song of the hermit bird
and the tallying song of my
soul,
Victorious song, death's outlet song, yet
varying ever-altering song,
As low and wailing, yet clear the notes,
rising and falling, flooding the
night,
Sadly sinking and fainting, as warning
and warning, and yet again burst-
ing with joy, 190
Covering the earth and filling the spread
of the heaven,*

As that powerful psalm in the night I
 heard from recesses,
 Passing, I leave thee lilac with heart-
 shaped leaves,
 I leave thee there in the door-yard bloom-
 ing, returning with spring.

I cease from my song for thee, 195
 From my gaze on thee in the west, front-
 ing the west, communing with thee,
 O comrade lustrous with silver face in the
 night.

Yet each to keep and all, retrievments
 out of the night,
 The song, the wondrous chant of the gray-
 brown bird,

And the tallying chant, the echo arousd
 in my soul, 200
 With the lustrous and drooping star with
 the countenance full of woe,
 With the holders holding my hand near-
 ing the call of the bird,
 Comrades mine and I in the midst, and
 their memory ever to keep, for the
 dead I loved so well,
 For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my
 days and lands — and this for his
 dear sake,
 Lilac and star and bird twined with the
 chant of my soul, 205
 There in the fragrant pines and the cedars
 dusk and dim.

1865

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (1706–1790)

A SCHEME OF MORAL PERFECTION

It was about this time I conceived the bold and arduous project of arriving at moral perfection. I wished to live without committing any fault at any time; I would conquer all that either natural inclination, custom, or company might lead me into. As I knew, or thought I knew, what was right and wrong, I did not see why I might not always do the one and avoid the other. But I soon found I had undertaken a task of more difficulty than I had imagined. While my care was employed in guarding against one fault, I was often surprised by another; habit took the advantage of inattention; inclination was sometimes too strong for reason. I concluded, at length, that the mere speculative conviction that it was our interest to be completely virtuous, was not sufficient to prevent our slipping; and that the contrary habits must be broken, and good ones acquired and established, before we can have any dependence on a steady, uniform rectitude of conduct. For this purpose I therefore contrived the following method.

In the various enumerations of the moral virtues I had met with in my reading, I found the catalogue more or less numerous, as different writers included more or fewer ideas under the same name. Temperance, for example, was by some confined to eat-

ing and drinking, while by others it was extended to mean the moderating every other pleasure, appetite, inclination, or passion, bodily or mental, even to our avarice and ambition. I proposed to myself, for the sake of clearness, to use rather more names, with fewer ideas annexed to each, than a few names with more ideas; and I concluded under thirteen names of virtues all that at that time occurred to me as necessary or desirable, and annexed to each a short precept, which fully expressed the extent I gave to its meaning.

These names of virtues, with their precepts, were:

1. TEMPERANCE

Eat not to dullness; drink not to elevation.

2. SILENCE

Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

3. ORDER

Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.

4. RESOLUTION

Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

5. FRUGALITY

Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself, *i.e.*, waste nothing.

6. INDUSTRY

Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.

7. SINCERITY

Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly, and, if you speak, speak accordingly.

8. JUSTICE

Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

9. MODERATION

Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries so much as you think they deserve.

10. CLEANLINESS

Tolerate no uncleanness in body, clothes, or habitation.

11. TRANQUILLITY

Be not disturbed at trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.

12. CHASTITY

13. HUMILITY

Imitate Jesus and Socrates.

My intention being to acquire the *habitude* of all these virtues, I judged it would be well not to distract my attention by attempting the whole at once, but to fix it on one of them at a time; and, when I should be master of that, then to proceed to another, and so on, till I should have gone through the thirteen; and, as the previous acquisition of some might facilitate the acquisition of certain others, I arranged them with that view, as they stand above. Temperance first, as it tends to procure that coolness and clearness of head, which is so necessary where constant vigilance was to be kept up, and guard maintained against the unremitting attraction of ancient habits, and the force of perpetual temptations. This being acquired and established, Silence would be more easy; and my desire being to gain knowledge at the same time that I im-

proved in virtue, and considering that in conversation it was obtained rather by the use of the ears than of the tongue, and therefore wishing to break a habit I was getting into of prattling, punning, and joking, which only made me acceptable to trifling company, I gave Silence the second place. This and the next, Order, I expected would allow me more time for attending to my project and my studies. Resolution, once become habitual, would keep me firm in my endeavours to obtain all the subsequent virtues; Frugality and Industry freeing me from my remaining debt, and producing affluence and independence, would make more easy the practice of Sincerity and Justice, etc., etc. Conceiving then, that, agreeably to the advice of Pythagoras in his Golden Verses,² daily examination would be necessary, I contrived the following method for conducting that examination.

I made a little book,³ in which I allotted a page for each of the virtues. I ruled each page with red ink, so as to have seven columns, one for each day of the week, marking each column with a letter for the day. I crossed these columns with thirteen red lines, marking the beginning of

Form of the pages

TEMPERANCE.							
EAT NOT TO DULLNESS; DRINK NOT TO ELEVATION.							
	S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
T.							
S.	
O.
R.			.			.	
F.		.			.		
I.			.				
S.							
J.							
M.							
C.							
T.							
C.							
H.							

each line with the first letter of one of the virtues, on which line, and in its proper column, I might mark, by a little black spot, every fault I found upon examination to have been committed respecting that virtue upon that day.

I determined to give a week's strict attention to each of the virtues successively. Thus, in the first week, my great guard was to avoid every the least offence against *Temperance*, leaving the other virtues to their ordinary chance, only marking every evening the faults of the day. Thus, if in the first week I could keep my first line, marked T, clear of spots, I supposed the habit of that virtue so much strengthened, and its opposite weakened, that I might venture extending my attention to include the next, and for the following week keep both lines clear of spots. Proceeding thus to the last, I could go through a course complete in thirteen weeks, and four courses in a year. And like him who, having a garden to weed, does not attempt to eradicate all the bad herbs at once, which would exceed his reach and his strength, but works on one of the beds at a time, and, having accomplished the first, proceeds to a second, so I should have, I hoped, the encouraging pleasure of seeing on my pages the progress I made in virtue, by clearing successively my lines of their spots, till in the end, by a number of courses, I should be happy in viewing a clean book, after a thirteen weeks' daily examination.

This my little book had for its motto these lines from Addison's *Cato*:

"Here will I hold. If there's a power above us

(And that there is, all nature cries aloud Through all her works), He must delight in virtue;

And that which he delights in must be happy."

Another from Cicero:

"*O vitæ Philosophia dux! O virtutum indagatrix expultrixque vitiorum! Unus dies, bene et ex præceptis tuis actus, peccanti immortalitati est anteponendus.*"⁴

Another from the Proverbs of Solomon, speaking of wisdom or virtue:

"Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." — iii. 16, 17.

And conceiving God to be the fountain of wisdom, I thought it right and necessary to solicit his assistance for obtaining it; to this end I formed the following little prayer, which was prefixed to my tables of examination, for daily use.

"*O powerful Goodness! bountiful Father! merciful Guide! Increase in me that wisdom which discovers my truest interest. Strengthen my resolutions to perform what that wisdom dictates. Accept my kind offices to thy other children as the only return in my power for thy continual favours to me.*"

I used also sometimes a little prayer which I took from Thomson's⁵ Poems, viz.:

"Father of light and life, thou Good Supreme!

O teach me what is good; teach me Thyself!

Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit; and fill my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and
virtue pure;

Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!"

The precept of *Order* requiring that *every part of my business should have its allotted time*, one page in my little book contained the following scheme of employment for the twenty-four hours of a natural day.

THE MORNING. Question. What good shall I do this day?	{	5	Rise, wash, and address <i>Powerful Goodness!</i>
		6	Contrive day's business, and take the resolution of the day; prosecute the present study, and breakfast.
		7	
		8	}
9			
10	Work.		
11			
NOON.	{	12	Read, or overlook my
		1	accounts, and dine.
	{	2	Work.
		3	
4			
		5	
EVENING. Question. What good have I done to-day?	{	6	Put things in their places.
		7	Supper. Music or diversion, or conversation.
		8	Ex-
		9	

NIGHT.	{	10	} Sleep.
		11	
		12	
		1	
		2	
		3	
		4	

I entered upon the execution of this plan for self-examination, and continued it with occasional intermissions for some time. I was surprised to find myself so much fuller of faults than I had imagined; but I had the satisfaction of seeing them diminish. To avoid the trouble of renewing now and then my little book, which, by scraping out the marks on the paper of old faults to make room for new ones in a new course, became full of holes, I transferred my tables and precepts to the ivory leaves of a memorandum book, on which the lines were drawn with red ink, that made a durable stain, and on those lines I marked my faults with a black-lead pencil, which marks I could easily wipe out with a wet sponge. After a while I went through one course only in a year, and afterward only one in several years, till at length I omitted them entirely, being employed in voyages and business abroad, with a multiplicity of affairs that interfered; but I always carried my little book with me.

My scheme of ORDER gave me the most trouble; and I found that, though it might be practicable where a man's business was such as to leave him the disposition of his time, that of a journeyman printer, for instance, it was not possible to be exactly observed by a master, who must mix with the world, and often receive people of business at their own hours. *Order*, too, with regard to places for things, papers, etc., I found extremely difficult to acquire. I had not been early accustomed to it, and, having an exceeding good memory, I was not so sensible of the inconvenience attending want of method. This article, therefore, cost me so much painful attention, and my faults in it vexed me so much, and I made so little progress in amendment, and had such frequent relapses, that I was almost ready to give up the attempt, and content myself with a faulty character in that respect, like the man who, in buying an axe of a smith, my

neighbour, desired to have the whole of its surface as bright as the edge. The smith consented to grind it bright for him if he would turn the wheel; he turned, while the smith pressed the broad face of the axe hard and heavily on the stone, which made the turning of it very fatiguing. The man came every now and then from the wheel to see how the work went on, and at length would take his axe as it was, without farther grinding. "No," said the smith, "turn on, turn on; we shall have it bright by-and-by; as yet, it is only speckled." "Yes," says the man, "*but I think I like a speckled axe best.*" And I believe this may have been the case with many, who, having, for want of some such means as I employed, found the difficulty of obtaining good and breaking bad habits in other points of vice and virtue, have given up the struggle, and concluded that "*a speckled axe was best*"; for something, that pretended to be reason, was every now and then suggesting to me that such extreme nicety as I exacted of myself might be a kind of foppery in morals, which, if it were known, would make me ridiculous; that a perfect character might be attended with the inconvenience of being envied and hated; and that a benevolent man should allow a few faults in himself, to keep his friends in countenance.

In truth, I found myself incorrigible with respect to Order; and now I am grown old, and my memory bad, I feel very sensibly the want of it. But, on the whole, though I never arrived at the perfection I had been so ambitious of obtaining, but fell far short of it, yet I was, by the endeavour, a better and a happier man than I otherwise should have been if I had not attempted it; as those who aim at perfect writing by imitating the engraved copies, though they never reach the wished-for ceterence of those copies, their hand is mended by the endeavour, and is tolerable while it continues fair and legible.

It may be well my posterity should be informed that to this little artifice, with the blessing of God, their ancestor owed the constant felicity of his life, down to his 79th year, in which this is written. What reverses may attend the remainder

is in the hand of Providence; but, if they arrive, the reflection on past happiness enjoyed ought to help his bearing them with more resignation. To Temperance he ascribes his long-continued health, and what is still left to him of a good constitution; to Industry and Frugality, the early easiness of his circumstances and acquisition of his fortune, with all that knowledge that enabled him to be a useful citizen, and obtained for him some degree of reputation among the learned; to

Sincerity and Justice, the confidence of his country, and the honourable employs it conferred upon him; and to the joint influence of the whole mass of the virtues, even in the imperfect state he was able to acquire them, all that evenness of temper, and that cheerfulness in conversation, which makes his company still sought for, and agreeable even to his younger acquaintance. I hope, therefore, that some of my descendants may follow the example and reap the benefit.

PUBLIC-SPIRITED PROJECTS

I had, on the whole, abundant reason to be satisfied with my being established in Pennsylvania. There were, however, two things that I regretted, there being no provision for defence, nor for a complete education of youth; no militia, nor any college. I, therefore, in 1743, drew up a proposal for establishing an academy; and at that time, thinking the Reverend Mr. Peters, who was out of employ, a fit person to superintend such an institution, I communicated the project to him; but he, having more profitable views in the service of the proprietaries, which succeeded, declined the undertaking; and, not knowing another at that time suitable for such a trust, I let the scheme lie awhile dormant. I succeeded better the next year, 1744, in proposing and establishing a Philosophical Society. The paper I wrote for that purpose will be found among my writings, when collected.

With respect to defence, Spain having been several years at war against Great Britain, and being at length joined by France, which brought us into great danger; and the laboured and long-continued endeavour of our governor, Thomas, to prevail with our Quaker Assembly to pass a militia law, and make other provisions for the security of the province, having proved abortive, I determined to try what might be done by a voluntary association of the people. To promote this, I first wrote and published a pamphlet, entitled *PLAIN TRUTH*, in which I stated our defenceless situation in strong lights, with the necessity of union and discipline for our defence, and promised

to propose in a few days an association, to be generally signed for that purpose. The pamphlet had a sudden and surprising effect. I was called upon for the instrument of association, and having settled the draft of it with a few friends, I appointed a meeting of the citizens in the large building before mentioned. The house was pretty full; I had prepared a number of printed copies, and provided pens and ink dispersed all over the room. I harangued them a little on the subject, read the paper, and explained it, and then distributed the copies, which were eagerly signed, not the least objection being made.

When the company separated, and the papers were collected, we found above twelve hundred hands; and, other copies being dispersed in the country, the subscribers amounted at length to upward of ten thousand. These all furnished themselves as soon as they could with arms, formed themselves into companies and regiments, chose their own officers, and met every week to be instructed in the manual exercise, and other parts of military discipline. The women, by subscriptions among themselves, provided silk colours, which they presented to the companies, painted with different devices and mottoes, which I supplied.

The officers of the companies composing the Philadelphia regiment, being met, chose me for their colonel; but, conceiving myself unfit, I declined that station, and recommended Mr. Lawrence, a fine person, and man of influence, who was accordingly appointed. I then proposed a lottery to defray the expense of building

a battery below the town, and furnishing it with cannon. It filled expeditiously, and the battery was soon erected, the merlons being framed of logs and filled with earth. We bought some old cannon from Boston, but, these not being sufficient, we wrote to England for more, soliciting, at the same time, our proprietaries for some assistance, though without much expectation of obtaining it.

Meanwhile, Colonel Lawrence, William Allen, Abram Taylor, Esqr., and myself were sent to New York by the associators, commissioned to borrow some cannon of Governor Clinton. He at first refused us peremptorily; but at dinner with his council, where there was great drinking of Madeira wine, as the custom of that place then was, he softened by degrees, and said he would lend us six. After a few more bumpers he advanced to ten; and at length he very good-naturedly conceded eighteen. They were fine cannon, eighteen-pounders, with their carriages, which we soon transported and mounted on our battery, where the associators kept a nightly guard while the war lasted, and among the rest I regularly took my turn of duty there as a common soldier.

My activity in these operations was agreeable to the governor and council; they took me into confidence, and I was consulted by them in every measure wherein their concurrence was thought useful to the association. Calling in the aid of religion, I proposed to them the proclaiming a fast, to promote reformation, and implore the blessing of Heaven on our undertaking. They embraced the motion; but, as it was the first fast ever thought of in the province, the secretary had no precedent from which to draw the proclamation. My education in New England, where a fast is proclaimed every year, was here of some advantage: I drew it in the accustomed style; it was translated into German, printed in both languages, and divulged through the province. This gave the clergy of the different sects an opportunity of influencing their congregations to join in the association, and it would probably have been general among all but Quakers if the peace had not soon intervened.

It was thought by some of my friends that, by my activity in these affairs, I should offend that sect, and thereby lose my interest in the Assembly of the province, where they formed a great majority. A young gentleman who had likewise some friends in the House, and wished to succeed me as their clerk, acquainted me that it was decided to displace me at the next election; and he, therefore, in good will, advised me to resign, as more consistent with my honour than being turned out. My answer to him was, that I had read or heard of some public man who made it a rule never to ask for an office, and never to refuse one when offered to him. "I approve," says I, "of his rule, and will practise it with a small addition; I shall never *ask*, never *refuse*, nor ever *resign* an office. If they will have my office of clerk to dispose of to another, they shall take it from me. I will not, by giving it up, lose my right of some time or other making reprisals on my adversaries." I heard, however, no more of this; I was chosen again unanimously as usual at the next election. Possibly, as they disliked my late intimacy with the members of council, who had joined the governors in all the disputes about military preparations, with which the House had long been harassed, they might have been pleased if I would voluntarily have left them; but they did not care to displace me on account merely of my zeal for the association, and they could not well give another reason.

Indeed I had some cause to believe that the defence of the country was not disagreeable to any of them, provided they were not required to assist in it. And I found that a much greater number of them than I could have imagined, though against offensive war, were clearly for the defensive. Many pamphlets *pro* and *con* were published on the subject, and some by good Quakers, in favour of defence, which I believe convinced most of their younger people.

A transaction in our fire company gave me some insight into their prevailing sentiments. It had been proposed that we should encourage the scheme for building a battery by laying out the present stock, then about sixty pounds, in tickets of the

lottery. By our rules, no money could be disposed of till the next meeting after the proposal. The company consisted of thirty members, of which twenty-two were Quakers, and eight only of other persuasions. We eight punctually attended the meeting; but, though we thought that some of the Quakers would join us, we were by no means sure of a majority. Only one Quaker, Mr. James Morris, appeared to oppose the measure. He expressed much sorrow that it had ever been proposed, as he said *Friends* were all against it, and it would create such discord as might break up the company. We told him that we saw no reason for that; we were the minority, and if *Friends* were against the measure, and outvoted us, we must and should, agreeably to the usage of all societies, submit. When the hour for business arrived it was moved to put the vote; he allowed we might then do it by the rules, but, as he could assure us that a number of members intended to be present for the purpose of opposing it, it would be but candid to allow a little time for their appearing.

While we were disputing this, a waiter came to tell me two gentlemen below desired to speak with me. I went down, and found they were two of our Quaker members. They told me there were eight of them assembled at a tavern just by; that they were determined to come and vote with us if there should be occasion, which they hoped would not be the case, and desired we would not call for their assistance if we could do without it, as their voting for such a measure might embroil them with their elders and friends. Being thus secure of a majority, I went up, and after a little seeming hesitation, agreed to a delay of another hour. This Mr. Morris allowed to be extremely fair. Not one of his opposing friends appeared, at which he expressed great surprise; and, at the expiration of the hour, we carried the resolution eight to one; and as, of the twenty-two Quakers, eight were ready to vote with us, and thirteen, by their absence, manifested that they were not inclined to oppose the measure, I afterward estimated the proportion of Quakers sincerely against defiance as one to twenty-one only; for

these were all regular members of that society, and in good reputation among them, and had due notice of what was proposed at that meeting.

The honourable and learned Mr. Logan, who had always been of that sect, was one who wrote an address to them, declaring his approbation of defensive war, and supporting his opinion by many strong arguments. He put into my hands sixty pounds to be laid out in lottery tickets for the battery, with directions to apply what prizes might be drawn wholly to that service. He told me the following anecdote of his old master, William Penn, respecting defence. He came over from England, when a young man, with that proprietary, and as his secretary. It was war-time, and their ship was chased by an armed vessel, supposed to be an enemy. Their captain prepared for defence; but told William Penn, and his company of Quakers, that he did not expect their assistance, and they might retire into the cabin, which they did, except James Logan, who chose to stay upon deck, and was quartered to a gun. The supposed enemy proved a friend, so there was no fighting; but when the secretary went down to communicate the intelligence, William Penn rebuked him severely for staying upon deck, and undertaking to assist in defending the vessel, contrary to the principles of *Friends*, especially as it had not been required by the captain. This reproof, being before all the company, piqued the secretary, who answered, "*I being thy servant, why did thee not order me to come down? But thee was willing enough that I should stay and help to fight the ship when thee thought there was danger.*"

My being many years in the Assembly, the majority of which were constantly Quakers, gave me frequent opportunities of seeing the embarrassment given them by their principle against war, whenever application was made to them, by order of the crown, to grant aids for military purposes. They were unwilling to offend government, on the one hand, by a direct refusal; and their friends, the body of the Quakers, on the other, by a compliance contrary to their principles; hence a variety of evasions to avoid complying, and

modes of disguising the compliance when it became unavoidable. The common mode at last was, to grant money under the phrase of its being "*for the king's use*," and never to inquire how it was applied.

But, if the demand was not directly from the crown, that phrase was found not so proper, and some other was to be invented. As, when powder was wanting (I think it was for the garrison at Louisburg), and the government of New England solicited a grant of some from Pennsylvania, which was much urged on the House by Governor Thomas, they could not grant money to buy powder, because that was an ingredient of war; but they voted an aid to New England of three thousand pounds, to be put into the hands of the governor, and appropriated it for the purchasing of bread, flour, wheat, or *other grain*. Some of the council, desirous of giving the House still further embarrassment, advised the governor not to accept provision, as not being the thing he had demanded; but he replied, "I shall take the money, for I understand very well their meaning; other grain is gunpowder," which he accordingly bought, and they never objected to it.

It was in allusion to this fact that, when in our fire company we feared the success of our proposal in favour of the lottery, and I had said to my friend Mr. Syng, one of our members, "If we fail, let us move the purchase of a fire-engine with the money; the Quakers can have no objection to that; and then, if you nominate me and I you as a committee for that purpose, we will buy a great gun, which is certainly a *fire-engine*." "I see," says he, "you have improved by being so long in the Assembly; your equivocal project would be just a match for their wheat or *other grain*."

These embarrassments that the Quakers suffered from having established and published it as one of their principles that no kind of war was lawful, and which, being once published, they could not afterwards, however they might change their minds, easily get rid of, reminds me of what I think a more prudent conduct in another sect among us, that of the Dunkers. I was acquainted with one of its founders,

Michael Welfare, soon after it appeared. He complained to me that they were grievously calumniated by the zealots of other persuasions, and charged with abominable principles and practices to which they were utter strangers. I told him this had always been the case with new sects, and that, to put a stop to such abuse, I imagined it might be well to publish the articles of their belief, and the rules of their discipline. He said that it had been proposed among them, but not agreed to, for this reason: "When we were first drawn together as a society," says he, "it had pleased God to enlighten our minds so far as to see that some doctrines, which we once esteemed truths, were errors; and that others, which we had esteemed errors, were real truths. From time to time He has been pleased to afford us farther light, and our principles have been improving, and our errors diminishing. Now we are not sure that we are arrived at the end of this progression, and at the perfection of spiritual or theological knowledge; and we fear that, if we should once print our confession of faith, we should feel ourselves as if bound and confined by it, and perhaps be unwilling to receive further improvement, and our successors still more so, as conceiving what we their elders and founders had done, to be something sacred, never to be departed from."

This modesty in a sect is perhaps a singular instance in the history of mankind, every other sect supposing itself in possession of all truth, and that those who differ are so far in the wrong; like a man travelling in foggy weather, those at some distance before him on the road he sees wrapped up in the fog, as well as those behind him, and also the people in the fields on each side, but near him all appears clear, though in truth he is as much in the fog as any of them. To avoid this kind of embarrassment, the Quakers have of late years been gradually declining the public service in the Assembly and in the magistracy, choosing rather to quit their power than their principle.

In order of time, I should have mentioned before, that having, in 1742, invented an open stove for the better

warming of rooms, and at the same time saving fuel, as the fresh air admitted was warmed in entering, I made a present of the model to Mr. Robert Grace, one of my early friends, who, having an iron-furnace, found the casting of the plates for these stoves a profitable thing, as they were growing in demand. To promote that demand, I wrote and published a pamphlet, entitled *An Account of the new-invented Pennsylvania Fireplaces; wherein their Construction and Manner of Operation is particularly explained; their Advantages above every other Method of warming Rooms demonstrated; and all Objections that have been raised against the Use of them answered and obviated*, etc. This pamphlet had a good effect. Governor Thomas was so pleased with the construction of this stove, as described in it, that he offered to give me a patent for the sole vending of them for a term of years; but, I declined it from a principle which has ever weighed with me on such occasions, viz., *That, as we enjoy great advantages from the inventions of others, we should be glad of an opportunity to serve others by any invention of ours; and this we should do freely and generously*.

An ironmonger in London, however, assuming a good deal of my pamphlet, and working it up into his own, and making some small changes in the machine, which rather hurt its operation, got a patent for it there, and made, as I was told, a little fortune by it. And this is not the only instance of patents taken out for my inventions by others, though not always with the same success, which I never contested, as having no desire of profiting by patents myself, and hating disputes. The use of these fireplaces in very many houses, both of this and the neighbouring colonies, has been, and is, a great saving of wood to the inhabitants.

Peace being concluded, and the association business therefore at an end, I turned my thoughts again to the affair of establishing an academy. The first step I took was to associate in the design a number of active friends, of whom the Junto furnished a good part; the next was to write and publish a pamphlet, entitled *Proposals Relating to the Education of Youth in Penn-*

sylvania. This I distributed among the principal inhabitants gratis; and as soon as I could suppose their minds a little prepared by the perusal of it, I set on foot a subscription for opening and supporting an academy; it was to be paid in quotas yearly for five years; by so dividing it, I judged the subscription might be larger, and I believe it was so, amounting to no less, if I remember right, than five thousand pounds.

In the introduction to these proposals, I stated their publication, not as an act of mine, but of some *public-spirited gentlemen*, avoiding as much as I could, according to my usual rule, the presenting myself to the public as the author of any scheme for their benefit.

The subscribers, to carry the project into immediate execution, chose out of their number twenty-four trustees, and appointed Mr. Francis, then attorney-general, and myself to draw up constitutions for the government of the academy; which being done and signed, a house was hired, masters engaged, and the schools opened, I think, in the same year, 1749.

The scholars increasing fast, the house was soon found too small, and we were looking out for a piece of ground, properly situated, with intention to build, when Providence threw into our way a large house ready built, which, with a few alterations, might well serve our purpose. This was the building before mentioned, erected by the hearers of Mr. Whitefield, and was obtained for us in the following manner.

It is to be noted that the contributions to this building being made by people of different sects, care was taken in the nomination of trustees, in whom the building and ground was to be vested, that a predominancy should not be given to any sect, lest in time that predominancy might be a means of appropriating the whole to the use of such sect, contrary to the original intention. It was therefore that one of each sect was appointed, viz., one Church-of-England man, one Presbyterian, one Baptist, one Moravian, etc., those, in case of vacancy by death, were to fill it by election from among the contributors. The Moravian happened not to please his

colleagues, and on his death they resolved to have no other of that sect. The difficulty then was, how to avoid having two of some other sect, by means of the new choice.

Several persons were named, and for that reason not agreed to. At length one mentioned me, with the observation that I was merely an honest man, and of no sect at all, which prevailed with them to choose me. The enthusiasm which existed when the house was built had long since abated, and its trustees had not been able to procure fresh contributions for paying the ground-rent, and discharging some other debts the building had occasioned, which embarrassed them greatly. Being now a member of both sets of trustees, that for the building and that for the academy, I had a good opportunity of negotiating with both, and brought them finally to an agreement, by which the trustees for the building were to cede it to those of the academy, the latter undertaking to discharge the debt, to keep forever open in the building a large hall for occasional preachers, according to the original intention, and maintain a free-school for the instruction of poor children. Writings were accordingly drawn, and on paying the debts the trustees of the academy were put in possession of the premises; and by dividing the great and lofty hall into stories, and different rooms above and

below for the several schools, and purchasing some additional ground, the whole was soon made fit for our purpose, and the scholars removed into the building. The care and trouble of agreeing with the workmen, purchasing materials, and superintending the work, fell upon me; and I went through it the more cheerfully, as it did not then interfere with my private business, having the year before taken a very able, industrious, and honest partner, Mr. David Hall, with whose character I was well acquainted, as he had worked for me four years. He took off my hands all care of the printing-office, paying me punctually my share of the profits. The partnership continued eighteen years, successfully for us both.

The trustees of the academy, after a while, were incorporated by a charter from the governor; their funds were increased by contributions in Britain and grants of land from the proprietaries, to which the Assembly has since made considerable addition; and thus was established the present University of Philadelphia. I have been continued one of its trustees from the beginning, now near forty years, and have had the very great pleasure of seeing a number of the youth who have received their education in it distinguished by their improved abilities, serviceable in public stations, and ornaments to their country. . . .

WASHINGTON IRVING (1783-1859)

THE DEVIL AND TOM WALKER

A FEW miles from Boston, in Massachusetts, there is a deep inlet winding several miles into the interior of the country from Charles Bay, and terminating in a thickly-wooded swamp, or morass. On one side of this inlet is a beautiful dark grove; on the opposite side the land rises abruptly from the water's edge, into a high ridge on which grow a few scattered oaks of great age and immense size. It was under one of these gigantic trees, according to old stories, that Kidd the pirate buried his treasure. The inlet allowed a facility to bring the money in a boat secretly and at night to the very foot of the hill. The

elevation of the place permitted a good look-out to be kept that no one was at hand, while the remarkable trees formed good landmarks by which the place might easily be found again. The old stories add, moreover, that the devil presided at the hiding of the money, and took it under his guardianship; but this, it is well-known, he always does with buried treasure, particularly when it has been ill gotten. Be that as it may, Kidd never returned to recover his wealth, being shortly after seized at Boston, sent out to England, and there hanged for a pirate.

About the year 1727, just at the time

when earthquakes were prevalent in New-England, and shook many tall sinners down upon their knees, there lived near this place a meager miserly fellow of the name of Tom Walker. He had a wife as miserly as himself; they were so miserly that they even conspired to cheat each other. Whatever the woman could lay hands on she hid away; a hen could not cackle but she was on the alert to secure the new-laid egg. Her husband was continually prying about to detect her secret hoards, and many and fierce were the conflicts that took place about what ought to have been common property. They lived in a forlorn-looking house, that stood alone and had an air of starvation. A few straggling savin trees, emblems of sterility, grew near it; no smoke ever curled from its chimney; no traveler stopped at its door. A miserable horse, whose ribs were as articulate as the bars of a gridiron, stalked about a field where a thin carpet of moss, scarcely covering the ragged beds of pudding-stone, tantalized and balked his hunger; and sometimes he would lean his head over the fence, look piteously at the passer-by, and seem to petition deliverance from this land of famine. The house and its inmates had altogether a bad name. Tom's wife was a tall tergitant, fierce of temper, loud of tongue, and strong of arm. Her voice was often heard in wordy warfare with her husband; and his face sometimes showed signs that their conflicts were not confined to words. No one ventured, however, to interfere between them; the lonely wayfarer shrunk within himself at the horrid clamor and clapper-clawing, eyed the den of discord askance, and hurried on his way, rejoicing, if a bachelor, in his celibacy.

One day that Tom Walker had been to a distant part of the neighborhood, he took what he considered a short cut home-wards through the swamp. Like most short cuts, it was an ill-chosen route. The swamp was thickly grown with great gloomy pines and hemlocks, some of them ninety feet high, which made it dark at noon-day, and a retreat for all the owls of the neighborhood. It was full of pits and quagmires, partly covered with weeds and mosses; where the green surface often be-

trayed the traveler into a gulf of black smothering mud; there were also dark and stagnant pools, the abodes of the tadpole, the bull-frog, and the water-snake, and where trunks of pines and hemlocks lay half drowned, half rotting, looking like alligators, sleeping in the mire.

Tom had long been picking his way cautiously through this treacherous forest; stepping from tuft to tuft of rushes and roots which afforded precarious footholds among deep sloughs; or pacing carefully, like a cat, among the prostrate trunks of trees; startled now and then by the sudden screaming of the bittern, or the quacking of a wild duck, rising on the wing from some solitary pool. At length he arrived at a piece of firm ground, which ran out like a peninsula into the deep bosom of the swamp. It had been one of the strongholds of the Indians during their wars with the first colonists. Here they had thrown up a kind of fort which they had looked upon as almost impregnable, and had used as a place of refuge for their squaws and children. Nothing remained of the Indian fort but a few embankments gradually sinking to the level of the surrounding earth, and already overgrown in part by oaks and other forest trees, the foliage of which formed a contrast to the dark pines and hemlocks of the swamp.

It was late in the dusk of evening that Tom Walker reached the old fort, and he paused there for a while to rest himself. Any one but he would have felt unwilling to linger in this lonely, melancholy place, for the common people had a bad opinion of it from the stories handed down from the time of the Indian wars, when it was asserted that the savages held incantations here and made sacrifices to the evil spirit. Tom Walker, however, was not a man to be troubled with any fears of the kind.

He reposed himself for some time on the trunk of a fallen hemlock, listening to the boding cry of the tree-toad, and delving with his walking-stick into a mound of black mold at his feet. As he turned up the soil unconsciously, his staff struck against something hard. He raked it out of the vegetable mold, and lo! a cloven skull with an Indian tomahawk buried deep in it, lay before him. The rust on

the weapon showed the time that had elapsed since this death blow had been given. It was a dreary memento of the fierce struggle that had taken place in this last foothold of the Indian warriors.

"Humph!" said Tom Walker, as he gave the skull a kick to shake the dirt from it.

"Let that skull alone!" said a gruff voice.

Tom lifted up his eyes and beheld a great black man, seated directly opposite him on the stump of a tree. He was exceedingly surprised, having neither seen nor heard any one approach, and he was still more perplexed on observing, as well as the gathering gloom would permit, that the stranger was neither negro nor Indian. It is true, he was dressed in a rude, half Indian garb, and had a red belt or sash swathed round his body, but his face was neither black nor copper color, but swarthy and dingy and begrimed with soot, as if he had been accustomed to toil among fires and forges. He had a shock of coarse black hair, that stood out from his head in all directions; and bore an ax on his shoulder.

He scowled for a moment at Tom with a pair of great red eyes.

"What are you doing in my grounds?" said the black man, with a hoarse growling voice.

"Your grounds?" said Tom, with a sneer; "no more your grounds than mine: they belong to Deacon Peabody."

"Deacon Peabody be d——d," said the stranger, "as I flatter myself he will be, if he does not look more to his own sins and less to his neighbor's. Look yonder, and see how Deacon Peabody is faring."

Tom looked in the direction that the stranger pointed, and beheld one of the great trees, fair and flourishing without, but rotten at the core, and saw that it had been nearly hewn through, so that the first high wind was likely to blow it down. On the bark of the tree was scored the name of Deacon Peabody. He now looked round and found most of the tall trees marked with the names of some great men of the colony, and all more or less scored by the ax. The one on which he had been seated, and which had evidently just been hewn down, bore the name Crownin-

shield; and he recollected a mighty vulgar man of that name, who made a vulgar display of wealth, which it was whispered he had acquired by buccancering.

"He's just ready for burning!" said the black man, with a growl of triumph. "You see I am likely to have a good stock of firewood for winter."

"But what right have you," said Tom, "to cut down Deacon Peabody's timber?"

"The right of prior claim," said the other. "This woodland belonged to me long before one of your white-faced race put foot upon the soil."

"And pray, who are you, if I may be so bold?" said Tom.

"Oh, I go by various names. I am the Wild Huntsman in some countries; the Black Miner in others. In this neighborhood I am known by the name of the Black Woodsman. I am he to whom the red men devoted this spot, and now and then roasted a white man by way of sweet-smelling sacrifice. Since the red men have been exterminated by you white savages, I amuse myself by presiding at the persecutions of quakers and anabaptists; I am the great patron and promoter of slave dealers, and the grand master of the Salem witches."

"The upshot of all which is, that, if I mistake not," said Tom, sturdily, "you are he commonly called Old Scratch."

"The same at your service!" replied the black man, with a half civil nod.

Such was the opening of this interview, according to the old story, though it has almost too familiar an air to be credited. One would think that to meet with such a singular personage in this wild, lonely place would have shaken any man's nerves: but Tom was a hard-minded fellow, not easily daunted, and he had lived so long with a termagant wife, that he did not even fear the devil.

It is said that after this commencement they had a long and earnest conversation together, as Tom returned homewards. The black man told him of great sums of money which had been buried by Kidd the pirate, under the oak trees on the high ridge not far from the morass. All these were under his command and protected by his power, so that none could find them

but such as propitiated his favor. These he offered to place within Tom Walker's reach, having conceived an especial kindness for him: but they were to be had only on certain conditions. What these conditions were, may easily be surmised, though Tom never disclosed them publicly. They must have been very hard, for he required time to think of them, and he was not a man to stick at trifles where money was in view. When they had reached the edge of the swamp the stranger paused.

"What proof have I that all you have been telling me is true?" said Tom.

"There is my signature," said the black man, pressing his finger on Tom's forehead. So saying, he turned off among the thickets of the swamp, and seemed, as Tom said, to go down, down, down, into the earth, until nothing but his head and shoulders could be seen, and so on until he totally disappeared.

When Tom reached home he found the black print of a finger burnt, as it were, into his forehead, which nothing could obliterate.

The first news his wife had to tell him was the sudden death of Absalom Crown-inshield, the rich buccaneer. It was announced in the papers with the usual flourish, that "a great man had fallen in Israel."

Tom recollected the tree which his black friend had just hewn down, and which was ready for burning. "Let the freebooter roast," said Tom, "who cares!" He now felt convinced that all he had heard and seen was no illusion.

He was not prone to let his wife into his confidence; but as this was an uneasy secret, he willingly shared it with her. All her avarice was awakened at the mention of hidden gold, and she urged her husband to comply with the black man's terms and secure what would make them wealthy for life. However Tom might have felt disposed to sell himself to the devil, he was determined not to do so to oblige his wife; so he flatly refused out of the mere spirit of contradiction. Many and bitter were the quarrels they had on the subject, but the more she talked the more resolute was Tom not to

be damned to please her. At length she determined to drive the bargain on her own account, and if she succeeded, to keep all the gain to herself.

Being of the same fearless temper as her husband, she set off for the old Indian fort towards the close of a summer's day. She was many hours absent. When she came back she was reserved and sullen in her replies. She spoke something of a black man whom she had met about twilight, hewing at the root of a tall tree. He was sulky, however, and would not come to terms; she was to go again with a propitiatory offering, but what it was she forbore to say.

The next evening she set off again for the swamp, with her apron heavily laden. Tom waited and waited for her, but in vain: midnight came, but she did not make her appearance; morning, noon, night returned, but still she did not come. Tom now grew uneasy for her safety; especially as he found she had carried off in her apron the silver tea pot and spoons and every portable article of value. Another night elapsed, another morning came; but no wife. In a word, she was never heard of more.

What was her real fate nobody knows, in consequence of so many pretending to know. It is one of those facts that have become confounded by a variety of historians. Some asserted that she lost her way among the tangled mazes of the swamp and sunk into some pit or slough; others, more uncharitable, hinted that she had eloped with the household booty, and made off to some other province; while others assert that the tempter had decoyed her into a dismal quagmire, on top of which her hat was found lying. In confirmation of this, it was said a great black man with an ax on his shoulder was seen late that very evening coming out of the swamp, carrying a bundle tied in a check apron, with an air of surly triumph.

The most current and probable story, however, observes that Tom Walker grew so anxious about the fate of his wife and his property that he set out at length to seek them both at the Indian fort. During a long summer's afternoon he searched about the gloomy place, but no wife was

to be seen. He called her name repeatedly, but she was no where to be heard. The bitter alone responded to his voice, as he flew screaming by; or the bull-frog croaked dolefully from a neighboring pool. At length, it is said, just in the brown hour of twilight, when the owls began to hoot and the bats to flit about, his attention was attracted by the clamor of carrion crows that were hovering about a cypress tree. He looked and beheld a bundle tied in a check apron and hanging in the branches of a tree; with a great vulture perched hard by, as if keeping watch upon it. He leaped with joy, for he recognized his wife's apron, and supposed it to contain the household valuables.

"Let us get hold of the property," said he consolingly to himself, "and we will endeavor to do without the woman."

As he scrambled up the tree the vulture spread its wide wings, and sailed off screaming into the deep shadows of the forest. Tom seized the check apron, but, woeful sight! found nothing but a heart and liver tied up in it.

Such, according to the most authentic old story, was all that was to be found of Tom's wife. She had probably attempted to deal with the black man as she had been accustomed to deal with her husband; but though a female scold is generally considered a match for the devil, yet in this instance she appears to have had the worst of it. She must have died game, however: from the part that remained unconquered. Indeed, it is said Tom noticed many prints of cloven feet deeply stamped about the tree, and several handfuls of hair that looked as if they had been plucked from the coarse black shock of the woodsman. Tom knew his wife's prowess by experience. He shrugged his shoulders as he looked at the signs of a fierce clapper-clawing. "Egad," said he to himself, "Old Scratch must have had a tough time of it!"

Tom consoled himself for the loss of his property by the loss of his wife; for he was a little of a philosopher. He even felt something like gratitude towards the black woodsman, who he considered had done him a kindness. He sought, therefore, to cultivate a farther acquaintance with him,

but for some time without success; the old black legs played shy, for whatever people may think, he is not always to be had for calling for; he knows how to play his cards when pretty sure of his game.

At length, it is said, when delay had whetted Tom's eagerness to the quick, and prepared him to agree to anything rather than not gain the promised treasure, he met the black man one evening in his usual woodman dress, with his ax on his shoulder, sauntering along the edge of the swamp, and humming a tune. He affected to receive Tom's advance with great indifference, made brief replies, and went on humming his tune.

By degrees, however, Tom brought him to business, and they began to haggle about the terms on which the former was to have the pirate's treasure. There was one condition which need not be mentioned, being generally understood in all cases where the devil grants favors; but there were others about which, though of less importance, he was inflexibly obstinate. He insisted that the money found through his means should be employed in his service. He proposed, therefore, that Tom should employ it in the black traffic; that is to say, that he should fit out a slave ship. This, however, Tom resolutely refused; he was bad enough, in all conscience; but the devil himself could not tempt him to turn slave dealer.

Finding Tom so squeamish on this point, he did not insist upon it, but proposed instead that he should turn usurer; the devil being extremely anxious for the increase of usurers, looking upon them as his peculiar people.

To this no objections were made, for it was just to Tom's taste.

"You shall open a broker's shop in Boston next month," said the black man.

"I'll do it to-morrow, if you wish," said Tom Walker.

"You shall lend money at two per cent a month."

"Egad, I'll charge four!" replied Tom Walker.

"You shall extort bonds, foreclose mortgages, drive the merchant to bankruptcy —"

"I'll drive him to the d—l," cried Tom Walker, eagerly.

"You are the usurer for my money!" said the black legs, with delight. "When will you want the rhino?"

"This very night."

"Done!" said the devil.

"Done!" said Tom Walker. — So they shook hands and struck a bargain.

A few days' time saw Tom Walker seated behind his desk in a counting house in Boston. His reputation for a ready-moneyed man, who would lend money out for a good consideration, soon spread abroad. Everybody remembers the days of Governor Belcher, when money was particularly scarce. It was a time of paper credit. The country had been deluged with government bills; the famous Land Bank had been established; there had been a rage for speculating; the people had run mad with schemes for new settlements, for building cities in the wilderness; land jobbers went about with maps of grants, and townships, and Eldorados, lying nobody knew where, but which everybody was ready to purchase. In a word, the great speculating fever which breaks out every now and then in the country had raged to an alarming degree, and everybody was dreaming of making sudden fortunes from nothing. As usual, the fever had subsided; the dream had gone off, and the imaginary fortunes with it; the patients were left in doleful plight; and the whole country resounded with the consequent cry of "hard times."

At this propitious time of public distress did Tom Walker set up as a usurer in Boston. His door was soon thronged by customers. The needy and the adventurous; the gambling speculator; the dreaming land jobber; the thriftless tradesman; the merchant with cracked credit; in short, every one driven to raise money by desperate means and desperate sacrifices, hurried to Tom Walker.

Thus Tom was the universal friend of the needy, and he acted like a "friend in need"; that is to say, he always exacted good pay and good security. In proportion to the distress of the applicant was the hardness of his terms. He accumu-

lated bonds and mortgages; gradually squeezed his customers closer and closer; and sent them, at length, dry as a sponge from his door.

In this way he made money hand over hand, became a rich and mighty man, and exalted his cocked hat upon 'change. He built himself, as usual, a vast house, out of ostentation; but left the greater part of it unfinished and unfurnished out of parsimony. He even set up a carriage in the fullness of his vain-glory, though he nearly starved the horses which drew it; and as the ungreased wheels groaned and screeched on the axle-trees, you would have thought you heard the souls of the poor debtors he was squeezing.

As Tom waxed old, however, he grew thoughtful. Having secured the good things of this world, he began to feel anxious about those of the next. He thought with regret on the bargain he had made with his black friend, and set his wits to work to cheat him out of the conditions. He became, therefore, all of a sudden, a violent church-goer. He prayed loudly and strenuously as if heaven were to be taken by force of lungs. Indeed, one might always tell when he had sinned most during the week, by the clamor of his Sunday devotion. The quiet Christians who had been modestly and steadfastly traveling Zionward were struck with self-reproach at seeing themselves so suddenly outstripped in their career by this new-made convert. Tom was as rigid in religious, as in money matters; he was a stern supervisor and censurer of his neighbors, and seemed to think every sin entered up to their account became a credit on his own side of the page. He even talked of the expediency of reviving the persecution of quakers and anabaptists. In a word, Tom's zeal became as notorious as his riches.

Still, in spite of all this strenuous attention to forms, Tom had a lurking dread that the devil, after all, would have his due. That he might not be taken unawares, therefore, it is said he always carried a small Bible in his coat pocket. He had also a great folio Bible on his counting-house desk, and would frequently be found reading it when people called on

business; on such occasions he would lay his green spectacles on the book, to mark the place, while he turned round to drive some usurious bargain.

Some say that Tom grew a little crack-brained in his old days, and that fancying his end approaching, he had his horse new shod, saddled and bridled, and buried with his feet uppermost; because he supposed that at the last day the world would be turned upside down; in which case he should find his horse standing ready for mounting, and he was determined at the worst to give his old friend a run for it. This, however, is probably a mere old wives' fable. If he really did take such a precaution it was totally superfluous; at least so says the authentic old legend, which closes his story in the following manner:

On one hot afternoon in the dog days, just as a terrible black thunder-gust was coming up, Tom sat in his counting-house in his white linen cap and India silk morning-gown. He was on the point of foreclosing a mortgage, by which he would complete the ruin of an unlucky land speculator for whom he had professed the greatest friendship. The poor land jobber begged him to grant a few months' indulgence. Tom had grown testy and irritated and refused another day.

"My family will be ruined and brought upon the parish," said the land jobber. "Charity begins at home," replied Tom, "I must take care of myself in these hard times."

"You have made so much money out of me," said the speculator.

Tom lost his patience and his piety — "The devil take me," said he, "if I have made a farthing!"

Just then there were three loud knocks at the street door. He stepped out to see who was there. A black man was holding a black horse which neighed and stamped with impatience.

"Tom, you 're come for!" said the black fellow, gruffly. Tom shrunk back, but too late. He had left his little Bible at the bottom of his coat pocket, and his big Bible on the desk buried under the mortgage he was about to foreclose: never was sinner taken more unawares. The black man

whisked him like a child astride the horse and away he galloped in the midst of a thunder-storm. The clerks stuck their pens behind their ears and stared after him from the windows. Away went Tom Walker, dashing down the street; his white cap bobbing up and down, his morning-gown fluttering in the wind, and his steed striking fire out of the pavement at every bound. When the clerks turned to look for the black man he had disappeared.

Tom Walker never returned to foreclose the mortgage. A countryman who lived on the borders of the swamp reported that in the height of the thunder-gust he had heard a great clattering of hoofs and a howling along the road, and that when he ran to the window he just caught sight of a figure, such as I have described, on a horse that galloped like mad across the fields, over the hills, and down into the black hemlock swamp towards the old Indian fort; and that shortly after a thunder-bolt fell in that direction which seemed to set the whole forest in a blaze.

The good people of Boston shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders, but had been so much accustomed to witches and goblins and tricks of the devil in all kinds of shapes from the first settlement of the colony, that they were not so much horror-struck as might have been expected. Trustees were appointed to take charge of Tom's effects. There was nothing, however, to administer upon. On searching his coffers all his bonds and mortgages were found reduced to cinders. In place of gold and silver, his iron chest was filled with chips and shavings; two skeletons lay in his stable instead of his half-starved horses, and the very next day his great house took fire and was burnt to the ground.

Such was the end of Tom Walker and his ill-gotten wealth. Let all griping money-brokers lay this story to heart. The truth of it is not to be doubted. The very hole under the oak trees, from whence he dug Kidd's money, is to be seen to this day; and the neighboring swamp and old Indian fort is often haunted in stormy nights by a figure on horseback, in a morning-gown and white cap, which is doubtless the troubled spirit

of the usurer. In fact, the story has resolved itself into a proverb, and is the origin of that popular saying prevalent

throughout New England, of "The Devil and Tom Walker."

1824

STRATFORD-ON-AVON

Thou soft-flowing Avon, by thy silver stream
Of things more than mortal sweet Shakespeare would dream;
The fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

GARRICK.

To a homeless man, who has no spot on this wide world which he can truly call his own, there is a momentary feeling of something like independence and territorial consequence when, after a weary day's travel, he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into slippers, and stretches himself before an inn-fire. Let the world without go as it may, let kingdoms rise or fall, so long as he has the wherewithal to pay his bill he is, for the time being, the very monarch of all he surveys. The armchair is his throne, the poker his sceptre, and the little parlor,¹ some twelve feet square, his undisputed empire. It is a morsel of certainty snatched from the midst of the uncertainties of life; it is a sunny moment gleaming out kindly on a cloudy day: and he who has advanced some way on the pilgrimage of existence knows the importance of husbanding even morsels and moments of enjoyment. "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" thought I, as I gave the fire a stir, lolled back in my elbow-chair, and cast a complacent look about the little parlor of the Red Horse at Stratford-on-Avon.

The words of sweet Shakespeare were just passing through my mind as the clock struck midnight from the tower of the church in which he lies buried. There was a gentle tap at the door, and a pretty chambermaid, putting in her smiling face, inquired, with a hesitating air, whether I had rung. I understood it as a modest hint that it was time to retire. My dream of absolute dominion was at an end; so abdicating my throne, like a prudent po-

tentate, to avoid being deposed, and putting the Stratford Guide-Book under my arm as a pillow companion, I went to bed, and dreamt all night of Shakespeare, the Jubilee,² and David Garrick.

The next morning was one of those quickening mornings which we sometimes have in early spring, for it was about the middle of March. The chills of a long winter had suddenly given way; the north wind had spent its last gasp; and a mild air came stealing from the west, breathing the breath of life into Nature, and wooing every bud and flower to burst forth into fragrance and beauty.

I had come to Stratford on a poetical pilgrimage. My first visit was to the house where Shakespeare was born, and where, according to tradition, he was brought up to his father's craft of wool-combing. It is a small mean-looking edifice of wood and plaster, a true nestling-place of genius, which seems to delight in hatching its offspring in by-corners. The walls of its squalid chambers are covered with names and inscriptions in every language by pilgrims of all nations, ranks, and conditions, from the prince to the peasant, and present a simple but striking instance of the spontaneous and universal homage of mankind to the great poet of Nature.

The house is shown by a garrulous old lady in a frosty red face, lighted up by a cold blue, anxious eye, and garnished with artificial locks of flaxen hair curling from under an exceedingly dirty cap. She was peculiarly assiduous in exhibiting the relics with which this, like all other celebrated shrines, abounds. There was the shattered stock of the very matchlock with which Shakespeare shot the deer on his poaching exploits. There, too, was his tobacco-box, which proves that he was a rival smoker of Sir Walter Raleigh: the sword also with which he played Hamlet; and the identical lantern with which Friar Laurence discovered Romeo and Juliet at the tomb! There was an ample supply also of Shake-

speare's mulberry tree, which seems to have as extraordinary powers of self-multiplication as the wood of the true cross, of which there is enough extant to build a ship of the line.

The most favorite object of curiosity, however, is Shakespeare's chair. It stands in a chimney-nook of a small gloomy chamber just behind what was his father's shop. Here he may many a time have sat when a boy, watching the slowly revolving spit with all the longing of an urchin, or of an evening listening to the cronies and gossips of Stratford dealing forth churchyard tales and legendary anecdotes of the troublesome times of England. In this chair it is the custom of every one that visits the house to sit: whether this be done with the hope of imbibing any of the inspiration of the bard I am at a loss to say; I merely mention the fact, and mine hostess privately assured me that, though built of solid oak, such was the fervent zeal of devotees the chair had to be new bottomed at least once in three years. It is worthy of notice also, in the history of this extraordinary chair, that it partakes something of the volatile nature of the Santa Casa of Loretto, or the flying chair of the Arabian enchanter; for, though sold some few years since to a northern princess, yet, strange to tell, it has found its way back again to the old chimney-corner.

I am always of easy faith in such matters, and am ever willing to be deceived where the deceit is pleasant and costs nothing. I am therefore a ready believer in relics, legends, and local anecdotes of goblins and great men, and would advise all travellers who travel for their gratification to be the same. What is it to us whether these stories be true or false, so long as we can persuade ourselves into the belief of them and enjoy all the charm of the reality? There is nothing like resolute good-humored credulity in these matters, and on this occasion I went even so far as willingly to believe the claims of mine hostess to a lineal descent from the poet, when, unluckily for my faith, she put into my hands a play of her own composition, which set all belief in her own consanguinity at defiance.

From the birthplace of Shakespeare a

few paces brought me to his grave. He lies buried in the chancel of the parish church, a large and venerable pile, mouldering with age, but richly ornamented. It stands on the banks of the Avon on an embowered point, and separated by adjoining gardens from the suburbs of the town. Its situation is quiet and retired; the river runs murmuring at the foot of the churchyard, and the elms which grow upon its banks droop their branches into its clear bosom. An avenue of limes, the boughs of which are curiously interlaced, so as to form in summer an arched way of foliage, leads up from the gate of the yard to the church-porch. The graves are overgrown with grass; the gray tombstones, some of them nearly sunk into the earth, are half covered with moss, which has likewise tinted the reverend old building. Small birds have built their nests among the cornices and fissures of the walls, and keep up a continual flutter and chirping; and rooks are sailing and cawing about its lofty gray spire.

In the course of my rambles I met with the gray-headed sexton, Edmonds, and accompanied him home to get the key of the church. He had lived in Stratford, man and boy, for eighty years, and seemed still to consider himself a vigorous man, with the trivial exception that he had nearly lost the use of his legs for a few years past. His dwelling was a cottage looking out upon the Avon and its bordering meadows, and was a picture of that neatness, order, and comfort which pervade the humblest dwellings in this country. A low whitewashed room, with a stone floor carefully scrubbed, served for parlor, kitchen, and hall. Rows of pewter and earthen dishes glittered along the dresser. On an old oaken table, well rubbed and polished, lay the family Bible and prayer-book, and the drawer contained the family library, composed of about half a score of well-thumbed volumes. An ancient clock, that important article of cottage furniture, ticked on the opposite side of the room, with a bright warming-pan hanging on one side of it, and the old man's horn-handled Sunday cane on the other. The fireplace, as usual, was wide and deep enough to admit a

gossip knot within its jambs. In one corner sat the old man's granddaughter sewing, a pretty blue-eyed girl, and in the opposite corner was a superannuated crony whom he addressed by the name of John Ange, and who, I found, had been his companion from childhood. They had played together in infancy; they had worked together in manhood; they were now tottering about and gossiping away the evening of life; and in a short time they will probably be buried together in the neighboring churchyard. It is not often that we see two streams of existence running thus evenly and tranquilly side by side; it is only in such quiet "bosom scenes" of life that they are to be met with.

I had hoped to gather some traditionary anecdotes of the bard from these ancient chroniclers, but they had nothing new to impart. The long interval during which Shakespeare's writings lay in comparative neglect has spread its shadow over his history, and it is his good or evil lot that scarcely anything remains to his biographers but a scanty handful of conjectures.

The sexton and his companion had been employed as carpenters on the preparations for the celebrated Stratford Jubilee, and they remembered Garrick, the prime mover of the fête, who superintended the arrangements, and who, according to the sexton, was "a short punch man, very lively and bustling." John Ange had assisted also in cutting down Shakespeare's mulberry tree, of which he had a morsel in his pocket for sale; no doubt a sovereign quickener of literary conception.

I was grieved to hear these two worthy wights speak very dubiously of the eloquent dame who shows the Shakespeare house. John Ange shook his head when I mentioned her valuable and inexhaustible collection of relics, particularly her remains of the mulberry tree; and the old sexton even expressed a doubt as to Shakespeare having been born in her house. I soon discovered that he looked upon her mansion with an evil eye, as a rival to the poet's tomb, the latter having comparatively but few visitors. Thus it is that historians differ at the very outset, and mere pebbles make the stream of

truth diverge into different channels even at the fountain-head.

We approached the church through the avenue of limes, and entered by a Gothic porch, highly ornamented, with carved doors of massive oak. The interior is spacious, and the architecture and embellishments superior to those of most country churches. There are several ancient monuments of nobility and gentry, over some of which hang funeral escutcheons and banners dropping piecemeal from the walls. The tomb of Shakespeare is in the chancel. The place is solemn and sepulchral. Tall elms wave before the pointed windows, and the Avon, which runs at a short distance from the walls, keeps up a low perpetual murmur. A flat stone marks the spot where the bard is buried. There are four lines inscribed on it, said to have been written by himself, and which have in them something extremely awful. If they are indeed his own, they show that solicitude about the quiet of the grave which seems natural to fine sensibilities and thoughtful minds:

Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here.

Blessed be he that spares these stones
And curst be he that moves my bones.

Just over the grave, in a niche of the wall, is a bust of Shakespeare, put up shortly after his death and considered as a resemblance. The aspect is pleasant and serene, with a finely-arched forehead; and I thought I could read in it clear indications of that cheerful, social disposition by which he was as much characterized among his contemporaries as by the vastness of his genius. The inscription mentions his age at the time of his decease, fifty-three years — an untimely death for the world, for what fruit might not have been expected from the golden autumn of such a mind, sheltered as it was from the stormy vicissitudes of life, and flourishing in the sunshine of popular and royal favor?

The inscription on the tombstone has not been without its effect. It has prevented the removal of his remains from the bosom of his native place to Westminster Abbey, which was at one time contemplated. A few years since also, as

some laborers were digging to make an adjoining vault, the earth caved in, so as to leave a vacant space almost like an arch, through which one might have reached into his grave. No one, however, presumed to meddle with his remains so awfully guarded by a malediction; and lest any of the idle or the curious or any collector of relics should be tempted to commit depredations, the old sexton kept watch over the place for two days, until the vault was finished and the aperture closed again. He told me that he had made bold to look in at the hole, but could see neither coffin nor bones—nothing but dust. It was something, I thought, to have seen the dust of Shakespeare.

Next to this grave are those of his wife, his favorite daughter, Mrs. Hall, and others of his family. On a tomb close by, also, is a full-length effigy of his old friend John Combe, of usurious memory, on whom he is said to have written a ludicrous epitaph. There are other monuments around, but the mind refuses to dwell on anything that is not connected with Shakespeare. His idea pervades the place; the whole pile seems but as his mausoleum. The feelings, no longer checked and thwarted by doubt, here indulge in perfect confidence: other traces of him may be false or dubious, but here is palpable evidence and absolute certainty. As I trod the sounding pavement there was something intense and thrilling in the idea that in very truth the remains of Shakespeare were mouldering beneath my feet. It was a long time before I could prevail upon myself to leave the place; and as I passed through the churchyard I plucked a branch from one of the yew trees, the only relic that I have brought from Stratford.

I had now visited the usual objects of a pilgrim's devotion, but I had a desire to see the old family seat of the Lucys at Charlecot, and to ramble through the park where Shakespeare, in company with some of the roisterers of Stratford, committed his youthful offence of deer-stealing. In this hare-brained exploit we are told that he was taken prisoner and carried to the keeper's lodge, where he remained all night

in doleful captivity. When brought into the presence of Sir Thomas Lucy his treatment must have been galling and humiliating; for it so wrought upon his spirit as to produce a rough pasquinade³ which was affixed to the park gate at Charlecot.

This flagitious attack upon the dignity of the knight so incensed him that he applied to a lawyer at Warwick to put the severity of the laws in force against the rhyming deer-stalker. Shakespeare did not wait to brave the united puissance of a knight of the shire and a country attorney. He forthwith abandoned the pleasant banks of the Avon and his paternal trade; wandered away to London; became a hanger-on to the theatres; then an actor; and finally wrote for the stage; and thus, through the persecution of Sir Thomas Lucy, Stratford lost an indifferent wool-comber and the world gained an immortal poet. He retained, however, for a long time, a sense of the harsh treatment of the lord of Charlecot, and revenged himself in his writings, but in the sportive way of a good-natured mind. Sir Thomas is said to be the original of Justice Shallow, and the satire is slyly fixed upon him by the justice's armorial bearings, which, like those of the knight, had white lues⁴ in the quarterings.

Various attempts have been made by his biographers to soften and explain away this early transgression of the poet; but I look upon it as one of those thoughtless exploits natural to his situation and turn of mind. Shakespeare, when young, had doubtless all the wildness and irregularity of an ardent, undisciplined, and undirected genius. The poetic temperament has naturally something in it of the vagabond. When left to itself it runs loosely and wildly, and delights in everything eccentric and licentious. It is often a turn-up of a die, in the gambling freaks of fate, whether a natural genius shall turn out a great rogue or a great poet; and had not Shakespeare's mind fortunately taken a literary bias, he might have as daringly transcended all civil as he has all dramatic laws.

I have little doubt that in early life, when running like an unbroken colt about the neighborhood of Stratford, he was to

be found in the company of all kinds of odd anomalous characters, that he associated with all the madcaps of the place, and was one of those unlucky urchins at mention of whom old men shake their heads and predict that they will one day come to the gallows. To him the poaching in Sir Thomas Lucy's park was doubtless like a foray to a Scottish knight, and struck his eager, and as yet untamed, imagination as something delightfully adventurous.

The old mansion of Charlecot and its surrounding park still remain in the possession of the Lucy family, and are peculiarly interesting from being connected with this whimsical but eventful circumstance in the scanty history of the bard. As the house stood at little more than three miles' distance from Stratford, I resolved to pay it a pedestrian visit, that I might stroll leisurely through some of those scenes from which Shakespeare must have derived his earliest ideas of rural imagery.

The country was yet naked and leafless, but English scenery is always verdant, and the sudden change in the temperature of the weather was surprising in its quickening effects upon the landscape. It was inspiring and animating to witness this first awakening of spring; to feel its warm breath stealing over the senses; to see the moist mellow earth beginning to put forth the green sprout and the tender blade, and the trees and shrubs, in their reviving tints and bursting buds, giving the promise of returning foliage and flower. The cold snow-drop, that little borderer on the skirts of winter, was to be seen with its chaste white blossoms in the small gardens before the cottages. The bleating of the new-dropt lambs was faintly heard from the fields. The sparrow twittered about the thatched eaves and budding hedges; the robin threw a livelier note into his late querulous wintry strain; and the lark, springing up from the reeking bosom of the meadow, towered away into the bright fleecy cloud, pouring forth torrents of melody. As I watched the little songster mounting up higher and higher, until his body was a mere speck on the white bosom of the cloud, while the ear was still

filled with his music, it called to mind Shakespeare's exquisite little song in *Cymbeline*:

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs,
On chaliced flowers that lies.

And winking mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin,
My lady sweet arise!

Indeed, the whole country about here is poetic ground: everything is associated with the idea of Shakespeare. Every old cottage that I saw I fancied into some resort of his boyhood, where he had acquired his intimate knowledge of rustic life and manners, and heard those legendary tales and wild superstitions which he has woven like witchcraft into his dramas. For in his time, we are told, it was a popular amusement in winter evenings "to sit round the fire, and tell merry tales of errant knights, queens, lovers, lords, ladies, giants, dwarfs, thieves, cheaters, witches, fairies, goblins, and friars."

My route for a part of the way lay in sight of the Avon, which made a variety of the most fancy doublings and windings through a wide and fertile valley — sometimes glittering from among willows which fringed its borders; sometimes disappearing among groves or beneath green banks; and sometimes rambling out into full view and making an azure sweep round a slope of meadow-land. This beautiful bosom of country is called the Vale of the Red Horse. A distant line of undulating blue hills seems to be its boundary, whilst all the soft intervening landscape lies in a manner enchained in the silver links of the Avon.

After pursuing the road for about three miles, I turned off into a footpath, which led along the borders of fields and under hedgerows to a private gate of the park; there was a stile, however, for the benefit of the pedestrian, there being a public right of way through the grounds. I delight in these hospitable estates, in which every one has a kind of property — at least as far as the footpath is concerned.

It in some measure reconciles a poor man to his lot, and, what is more, to the better lot of his neighbor, thus to have parks and pleasure-grounds thrown open for his recreation. He breathes the pure air as freely and lolls as luxuriously under the shade as the lord of the soil; and if he has not the privilege of calling all that he sees his own, he has not, at the same time, the trouble of paying for it and keeping it in order.

I now found myself among noble avenues of oaks and elms, whose vast size bespoke the growth of centuries. The wind sounded solemnly among their branches, and the rooks cawed from their hereditary nests in the tree-tops. The eye ranged through a long lessening vista, with nothing to interrupt the view but a distant statue and a vagrant deer stalking like a shadow across the opening.

There is something about these stately old avenues that has the effect of Gothic architecture, not merely from the pretended similarity of form, but from their bearing the evidence of long duration, and of having had their origin in a period of time with which we associate ideas of romantic grandeur. They betoken also the long-settled dignity and proudly-concentrated independence of an ancient family; and I have heard a worthy but aristocratic old friend observe, when speaking of the sumptuous palaces of modern gentry, that "money could do much with stone and mortar, but thank heaven! there was no such thing as suddenly building up an avenue of oaks."

It was from wandering in early life among this rich scenery, and about the romantic solitudes of the adjoining park of Fullbroke, which then formed a part of the Lucy estate, that some of Shakespeare's commentators have supposed he derived his noble forest meditations of Jaques and the enchanting woodland pictures in *As You Like It*. It is in lonely wanderings through such scenes that the mind drinks deep but quiet draughts of inspiration, and becomes intensely sensible of the beauty and majesty of Nature. The imagination kindles into reverie and rapture, vague but exquisite images and ideas keep breaking upon it, and we revel in a

mute and almost incommunicable luxury of thought. It was in some such mood, and perhaps under one of those very trees before me, which threw their broad shades over the grassy banks and quivering waters of the Avon, that the poet's fancy may have sallied forth into that little song which breathes the very soul of a rural voluptuary:

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me
And tune his merry throat
Unto the sweet bird's note,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

I had now come in sight of the house. It is a large building of brick with stone quoins, and is in the Gothic style of Queen Elizabeth's day, having been built in the first year of her reign. The exterior remains very nearly in its original state, and may be considered a fair specimen of the residence of a wealthy country gentleman of those days. A great gateway opens from the park into a kind of courtyard in front of the house, ornamented with a grassplot, shrubs, and flower-beds. The gateway is in imitation of the ancient barbican, being a kind of outpost and flanked by towers, though evidently for mere ornament, instead of defence. The front of the house is completely in the old style with stone-shafted casements, a great bow-window of heavy stone-work, and a portal with armorial bearings over it carved in stone. At each corner of the building is an octagon tower surmounted by a gilt ball and weather-cock.

The Avon, which winds through the park, makes a bend just at the foot of a gently-sloping bank which sweeps down from the rear of the house. Large herds of deer were feeding or reposing upon its borders, and swans were sailing majestically upon its bosom. As I contemplated the venerable old mansion I called to mind Falstaff's encomium on Justice Shallow's abode, and the affected indifference and real vanity of the latter:

"*Falstaff*. You have a goodly dwelling and a rich.

Shallow. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John: — marry, good air."

Whatever may have been the joviality of the old mansion in the days of Shakespeare, it had now an air of stillness and solitude. The great iron gateway that opened into the courtyard was locked; there was no show of servants bustling about the place; the deer gazed quietly at me as I passed, being no longer harried by the moss-troopers of Stratford. The only sign of domestic life that I met with was a white cat stealing with wary look and stealthy pace towards the stables, as if on some nefarious expedition. I must not omit to mention the carcass of a scoundrel crow which I saw suspended against the barn-wall, as it shows that the Lucys still inherit that lordly abhorrence of poachers and maintain that rigorous exercise of territorial power which was so strenuously manifested in the case of the bard.

After prowling about for some time, I at length found my way to a lateral portal, which was the every-day entrance to the mansion. I was courteously received by a worthy old housekeeper, who, with the civility and communicativeness of her order, showed me the interior of the house. The greater part has undergone alterations and been adapted to modern tastes and modes of living: there is a fine old oaken staircase, and the great hall, that noble feature in an ancient manor-house, still retains much of the appearance it must have had in the days of Shakespeare. The ceiling is arched and lofty, and at one end is a gallery in which stands an organ. The weapons and trophies of the chase, which formerly adorned the hall of a country gentleman, have made way for family portraits. There is a wide, hospitable fireplace, calculated for an ample old-fashioned wood fire, formerly the rallying-place of winter festivity. On the opposite side of the hall is the huge Gothic bow-window with stone shafts, which looks out upon the courtyard. Here are emblazoned in stained glass the armorial bearings of the Lucy family for many generations, some being dated in 1558. I was delighted to

observe in the quarterings the three *white luces*⁴ by which the character of Sir Thomas was first identified with that of Justice Shallow. They are mentioned in the first scene of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, where the justice is in a rage with Falstaff for having "beaten his men, killed his deer, and broken into his lodge." The poet had no doubt the offences of himself and his comrades in mind at the time, and we may suppose the family pride and vindictive threats of the pious Shallow to be a caricature of the pompous indignation of Sir Thomas:

"Shallow. Sir Hugh, persuade me not: I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it; if he were twenty John Falstuffs, he shall not abuse Sir Robert Shallow, Esq.

Slender. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace and *coram*.

Shallow. Ay, cousin Slender, and *custalorum*.

Slender. Ay, and *ratalorum* too, and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *Armigero* in any bill, warrant, quit-tance, or obligation, *Armigero*.

Shallow. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slender. All his successors gone before him have done't, and all his ancestors that come after him may; they may give the dozen *white luces* in their coat. . . .

Shallow. The council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Evans. It is not meet the council hear of a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot; the council, hear you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

Shallow. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it!"

Near the window thus emblazoned hung a portrait, by Sir Peter Lely, of one of the Lucy family, a great beauty of the time of Charles the Second: the old housekeeper shook her head as she pointed to the picture, and informed me that this lady had been sadly addicted to cards, and had gambled away a great portion of the family estate, among which was that part of the park where Shakespeare and his comrades had killed the deer. The lands thus lost had not been entirely regained by the

family even at the present day. It is but justice to this recreant dame to confess that she had a surpassingly fine hand and arm.

The picture which most attracted my attention was a great painting over the fireplace, containing likenesses of Sir Thomas Lucy and his family, who inhabited the hall in the latter part of Shakespeare's lifetime. I at first thought that it was the vindictive knight himself, but the housekeeper assured me that it was his son; the only likeness extant of the former being an effigy upon his tomb in the church of the neighboring hamlet of Charlecot. The picture gives a lively idea of the costume and manners of the time. Sir Thomas is dressed in ruff and doublet, white shoes with roses in them, and has a peaked yellow, or, as Master Slender would say, "a cane-colored beard." His lady is seated on the opposite side of the picture in wide ruff and long stomacher, and the children have a most venerable stiffness and formality of dress. Hounds and spaniels are mingled in the family group; a hawk is seated on his perch in the foreground, and one of the children holds a bow, all intimating the knight's skill in hunting, hawking, and archery, so indispensable to an accomplished gentleman in those days.

I regretted to find that the ancient furniture of the hall had disappeared; for I had hoped to meet with the stately elbow-chair of carved oak in which the country squire of former days was wont to sway the sceptre of empire over his rural domains, and in which it might be presumed the redoubted Sir Thomas sat enthroned in awful state when the recreant Shakespeare was brought before him. As I like to deck out pictures for my own entertainment, I pleased myself with the idea that this very hall had been the scene of the unlucky bard's examination on the morning after his captivity in the lodge. I fancied to myself the rural potentate surrounded by his body-guard of butler, pages, and blue-coated serving-men with their badges, while the luckless culprit was brought in, forlorn and chopfallen, in the custody of gamekeepers, huntsmen, and whippers-in, and followed by a rabble rout

of country clowns. I fancied bright faces of curious housemaids peeping from the half-opened doors, while from the gallery the fair daughters of the knight leaned gracefully forward, eyeing the youthful prisoner with that pity "that dwells in womanhood." Who would have thought that this poor varlet, thus trembling before the brief authority of a country squire, and the sport of rustic boors, was soon to become the delight of princes, the theme of all tongues and ages, the dictator to the human mind, and was to confer immortality on his oppressor by a caricature and a lampoon?

I was now invited by the butler to walk into the garden, and I felt inclined to visit the orchard and harbor where the justice treated Sir John Falstaff and Cousin Silence "to a last year's pippin of his own grafting, with a dish of caraways"; but I had already spent so much of the day in my ramblings that I was obliged to give up any further investigations. When about to take my leave I was gratified by the civil entreaties of the housekeeper and butler that I would take some refreshment — an instance of good old hospitality which, I grieve to say, we castle-hunters seldom meet with in modern days. I make no doubt it is a virtue which the present representative of the Lucys inherits from his ancestors; for Shakespeare, even in his caricature, makes Justice Shallow importunate in this respect, as witness his pressing instances to Falstaff:

"By cock and pye, sir, you shall not away to-night. . . . I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused. . . . Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legged hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William Cook."

I now bade a reluctant farewell to the old hall. My mind had become so completely possessed by the imaginary scenes and characters connected with it that I seemed to be actually living among them. Everything brought them as it were before my eyes, and as the door of the dining-room opened I almost expected to hear the

feeble voice of Master Silence quavering forth his favorite ditty:

"'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide!"

On returning to my inn I could not but reflect on the singular gift of the poet, to be able thus to spread the magic of his mind over the very face of Nature, to give to things and places a charm and character not their own, and to turn this "working-day world" into a perfect fairy-land. He is indeed the true enchanter, whose spell operates, not upon the senses, but upon the imagination and the heart. Under the wizard influence of Shakespeare I had been walking all day in a complete delusion. I had surveyed the landscape through the prism of poetry, which tinged every object with the hues of the rainbow. I had been surrounded with fancied beings, with mere airy nothings conjured up by poetic power, yet which, to me, had all the charm of reality. I had heard Jaques soliloquize beneath his oak; had beheld the fair Rosalind and her companion adventuring through the woodlands; and, above all, had been once more present in spirit with fat Jack Falstaff and his contemporaries, from the august Justice Shallow down to the gentle Master Slender and the sweet Anne Page. Ten thousand honors and blessings on the bard who has thus gilded the dull realities of life with innocent illusions, who has spread exquisite and unbought pleasures in my chequered path, and beguiled my spirit in many a lonely hour with all the cordial and cheerful sympathies of social life!

As I crossed the bridge over the Avon on my return, I paused to contemplate the distant church in which the poet lies buried, and could not but exult in the malediction which has kept his ashes un-

disturbed in its quiet and hallowed vaults. What honor could his name have derived from being mingled in dusty companionship with the epitaphs and escutcheons and venal eulogiums of a titled multitude? What would a crowded corner in Westminster Abbey have been, compared with this reverend pile, which seems to stand in beautiful loneliness as his sole mausoleum! The solicitude about the grave may be but the offspring of an overwrought sensibility; but human nature is made up of foibles and prejudices, and its best and tenderest affections are mingled with these factitious feelings. He who has sought renown about the world, and has reaped a full harvest of worldly favor, will find, after all, that there is no love, no admiration, no applause, so sweet to the soul as that which springs up in his native place. It is there that he seeks to be gathered in peace and honor among his kindred and his early friends. And when the weary heart and failing head begin to warn him that the evening of life is drawing on, he turns as fondly as does the infant to the mother's arms to sink to sleep in the bosom of the scene of his childhood.

How would it have cheered the spirit of the youthful bard when, wandering forth in disgrace upon a doubtful world, he cast back a heavy look upon his paternal home, could he have foreseen that before many years he should return to it covered with renown; that his name should become the boast and glory of his native place; that his ashes should be religiously guarded as its most precious treasure; and that its lessening spire, on which his eyes were fixed in tearful contemplation, should one day become the beacon towering amidst the gentle landscape to guide the literary pilgrim of every nation to his tomb!

1819

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882)

SELF-RELIANCE

I READ the other day some verses written by an eminent painter which were original and not conventional. Always the soul hears an admonition in such lines, let the subject be what it may. The sentiment

they instil is of more value than any thought they may contain. To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men, — that is genius. Speak

your latent conviction, and it shall be the universal sense; for always the inmost becomes the outmost, and our first thought is rendered back to us by the trumpets of the Last Judgment. Familiar as the voice of the mind is to each, the highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato, and Milton is that they set at naught books and traditions, and spoke not what men, but what *they* thought. A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the luster of the firmament of bards and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice his thought, because it is his. In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts; they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty. Great works of art have no more affecting lesson for us than this. They teach us to abide by our spontaneous impression with good-humored inflexibility then most when the whole cry of voices is on the other side. Else to-morrow a stranger will say with masterly good sense precisely what we have thought and felt all the time, and we shall be forced to take with shame our own opinion from another.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better for worse as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried. Not for nothing one face, one character, one fact, makes much impression on him and another none. It is not without preëstablished harmony, this sculpture in memory. The eye was placed where one ray should fall, that it might testify of that particular ray. Bravely let him speak the utmost syllable of his confession. We but half express ourselves, and are ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents. It may be safely trusted as proportionate and of good issues, so it be faithfully imparted, but God will not have

his work made manifest by cowards. It needs a divine man to exhibit anything divine. A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace. It is a deliverance which does not deliver. In the attempt his genius deserts him; no muse befriends; no invention, no hope.

Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the divine providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the eternal was stirring at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest mind the same transcendent destiny; and not pinched in a corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but redeemers and benefactors, pious aspirants to be noble clay under the Almighty effort, let us advance on Chaos and the Dark.

What pretty oracles nature yields us on this text in the face and behavior of children, babes, and even brutes! That divided and rebel mind, that distrust of a sentiment because our arithmetic has computed the strength and means opposed to our purpose, these have not. Their mind being whole, their eye is as yet unconquered, and when we look in their faces we are disconcerted. Infancy conforms to nobody; all conform to it; so that one babe commonly makes four or five out of the adults who prattle and play to it. So God has armed youth and puberty and manhood no less with its own piquancy and charm, and made it enviable and gracious and its claims not to be put by, if it will stand by itself. Do not think the youth has no force, because he cannot speak to you and me. Hark! in the next room who spoke so clear and emphatic? Good Heaven! it is he! it is that lump of bashfulness and phlegm which for weeks has done nothing but eat when you were by, and now rolls out these words like bell-strokes. It seems he knows how to speak to his contemporaries. Bashful or

bold then, he will know how to make us serious very unnecessary.

The nonchalance of boys who are sure of a dinner, and would disdain as much as a lord to do or say aught to conciliate one, is the healthy attitude of human nature. How is a boy the master of society!—independent, irresponsible, looking out from his corner on such people and facts as pass by, he tries and sentences them on their merits, in the swift, summary way of boys, as good, bad, interesting, silly, eloquent, troublesome. He cumbers himself never about consequences, about interests; he gives an independent, genuine verdict. You must court him; he does not court you. But the man is as it were clapped into jail by his consciousness. As soon as he has once acted or spoken with *éclat* he is a committed person, watched by the sympathy or the hatred of hundreds, whose affections must now enter into his account. There is no Lethe for this. Ah, that he could pass again into his neutral, godlike independence! Who can thus lose all pledge and, having observed, observe again from the same unaffected, unbiased, unbribable, unafrighted innocence,—must always be formidable, must always engage the poet's and the man's regards. Of such an immortal youth the force would be felt. He would utter opinions on all passing affairs, which being seen to be not private but necessary, would sink like darts into the ear of men and put them in fear.

These are the voices which we hear in solitude, but they grow faint and inaudible as we enter into the world. Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. Society is a joint-stock company, in which the members agree, for the better securing of his bread to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater. The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion. It loves not realities and creators, but names and customs.

Whoso would be a man, must be a non-conformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred

but the integrity of our own mind. Absolve you to yourself, and you shall have the suffrage of the world. I remember an answer which when quite young I was prompted to make to a valued adviser who was wont to importune me with the dear old doctrines of the church. On my saying, "What have I to do with the sacredness of traditions, if I live wholly from within?" my friend suggested,— "But these impulses may be from below, not from above." I replied, "They do not seem to me to be such; but if I am the Devil's child, I will live then from the Devil." No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature. Good and bad are but names very readily transferable to that or this; the only right is what is after my constitution; the only wrong what is against it. A man is to carry himself in the presence of all opposition as if everything were titular and ephemeral but he. I am ashamed to think how easily we capitulate to badges and names, to large societies and dead institutions. Every decent and well-spoken individual affects and sways me more than is right. I ought to go upright and vital, and speak the rude truth in all ways. If malice and vanity wear the coat of philanthropy, shall that pass? If an angry bigot assumes this bountiful cause of Abolition, and comes to me with his last news from Barbadoes, why should I not say to him, "Go love thy infant; love thy wood-chopper; be good-natured and modest; have that grace; and never varnish your hard, uncharitable ambition with this incredible tenderness for black folk a thousand miles off. Thy love afar is spite at home." Rough and graceless would be such greeting, but truth is handsomer than the affectation of love. Your goodness must have some edge to it,—else it is none. The doctrine of hatred must be preached, as the counteraction of the doctrine of love, when that pulses and whines. I shun father and mother and wife and brother when my genius calls me. I would write on the lintels of the door-post, *Whim*. I hope it is somewhat better than whim at last, but we cannot spend the day in explanation. Expect me not to show cause why I seek or why I exclude company. Then again, do not tell me, as

a good man did to-day, of my obligation to put all poor men in good situations. Are they *my* poor? I tell thee, thou foolish philanthropist, that I grudge the dollar, the dime, the cent I give to such men as do not belong to me and to whom I do not belong. There is a class of persons to whom by all spiritual affinity I am bought and sold; for them I will go to prison if need be; but your miscellaneous popular charities; the education at college of fools; the building of meeting-houses to the vain end to which many now stand; alms to sots, and the thousand-fold Relief Societies; — though I confess with shame I sometimes succumb and give the dollar, it is a wicked dollar, which by and by I shall have the manhood to withhold.

Virtues are, in the popular estimate, rather the exception than the rule. There is the man *and* his virtues. Men do what is called a good action, as some piece of courage or charity, much as they would pay a fine in expiation of daily non-appearance on parade. Their works are done as an apology or extenuation of their living in the world, — as invalids and the insane pay a high board. Their virtues are penances. I do not wish to expiate, but to live. My life is not an apology, but a life. It is for itself and not for a spectacle. I much prefer that it should be of a lower strain, so it be genuine and equal, than that it should be glittering and unsteady. I wish it to be sound and sweet, and not to need diet and bleeding. My life should be unique; it should be an alms, a battle, a conquest, a medicine. I ask primary evidence that you are a man, and refuse this appeal from the man to his actions. I know that for myself it makes no difference whether I do or forbear those actions which are reckoned excellent. I cannot consent to pay for a privilege where I have intrinsic right. Few and mean as my gifts may be, I actually am, and do not need for my own assurance or the assurance of my fellows any secondary testimony.

What I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness.

It is the harder because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

The objection to conforming to usages that have become dead to you is that it scatters your force. It loses your time and blurs the impression of your character. If you maintain a dead church, contribute to a dead Bible-society, vote with a great party either for the government or against it, spread your table like base housekeepers, — under all these screens I have difficulty to detect the precise man you are: and of course so much force is withdrawn from your proper life. But do your thing, and I shall know you. Do your work, and you shall reinforce yourself. A man must consider what a blind-man's-buff is this game of conformity. If I know your sect I anticipate your argument. I hear a preacher announce for his text and topic the expediency of one of the institutions of his church. Do I not know beforehand that not possibly can he say a new and spontaneous word? Do I not know that with all this ostentation of examining the grounds of the institution he will do no such thing? Do I not know that he is pledged to himself not to look but at one side, the permitted side, not as a man, but as a parish minister? He is a retained attorney, and these airs of the bench are the emptiest affectation. Well, most men have bound their eyes with one or another handkerchief, and attached themselves to some one of these communities of opinion. This conformity makes them not false in a few particulars, authors of a few lies, but false in all particulars. Their every truth is not quite true. Their two is not the real two, their four not the real four; so that every word they say chagrins us and we know not where to begin to set them right. Meantime Nature is not slow to equip us in the prison-uniform of the party to which we adhere. We come to wear one cut of face and figure, and acquire by degrees the gentlest asinine expression. There is a mortifying experience in par-

ticular, which does not fail to wreak itself also in the general history; I mean the "foolish face of praise," the forced smile which we put on in company where we do not feel at ease, in answer to conversation which does not interest us. The muscles, not spontaneously moved but moved by a low usurping wilfulness, grow tight about the outline of the face, with the most disagreeable sensation; a sensation of rebuke and warning which no brave young man will suffer twice.

For nonconformity the world whips you with its displeasure. And therefore a man must know how to estimate a sour face. The by-standers look askance on him in the public street or in the friend's parlor. If this aversion had its origin in contempt and resistance like his own he might well go home with a sad countenance; but the sour faces of the multitude, like their sweet faces, have no deep cause, — disguise no god, but are put on and off as the wind blows and a newspaper directs. Yet is the discontent of the multitude more formidable than that of the senate and the college. It is easy enough for a firm man who knows the world to brook the rage of the cultivated classes. Their rage is decorous and prudent, for they are timid, as being very vulnerable themselves. But when to their feminine rage the indignation of the people is added, when the ignorant and the poor are aroused, when the unintelligent brute force that lies at the bottom of society is made to growl and mow, it needs the habit of magnanimity and religion to treat it godlike as a trifle of no concernment.

The other terror that scares us from self-trust is our consistency; a reverence for our past act or word because the eyes of others have no other data for computing our orbit than our past acts, and we are loath to disappoint them.

But why should you keep your head over your shoulder? Why drag about this monstrous corpse of your memory, lest you contradict somewhat you have stated in this or that public place? Suppose you should contradict yourself; what then? It seems to be a rule of wisdom never to rely on your memory alone, scarcely even in acts

of pure memory, but to bring the past for judgment into the thousand-eyed present, and live ever in a new day. Trust your emotion. In your metaphysics you have denied personality to the Deity, yet when the devout motions of the soul come, yield to them heart and life, though they should clothe God with shape and color. Leave your theory, as Joseph his coat in the hand of the harlot, and flee.

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Out upon your guarded lips! Sew them up with packthread, do. Else if you would be a man speak what you think to-day in words as hard as cannon balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day. — "Ah, then," exclaim the aged ladies, "you shall be sure to be misunderstood!" Misunderstood! It is a right fool's word. Is it so bad then to be misunderstood? Pythagoras¹ was misunderstood, and Socrates and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.

I suppose no man can violate his nature. All the sallies of his will are rounded in by the law of his being, as the inequalities of Andes and Himmaleh are insignificant in the curve of the sphere. Nor does it matter how you gauge and try him. A character is like an acrostic or Alexandrian stanza; — read it forward, backward, or across, it still spells the same thing. In this pleasing contrite wood-life which God allows me, let me record day by day my honest thought without prospect or retrospect, and, I cannot doubt, it will be found symmetrical, though I mean it not and see it not. My book should smell of pines and resound with the hum of insects. The swallow over my window should interweave that thread or straw he carries in his bill into my web also. We pass for what we are. Character teaches above our wills. Men imagine that they communicate their virtue or vice only by overt

actions, and do not see that virtue or vice emit a breath every moment.

Fear never but you shall be consistent in whatever variety of actions, so they be each honest and natural in their hour. For of one will, the actions will be harmonious, however unlike they seem. These varieties are lost sight of when seen at a little distance, at a little height of thought. One tendency unites them all. The voyage of the best ship is a zigzag line of a hundred tacks. This is only microscopic criticism. See the line from a sufficient distance, and it straightens itself to the average tendency. Your genuine action will explain itself and will explain your other genuine actions. Your conformity explains nothing. Act singly, and what you have already done singly will justify you now. Greatness always appeals to the future. If I can be great enough now to do right and scorn eyes, I must have done so much right before as to defend me now. Be it how it will, do right now. Always scorn appearances and you always may. The force of character is cumulative. All the foregone days of virtue work their health into this. What makes the majesty of the heroes of the senate and the field, which so fills the imagination? The consciousness of a train of great days and victories behind. There they all stand and shed a united light on the advancing actor. He is attended as by a visible escort of angels to every man's eye. That is it which throws thunder into Chatham's voice, and dignity into Washington's port, and America into Adams's eye. Honor is venerable to us because it is no ephemeris. It is always ancient virtue. We worship it to-day because it is not of to-day. We love it and pay it homage because it is not a trap for our love and homage, but is self-dependent, self-derived, and therefore of an old immaculate pedigree, even if shown in a young person.

I hope in these days we have heard the last of conformity and consistency. Let the words be gazetted and ridiculous henceforward. Instead of the gong for dinner, let us hear a whistle from the Spartan fife. Let us bow and apologize nevermore. A great man is coming

to eat at my house. I do not wish to please him; I wish that he should wish to please me. I will stand here for humanity, and though I would make it kind, I would make it true. Let us affront and reprimand the smooth mediocrity and squalid contentment of the times, and hurl in the face of custom and trade and office the fact which is the upshot of all history, that there is a great responsible Thinker and Actor moving wherever moves a man; that a true man belongs to no other time or place, but is the center of things. Where he is there is Nature. He measures you and all men and all events. You are constrained to accept his standard. Ordinarily, everybody in society reminds us of somewhat else, or of some other person. Character, reality, reminds you of nothing else; it takes place of the whole creation. The man must be so much that he must make all circumstances indifferent — put all means into the shade. This all great men are and do. Every true man is a cause, a country, and an age; requires infinite spaces and numbers and time fully to accomplish his thought; — and posterity seem to follow his steps as a procession. A man Cæsar is born, and for ages after we have a Roman Empire. Christ is born, and millions of minds so grow and cleave to his genius that he is confounded with virtue and the possible of man. An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man; as, Monachism,² of the Hermit Antony;³ the Reformation, of Luther; Quakerism, of Fox; ⁴ Methodism, of Wesley; Abolition, of Clarkson.⁵ Scipio, Milton called "the height of Rome"; and all history resolves itself very easily into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons.

Let a man then know his worth, and keep things under his feet. Let him not peep or steal, or skulk up and down with the air of a charity-boy, a bastard, or an interloper in the world which exists for him. But the man in the street, finding no worth in himself which corresponds to the force which built a tower or sculptured a marble god, feels poor when he looks on these. To him a palace, a statue, or a costly book has an alien and forbidding air, much like a gay equipage, and

seem to say like that, "Who are you, sir?" Yet they all are his, suitors for his notice, petitioners to his faculties that they will come out and take possession. The picture waits for my verdict; it is not to command me, but I am to settle its claims to praise. That popular fable⁶ of the sot who was picked up dead-drunk in the street, carried to the duke's house, washed and dressed and laid in the duke's bed, and, on his waking, treated with all obsequious ceremony like the duke, and assured that he had been insane, owes its popularity to the fact that it symbolizes so well the state of man, who is in the world a sort of sot, but now and then wakes up, exercises his reason and finds himself a true prince.

Our reading is mendicant and sycophantic. In history our imagination makes fools of us, plays us false. Kingdom and lordship, power and estate, are a gaudier vocabulary than private John and Edward in a small house and common day's work; but the things of life are the same to both; the sum total of both is the same. Why all this deference to Alfred⁷ and Scanderbeg and Gustavus? Suppose they were virtuous; did they wear out virtue? As great a stake depends on your private act to-day as followed their public and renowned steps. When private men shall act with original views, the luster will be transferred from the actions of kings to those of gentlemen.

The world has indeed been instructed by its kings, who have so magnetized the eyes of nations. It has been taught by this colossal symbol the mutual reverence that is due from man to man. The joyful loyalty with which men have everywhere suffered the king, the noble, or the great proprietor to walk among them by a law of his own, make his own scale of men and things and reverse theirs, pay for benefits not with money but with honor, and represent the law in his person, was the hieroglyphic by which they obscurely signified their consciousness of their own right and comeliness, the right of every man.

The magnetism which all original action exerts is explained when we inquire the reason of self-trust. Who is the Trustee?

What is the aboriginal Self, on which a universal reliance may be grounded? What is the nature and power of that science-baffling star, without parallax, without calculable elements, which shoots a ray of beauty even into trivial and impure actions, if the least mark of independence appear? The inquiry leads us to that source, at once the essence of genius, of virtue, and of life, which we call Spontaneity or Instinct. We denote this primary wisdom as Intuition, whilst all later teachings are tuition. In that deep force, the last fact behind which analysis cannot go, all things find their common origin. For the sense of being which in calm hours rises, we know not how, in the soul, is not diverse from things, from space, from light, from time, from man, but one with them and proceeds obviously from the same source whence their life and being also proceed. We first share the life by which things exist and afterwards see them as appearances in nature and forget that we have shared their cause. Here is the fountain of action and the fountain of thought. Here are the lungs of that inspiration which giveth man wisdom, of that inspiration of man which cannot be denied without impiety and atheism. We lie in the lap of immense intelligence, which makes us organs of its activity and receivers of its truth. When we discern justice, when we discern truth, we do nothing of ourselves, but allow a passage to its beams. If we ask whence this comes, if we seek to pry into the soul that causes — all metaphysics, all philosophy is at fault. Its presence or its absence is all we can affirm. Every man discerns between the voluntary acts of his mind and his involuntary perceptions. And to his involuntary perceptions he knows a perfect respect is due. He may err in the expression of them, but he knows that these things are so, like day and night, not to be disputed. All my wilful actions and acquisitions are but roving; — the most trivial reverie, the faintest native emotion, are domestic and divine. Thoughtless people contradict as readily the statement of perceptions as of opinions, or rather much more readily: for they do not distinguish between perception and notion.

They fancy that I choose to see this or that thing. But perception is not whimsical, but fatal. If I see a trait, my children will see it after me, and in course of time all mankind, — although it may chance that no one has seen it before me. For my perception of it is as much a fact as the sun.

The relations of the soul to the divine spirit are so pure that it is profane to seek to interpose helps. It must be that when God speaketh he should communicate, not one thing, but all things; should fill the world with his voice; should scatter forth light, nature, time, souls, from the center of the present thought; and new date and new create the whole. Whenever a mind is simple and receives a divine wisdom, old things pass away, — means, teachers, texts, temples fall; it lives now, and absorbs past and future into the present hour. All things are made sacred by relation to it, — one thing as much as another. All things are dissolved to their center by their cause, and in the universal miracle petty and particular miracles disappear. This is and must be. If therefore a man claims to know and speak of God and carries you backward to the phraseology of some old moldered nation in another country, in another world, believe him not. Is the acorn better than the oak which is its fulness and completion? Is the parent better than the child into whom he has cast his ripened being? Whence then this worship of the past? The centuries are conspirators against the sanity and majesty of the soul. Time and space are but physiological colors which the eye makes, but the soul is light: where it is, is day; where it was, is night; and history is an impertinence and an injury if it be anything more than a cheerful apologue or parable of my being and becoming.

Man is timid and apologetic; he is no longer upright; he dares not say "I think", "I am", but quotes some saint or sage. He is ashamed before the blade of grass or the blowing rose. These roses under my window make no reference to former roses or to better ones; they are for what they are; they exist with God to-day. There is no time to them. There is simply

the rose; it is perfect in every moment of its existence. Before a leaf-bud has burst, its whole life acts; in the full-blown flower there is no more; in the leafless root there is no less. Its nature is satisfied and it satisfies nature in all moments alike. There is no time to it. But man postpones or remembers; he does not live in the present, but with reverted eye laments the past, or, heedless of the riches that surround him, stands on tiptoe to foresee the future. He cannot be happy and strong until he too lives with nature in the present, above time.

This should be plain enough. Yet see what strong intellects dare not yet hear God himself unless he speak the phraseology of I know not what David, or Jeremiah, or Paul. We shall not always set so great a price on a few texts, on a few lives. We are like children who repeat by rote the sentences of grandames and tutors, and, as they grow older, of the men of talents and character they chance to see, — painfully recollecting the exact words they spoke; afterwards, when they come into the point of view which those had who uttered these sayings, they understand them and are willing to let the words go; for at any time they can use words as good when occasion comes. So was it with us, so will it be, if we proceed. If we live truly, we shall see truly. It is as easy for the strong man to be strong, as it is for the weak to be weak. When we have new perception, we shall gladly disburden the memory of its hoarded treasures as old rubbish. When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn.

And now at last the highest truth on this subject remains unsaid; probably cannot be said; for all that we say is the far-off remembering of the intuition. That thought by what I can now nearest approach to say it, is this. When good is near you, when you have life in yourself, it is not by any known or appointed way; you shall not discern the footprints of any other; you shall not see the face of man; you shall not hear any name; — the way, the thought, the good, shall be wholly strange and new. It shall exclude all other

being. You take the way from man, not to man. All persons that ever existed are its fugitive ministers. There shall be no fear in it. Fear and hope are alike beneath it. It asks nothing. There is somewhat low even in hope. We are then in vision. There is nothing that can be called gratitude, nor properly joy. The soul is raised over passion. It seeth identity and eternal causation. It is a perceiving that Truth and Right are. Hence it becomes

a Tranquillity out of the knowing that all things go well. Vast spaces of nature, the Atlantic Ocean, the South Sea; vast intervals of time, years, centuries, are of no account. This which I think and feel underlay that former state of life and circumstances, as it does underlie my present and will always all circumstances, and what is called life and what is called death. . . .

1841

HENRY DAVID THOREAU (1817-1862)

WHERE I LIVED, AND WHAT I LIVED FOR

At a certain season of our life we are accustomed to consider every spot as the possible site of a house. I have thus surveyed the country on every side within a dozen miles of where I live. In imagination I have bought all the farms in succession, for all were to be bought, and I knew their price. I walked over each farmer's premises, tasted his wild apples, discoursed on husbandry with him, took his farm at his price, at any price, mortgaging it to him in my mind; even put a higher price on it, — took everything but a deed of it, — took his word for his deed, for I dearly love to talk, — cultivated it, and him too to some extent, I trust, and withdrew when I had enjoyed it long enough, leaving him to carry it on. This experience entitled me to be regarded as a sort of real-estate broker by my friends. Wherever I sat, there I might live, and the landscape radiated from me accordingly. What is a house but a *sedes*, a seat? — better if a country seat. I discovered many a site for a house not likely to be soon improved, which some might have thought too far from the village, but to my eyes the village was too far from it. Well, there I might live, I said; and there I did live, for an hour, a summer and a winter life; saw how I could let the years run off, buffet the winter through, and see the spring come in. The future inhabitants of this region, wherever they may place their houses, may be sure that they have been anticipated. An afternoon sufficed to lay out the land into orchard,

woodlot, and pasture, and to decide what fine oaks or pines should be left to stand before the door, and whence each blasted tree could be seen to the best advantage; and then I let it lie, fallow perchance, for a man is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone.

My imagination carried me so far that I even had the refusal of several farms, — the refusal was all I wanted, — but I never got my fingers burned by actual possession. The nearest that I came to actual possession was when I bought the Hollowell place, and had begun to sort my seeds, and collected materials with which to make a wheelbarrow to carry it on or off with; but before the owner gave me a deed of it, his wife — every man has such a wife — changed her mind and wished to keep it, and he offered me ten dollars to release him. Now, to speak the truth, I had but ten cents in the world, and it surpassed my arithmetic to tell, if I was that man who had ten cents, or who had a farm, or ten dollars, or all together. However, I let him keep the ten dollars and the farm too, for I had carried it far enough; or rather, to be generous, I sold him the farm for just what I gave for it, and, as he was not a rich man, made him a present of ten dollars, and still had my ten cents, and seeds, and materials for a wheelbarrow left. I found thus that I had been a rich man without any damage to my poverty. But I retained the landscape, and I have since annually carried

off what it yielded without a wheelbarrow. With respect to landscapes, —

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute." 1

I have frequently seen a poet withdraw, having enjoyed the most valuable part of a farm, while the crusty farmer supposed that he had got a few wild apples only. Why, the owner does not know it for many years when a poet has put his farm in rhyme, the most admirable kind of invisible fence, has fairly impounded it, milked it, skimmed it, and got all the cream, and left the farmer only the skimmed milk.

The real attractions of the Hollowell farm, to me, were: its complete retirement, being about two miles from the village, half a mile from the nearest neighbor, and separated from the highway by a broad field; its bounding on the river, which the owner said protected it by its fogs from frosts in the spring, though that was nothing to me; the gray color and ruinous state of the house and barn, and the dilapidated fences, which put such an interval between me and the last occupant; the hollow and lichen-covered apple trees, gnawed by rabbits, showing what kind of neighbors I should have; but above all, the recollection I had of it from my earliest voyages up the river, when the house was concealed behind a dense grove of red maples, through which I heard the house-dog bark. I was in haste to buy it, before the proprietor finished getting out some rocks, cutting down the hollow apple trees, and grubbing up some young birches which had sprung up in the pasture, or, in short, had made any more of his improvements. To enjoy these advantages I was ready to carry it on; like Atlas,² to take the world on my shoulders, — I never heard what compensation he received for that, — and do all those things which had no other motive or excuse but that I might pay for it and be unmolested in my possession of it; for I knew all the while that it would yield the most abundant crop of the kind I wanted if I could only afford to let it alone. But it turned out as I have said.

All that I could say, then, with respect

to farming on a large scale, (I have always cultivated a garden,) was, that I had had my seeds ready. Many think that seeds improve with age. I have no doubt that time discriminates between the good and the bad; and when at last I shall plant, I shall be less likely to be disappointed. But I would say to my fellows, once for all, "As long as possible live free and uncommitted. It makes but little difference whether you are committed to a farm or the county jail."

Old Cato,³ whose *De Re Rusticâ* is my *Cultivator*,⁴ says, and the only translation I have seen makes sheer nonsense of the passage, "When you think of getting a farm, turn it thus in your mind, not to buy greedily; nor spare your pains to look at it, and do not think it enough to go round it once. The oftener you go there the more it will please you, if it is good." I think I shall not buy greedily, but go round and round it as long as I live, and be buried in it first, that it may please me the more at last.

The present was my next experiment of this kind, which I purpose to describe more at length, for convenience, putting the experience of two years into one. As I have said, I do not propose to write an ode to dejection, but to brag as lustily as chanticleer in the morning, standing on his roost, if only to wake my neighbors up.

When first I took up my abode in the woods, that is, began to spend my nights as well as days there, which, by accident, was on Independence Day, or the Fourth of July, 1845, my house was not finished for winter, but was merely a defence against the rain, without plastering or chimney, the walls being of rough weather-stained boards, with wide chinks, which made it cool at night. The upright white hewn studs and freshly planed door and window casings gave it a clean and airy look, especially in the morning, when its timbers were saturated with dew, so that I fancied that by noon some sweet gum would exude from them. To my imagination it retained throughout the day more or less of this auroral character, reminding me of a certain house on a mountain which I had visited a year before. This was an airy and unplastered

cabin, fit to entertain a travelling god, and where a goddess might trail her garments. The winds which passed over my dwelling were such as sweep over the ridges of mountains, bearing the broken strains, or celestial parts only, of terrestrial music. The morning wind forever blows, the poem of creation is uninterrupted; but few are the ears that hear it. Olympus is but the outside of the earth everywhere.

The only house I had been the owner of before, if I except a boat, was a tent, which I used occasionally when making excursions in the summer, and this is still rolled up in my garret; but the boat, after passing from hand to hand, has gone down the stream of time. With this more substantial shelter about me, I had made some progress toward settling in the world. This frame, so slightly clad, was a sort of crystallization around me, and reacted on the builder. It was suggestive somewhat as a picture in outlines. I did not need to go out doors to take the air, for the atmosphere within had lost none of its freshness. It was not so much within doors as behind a door where I sat, even in the rainiest weather. The *Hariwansa*⁵ says, "An abode without birds is like a meat without seasoning." Such was not my abode, for I found myself suddenly neighbor to the birds; not by having imprisoned one, but having caged myself near them. I was not only nearer to some of those which commonly frequent the garden and the orchard, but to those wilder and more thrilling songsters of the forest which never, or rarely, serenade a villager, — the wood-thrush, the veery, the scarlet tanager, the field-sparrow, the whippoorwill, and many others.

I was seated by the shore of a small pond, about a mile and a half south of the village of Concord and somewhat higher than it, in the midst of an extensive wood between that town and Lincoln, and about two miles south of that our only field known to fame, Concord Battle Ground; but I was so low in the woods that the opposite shore, half a mile off, like the rest, covered with wood, was my most distant horizon. For the first week, whenever I looked out on the pond it impressed me like a tarn high up on the

side of a mountain, its bottom far above the surface of other lakes, and, as the sun arose, I saw it throwing off its nightly clothing of mist, and here and there, by degrees, its soft ripples or its smooth reflecting surface was revealed, while the mists, like ghosts, were stealthily withdrawing in every direction into the woods, as at the breaking up of some nocturnal conventicle. The very dew seemed to hang upon the trees later into the day than usual, as on the sides of mountains.

This small lake was of most value as a neighbor in the intervals of a gentle rain storm in August, when, both air and water being perfectly still, but the sky overcast, mid-afternoon had all the serenity of evening, and the wood-thrush sang around, and was heard from shore to shore. A lake like this is never smoother than at such a time; and the clear portion of the air above it being shallow and darkened by clouds, the water, full of light and reflections, becomes a lower heaven itself so much the more important. From a hill-top near by, where the wood had been recently cut off, there was a pleasing vista southward across the pond, through a wide indentation in the hills which form the shore there, where their opposite sides sloping toward each other suggested a stream flowing out in that direction through a wooded valley, but stream there was none. That way I looked between and over the near green hills to some distant and higher ones in the horizon, tinged with blue. Indeed, by standing on tiptoe I could catch a glimpse of some of the peaks of the still bluer and more distant mountain ranges in the north-west, those true-blue coins from heaven's own mint, and also of some portion of the village. But in other directions, even from this point, I could not see over or beyond the woods which surrounded me. It is well to have some water in your neighborhood, to give buoyancy to and float the earth. One value even of the smallest well is, that when you look into it you see that earth is not continent but insular. This is as important as that it keeps butter cool. When I looked across the pond from this peak toward the Sudbury meadows, which in time of flood I distinguished

elevated perhaps by a mirage in their seething valley, like a coin in a basin, all the earth beyond the pond appeared like a thin crust insulated and floated even by this small sheet of intervening water, and I was reminded that this on which I dwelt was but *dry land*.

Though the view from my door was still more contracted, I did not feel crowded or confined in the least. There was pasture enough for my imagination. The low shrub-oak plateau to which the opposite shore arose, stretched away toward the prairies of the West and the steppes of Tartary, affording ample room for all the roving families of men. "There are none happy in the world but beings who enjoy freely a vast horizon," — said Damodara,⁶ when his herds required new and larger pastures.

Both place and time were changed, and I dwelt nearer to those parts of the universe and to those eras in history which had most attracted me. Where I lived was as far off as many a region viewed nightly by astronomers. We are wont to imagine rare and delectable places in some remote and more celestial corner of the system, behind the constellation of Cassiopeia's Chair, far from noise and disturbance. I discovered that my house actually had its site in such a withdrawn, but forever new and unprofaned, part of the universe. If it were worth the while to settle in those parts near to the Pleiades or the Hyades, to Aldebaran or Altair,⁷ then I was really there, or at an equal remoteness from the life which I had left behind, dwindled and twinkling with as fine a ray to my nearest neighbor, and to be seen only in moonless nights by him. Such was that part of creation where I had squatted —

"There was a shepherd that did live,
And held his thoughts as high
As were the mounts whereon his flocks
Did hourly feed him by."

What should we think of the shepherd's life if his flocks always wandered to higher pastures than his thoughts?

Every morning was a cheerful invitation to make my life of equal simplicity, and I may say innocence, with Nature herself.

I have been as sincere a worshipper of Aurora⁸ as the Greeks. I got up early and bathed in the pond; that was a religious exercise, and one of the best things which I did. They say that characters were engraven on the bathing tub of king Tching-thang to this effect: "Renew thyself completely each day; do it again, and again, and forever again." I can understand that. Morning brings back the heroic ages. I was as much affected by the faint hum of a mosquito making its invisible and unimaginable tour through my apartment at earliest dawn, when I was sitting with door and windows open, as I could be by any trumpet that ever sang of fame. It was Homer's requiem; itself an Iliad and Odyssey in the air, singing its own wrath and wanderings. There was something cosmical about it; a standing advertisement, till forbidden, of the everlasting vigor and fertility of the world. The morning, which is the most memorable season of the day, is the awakening hour. Then there is least somnolence in us; and for an hour, at least, some part of us awakes which slumbers all the rest of the day and night. Little is to be expected of that day, if it can be called a day, to which we are not awakened by our Genius, but by the mechanical nudgings of some servitor; are not awakened by our own newly-acquired force and aspirations from within, accompanied by the undulations of celestial music, instead of factory bells, and a fragrance filling the air — to a higher life than we fell asleep from: and thus the darkness bear its fruit, and prove itself to be good, no less than the light. That man who does not believe that each day contains an earlier, more sacred, and auroral hour than he has yet profaned, has despaired of life, and is pursuing a descending and darkening way. After a partial cessation of his sensuous life, the soul of man, or its organs rather, are reinvigorated each day, and his Genius tries again what noble life it can make. All memorable events, I should say, transpire in morning time and in a morning atmosphere. The Vedas⁹ say, "All intelligences awake with the morning." Poetry and art, and the fairest and most memorable of the actions of men, date from such

an hour. All poets and heroes, like Memnon,¹⁰ are the children of Aurora, and emit their music at sunrise. To him whose elastic and vigorous thought keeps pace with the sun, the day is a perpetual morning. It matters not what the clocks say or the attitudes and labors of men. Morning is when I am awake and there is a dawn in me. Moral reform is the effort to throw off sleep. Why is it that men give so poor an account of their day if they have not been slumbering? They are not such poor calculators. If they had not been overcome with drowsiness they would have performed something. The millions are awake enough for physical labor; but only one in a million is awake enough for effective intellectual exertion, only one in a hundred millions to a poetic or divine life. To be awake is to be alive. I have never yet met a man who was quite awake. How could I have looked him in the face?

We must learn to reawaken and keep ourselves awake, not by mechanical aids, but by an infinite expectation of the dawn, which does not forsake us in our soundest sleep. I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavor. It is something to be able to paint a particular picture, or to carve a statue, and so to make a few objects beautiful; but it is far more glorious to carve and paint the very atmosphere and medium through which we look, which morally we can do. To affect the quality of the day, that is the highest of arts. Every man is tasked to make his life, even in its details, worthy of the contemplation of his most elevated and critical hour. If we refused, or rather used up, such paltry information as we get, the oracles would distinctly inform us how this might be done.

I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practise resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so

sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, and to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion.¹¹ For most men, it appears to me, are in a strange uncertainty about it, whether it is of the devil or of God, and have *somewhat hastily* concluded that it is the chief end of man here to "glorify God and enjoy him forever."¹²

Still we live meanly, like ants; though the fable tells us that we were long ago changed into men; like pygmies we fight with cranes, it is error upon error, and clout upon clout, and our best virtue has for its occasion a superfluous and evitable wretchedness. Our life is frittered away by detail. An honest man has hardly need to count more than his ten fingers, or in extreme cases he may add his ten toes, and lump the rest. Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity! I say, let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand; instead of a million count half a dozen, and keep your accounts on your thumb nail. In the midst of this chopping sea of civilized life, such are the clouds and storms and quicksands and thousand-and-one items to be allowed for, that a man has to live, if he would not founder and go to the bottom and not make his port at all, by dead reckoning, and he must be a great calculator indeed who succeeds. Simplify, simplify. Instead of three meals a day, if it be necessary eat but one; instead of a hundred dishes, five; and reduce other things in proportion. Our life is like a German Confederacy, made up of petty states, with its boundary forever fluctuating, so that even a German cannot tell you how it is bounded at any moment. The nation itself, with all its so-called internal improvements, which, by the way, are all external and superficial, is just such an unwieldy and overgrown establishment, cluttered with furniture and tripped up by its own traps, ruined by luxury and heedless expense, by want of

calculation and a worthy aim, as the million households in the land; and the only cure for it as for them is in a rigid economy, a stern and more than Spartan simplicity of life and elevation of purpose. It lives too fast. Men think that it is essential that the *Nation* have commerce, and export ice, and talk through a telegraph, and ride thirty miles an hour, without a doubt, whether *they* do or not; but whether we should live like baboons or like men, is a little uncertain. If we do not get out sleepers, and forge rails, and devote days and nights to the work, but go tinkering upon our *lives* to improve *them*, who will build railroads? And if railroads are not built, how shall we get to heaven in season? But if we stay at home and mind our business, who will want railroads? We do not ride on the railroad; it rides upon us. Did you ever think what those sleepers are that underlie the railroad? Each one is a man, an Irishman, or a Yankee man. The rails are laid on them, and they are covered with sand, and the cars run smoothly over them. They are sound sleepers, I assure you. And every few years a new lot is laid down and run over; so that, if some have the pleasure of riding on a rail, others have the misfortune to be ridden upon. And when they run over a man that is walking in his sleep, a supernumerary sleeper in the wrong position, and wake him up, they suddenly stop the cars, and make a hue and cry about it, as if this were an exception. I am glad to know that it takes a gang of men for every five miles to keep the sleepers down and level in their beds as it is, for this is a sign that they may sometime get up again.

Why should we live with such hurry and

waste of life? We are determined to be starved before we are hungry. Men say that a stitch in time saves nine, and so they take a thousand stitches to-day to save nine to-morrow. As for *work*, we haven't any of any consequence. We have the St. Vitus' dance, and cannot possibly keep our heads still. If I should only give a few pulls at the parish bell-rope, as for a fire, that is, without setting the bell,¹³ there is hardly a man on his farm in the outskirts of Concord, notwithstanding that press of engagements which was his excuse so many times this morning, nor a boy, nor a woman, I might also say, but would forsake all and follow that sound, not mainly to save property from the flames, but, if we will confess the truth, much more to see it burn, since burn it must, and we, be it known, did not set it on fire, — or to see it put out, and have a hand in it, if that is done as handsomely; yes, even if it were the parish church itself. Hardly a man takes a half hour's nap after dinner, but when he wakes he holds up his head and asks, "What's the news?" as if the rest of mankind had stood his sentinels. Some give directions to be waked every half hour, doubtless for no other purpose; and then to pay for it, they tell what they have dreamed. After a night's sleep the news is as indispensable as the breakfast. "Pray tell me anything new that has happened to a man any where on this globe," — and he reads it over his coffee and rolls, that a man has had his eyes gouged out this morning on the Wachito River; never dreaming the while that he lives in the dark unfathomed mammoth cave of this world, and has but the rudiment of an eye himself. . . . 1854

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (1804-1864)

DR. HEIDEGGER'S EXPERIMENT

THAT very singular man, old Dr. Heidegger, once invited four venerable friends to meet him in his study. There were three white-bearded gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, and a withered gentlewoman, whose name was the Widow Wycherly. They were all

melancholy old creatures, who had been unfortunate in life, and whose greatest misfortune it was, that they were not long ago in their graves. Mr. Medbourne, in the vigor of his age, had been a prosperous merchant, but had lost his all by a frantic speculation, and was now little better than

a mendicant. Colonel Killigrew had wasted his best years, and his health and substance, in the pursuit of sinful pleasures, which had given birth to a brood of pains, such as the gout, and divers other torments of soul and body. Mr. Gascoigne was a ruined politician, a man of evil fame, or at least had been so, till time had buried him from the knowledge of the present generation, and made him obscure instead of infamous. As for the Widow Wycherly, tradition tells us that she was a great beauty in her day; but for a long while past, she had lived in deep seclusion, on account of certain scandalous stories, which had prejudiced the gentry of the town against her. It is a circumstance worth mentioning, that each of these three old gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, were early lovers of the Widow Wycherly, and had once been on the point of cutting each others' throats for her sake. And, before proceeding further, I will merely hint, that Dr. Heidegger and all his four guests were sometimes thought to be a little beside themselves; as is not unfrequently the case with old people, when worried either by present troubles or woeful recollections.

"My dear old friends," said Dr. Heidegger, motioning them to be seated, "I am desirous of your assistance in one of those little experiments with which I amuse myself here in my study."

If all stories were true, Dr. Heidegger's study must have been a very curious place. It was a dim, old-fashioned chamber festooned with cobwebs, and besprinkled with antique dust. Around the walls stood several oaken bookcases, the lower shelves of which were filled with rows of gigantic folios, and black-letter quartos, and the upper with little parchment-covered duodecimos. Over the central bookcase was a bronze bust of Hippocrates,¹ with which, according to some authorities, Dr. Heidegger was accustomed to hold consultations, in all difficult cases of his practice. In the obscurest corner of the room stood a tall and narrow oaken closet, with its door ajar, within which doubtfully appeared a skeleton. Between two of the bookcases hung a looking-glass, presenting its high and dusty plate within a tarnished

gilt frame. Among many wonderful stories related of this mirror, it was fabled that the spirits of all the doctor's deceased patients dwelt within its verge, and would stare him in the face whenever he looked thitherward. The opposite side of the chamber was ornamented with the full-length portrait of a young lady, arrayed in the faded magnificence of silk, satin, and brocade, and with a visage as faded as her dress. Above half a century ago Dr. Heidegger had been on the point of marriage with this young lady; but, being affected with some slight disorder, she had swallowed one of her lover's prescriptions, and died on the bridal evening. The greatest curiosity of the study remains to be mentioned; it was a ponderous folio volume, bound in black leather, with massive silver clasps. There were no letters on the back, and nobody could tell the title of the book. But it was well known to be a book of magic; and once, when a chambermaid had lifted it, merely to brush away the dust, the skeleton had rattled in its closet, the picture of the young lady had stepped one foot upon the floor, and several ghastly faces had peeped forth from the mirror; while the brazen head of Hippocrates frowned, and said — "Forbear!"

Such was Dr. Heidegger's study. On the summer afternoon of our tale, a small round table, as black as ebony, stood in the center of the room sustaining a cut-glass vase of beautiful form and elaborate workmanship. The sunshine came through the window, between the heavy festoons of two faded damask curtains, and fell directly across this vase, so that a mild splendor was reflected from it on the ashen visages of the five old people who sat around. Four champagne glasses were also on the table.

"My dear old friends," repeated Dr. Heidegger, "may I reckon on your aid in performing an exceedingly curious experiment?"

Now Dr. Heidegger was a very strange old gentleman, whose eccentricity had become the nucleus for a thousand fantastic stories. Some of these fables, to my shame be it spoken, might possibly be traced back to mine own veracious self; and if any passage of the present tale

should startle the reader's faith, I must be content to bear the stigma of a fiction monger.

When the doctor's four guests heard him talk of his proposed experiment, they anticipated nothing more wonderful than the murder of a mouse in an air pump, or the examination of a cobweb by the microscope, or some similar nonsense, with which he was constantly in the habit of pestering his intimates. But without waiting for a reply, Dr. Heidegger hobbled across the chamber, and returned with the same ponderous folio, bound in black leather, which common report affirmed to be a book of magic. Undoing the silver clasps, he opened the volume, and took from among its black-letter pages a rose, or what was once a rose, though now the green leaves and crimson petals had assumed one brownish hue, and the ancient flower seemed ready to crumble to dust in the doctor's hands.

"This rose," said Dr. Heidegger, with a sigh, "this same withered and crumbling flower, blossomed five and fifty years ago. It was given me by Sylvia Ward, whose portrait hangs yonder; and I meant to wear it in my bosom at our wedding. Five and fifty years it has been treasured between the leaves of this old volume. Now, would you deem it possible that this rose of half a century could ever bloom again?"

"Nonsense!" said the Widow Wycherly, with a peevish toss of her head. "You might as well ask whether an old woman's wrinkled face could ever bloom again."

"See!" answered Dr. Heidegger.

He uncovered the vase, and threw the faded rose into the water which it contained. At first it lay lightly on the surface of the fluid, appearing to imbibe none of its moisture. Soon, however, a singular change began to be visible. The crushed and dried petals stirred, and assumed a deepening tinge of crimson, as if the flower were reviving from a death-like slumber; the slender stalk and twigs of foliage became green; and there was the rose of half a century, looking as fresh as when Sylvia Ward had first given it to her lover. It was scarcely full blown; for some of its delicate red leaves curled modestly

around its moist bosom, within which two or three dewdrops were sparkling.

"That is certainly a very pretty deception," said the doctor's friends; carelessly, however, for they had witnessed greater miracles at a conjurer's show; "pray how was it effected?"

"Did you never hear of the 'Fountain of Youth'?" asked Dr. Heidegger, "which Ponce De Leon,² the Spanish adventurer, went in search of two or three centuries ago?"

"But did Ponce De Leon ever find it?" said the Widow Wycherly.

"No," answered Dr. Heidegger, "for he never sought it in the right place. The famous Fountain of Youth, if I am rightly informed, is situated in the southern part of the Floridian peninsula, not far from Lake Macaco. Its source is overshadowed by several gigantic magnolias, which, though numberless centuries old, have been kept as fresh as violets, by the virtues of this wonderful water. An acquaintance of mine, knowing my curiosity in such matters, has sent me what you see in the vase."

"Ahem!" said Colonel Killigrew, who believed not a word of the doctor's story; "and what may be the effect of this fluid on the human frame?"

"You shall judge for yourself, my dear Colonel," replied Dr. Heidegger; "and all of you, my respected friends, are welcome to so much of this admirable fluid, as may restore to you the bloom of youth. For my own part, having had much trouble in growing old, I am in no hurry to grow young again. With your permission, therefore, I will merely watch the progress of the experiment."

While he spoke, Dr. Heidegger had been filling the four champagne glasses with the water of the Fountain of Youth. It was apparently impregnated with an effervescent gas, for little bubbles were continually ascending from the depths of the glasses, and bursting in silvery spray at the surface. As the liquor diffused a pleasant perfume, the old people doubted not that it possessed cordial and comfortable properties; and, though utter sceptics as to its rejuvenescent power, they were inclined to swallow it at once. But Dr.

Heidegger besought them to stay a moment.

"Before you drink, my respectable old friends," said he, "it would be well that, with the experience of a lifetime to direct you, you should draw up a few general rules for your guidance, in passing a second time through the perils of youth. Think what a sin and shame it would be, if, with your peculiar advantages, you should not become patterns of virtue and wisdom to all the young people of the age!"

The doctor's four venerable friends made him no answer, except by a feeble and tremulous laugh; so very ridiculous was the idea, that, knowing how closely repentance treads behind the steps of error, they should ever go stray again.

"Drink, then," said the doctor, bowing; "I rejoice that I have so well selected the subjects of my experiment."

With palsied hands, they raised the glasses to their lips. The liquor, if it really possessed such virtues as Dr. Heidegger imputed to it, could not have been bestowed on four human beings who needed it more wofully. They looked as if they had never known what youth or pleasure was, but had been the offspring of Nature's dotage, and always the gray, decrepit, sapless, miserable creatures, who now sat stooping round the doctor's table, without life enough in their souls or bodies to be animated even by the prospect of growing young again. They drank off the water, and replaced their glasses on the table.

Assuredly there was an almost immediate improvement in the aspect of the party, not unlike what might have been produced by a glass of generous wine, together with a sudden glow of cheerful sunshine, brightening over all their visages at once. There was a healthful suffusion on their cheeks, instead of the ashen hue that had made them look so corpse-like. They gazed at one another, and fancied that some magic power had really begun to smooth away the deep and sad inscriptions which Father Time had been so long engraving on their brows. The Widow Wycherly adjusted her cap, for she felt almost like a woman again.

"Give us more of this wondrous water!" cried they, eagerly. "We are younger —

but we are still too old! Quick — give us more!"

"Patience, patience!" quoth Dr. Heidegger, who sat watching the experiment, with philosophic coolness. "You have been a long time growing old. Surely, you might be content to grow young in half an hour! But the water is at your service."

Again he filled their glasses with the liquor of youth, enough of which still remained in the vase to turn half the old people in the city to the age of their own grandchildren. While the bubbles were yet sparkling on the brim, the doctor's four guests snatched their glasses from the table, and swallowed the contents at a single gulp. Was it delusion? Even while the draught was passing down their throats, it seemed to have wrought a change on their whole systems. Their eyes grew clear and bright; a dark shade deepened among their silvery locks; they sat around the table, three gentlemen, of middle age, and a woman, hardly beyond her buxom prime.

"My dear widow, you are charming!" cried Colonel Killigrew, whose eyes had been fixed upon her face, while the shadows of age were flitting from it like darkness from the crimson daybreak.

The fair widow knew, of old, that Colonel Killigrew's compliments were not always measured by sober truth; so she started up and ran to the mirror, still dreading that the ugly visage of an old woman would meet her gaze. Meanwhile, the three gentlemen behaved in such a manner as proved that the water of the Fountain of Youth possessed some intoxicating qualities; unless, indeed, their exhilaration of spirits were merely a light-some dizziness, caused by the sudden removal of the weight of years. Mr. Gascoigne's mind seemed to run on political topics, but whether relating to the past, present, or future, could not easily be determined, since the same ideas and phrases have been in vogue these fifty years. Now he rattled forth full-throated sentences about patriotism, national glory, and the people's right; now he muttered some perilous stuff or other, in a sly and doubtful whisper, so cautiously that even his own conscience could scarcely catch

the secret; and now, again, he spoke in measured accents, and a deeply deferential tone, as if a royal ear were listening to his well-turned periods. Colonel Killigrew all this time had been trolling forth a jolly bottle song, and ringing his glass in symphony with the chorus, while his eyes wandered toward the buxom figure of the Widow Wycherly. On the other side of the table, Mr. Medbourne was involved in a calculation of dollars and cents, with which was strangely intermingled a project for supplying the East Indies with ice, by harnessing a team of whales to the polar icebergs.

As for the Widow Wycherly, she stood before the mirror courtesying and simpering to her own image, and greeting it as the friend whom she loved better than all the world beside. She thrust her face close to the glass, to see whether some long-remembered wrinkle or crow's-foot had indeed vanished. She examined whether the snow had so entirely melted from her hair, that the venerable cap could be safely thrown aside. At last, turning briskly away, she came with a sort of dancing step to the table.

"My dear old doctor," cried she, "pray favor me with another glass!"

"Certainly, my dear madam, certainly!" replied the complaisant doctor; "see! I have already filled the glasses."

There, in fact, stood the four glasses, brimful of this wonderful water, the delicate spray of which, as it effervesced from the surface, resembled the tremulous glitter of diamonds. It was now so nearly sunset, that the chamber had grown duskier than ever; but a mild and moonlight splendor gleamed from within the vase, and rested alike on the four guests and on the doctor's venerable figure. He sat in a high-backed, elaborately-carved, oaken armchair, with a gray dignity of aspect that might have well befitted that very Father Time, whose power had never been disputed, save by this fortunate company. Even while quaffing the third draught of the Fountain of Youth, they were almost awed by the expression of his mysterious visage.

But, the next moment, the exhilarating gush of young life shot through their veins.

They were now in the happy prime of youth. Age, with its miserable train of cares, and sorrows, and diseases, was remembered only as the trouble of a dream, from which they had joyously awoke. The fresh gloss of the soul, so early lost, and without which the world's successive scenes had been but a gallery of faded pictures, again threw its enchantment over all their prospects. They felt like new-created beings, in a new-created universe.

"We are young! We are young!" they cried exultingly.

Youth, like the extremity of age, had effaced the strongly-marked characteristics of middle life, and mutually assimilated them all. They were a group of merry youngsters, almost maddened with the exuberant frolicsomeness of their years. The most singular effect of their gayety was an impulse to mock the infirmity and decrepitude of which they had so lately been the victims. They laughed loudly at their old-fashioned attire, the wide-skirted coats and flapped waistcoats of the young men, and the ancient cap and gown of the blooming girl. One limped across the floor, like a gouty grandfather; one set a pair of spectacles astride of his nose, and pretended to pore over the black-letter pages of the book of magic; a third seated himself in an armchair, and strove to imitate the venerable dignity of Dr. Heidegger. Then all shouted mirthfully, and leaped about the room. The Widow Wycherly — if so fresh a damsel could be called a widow — tripped up to the doctor's chair, with a mischievous merriment in her rosy face.

"Doctor, you dear old soul," cried she, "get up and dance with me!" And then the four young people laughed louder than ever to think what a queer figure the poor old doctor would cut.

"Pray excuse me," answered the doctor, quietly. "I am old and rheumatic, and my dancing days were over long ago. But either of these gay young gentlemen will be glad of so pretty a partner."

"Dance with me, Clara!" cried Colonel Killigrew.

"No, no, I will be her partner!" shouted Mr. Gascoigne.

"She promised me her hand fifty years ago!" exclaimed Mr. Medbourne.

They all gathered round her. One caught both her hands in his passionate grasp — another threw his arm about her waist — the third buried his hand among the glossy curls that clustered beneath the widow's cap. Blushing, panting, struggling, chiding, laughing, her warm breath fanning each of their faces by turns, she strove to disengage herself, yet still remained in their triple embrace. Never was there a livelier picture of youthful rivalry, with bewitching beauty for the prize. Yet, by a strange deception, owing to the duskiness of the chamber, and the antique dresses which they still wore, the tall mirror is said to have reflected the figures of the three old, gray, withered grandsires, ridiculously contending for the skinny ugliness of a shrivelled grandam.

But they were young: their burning passions proved them so. Inflamed to madness by the coquetry of the girl-widow, who neither granted nor quite withheld her favors, the three rivals began to interchange threatening glances. Still keeping hold of the fair prize, they grappled fiercely at one another's throats. As they struggled to and fro, the table was overturned, and the vase dashed into a thousand fragments. The precious Water of Youth flowed in a bright stream across the floor, moistening the wings of a butterfly, which, grown old in the decline of summer, had alighted there to die. The insect fluttered lightly through the chamber, and settled on the snowy head of Dr. Heidegger.

"Come, come gentlemen! — come, Madame Wycherly," exclaimed the doctor, "I really must protest against this riot."

They stood still, and shivered; for it seemed as if gray Time were calling them back from their sunny youth, far down into the chill and darksome vale of years. They looked at old Dr. Heidegger, who sat in his carved armchair, holding the rose of half a century, which he had rescued from among the fragments of the shattered vase. At the motion of his hand, the four rioters resumed their seats; the more readily because their violent exertions had wearied them, youthful though they were.

"My poor Sylvia's rose!" ejaculated

Dr. Heidegger, holding it in the light of the sunset clouds; "it appears to be fading again."

And so it was. Even while the party were looking at it, the flower continued to shrivel up, till it became as dry and fragile as when the doctor had first thrown it into the vase. He shook off the few drops of moisture which clung to its petals.

"I love it as well thus, as in its dewy freshness," observed he, pressing the withered rose to his withered lips. While he spoke, the butterfly fluttered down from the doctor's snowy head, and fell upon the floor.

His guests shivered again. A strange chilliness, whether of the body or spirit they could not tell, was creeping gradually over them all. They gazed at one another, and fancied that each fleeting moment snatched away a charm, and left a deepening furrow where none had been before. Was it an illusion? Had the changes of a lifetime been crowded into so brief a space, and were they now four aged people, sitting with their old friend, Dr. Heidegger?

"Are we grown old again, so soon?" cried they, dolefully.

In truth they had. The Water of Youth possessed merely a virtue more transient than that of wine. The delirium which it created had effervesced away. Yes! they were old again. With a shuddering impulse, that showed her a woman still, the widow clasped her skinny hands before her face, and wished that the coffin lid were over it, since it could no longer be beautiful.

"Yes, friends, we are old again," said Dr. Heidegger; "and lo! the Water of Youth is all lavished on the ground. Well — I bemoan it not; for if the fountain gushed at my very doorstep, I would not stoop to bathe my lips in it — no, though its delirium were for years instead of moments. Such is the lesson ye have taught me!"

But the doctor's four friends had taught no such lesson to themselves. They resolved forthwith to make a pilgrimage to Florida, and quaff at morning, noon, and night, from the Fountain of Youth.

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-1849)

THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO

THE thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could, but when he ventured upon insult I vowed revenge. You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that I gave utterance to a threat. *At length* I would be avenged; this was a point definitely settled — but the very definitiveness with which it was resolved precluded the idea of risk. I must not only punish but punish with impunity. A wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes its redresser. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong.

It must be understood that neither by word nor deed had I given Fortunato cause to doubt my good will. I continued, as was my wont, to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my smile *now* was at the thought of his immolation.

He had a weak point — this Fortunato — although in other regards he was a man to be respected and even feared. He prided himself on his connoisseurship in wine. Few Italians have the true virtuoso spirit. For the most part their enthusiasm is adopted to suit the time and opportunity, to practise imposture upon the British and Austrian millionaires. In painting and gemmary, Fortunato, like his countrymen, was a quack, but in the matter of old wines he was sincere. In this respect I did not differ from him materially; — I was skilful in the Italian vintages myself, and bought largely whenever I could.

It was about dusk, one evening during the supreme madness of the carnival season, that I encountered my friend. He accosted me with excessive warmth, for he had been drinking much. The man wore motley. He had on a tight-fitting parti-striped dress, and his head was surmounted by the conical cap and bells. I was so pleased to see him that I thought I should never have done wringing his hand.

I said to him, "My dear Fortunato, you are luckily met. How remarkably well you are looking to-day. But I have

received a pipe of what passes for Amontillado, and I have my doubts."

"How?" said he. "Amontillado? A pipe? Impossible! And in the middle of the carnival!"

"I have my doubts," I replied; "and I was silly enough to pay the full Amontillado price without consulting you in the matter. You were not to be found, and I was fearful of losing a bargain."

"Amontillado!"

"I have my doubts."

"Amontillado!"

"And I must satisfy them."

"Amontillado!"

"As you are engaged, I am on my way to Luchesi. If any one has a critical turn it is he. He will tell me ——"

"Luchesi cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry."

"And yet some fools will have it that his taste is a match for your own."

"Come, let us go."

"Whither?"

"To your vaults."

"My friend, no; I will not impose upon your good-nature. I perceive you have an engagement. Luchesi ——"

"I have no engagement; — come."

"My friend, no. It is not the engagement, but the severe cold with which I perceive you are afflicted. The vaults are insufferably damp. They are encrusted with nitre."

"Let us go, nevertheless. The cold is merely nothing. Amontillado! You have been imposed upon. And as for Luchesi, he cannot distinguish Sherry from Amontillado."

Thus speaking, Fortunato possessed himself of my arm. Putting on a mask of black silk and drawing a *roquelaure*¹ closely about my person, I suffered him to hurry me to my palazzo.

There were no attendants at home; they had absconded to make merry in honour of the time. I had told them that I should not return until the morning, and had given them explicit orders not to stir from

the house. These orders were sufficient, I well knew, to insure their immediate disappearance, one and all, as soon as my back was turned.

I took from their sconces two flambeaux, and giving one to Fortunato, bowed him through several suites of rooms to the archway that led into the vaults. I passed down a long and winding staircase, requesting him to be cautious as he followed. We came at length to the foot of the descent, and stood together upon the damp ground of the catacombs of the Montresors.

The gait of my friend was unsteady, and the bells upon his cap jingled as he strode.

"The pipe," he said.

"It is farther on," said I; "but observe the white web-work which gleams from these cavern walls."

He turned towards me, and looked into my eyes with two filmy orbs that distilled the rheum of intoxication.

"Nitre?" he asked, at length.

"Nitre," I replied. "How long have you had that cough?"

"Ugh! ugh! ugh! — ugh! ugh! ugh! — ugh! ugh! ugh! — ugh! ugh! ugh! — ugh! ugh!"

My poor friend found it impossible to reply for many minutes.

"It is nothing," he said, at last.

"Come," I said, with decision, "we will go back; your health is precious. You are rich, respected, admired, beloved; you are happy, as once I was. You are a man to be missed. For me it is no matter. We will go back; you will be ill, and I cannot be responsible. Besides, there is Luchesi——"

"Enough," he said; "the cough is a mere nothing; it will not kill me. I shall not die of a cough."

"True — true," I replied; "and, indeed, I had no intention of alarming you unnecessarily — but you should use all proper caution. A draught of this Medoc will defend us from the damp."

Here I knocked off the neck of a bottle which I drew from a long row of its fellows that lay upon the mould.

"Drink," I said, presenting him the wine.

He raised it to his lips with a leer. He paused and nodded to me familiarly, while his bells jingled.

"I drink," he said, "to the buried that repose around us."

"And I to your long life."

He again took my arm, and we proceeded.

"These vaults," he said, "are extensive."

"The Montresors," I replied, "were a great and numerous family."

"I forget your arms."

"A huge human foot d'or, in a field azure; the foot crushes a serpent rampant whose fangs are imbedded in the heel."

"And the motto?"

"*Nemo me impune lacessit.*"

"Good!" he said.

The wine sparkled in his eyes and the bells jingled. My own fancy grew warm with the Medoc. We had passed through walls of piled bones, with casks and puncheons intermingling, into the inmost recesses of the catacombs. I paused again, and this time I made bold to seize Fortunato by an arm above the elbow.

"The nitre!" I said; "see, it increases. It hangs like moss upon the vaults. We are below the river's bed. The drops of moisture trickle among the bones. Come, we will go back ere it is too late. Your cough ——"

"It is nothing," he said; "let us go on. But first, another draught of the Medoc."

I broke and reached him a flagon of De Grâve. He emptied it at a breath. His eyes flashed with a fierce light. He laughed and threw the bottle upwards with a gesticulation I did not understand.

I looked at him in surprise. He repeated the movement — a grotesque one.

"You do not comprehend?" he said.

"Not I," I replied.

"Then you are not of the brotherhood."

"How?"

"You are not of the masons."

"Yes, yes," I said; "yes, yes."

"You? Impossible! A mason?"

"A mason," I replied.

"A sign," he said.

"It is this," I answered, producing a trowel from beneath the folds of my *roquelaure*.

"You jest," he exclaimed, recoiling a few paces. "But let us proceed to the Amon-tillado."

"Be it so," I said, replacing the tool be-

neath the cloak and again offering my arm. He leaned upon it heavily. We continued our route in search of the Amontillado. We passed through a range of low arches, descended, passed on, and, descending again, arrived at a deep crypt, in which the foulness of the air caused our flambeaux rather to glow than flame.

At the most remote end of the crypt there appeared another less spacious. Its walls had been lined with human remains, piled to the vault overhead, in the fashion of the great catacombs of Paris. Three sides of this interior crypt were still ornamented in this manner. From the fourth the bones had been thrown down, and lay promiscuously upon the earth, forming at one point a mound of some size. Within the wall thus exposed by the displacing of the bones, we perceived a still interior recess, in depth about four feet, in width three, in height six or seven. It seemed to have been constructed for no especial use within itself, but formed merely the interval between two of the colossal supports of the roof of the catacombs, and was backed by one of their circumscribing walls of solid granite.

It was in vain that Fortunato, uplifting his dull torch, endeavoured to pry into the depths of the recess. Its termination the feeble light did not enable us to see.

"Proceed," I said; "herein is the Amontillado. As for Luchesi——"

"He is an ignoramus," interrupted my friend, as he stepped unsteadily forward, while I followed immediately at his heels. In an instant he had reached the extremity of the niche, and finding his progress arrested by the rock, stood stupidly bewildered. A moment more and I had fettered him to the granite. In its surface were two iron staples, distant from each other about two feet, horizontally. From one of these depended a short chain, from the other a padlock. Throwing the links about his waist, it was but the work of a few seconds to secure it. He was too much astounded to resist. Withdrawing the key, I stepped back from the recess.

"Pass your hand," I said, "over the wall; you cannot help feeling the nitre. Indeed, it is *very damp*. Once more let me

implore you to return. No? Then I must positively leave you. But I must first render you all the little attentions in my power."

"The Amontillado!" ejaculated my friend, not yet recovered from his astonishment.

"True," I replied; "the Amontillado."

As I said these words I busied myself among the pile of bones of which I have before spoken. Throwing them aside, I soon uncovered a quantity of building stone and mortar. With these materials and with the aid of my trowel, I began vigorously to wall up the entrance of the niche.

I had scarcely laid the first tier of the masonry when I discovered that the intoxication of Fortunato had in a great measure worn off. The earliest indication I had of this was a low moaning cry from the depth of the recess. It was *not* the cry of a drunken man. There was then a long and obstinate silence. I laid the second tier, and the third, and the fourth; and then I heard the furious vibrations of the chain. The noise lasted for several minutes, during which, that I might hearken to it with the more satisfaction, I ceased my labors and sat down upon the bones. When at last the clanking subsided, I resumed the trowel, and finished without interruption the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh tier. The wall was now nearly upon a level with my breast. I again paused, and holding the flambeaux over the mason-work, threw a few feeble rays upon the figure within.

A succession of loud and shrill screams, bursting suddenly from the throat of the chained form, seemed to thrust me violently back. For a brief moment I hesitated—I trembled. Unsheathing my rapier, I began to grope with it about the recess; but the thought of an instant reassured me. I placed my hand upon the solid fabric of the catacombs, and felt satisfied. I reapproached the wall. I replied to the yells of him who clamored. I re-echoed, I aided, I surpassed them in volume and in strength. I did this, and the clamor grew still.

It was now midnight, and my task was drawing to a close. I had completed the

eighth, the ninth, and the tenth tier. I had finished a portion of the last and the eleventh; there remained but a single stone to be fitted and plastered in. I struggled with its weight; I placed it partially in its destined position. But now there came from out the niche a low laugh that erected the hairs upon my head. It was succeeded by a sad voice, which I had difficulty in recognizing as that of the noble Fortunato. The voice said —

"Ha! ha! ha! — he! he! he! — a very good joke indeed — an excellent jest. We will have many a rich laugh about it at the palazzo — he! he! he! — over our wine — he! he! he!"

"The Amontillado!" I said.

"He! he! he! — he! he! he! — yes, the Amontillado. But is it not getting late? Will not they be awaiting us at the palazzo, the Lady Fortunato and the rest? Let us be gone."

"Yes," I said, "let us be gone."

"For the love of God, Montresor!"

"Yes," I said, "for the love of God!"

But to these words I hearkened in vain for a reply. I grew impatient. I called aloud —

"Fortunato!"

No answer. I called again —

"Fortunato!"

No answer still. I thrust a torch through the remaining aperture and let it fall within. There came forth in return only a jingling of the bells. My heart grew sick — on account of the dampness of the catacombs. I hastened to make an end of my labor. I forced the last stone into its position; I plastered it up. Against the new masonry I re-erected the old rampart of bones. For the half of a century no mortal has disturbed them. *In pace requiescat!*

1846

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER

*Son cœur est un luth suspendu,
S'ilôt qu'on le touche il résonne.*

BÉRANGER¹

During the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country; and at length found myself, as the shades of the evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher. I know not how it was, but, with the first glimpse of the building, a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable; for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or terrible. I looked upon the scene before me — upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain, upon the bleak walls, upon the vacant eye-like windows, upon a few rank sedges, and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees — with an utter depression of soul which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after-dream of the reveler

upon opium: the bitter lapse into everyday life, the hideous dropping off of the veil. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart, an unredeemed dreariness of thought which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime. What was it — I paused to think — what was it that so unnerved me in the contemplation of the House of Usher? It was a mystery all insoluble; nor could I grapple with the shadowy fancies that crowded upon me as I pondered. I was forced to fall back upon the unsatisfactory conclusion that while, beyond doubt, there are combinations of very simple natural objects which have the power of thus affecting us, still the analysis of this power lies among considerations beyond our depth. It was possible, I reflected, that a mere different arrangement of the particulars of the scene, of the details of the picture, would be sufficient to modify, or perhaps to annihilate, its capacity for sorrowful impression; and acting upon this idea, I reined my horse to the precipitous brink of a black and lurid tarn that lay in unruffled luster by the dwelling, and gazed down — but with a shudder even more thrilling than before —

upon the remodeled and inverted images of the gray sedge, and the ghastly tree-stems, and the vacant and eye-like windows.

Nevertheless, in this mansion of gloom I now proposed to myself a sojourn of some weeks. Its proprietor, Roderick Usher, had been one of my boon companions in boyhood; but many years had elapsed since our last meeting. A letter, however, had lately reached me in a distant part of the country — a letter from him — which in its wildly importunate nature had admitted of no other than a personal reply. The MS. gave evidence of nervous agitation. The writer spoke of acute bodily illness, of a mental disorder which oppressed him, and of an earnest desire to see me, as his best and indeed his only personal friend, with a view of attempting, by the cheerfulness of my society, some alleviation of his malady. It was the manner in which all this, and much more, was said — it was the apparent *heart* that went with his request — which allowed me no room for hesitation; and I accordingly obeyed forthwith what I still considered a very singular summons.

Although as boys we had been even intimate associates, yet I really knew little of my friend. His reserve had been always excessive and habitual. I was aware, however, that his very ancient family had been noted, time out of mind, for a peculiar sensibility of temperament, displaying itself, through long ages, in many works of exalted art, and manifested of late in repeated deeds of munificent yet unobtrusive charity, as well as in a passionate devotion to the intricacies, perhaps even more than to the orthodox and easily recognizable beauties, of musical science. I had learned, too, the very remarkable fact that the stem of the Usher race, all time-honored as it was, had put forth at no period any enduring branch; in other words, that the entire family lay in the direct line of descent, and had always, with a very trifling and very temporary variation, so lain. It was this deficiency, I considered, while running over in thought the perfect keeping of the character of the premises with the accredited character of the people, and while speculating upon

the possible influence which the one, in the long lapse of centuries, might have exercised upon the other, — it was this deficiency, perhaps, of collateral issue, and the consequent undeviating transmission from sire to son of the patrimony with the name, which had at length so identified the two as to merge the original title of the estate in the quaint and equivocal appellation of the "House of Usher" — an appellation which seemed to include, in the minds of the peasantry who used it, both the family and the family mansion.

I have said that the sole effect of my somewhat childish experiment, that of looking down within the tarn, had been to deepen the first singular impression. There can be no doubt that the consciousness of the rapid increase of my superstition — for why should I not so term it? — served mainly to accelerate the increase itself. Such, I have long known, is the paradoxical law of all sentiments having terror as a basis. And it might have been for this reason only, that, when I again uplifted my eyes to the house itself, from its image in the pool, there grew in my mind a strange fancy — a fancy so ridiculous, indeed, that I but mention it to show the vivid force of the sensations which oppressed me. I had so worked upon my imagination as really to believe that about the whole mansion and domain there hung an atmosphere peculiar to themselves and their immediate vicinity: an atmosphere which had no affinity with the air of heaven, but which had reeked up from the decayed trees, and the gray wall, and the silent tarn: a pestilent and mystic vapor, dull, sluggish, faintly discernible, and leaden-hued.

Shaking off from my spirit what *must* have been a dream, I scanned more narrowly the real aspect of the building. Its principal feature seemed to be that of an excessive antiquity. The discoloration of ages had been great. Minute fungi overspread the whole exterior, hanging in a fine tangled web-work from the eaves. Yet all this was apart from any extraordinary dilapidation. No portion of the masonry had fallen; and there appeared to be a wild inconsistency between its still perfect adaptation of parts and the

crumbling condition of the individual stones. In this there was much that reminded me of the specious totality of old wood-work which has rotted for long years in some neglected vault, with no disturbance from the breath of the external air. Beyond this indication of extensive decay, however, the fabric gave little token of instability. Perhaps the eye of a scrutinizing observer might have discovered a barely perceptible fissure, which, extending from the roof of the building in front, made its way down the wall in a zigzag direction, until it became lost in the sullen waters of the tarn.

Noticing these things, I rode over a short causeway to the house. A servant in waiting took my horse, and I entered the Gothic archway of the hall. A valet, of stealthy step, thence conducted me in silence through many dark and intricate passages in my progress to the studio of his master. Much that I encountered on the way contributed, I know not how, to heighten the vague sentiments of which I have already spoken. While the objects around me — while the carvings of the ceiling, the somber tapestries of the walls, the ebon blackness of the floors, and the phantasmagoric armorial trophies which rattled as I strode, were but matters to which, or to such as which, I had been accustomed from my infancy — while I hesitated not to acknowledge how familiar was all this — I still wondered to find how unfamiliar were the fancies which ordinary images were stirring up. On one of the staircases I met the physician of the family. His countenance, I thought, wore a mingled expression of low cunning and perplexity. He accosted me with trepidation and passed on. The valet now threw open a door and ushered me into the presence of his master.

The room in which I found myself was very large and lofty. The windows were long, narrow, and pointed, and at so vast a distance from the black oaken floor as to be altogether inaccessible from within. Feeble gleams of encrimsoned light made their way through the trellised panes, and served to render sufficiently distinct the more prominent objects around; the eye, however, struggled in vain to reach the

remoter angles of the chamber, or the recesses of the vaulted and fretted ceiling. Dark draperies hung upon the walls. The general furniture was profuse, comfortless, antique, and tattered. Many books and musical instruments lay scattered about, but failed to give any vitality to the scene. I felt that I breathed an atmosphere of sorrow. An air of stern, deep, and irredeemable gloom hung over and pervaded all.

Upon my entrance, Usher arose from a sofa on which he had been lying at full length, and greeted me with a vivacious warmth which had much in it, I at first thought, of an overdone cordiality, — of the constrained effort of the *cnnuyé*² man of the world. A glance, however, at his countenance, convinced me of his perfect sincerity. We sat down; and for some moments, while he spoke not, I gazed upon him with a feeling half of pity, half of awe. Surely man had never before so terribly altered, in so brief a period, as had Roderick Usher! It was with difficulty that I could bring myself to admit the identity of the wan being before me with the companion of my early boyhood. Yet the character of his face had been at all times remarkable. A cadaverousness of complexion; an eye large, liquid, and luminous beyond comparison; lips somewhat thin and very pallid, but of a surpassingly beautiful curve; a nose of a delicate Hebrew model, but with a breadth of nostril unusual in similar formations; a finely-moulded chin, speaking, in its want of prominence, of a want of moral energy; hair of a more than web-like softness and tenuity; these features, with an inordinate expansion above the regions of the temple, made up altogether a countenance not easily to be forgotten. And now in the mere exaggeration of the prevailing character of these features, and of the expression they were wont to convey, lay so much of change that I doubted to whom I spoke. The now ghastly pallor of the skin, and the now miraculous luster of the eye, above all things startled and even awed me. The silken hair, too, had been suffered to grow all unheeded, and as, in its wild gossamer texture, it floated rather than fell about the face, I could not, even with

effort, connect its arabesque expression with any idea of simple humanity.

In the manner of my friend I was at once struck with an incoherence, an inconsistency; and I soon found this to arise from a series of feeble and futile struggles to overcome an habitual trepidancy, an excessive nervous agitation. For something of this nature I had indeed been prepared, no less by his letter than by reminiscences of certain boyish traits, and by conclusions deduced from his peculiar physical conformation and temperament. His action was alternately vivacious and sullen. His voice varied rapidly from a tremulous indecision (when the animal spirits seemed utterly in abeyance) to that species of energetic concision — that abrupt, weighty, unhurried, and hollow-sounding enunciation — that leaden, self-balanced, and perfectly modulated guttural utterance — which may be observed in the lost drunkard, or the irreclaimable eater of opium, during the periods of his most intense excitement.

It was thus that he spoke of the object of my visit, of his earnest desire to see me, and of the solace he expected me to afford him. He entered at some length into what he conceived to be the nature of his malady. It was, he said, a constitutional and a family evil, and one for which he despaired to find a remedy — a mere nervous affection, he immediately added, which would undoubtedly soon pass off. It displayed itself in a host of unnatural sensations. Some of these, as he detailed them, interested and bewildered me; although, perhaps, the terms and the general manner of the narration had their weight. He suffered much from a morbid acuteness of the senses; the most insipid food was alone endurable; he could wear only garments of certain texture; the odors of all flowers were oppressive; his eyes were tortured by even a faint light; and there were but peculiar sounds, and these from stringed instruments, which did not inspire him with horror.

To an anomalous species of terror I found him a bounden slave. "I shall perish," said he, "I *must* perish in this deplorable folly. Thus, thus, and not otherwise, shall I be lost. I dread the events of

the future, not in themselves, but in their results. I shudder at the thought of any, even the most trivial, incident, which may operate upon this intolerable agitation of soul. I have, indeed, no abhorrence of danger, except in its absolute effect — in terror. In this unnerved, in this pitiable condition, I feel that the period will sooner or later arrive when I must abandon life and reason together in some struggle with the grim phantasm, FEAR."

I learned moreover at intervals, and through broken and equivocal hints, another singular feature of his mental condition. He was enchained by certain superstitious impressions in regard to the dwelling which he tenanted, and whence, for many years, he had never ventured forth — in regard to an influence whose supposititious force was conveyed in terms too shadowy here to be restated — an influence which some peculiarities in the mere form and substance of his family mansion had, by dint of long sufferance, he said, obtained over his spirit — an effect which the physique of the gray walls and turrets, and of the dim tarn into which they all looked down, had at length brought about upon the morale of his existence.

He admitted, however, although with hesitation, that much of the peculiar gloom which thus afflicted him could be traced to a more natural and far more palpable origin — to the severe and long-continued illness, indeed to the evidently approaching dissolution, of a tenderly beloved sister — his sole companion for long years, his last and only relative on earth. "Her decease," he said, with a bitterness which I can never forget, "would leave him (him the hopeless and the frail) the last of the ancient race of the Ushers." While he spoke, the lady Madeline (for so was she called) passed slowly through a remote portion of the apartment, and, without having noticed my presence, disappeared. I regarded her with an utter astonishment not unmingled with dread, and yet I found it impossible to account for such feelings. A sensation of stupor oppressed me, as my eyes followed her retreating steps. When a door, at length, closed upon her, my glance sought instinctively and eagerly the

countenance of the brother; but he had buried his face in his hands, and I could only perceive that a far more than ordinary wanness had overspread the emaciated fingers through which trickled many passionate tears.

The disease of the lady Madeline had long baffled the skill of her physicians. A settled apathy, a gradual wasting away of the person, and frequent although transient affections of a partially cataleptical character, were the unusual diagnosis. Hitherto she had steadily borne up against the pressure of her malady, and had not betaken herself finally to bed; but, on the closing-in of the evening of my arrival at the house, she succumbed (as her brother told me at night with inexpressible agitation) to the prostrating power of the destroyer; and I learned that the glimpse I had obtained of her person would thus probably be the last I should obtain—that the lady, at least while living, would be seen by me no more.

For several days ensuing, her name was unmentioned by either Usher or myself; and during this period I was busied in earnest endeavors to alleviate the melancholy of my friend. We painted and read together; or I listened, as if in a dream, to the wild improvisations of his speaking guitar. And thus, as a closer and still closer intimacy admitted me more unreservedly into the recesses of his spirit, the more bitterly did I perceive the futility of all attempt at cheering a mind from which darkness, as if an inherent positive quality, poured forth upon all objects of the moral and physical universe, in one unceasing radiation of gloom.

I shall ever bear about me a memory of the many solemn hours I thus spent alone with the master of the House of Usher. Yet I should fail in any attempt to convey an idea of the exact character of the studies, or of the occupations, in which he involved me, or led me the way. An excited and highly distempered idealism threw a sulphurous luster over all. His long, improvised dirges will ring forever in my ears. Among other things, I hold painfully in mind a certain singular perversion and amplification of the wild air of the last waltz of Von Weber.³ From

the paintings over which his elaborate fancy brooded, and which grew, touch by touch, into vaguenesses at which I shuddered the more thrillingly because I shuddered knowing not why;—from these paintings (vivid as their images now are before me) I would in vain endeavor to educe more than a small portion which should lie within the compass of merely written words. By the utter simplicity, by the nakedness of his designs, he arrested and overawed attention. If ever mortal painted an idea, that mortal was Roderick Usher. For me at least, in the circumstances then surrounding me, there arose, out of the pure abstractions which the hypochondriac contrived to throw upon his canvas, an intensity of intolerable awe, no shadow of which felt I ever yet in the contemplation of the certainly glowing yet too concrete reveries of Fuseli.⁴

One of the phantasmagoric conceptions of my friend, partaking not so rigidly of the spirit of abstraction, may be shadowed forth, although feebly, in words. A small picture presented the interior of an immensely long and rectangular vault or tunnel, with low walls, smooth, white, and without interruption or device. Certain accessory points of the design served well to convey the idea that this excavation lay at an exceeding depth below the surface of the earth. No outlet was observed in any portion of its vast extent, and no torch or other artificial source of light was discernible; yet a flood of intense rays rolled throughout, and bathed the whole in a ghastly and inappropriate splendor.

I have just spoken of that morbid condition of the auditory nerve which rendered all music intolerable to the sufferer, with the exception of certain effects of stringed instruments. It was, perhaps, the narrow limits to which he thus confined himself upon the guitar, which gave birth, in great measure, to the fantastic character of his performances. But the fervid facility of his impromptus could not be so accounted for. They must have been, and were, in the notes as well as in the words of his wild fantasias (for he not unfrequently accompanied himself with rhymed verbal improvisations), the

result of that intense mental collectedness and concentration to which I have previously alluded as observable only in particular moments of the highest artificial excitement. The words of one of these rhapsodies I have easily remembered. I was, perhaps, the more forcibly impressed with it as he gave it, because, in the under or mystic current of its meaning, I fancied that I perceived, and for the first time, a full consciousness, on the part of Usher, of the tottering of his lofty reason upon her throne. The verses, which were entitled *The Haunted Palace*,⁶ ran very nearly, if not accurately, thus:—

I

In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace —
Radiant palace — reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion,
It stood there;
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

II

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow
(This — all this — was in the olden
Time long ago),
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A wingèd odor went away.

III

Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically
To a lute's well-tuned law,
Round about a throne, where sitting,
Porphyrogene,⁶
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

IV

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing,
flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,

In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

V

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate;
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him, desolate!)
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

VI

And travelers now within that valley
Through the red-litten⁷ windows see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door,
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh — but smile no more.

I well remember that suggestions arising from this ballad led us into a train of thought, wherein there became manifest an opinion of Usher's which I mention, not so much on account of its novelty (for other men have thought thus) as on account of the pertinacity with which he maintained it. This opinion, in its general form, was that of the sentence of all vegetable things. But in his disordered fancy the idea had assumed a more daring character, and trespassed, under certain conditions, upon the kingdom of inorganization. I lack words to express the full extent, or the earnest *abandon* of his persuasion. The belief, however, was connected (as I have previously hinted) with the gray stones of the home of his forefathers. The conditions of the sentence had been here, he imagined, fulfilled in the method of collocation of these stones — in the order of their arrangement, as well as in that of the many fungi which overspread them, and of the decayed trees which stood around — above all, in the long undisturbed endurance of this arrangement, and in its reduplication in the still waters of the tarn. Its evidence — the evidence of the sentence — was to be seen, he said (and I here started as he spoke), in the gradual yet certain condensation of an

atmosphere of their own about the waters and the walls. The result was discoverable, he added, in that silent yet importunate and terrible influence which for centuries had molded the destinies of his family, and which made *him* what I now saw him — what he was. Such opinions need no comment, and I will make none.

Our books — the books which for years had formed no small portion of the mental existence of the invalid — were, as might be supposed, in strict keeping with this character of phantasm. We pored together over such works as ^s the Ververt and Chartreuse of Gresset; the Belphegor of Machiavelli; the Heaven and Hell of Swedenborg; the Subterranean Voyage of Nicholas Klimm by Holberg; the Chiromancy of Robert Flud, of Jean D'Indaginé, and of De la Chambre; the Journey into the Blue Distance of Tieck; and the City of the Sun of Campanella. One favorite volume was a small octavo edition of the *Directorium Inquisitorum*, by the Dominican Eymeric de Gironne; and there were passages in Pomponius Mela, about the old African Satyrs and Ægipans, over which Usher would sit dreaming for hours. His chief delight, however, was found in the perusal of an exceedingly rare and curious book in quarto Gothic — the manual of a forgotten church — the *Vigiliæ Mortuorum secundum Chorum Ecclesiæ Maguntinæ*.

I could not help thinking of the wild ritual of this work, and of its probable influence on the hypochondriac, when one evening, having informed me abruptly that the lady Madeline was no more, he stated his intention of preserving her corpse for a fortnight (previously to its final interment) in one of the numerous vaults within the main walls of the building. The worldly reason, however, assigned for this singular proceeding was one which I did not feel at liberty to dispute. The brother had been led to his resolution (so he told me) by consideration of the unusual character of the malady of the deceased, of certain obtrusive and eager inquiries on the part of her medical men, and of the remote and exposed situation of the burial-ground of the family. I will not deny that when I called to mind the sinister counte-

nance of the person whom I met upon the staircase, on the day of my arrival at the house, I had no desire to oppose what I regarded as at best but a harmless, and by no means an unnatural, precaution.

At the request of Usher, I personally aided him in the arrangements for the temporary entombment. The body having been encoffined, we two alone bore it to its rest. The vault in which we placed it (and which had been so long unopened that our torches, half smothered in its oppressive atmosphere, gave us little opportunity for investigation) was small, damp, and entirely without means of admission for light; lying, at great depth, immediately beneath that portion of the building in which was my own sleeping apartment. It had been used, apparently, in remote feudal times, for the worst purposes of a donjon-keep, and in later days as a place of deposit for powder, or some other highly combustible substance, as a portion of its floor, and the whole interior of a long archway through which we reached it, were carefully sheathed with copper. The door, of massive iron, had been also similarly protected. Its immense weight caused an unusually sharp grating sound as it moved upon its hinges.

Having deposited our mournful burden upon tressels within this region of horror, we partially turned aside the yet unscrewed lid of the coffin, and looked upon the face of the tenant. A striking similitude between the brother and sister now first arrested my attention; and Usher, divining, perhaps, my thoughts, murmured out some few words from which I learned that the deceased and himself had been twins, and that sympathies of a scarcely intelligible nature had always existed between them. Our glances, however, rested not long upon the dead — for we could not regard her unawed. The disease which had thus entombed the lady in the maturity of youth, had left, as usual in all maladies of a strictly cataleptical character, the mockery of a faint blush upon the bosom and the face, and that suspiciously lingering smile upon the lip which is so terrible in death. We replaced and screwed down the lid, and, having secured the door of iron, made our way, with

toil, into the scarcely less gloomy apartments of the upper portion of the house.

And now, some days of bitter grief having elapsed, an observable change came over the features of the mental disorder of my friend. His ordinary manner had vanished. His ordinary occupations were neglected or forgotten. He roamed from chamber to chamber with hurried, unequal, and objectless step. The pallor of his countenance had assumed, if possible, a more ghastly hue, but the luminousness of his eye had utterly gone out. The once occasional huskiness of his tone was heard no more; and a tremulous quaver, as if of extreme terror, habitually characterized his utterance. There were times, indeed, when I thought his unceasingly agitated mind was laboring with some oppressive secret, to divulge which he struggled for the necessary courage. At times, again, I was obliged to resolve all into the mere inexplicable vagaries of madness, for I beheld him gazing upon vacancy for long hours, in an attitude of the profoundest attention, as if listening to some imaginary sound. It was no wonder that his condition terrified — that it infected me. I felt creeping upon me, by slow yet certain degrees, the wild influences of his own fantastic yet impressive superstitions.

It was, especially, upon retiring to bed late in the night of the seventh or eighth day after the placing of the lady Madeline within the donjon, that I experienced the full power of such feelings. Sleep came not near my couch, while the hours waned and waned away. I struggled to reason off the nervousness which had dominion over me. I endeavored to believe that much, if not all, of what I felt was due to the bewildering influence of the gloomy furniture of the room — of the dark and tattered draperies which, tortured into motion by the breath of a rising tempest, swayed fitfully to and fro upon the walls, and rustled uneasily about the decorations of the bed. But my efforts were fruitless. An irrepressible tremor gradually pervaded my frame; and at length there sat upon my very heart an incubus of utterly causeless alarm. Shaking this off with a gasp and a struggle, I uplifted myself upon the pillows, and, peering ear-

nestly within the intense darkness of the chamber, hearkened — I know not why, except that an instinctive spirit prompted me — to certain low and indefinite sounds which came, through the pauses of the storm, at long intervals, I knew not whence. Overpowered by an intense sentiment of horror, unaccountable yet unendurable, I threw on my clothes with haste (for I felt that I should sleep no more during the night), and endeavored to arouse myself from the pitiable condition to which I had fallen, by pacing rapidly to and fro through the apartment.

I had taken but few turns in this manner, when a light step on an adjoining staircase arrested my attention. I presently recognized it as that of Usher. In an instant afterward he rapped with a gentle touch at my door, and entered, bearing a lamp. His countenance was, as usual, cadaverously wan — but, moreover, there was a species of mad hilarity in his eyes — an evidently restrained hysteria in his whole demeanor. His air appalled me — but anything was preferable to the solitude which I had so long endured, and I even welcomed his presence as a relief.

"And you have not seen it?" he said abruptly, after having stared about him for some moments in silence — "you have not then seen it? — but, stay! you shall." Thus speaking, and having carefully shaded his lamp, he hurried to one of the casements, and threw it freely open to the storm.

The impetuous fury of the entering gust nearly lifted us from our feet. It was, indeed, a tempestuous yet sternly beautiful night, and one wildly singular in its terror and its beauty. A whirlwind had apparently collected its force in our vicinity, for there were frequent and violent alterations in the direction of the wind; and the exceeding density of the clouds (which hung so low as to press upon the turrets of the house) did not prevent our perceiving the life-like velocity with which they flew careering from all points against each other, without passing away into the distance. I say that even their exceeding density did not prevent our perceiving this; yet we had no glimpse of the moon or stars, nor was there any flashing forth of

the lightning. But the under surfaces of the huge masses of agitated vapor, as well as all terrestrial objects immediately around us, were glowing in the unnatural light of a faintly luminous and distinctly visible gaseous exhalation which hung about and enshrouded the mansion.

"You must not — you shall not behold this!" said I, shudderingly, to Usher, as I led him with a gentle violence from the window to a seat. "These appearances, which bewilder you, are merely electrical phenomena not uncommon — or it may be that they have their ghastly origin in the rank miasma of the tarn. Let us close this casement; the air is chilling and dangerous to your frame. Here is one of your favorite romances. I will read, and you shall listen; — and so we will pass away this terrible night together."

The antique volume which I had taken up was the "*Mad Trist*"⁹ of Sir Launcelot Canning; but I had called it a favorite of Usher's more in sad jest than in earnest; for, in truth, there is little in its uncouth and unimaginative prolixity which could have had interest for the lofty and spiritual ideality of my friend. It was, however, the only book immediately at hand; and I indulged a vague hope that the excitement which now agitated the hypochondriac might find relief (for the history of mental disorder is full of similar anomalies) even in the extremeness of the folly which I should read. Could I have judged, indeed, by the wild, overstrained air of vivacity with which he hearkened, or apparently hearkened, to the words of the tale, I might well have congratulated myself upon the success of my design.

I had arrived at that well-known portion of the story where Ethelred, the hero of the *Trist*, having sought in vain for peaceable admission into the dwelling of the hermit, proceeds to make good an entrance by force. Here, it will be remembered, the words of the narrative run thus: —

"And Ethelred, who was by nature of a doughty heart, and who was now mighty withal on account of the powerfulness of the wine which he had drunken, waited no longer to hold parley with the hermit, who, in sooth, was of an obstinate and malicious turn, but, feeling the rain upon

his shoulders, and fearing the rising of the tempest, uplifted his mace outright, and with blows made quickly room in the plankings of the door for his gauntleted hand; and now pulling therewith sturdily, he so cracked, and ripped, and tore all asunder, that the noise of the dry and hollow-sounding wood alarumed and reverberated throughout the forest."

At the termination of this sentence I started, and for a moment paused; for it appeared to me (although I at once concluded that my excited fancy had deceived me) — it appeared to me that from some very remote portion of the mansion there came, indistinctly, to my ears, what might have been, in its exact similarity of character, the echo (but a stifled and dull one certainly) of the very cracking and ripping sound which Sir Launcelot had so particularly described. It was, beyond doubt, the coincidence alone which had arrested my attention; for, amid the rattling of the sashes of the casements, and the ordinary commingled noises of the still increasing storm, the sound, in itself, had nothing, surely, which should have interested or disturbed me. I continued the story: —

"But the good champion Ethelred, now entering within the door, was sore enraged and amazed to perceive no signal of the malicious hermit; but, in the stead thereof, a dragon of a scaly and prodigious demeanor, and of a fiery tongue, which sate in guard before a palace of gold, with a floor of silver; and upon the wall there hung a shield of shining brass with this legend enwritten: —

Who entereth herein, a conqueror hath bin;
Who slayeth the dragon, the shield he shall win.

And Ethelred uplifted his mace, and struck upon the head of the dragon, which fell before him, and gave up his pesty breath, with a shriek so horrid and harsh, and withal so piercing, that Ethelred had fain to close his ears with his hands against the dreadful noise of it, the like whereof was never before heard."

Here again I paused abruptly, and now with a feeling of wild amazement, for there

could be no doubt whatever that, in this instance, I did actually hear (although from what direction it proceeded I found it impossible to say) a low and apparently distant, but harsh, protracted, and most unusual screaming or grating sound — the exact counterpart of what my fancy had already conjured up for the dragon's unnatural shriek as described by the romancer.

Oppressed, as I certainly was, upon the occurrence of this second and most extraordinary coincidence, by a thousand conflicting sensations, in which wonder and extreme terror were predominant, I still retained sufficient presence of mind to avoid exciting, by any observation, the sensitive nervousness of my companion. I was by no means certain that he had noticed the sounds in question; although, assuredly, a strange alteration had during the last few minutes taken place in his demeanor. From a position fronting my own, he had gradually brought round his chair, so as to sit with his face to the door of the chamber; and thus I could but partially perceive his features, although I saw that his lips trembled as if he were murmuring inaudibly. His head had dropped upon his breast — yet I knew that he was not asleep, from the wide and rigid opening of the eye as I caught a glance of it in profile. The motion of his body, too, was at variance with this idea — for he rocked from side to side with a gentle yet constant and uniform sway. Having rapidly taken notice of all this, I resumed the narrative of Sir Launcelot, which thus proceeded: —

"And now the champion, having escaped from the terrible fury of the dragon, bethinking himself of the brazen shield, and of the breaking up of the enchantment which was upon it, removed the carcass from out of the way before him, and approached valorously over the silver pavement of the castle to where the shield was upon the wall; which in sooth tarried not for his full coming, but fell down at his feet upon the silver floor, with a mighty great and terrible ringing sound."

No sooner had these syllables passed my lips than — as if a shield of brass had indeed, at the moment, fallen heavily upon

a floor of silver — I became aware of a distinct, hollow, metallic, and clangorous, yet apparently muffled reverberation. Completely unnerved, I leaped to my feet; but the measured rocking movement of Usher was undisturbed. I rushed to the chair in which he sat. His eyes were bent fixedly before him, and throughout his whole countenance there reigned a stony rigidity. But, as I placed my hand upon his shoulder, there came a strong shudder over his whole person; a sickly smile quivered about his lips; and I saw that he spoke in a low, hurried, and gibbering murmur, as if unconscious of my presence. Bending closely over him, I at length drank in the hideous import of his words.

"Not hear it? — yes, I hear it, and *have* heard it. Long — long — long — many minutes, many hours, many days, have I heard it — yet I dared not — oh, pity me, miserable wretch that I am! — I dared not — I *dared* not speak! *We have put her living in the tomb!* Said I not that my senses were acute? I *now* tell you that I heard her first feeble movements in the hollow coffin. I heard them — many, many days ago — yet I dared not — *I dared not speak!* And now — to-night — Ethelred — ha! ha! — the breaking of the hermit's door, and the death-cry of the dragon, and the clangor of the shield! — say, rather, the rending of her coffin, and the grating of the iron hinges of her prison, and her struggles within the copped archway of the vault! Oh, whither shall I fly? Will she not be here anon? Is she not hurrying to upbraid me for my haste? Have I not heard her footstep on the stair? Do I not distinguish that heavy and horrible beating of her heart? Madman!" — here he sprang furiously to his feet and shrieked out his syllables, as if in the effort he were giving up his soul — "*Madman! I tell you that she now stands without the door!*"

As if in the superhuman energy of his utterance there had been found the potency of a spell, the huge antique panels to which the speaker pointed threw slowly back, upon the instant, their ponderous and ebony jaws. It was the work of the rushing gust — but then without those

doors there *did* stand the lofty and enshrouded figure of the lady Madeline of Usher. There was blood upon her white robes, and the evidence of some bitter struggle upon every portion of her emaciated frame. For a moment she remained trembling and reeling to and fro upon the threshold — then, with a low moaning cry, fell heavily inward upon the person of her brother, and, in her violent and now final death agonies, bore him to the floor a corpse, and a victim to the terrors he had anticipated.

From that chamber, and from that mansion, I fled aghast. The storm was still abroad in all its wrath as I found myself crossing the old causeway. Suddenly there shot along the path a wild light, and I turned to see whence a gleam so unusual

could have issued; for the vast house and its shadows were alone behind me. The radiance was that of the full, setting, and blood-red moon, which now shone vividly through that once barely-discernible fissure, of which I have before spoken as extending from the roof of the building, in a zigzag direction, to the base. While I gazed, this fissure rapidly widened — there came a fierce breath of the whirlwind — the entire orb of the satellite burst at once upon my sight — my brain reeled as I saw the mighty walls rushing asunder — there was a long, tumultuous shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters — and the deep and dank tarn at my feet closed sullenly and silently over the fragments of the "*House of Usher.*"

1839

ABRAHAM LINCOLN (1809–1865)

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have conse-

crated it, far above our poor power to add or to detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here,¹ but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

1863

LETTER TO MRS. BIXBY

Executive Mansion,
Washington, November 21, 1864.

Mrs. BIXBY, Boston, Massachusetts.

Dear Madam: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who

have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our heavenly

Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours

to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

Fellow-countrymen:—At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address¹ than there was at the first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new can be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it—all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the Southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the

magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease without, or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully.

The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come: but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh."² If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope—ferently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it shall continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."³

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the

nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan, — to do all which may

achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

March 4, 1865

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1809-1894)

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE

I

I WAS just going to say, when I was interrupted,¹ that one of the many ways of classifying minds is under the heads of arithmetical and algebraical intellects. All economical and practical wisdom is an extension or variation of the following arithmetical formula: $2 + 2 = 4$. Every philosophical proposition has the more general character of the expression $a + b = c$. We are mere operatives, empirics, and egotists, until we learn to think in letters instead of figures.

They all stared. There is a divinity student lately come among us to whom I commonly address remarks like the above, allowing him to take a certain share in the conversation, so far as assent or pertinent questions are involved. He abused his liberty on this occasion by presuming to say that Leibnitz² had the same observation. — No, sir, I replied, he has not. But he said a mighty good thing about mathematics, that sounds something like it, and you found it, *not in the original*, but quoted by Dr. Thomas Reid.³ I will tell the company what he did say, one of these days.

— If I belong to a Society of Mutual Admiration? — I blush to say that I do not at this present moment. I once did, however. It was the first association to which I ever heard the term applied; a body of scientific young men⁴ in a great foreign city who admired their teacher, and to some extent each other. Many of them deserved it; they have become famous since. It amuses me to hear the talk of one of those beings described by Thackeray —

"Letters four do form his name" —

about a social development which belongs to the very noblest stage of civilization. All generous companies of artists, authors, philanthropists, men of science, are, or ought to be, Societies of Mutual Admira-

tion. A man of genius, or any kind of superiority, is not debarred from admiring the same quality in another, nor the other from returning his admiration. They may even associate together and continue to think highly of each other. And so of a dozen such men, if any one place is fortunate enough to hold so many. The being referred to above assumes several false premises. First, that men of talent necessarily hate each other. Secondly, that intimate knowledge or habitual association destroys our admiration of persons whom we esteemed highly at a distance. Thirdly, that a circle of clever fellows, who meet together to dine and have a good time, have signed a constitutional compact to glorify themselves and put down him and the fraction of the human race not belonging to their number. Fourthly, that it is an outrage that he is not asked to join them.

Here the company laughed a good deal, and the old gentleman who sits opposite said: "That's it! that's it!"

I continued, for I was in the talking vein. As to clever people's hating each other, I think a *little* extra talent does sometimes make people jealous. They become irritated by perpetual attempts and failures, and it hurts their tempers and dispositions. Unpretending mediocrity is good, and genius is glorious; but a weak flavor of genius in an essentially common person is detestable. It spoils the grand neutrality of a commonplace character, as the rinsings of an unwashed wine-glass spoil a draught of fair water. No wonder the poor fellow we spoke of, who always belongs to this class of slightly flavored mediocrities, is puzzled and vexed by the strange sight of a dozen men of capacity working and playing together in harmony. He and his fellows are always fighting. With them familiarity naturally breeds contempt. If they ever praise each other's bad drawings,

or broken-winded novels, or spavined verses, nobody ever supposed it was from admiration; it was simply a contract between themselves and a publisher or dealer.

If the Mutuels have really nothing among them worth admiring, that alters the question. But if they are men with noble powers and qualities, let me tell you that, next to youthful love and family affections, there is no human sentiment better than that which unites the Societies of Mutual Admiration. And what would literature or art be without such associations? Who can tell what we owe to the Mutual Admiration Society of which Shakespeare, and Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher were members? Or to that of which Addison and Steele formed the centre, and which gave us the *Spectator*? Or to that where Johnson, and Goldsmith, and Burke, and Reynolds, and Beauclerk, and Boswell, most admiring among all admirers, met together? Was there any great harm in the fact that the Irvings and Paulding wrote in company? or any unpardonable cabal in the literary union of Verplanck and Bryant and Sands,⁸ and as many more as they chose to associate with them?

The poor creature does not know what he is talking about when he abuses this noblest of institutions. Let him inspect its mysteries through the knot-hole he has secured, but not use that orifice as a medium for his popgun. Such a society is the crown of a literary metropolis; if a town has not material for it, and spirit and good feeling enough to organize it, it is a mere caravansary, fit for a man of genius to lodge in, but not to live in. Foolish people hate and dread and envy such an association of men of varied powers and influence, because it is lofty, serene, impregnable, and, by the necessity of the case, exclusive. Wise ones are prouder of the title M.S.M.A. than of all their other honors put together.

— All generous minds have a horror of what are commonly called "facts." They are the brute beasts of the intellectual domain. Who does not know fellows that always have an ill-conditioned fact or two that they lead after them into decent com-

pany like so many bull-dogs, ready to let them slip at every ingenious suggestion, or convenient generalization, or pleasant fancy? I allow no "facts" at this table. What! Because bread is good and wholesome, and necessary and nourishing, shall you thrust a crumb into my windpipe while I am talking? Do not these muscles of mine represent a hundred loaves of bread? and is not my thought the abstract of ten thousand of these crumbs of truth with which you would choke off my speech?

[The above remark must be conditioned and qualified for the vulgar mind. The reader will, of course, understand the precise amount of seasoning which must be added to it before he adopts it as one of the axioms of his life. The speaker disclaims all responsibility for its abuse in incompetent hands.]

This business of conversation is a very serious matter. There are men that it weakens one to talk with an hour more than a day's fasting would do. Mark this which I am going to say, for it is as good as a working professional man's advice, and costs you nothing: It is better to lose a pint of blood from your veins than to have a nerve tapped. Nobody measures your nervous force as it runs away, nor bandages your brain and marrow after the operation.

There are men of *esprit* who are excessively exhausting to some people. They are the talkers that have what may be called *jerky* minds. Their thoughts do not run in the natural order of sequence. They say bright things on all possible subjects, but their zigzags rack you to death. After a jolting half-hour with one of these jerky companions, talking with a dull friend affords great relief. It is like taking the cat in your lap after holding a squirrel.

What a comfort a dull but kindly person is, to be sure, at times! A ground-glass shade over a gas-lamp does not bring more solace to our dazzled eyes than such a one to our minds.

"Do not dull people bore you?" said one of the lady-boarders, — the same that sent me her autograph-book last week with a request for a few original stanzas, not remembering that "The Pactolian" pays

me five dollars a line for every thing I write in its columns.

"Madam," said I (she and the century were in their teens together), "all men are bores, except when we want them. There never was but one man that I would trust with my latch-key."

"Who might that favored person be?"

"Zimmermann." *

— The men of genius that I fancy most, have erectile heads like the cobra-dicapello. You remember what they tell of William Pinkney,⁷ the great pleader; how in his eloquent paroxysms the veins of his neck would swell and his face flush and his eyes glitter, until he seemed on the verge of apoplexy. The hydraulic arrangements for supplying the brain with blood are only second in importance to its own organization. The bulbous-headed fellows that steam well when they are at work are the men that draw big audiences and give us marrowy books and pictures. It is a good sign to have one's feet grow cold when he is writing. A great writer and speaker once told me that he often wrote with his feet in hot water; but for this, *all* his blood would have run into his head, as the mercury sometimes withdraws into the ball of a thermometer.

— You don't suppose that my remarks made at this table are like so many postage-stamps, do you, — each to be only once uttered? If you do, you are mistaken. He must be a poor creature who does not often repeat himself. Imagine the author of the excellent piece of advice, "Know thyself," never alluding to that sentiment again during the course of a protracted existence! Why, the truths a man carries about with him are his tools; and do you think a carpenter is bound to use the same plane but once to smooth a knotty board with, or to hang up his hammer after it has driven its first nail? I shall never repeat a conversation, but an idea often. I shall use the same types when I like, but not commonly the same stereotypes. A thought is often original, though you have uttered it a hundred times. It has come to you over a new route, by a new and express train of associations.

Sometimes, but rarely, one may be caught making the same speech twice over,

and yet be held blameless. Thus, a certain lecturer, after performing in an inland city, where dwells a *Littératrice* of note, was invited to meet her and others over the social teacup. She pleasantly referred to his many wanderings in his new occupation. "Yes," he replied, "I am like the Huma, the bird that never lights, being always in the cars, as he is always on the wing." — Years elapsed. The lecturer visited the same place once more for the same purpose. Another social cup after the lecture, and a second meeting with the distinguished lady. "You are constantly going from place to place," she said. — "Yes," he answered, "I am like the Huma," — and finished the sentence as before.

What horrors, when it flashed over him that he had made this fine speech, word for word, twice over! Yet it was not true, as the lady might perhaps have fairly inferred, that he had embellished his conversation with the Huma daily during that whole interval of years. On the contrary, he had never once thought of the odious fowl until the recurrence of precisely the same circumstances brought up precisely the same idea. He ought to have been proud of the accuracy of his mental adjustments. Given certain factors, and a sound brain should always evolve the same fixed product with the certainty of Babbage's calculating machine.⁸

— What a satire, by the way, is that machine on the mere mathematician! A Frankenstein-monster,⁹ a thing without brains and without heart, too stupid to make a blunder; which turns out results like a corn-sheller, and never grows any wiser or better, though it grind a thousand bushels of them!

I have an immense respect for a man of talents *plus* "the mathematics." But the calculating power alone should seem to be the least human of qualities, and to have the smallest amount of reason in it; since a machine can be made to do the work of three or four calculators, and better than any one of them. Sometimes I have been troubled that I had not a deeper intuitive apprehension of the relations of numbers. But the triumph of the ciphering hand-organ has consoled me. I always fancy I

can hear the wheels clicking in a calculator's brain. The power of dealing with numbers is a kind of "detached lever" arrangement, which may be put into a mighty poor watch. I suppose it is about as common as the power of moving the ears voluntarily, which is a moderately rare endowment.

— Little localized powers, and little narrow streaks of specialized knowledge, are things men are very apt to be conceited about. Nature is very wise; but for this encouraging principle how many small talents and little accomplishments would be neglected! Talk about conceit as much as you like, it is to human character what salt is to the ocean; it keeps it sweet, and renders it endurable. Say rather it is like the natural unguent of the sea-fowl's plumage, which enables him to shed the rain that falls on him and the wave in which he dips. When one has had *all* his conceit taken out of him, when he has lost *all* his illusions, his feathers will soon soak through, and he will fly no more.

"So you admire conceited people, do you?" said the young lady who has come to the city to be finished off for — the duties of life.

I am afraid you do not study logic at your school, my dear. It does not follow that I wish to be pickled in brine because I like a salt-water plunge at Nahant. I say that conceit is just as natural a thing to human minds as a centre is to a circle. But little-minded people's thoughts move in such small circles that five minutes' conversation gives you an arc long enough to determine their whole curve. An arc in the movement of a large intellect does not sensibly differ from a straight line. Even if it have the third vowel as its centre, it does not soon betray it. The highest thought, that is, is the most seemingly impersonal; it does not obviously imply any individual centre.

Audacious self-esteem, with good ground for it, is always imposing. What resplendent beauty that must have been which could have authorized Phryne¹⁰ to "peel" in the way she did! What fine speeches are those two: "*Non omnis moriar*,"¹¹ and "I have taken all knowledge to be my province!"¹² Even in common people, conceit

has the virtue of making them cheerful; the man who thinks his wife, his baby, his house, his horse, his dog, and himself severally unequalled, is almost sure to be a good-humored person, though liable to be tedious at times.

— What are the great faults of conversation? Want of ideas, want of words, want of manners, are the principal ones, I suppose you think. I don't doubt it, but I will tell you what I have found spoil more good talks than anything else; — long arguments on special points between people who differ on the fundamental principles upon which these points depend. No men can have satisfactory relations with each other until they have agreed on certain *ultimata* of belief not to be disturbed in ordinary conversation, and unless they have sense enough to trace the secondary questions depending upon these ultimate beliefs to their source. In short, just as a written constitution is essential to the best social order, so a code of finalities is a necessary condition of profitable talk between two persons. Talking is like playing on the harp; there is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop their vibrations as in twanging them to bring out their music.

— Do you mean to say the pun-question is not clearly settled in your minds? Let me lay down the law upon the subject. Life and language are alike sacred. Homicide and *verbiicide* — that is, violent treatment of a word with fatal results to its legitimate meaning, which is its life — are alike forbidden. Manslaughter, which is the meaning of the one, is the same as man's laughter, which is the end of the other. A pun is *prima facie* an insult to the person you are talking with. It implies utter indifference to or sublime contempt for his remarks, no matter how serious. I speak of total depravity, and one says all that is written on the subject is deep raving. I have committed my self-respect by talking with such a person. I should like to commit him, but cannot, because he is a nuisance. Or I speak of geological convulsions, and he asks me what was the cosine of Noah's ark; also, whether the Deluge was not a deal huger than any modern inundation.

A pun does not commonly justify a blow in return. But if a blow were given for such cause, and death ensued, the jury would be judges both of the facts and of the pun, and might, if the latter were of an aggravated character, return a verdict of justifiable homicide. Thus, in a case lately decided before Miller, J., Doe presented Roe a subscription paper, and urged the claims of suffering humanity. Roe replied by asking, When charity was like a top? It was in evidence that Doe preserved a dignified silence. Roe then said, "When it begins to hum." Doe then — and not till then — struck Roe, and his head happening to strike a bound volume of the *Monthly Rag-Bag and Stolen Miscellany*, intense mortification ensued, with a fatal result. The chief laid down his notions of the law to his brother justices, who unanimately replied, "Jest so." The chief rejoined, that no man should jest so without being punished for it, and charged for the prisoner, who was acquitted, and the pun ordered to be burned by the sheriff. The bound volume was forfeited as a deodand,¹³ but not claimed.

People that make puns are like wanton boys that put coppers on the railroad tracks. They amuse themselves and other children, but their little trick may upset a freight train of conversation for the sake of a battered witticism.

I will thank you, B. F., to bring down two books, of which I will mark the places on this slip of paper. (While he is gone, I may say that this boy, our landlady's youngest, is called BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, after the celebrated philosopher of that name. A highly merited compliment.)

I wished to refer to two eminent authorities. Now be so good as to listen. The great moralist says: "To trifle with the vocabulary which is the vehicle of social intercourse is to tamper with the currency of human intelligence. He who would violate the sanctities of his mother tongue would invade the recesses of the paternal till without remorse, and repeat the banquet of Saturn¹⁴ without an indigestion."

And, once more, listen to the historian. "The Puritans hated puns. The Bishops were notoriously addicted to them. The

Lords Temporal¹⁵ carried them to the verge of license. Majesty itself must have its Royal quibble. 'Ye be burly, my Lord of Burleigh,' said Queen Elizabeth, 'but ye shall make less stir in our realm than my Lord of Leicester.' The gravest wisdom and the highest breeding lent their sanction to the practice. Lord Bacon playfully declared himself a descendant of 'Og, the King of Bashan. Sir Philip Sidney, with his last breath, reproached the soldier who brought him water, for wasting a casque full upon a dying man. A courtier, who saw Othello performed at the Globe Theatre, remarked, that the blackamoor was a brute, and not a man. 'Thou hast reason,' replied a great Lord, 'according to Plato his saying; for this be a two-legged animal *with feathers*.' The fatal habit became universal. The language was corrupted. The infection spread to the national conscience. Political double-dealings naturally grew out of verbal double meanings. The teeth of the new dragon were sown by the Cadmus who introduced the alphabet of equivocation. What was levity in the time of the Tudors grew to regicide and revolution in the age of the Stuarts."

Who was that boarder that just whispered something about the Macaulay-flowers of literature? — There was a dead silence. — I said calmly, I shall henceforth consider any interruption by a pun as a hint to change my boarding-house. Do not plead my example. If I have used any such, it has been only as a Spartan father would show up a drunken helot. We have done with them.

— If a logical mind ever found out anything with its logic? — I should say that its most frequent work was to build a *pons asinorum*¹⁶ over chasms that shrewd people can bestride without such a structure. You can hire logic, in the shape of a lawyer, to prove anything that you want to prove. You can buy treatises to show that Napoleon never lived, and that no battle of Bunker-hill was ever fought. The great minds are those with a wide span, which couple truths related to, but far removed from, each other. Logicians carry the surveyor's chain over the track of which these are the true explorers. I

value a man mainly for his primary relations with truth, as I understand truth, — not for any secondary artifice in handling his ideas. Some of the sharpest men in argument are notoriously unsound in judgment. I should not trust the counsel of a clever debater, any more than that of a good chess-player. Either may of course advise wisely, but not necessarily because he wrangles or plays well.

The old gentleman who sits opposite got his hand up, as a pointer lifts his forefoot, at the expression, "his relations with truth, as I understand truth," and when I had done, sniffed audibly, and said I talked like a transcendentalist. For his part, common sense was good enough for him.

Precisely so, my dear sir, I replied; common sense *as you understand it*. We all have to assume a standard of judgment in our own minds, either of things or persons. A man who is willing to take another's opinion has to exercise his judgment in the choice of whom to follow, which is often as nice a matter as to judge of things for one's self. On the whole, I had rather judge men's minds by comparing their thoughts with my own, than judge of thoughts by knowing who utter them. I must do one or the other. It does not follow, of course, that I may not recognize another man's thoughts as broader and deeper than my own; but that does not necessarily change my opinion, otherwise this would be at the mercy of every superior mind that held a different one. How many of our most cherished beliefs are like those drinking-glasses of the ancient pattern, that serve us well so long as we keep them in our hand, but spill all if we attempt to set them down! I have sometimes compared conversation to the Italian game of *mora*, in which one player lifts his hand with so many fingers extended, and the other gives the number, if he can. I show my thought, another his, if they agree, well; if they differ, we find the largest common factor, if we can, but at any rate avoid disputing about remainders and fractions, which is to real talk what tuning an instrument is to playing on it.

— What if, instead of talking this morning, I should read you a copy of verses,

with critical remarks by the author? Any of the company can retire that like.

When Eve had led her lord away,
And Cain had killed his brother,
The stars and flowers, the poets say,
Agreed with one another

To cheat the cunning tempter's art,
And teach the race its duty,
By keeping on its wicked heart
Their eyes of light and beauty.

A million sleepless lids, they say,
Will be at least a warning;
And so the flowers would watch by day,
The stars from eve to morning.

On hill and prairie, field and lawn,
Their dewy eyes upturning,
The flowers still watch from reddening
dawn
Till western skies are burning.

Alas! each hour of daylight tells
A tale of shame so crushing,
That some turn white as sea-bleached
shells,
And some are always blushing.

But when the patient stars look down
On all their light discovers,
The traitor's smile, the murderer's frown,
The lips of lying lovers,

They try to shut their saddening eyes,
And in the vain endeavor
We see them twinkling in the skies,
And so they wink forever.

What do *you* think of these verses, my friends? — Is that piece an impromptu? said my landlady's daughter. (Aet. 19+. Tender-eyed blonde. Long ringlets. Cameo pin. Gold pencil-case on a chain. Locket. Bracelet. Album. Autograph book. Accordeon. Reads Byron, Tupper, and Sylvanus Cobb, Junior,¹⁷ while her mother makes the puddings. Says "Yes?" when you tell her anything.) — *Oui et non, ma petite*, — Yes and no, my child. Five of the seven verses were written off-hand; the other two took a week, — that is, were

hanging round the desk in a ragged, forlorn unrhymed condition as long as that. All poets will tell you just such stories. *C'est le DERNIER pas qui coule*.¹⁸ Don't you know how hard it is for some people to get out of a room after their visit is really over? They want to be off, and you want to have them off, but they don't know how to manage it. One would think they had been built in your parlor or study, and were waiting to be launched. I have contrived a sort of ceremonial inclined plane for such visitors, which being lubricated with certain smooth phrases, I back them down, metaphorically speaking, stern-foremost, into their "native element," the great ocean of out-doors. Well, now, there are poems as hard to get rid of as these rural visitors. They come in glibly, use up all the serviceable rhymes, *day, ray, beauty, duty, skies, eyes, other, brother, mountain, fountain*, and the like; and so they go on until you think it is time for the wind-up, and the wind-up won't come on any terms. So they lie about until you get sick of the sight of them, and end by thrusting some cold scrap of a final couplet upon them, and turning them out of doors. I suspect a good many "impromptus" could tell just such a story as the above. — Here turning to our landlady, I used an illustration which pleased the company much at the time, and has since been highly commended. "Madam," I said, "you can pour three gills and three quarters of honey from that pint jug, if it is full, in less than one minute; but, Madam, you could not empty that last quarter of a gill, though you were turned into a marble Hebe, and held the vessel upside down for a thousand years."

One gets tired to death of the old, old rhymes, such as you see in that copy of verses, — which I don't mean to abuse, or to praise either. I always feel as if I were a cobbler, putting new top-leathers to an old pair of boot-soles and bodies, when I am fitting sentiments to these venerable jingles.

.	youth
.	morning
.	truth
.	warning.

Nine tenths of the "Juvenile Poems" written spring out of the above musical and suggestive coincidences.

"Yes?" said our landlady's daughter.

I did not address the following remark to her, and I trust, from her limited range of reading, she will never see it; I said it softly to my next neighbor.

When a young female wears a flat circular side-curl, gummed on each temple, — when she walks with a male, not arm in arm, but his arm against the back of hers, — and when she says "Yes?" with the note of interrogation, you are generally safe in asking her what wages she gets, and who the "feller" was you saw her with.

"What were you whispering?" said the daughter of the house, moistening her lips, as she spoke, in a very engaging manner.

"I was only laying down a principle of social diagnosis."

"Yes?"

— It is curious to see how the same wants and tastes find the same implements and modes of expression in all times and places. The young ladies of Otaheite, as you may see in Cook's Voyages,¹⁹ had a sort of crinoline arrangement fully equal in radius to the largest spread of our own lady-baskets. When I fling a Bay-State shawl over my shoulders, I am only taking a lesson from the climate which the Indian had learned before me. A *blanket*-shawl we call it, and not a plaid; and we wear it like the aborigines, and not like the Highlanders.

— We are the Romans of the modern world, — the great assimilating people. Conflicts and conquests are of course necessary accidents with us, as with our prototypes. And so we come to their style of weapon. Our army sword is the short, stiff, pointed *gladius* of the Romans; and the American bowie-knife is the same tool, modified to meet the daily wants of civil society. I announce at this table an axiom not to be found in Montesquieu²⁰ or the journals of Congress: —

The race that shortens its weapons lengthens its boundaries.

Corollary. It was the Polish lance that left Poland at last with nothing of her own to bound.

"Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear!"

What business had Sarmatia²¹ to be fighting for liberty with a fifteen-foot pole between her and the breasts of her enemies? If she had but clutched the old Roman and young American weapon, and come to close quarters, there might have been a chance for her; but it would have spoiled the best passage in "The Pleasures of Hope." ²²

—Self-made men? — Well, yes. Of course every body likes and respects self-made men. It is a great deal better to be made in that way than not to be made at all. Are any of you younger people old enough to remember that Irishman's house on the marsh at Cambridgeport, which house he built from drain to chimney-top with his own hands? It took him a good many years to build it, and one could see that it was a little out of plumb, and a little wavy in outline, and a little queer and uncertain in general aspect. A regular hand could certainly have built a better house; but it was a very good house for a "self-made" carpenter's house, and people praised it, and said how remarkably well the Irishman had succeeded. They never thought of praising the fine blocks of houses a little farther on.

Your self-made man, whittled into shape with his own jack-knife, deserves more credit, if that is all, than the regular engine-turned article, shaped by the most approved pattern, and French-polished by society and travel. But as to saying that one is every way the equal of the other, that is another matter. The right of strict social discrimination of all things and persons, according to their merits, native or acquired, is one of the most precious republican privileges. I take the liberty to exercise it when I say that, *other things being equal*, in most relations of life I prefer a man of family.

What do I mean by a man of family? — O, I'll give you a general idea of what I mean. Let us give him a first-rate fit out; it costs us nothing.

Four or five generations of gentlemen and gentlewomen; among them a member of his Majesty's Council for the Province,

a Governor or so, one or two Doctors of Divinity, a member of Congress, not later than the time of long boots with tassels.

Family portraits. The member of the Council, by Smibert.²³ The great merchant-uncle, by Copley, full length, sitting in his arm-chair, in a velvet cap and flowered robe, with a globe by him, to show the range of his commercial transactions, and letters with large red seals lying round, one directed conspicuously to The Honorable, etc., etc. Great-grandmother, by the same artist; brown satin, lace very fine, hands superlative; grand old lady, stiffish, but imposing. Her mother, artist unknown; flat, angular, hanging sleeves; parrot on fist. A pair of Stuarts, viz., 1. A superb, full-blown, mediæval gentleman, with a fiery dash of Tory blood in his veins, tempered down with that of a fine old rebel grandmother, and warmed up with the best of old India Madeira; his face is one flame of ruddy sunshine; his ruffled shirt rushes out of his bosom with an impetuous generosity, as if it would drag his heart after it; and his smile is good for twenty thousand dollars to the Hospital, besides ample bequests to all relatives and dependants. 2. Lady of the same; remarkable cap; high waist, as in time of Empire; bust *à la Josephine*; wisps of curls, like celery-tips, at sides of forehead; complexion clear and warm, like rose-cordial. As for the miniatures by Malbone, we don't count them in the gallery.

Books, too, with the names of old college-students in them, — family names; — you will find them at the head of their respective classes in the days when students took rank on the catalogue from their parents' condition. Elzevirs,²⁴ with the Latinized appellations of youthful progenitors, and *Hic liber est meus* on the title-page. A set of Hogarth's original plates. Pope, original edition, 15 volumes, London, 1717. Barrow on the lower shelves, in folio. Tillotson on the upper, in a little dark platoon of octo-decimos.

Some family silver; a string of wedding and funeral rings; the arms of the family curiously blazoned; the same in worsted, by a maiden aunt.

If the man of family has an old place to keep these things in, furnished with claw-

footed chairs and black mahogany tables, and tall bevel-edged mirrors, and stately upright cabinets, his outfit is complete.

No, my friends, I go (always, other things being equal) for the man that inherits family traditions and the cumulative humanities of at least four or five generations. Above all things, as a child, he should have tumbled about in a library. All men are afraid of books, who have not handled them from infancy. Do you suppose our dear *didascalos*²⁵ over there ever read *Poli Synopsis*, or consulted *Castelli Lexicon*, while he was growing up to their stature? Not he; but virtue passed through the hem of their parchment and leather garments whenever he touched them, as the precious drugs sweated through the bat's handle in the Arabian story. I tell

you he is at home wherever he smells the invigorating fragrance of Russia leather. No self-made man feels so. One may, it is true, have all the antecedents I have spoken of, and yet be a boor or a shabby fellow. One may have none of them, and yet be fit for councils and courts. Then let them change places. Our social arrangement has this great beauty, that its strata shift up and down as they change specific gravity, without being clogged by layers of prescription. But I still insist on my democratic liberty of choice, and I go for the man with the gallery of family portraits against the one with the twenty-five-cent daguerreotype, unless I find out that the last is the better of the two. . . .

1857

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819-1891)

ON A CERTAIN CONDESCENSION IN FOREIGNERS

CERTAINLY it is no shame to a man that he should be as nice about his country as about his sweetheart, and who ever heard even the friendliest appreciation of that unexpressive she that did not seem to fall infinitely short? Yet it would hardly be wise to hold every one an enemy who could not see her with our own enchanted eyes. It seems to be the common opinion of foreigners that Americans are *too* tender upon this point. Perhaps we are; and if so, there must be a reason for it. Have we had fair play? Could the eyes of what is called Good Society (though it is so seldom true either to the adjective or noun) look upon a nation of democrats with any chance of receiving an undistorted image? Were not those, moreover, who found in the old order of things an earthly paradise, paying them quarterly dividends for the wisdom of their ancestors, with the punctuality of the seasons, unconsciously bribed to misunderstand if not to misrepresent us? Whether at war or at peace, there we were, a standing menace to all earthly paradises of that kind, fatal underminers of the very credit on which the dividends were based, all the more hateful and terrible that our destructive agency was so insidious, working invisible in the

elements, as it seemed, active while they slept, and coming upon them in the darkness like an armed man. *Could* Laius have the proper feelings of a father towards Œdipus, announced as his destined destroyer by infallible oracles, and felt to be such by every conscious fibre of his soul? For more than a century the Dutch were the laughing-stock of polite Europe. They were butter-firkins, swillers of beer and schnapps, and their *wrouws* from whom Holbein painted the all-but loveliest of Madonnas, Rembrandt the graceful girl who sits immortal on his knee in Dresden,¹ and Rubens his abounding goddesses, were the synonyms of clumsy vulgarity. Even so late as Irving² the ships of the greatest navigators in the world were represented as sailing equally well stern-foremost. That the aristocratic Venetians should have

"Riveted with gigantic piles
Thorough the centre their new-catchèd
miles,"³

was heroic. But the far more marvellous achievement of the Dutch in the same kind was ludicrous even to republican Marvell. Meanwhile, during that very century of scorn, they were the best artists,

sailors, merchants, bankers, printers, scholars, jurisconsults, and statesmen in Europe, and the genius of Motley⁴ has revealed them to us, earning a right to themselves by the most heroic struggle in human annals. But, alas! they were not merely simple burghers who had fairly made themselves High Mightinesses, and could treat on equal terms with anointed kings, but their commonwealth carried in its bosom the germs of democracy. They even unmuzzled, at least after dark, that dreadful mastiff, the Press, whose scent is, or ought to be, so keen for wolves in sheep's clothing and for certain other animals in lions' skins. They made fun of Sacred Majesty, and, what was worse, managed uncommonly well without it. In an age when periwigs made so large a part of the natural dignity of man, people with such a turn of mind were dangerous. How could they seem other than vulgar and hateful?

In the natural course of things we succeeded to this unenviable position of general butt. The Dutch had thriven under it pretty well, and there was hope that we could at least contrive to worry along. And we certainly did in a very redoubtable fashion. Perhaps we deserved some of the sarcasm more than our Dutch predecessors in office. We had nothing to boast of in arts or letters, and were given to bragging overmuch of our merely material prosperity, due quite as much to the virtue of our continent as to our own. There was some truth in Carlyle's sneer,⁵ after all. Till we had succeeded in some higher way than this, we had only the success of physical growth. Our greatness, like that of enormous Russia, was greatness on the map, — barbarian mass only; but had we gone down, like that other Atlantis,⁶ in some vast cataclysm, we should have covered but a pin's point on the chart of memory, compared with those ideal spaces occupied by tiny Attica and cramped England. At the same time, our critics somewhat too easily forgot that material must make ready the foundation for ideal triumphs, that the arts have no chance in poor countries. But it must be allowed that democracy stood for a great deal in our shortcoming. The *Edinburgh Review* never

would have thought of asking, "Who reads a Russian book?"⁷ and England was satisfied with iron from Sweden without being impertinently inquisitive after her painters and statuaries. Was it that they expected too much from the mere miracle of Freedom? Is it not the highest art of a Republic to make men of flesh and blood, and not the marble ideals of such? It may be fairly doubted whether we have produced this higher type of man yet. Perhaps it is the collective, not the individual, humanity that is to have a chance of nobler development among us. We shall see. We have a vast amount of imported ignorance, and, still worse, of native ready-made knowledge, to digest before even the preliminaries of such a consummation can be arranged. We have got to learn that statesmanship is the most complicated of all arts, and to come back to the apprenticeship-system too hastily abandoned. At present, we trust a man with making constitutions on less proof of competence than we should demand before we gave him our shoe to patch. We have nearly reached the limit of the reaction from the old notion, which paid too much regard to birth and station as qualifications for office, and have touched the extreme point in the opposite direction, putting the highest of human functions up at auction to be bid for by any creature capable of going upright on two legs. In some places, we have arrived at a point at which civil society is no longer possible, and already another reaction has begun, not backwards to the old system, but towards fitness either from natural aptitude or special training. But will it always be safe to let evils work their own cure by becoming unendurable? Every one of them leaves its taint in the constitution of the body-politic, each in itself, perhaps, trifling, yet all together powerful for evil.

But whatever we might do or leave undone, we were not genteel, and it was uncomfortable to be continually reminded that, though we should boast that we were the Great West till we were black in the face, it did not bring us an inch nearer to the world's West-End.⁸ That sacred enclosure of respectability was tabooed to us. The Holy Alliance did not inscribe us on

its visiting-list. The Old World of wigs and orders and liveries would shop with us, but we must ring at the area-bell, and not venture to awaken the more august clamors of the knocker. Our manners, it must be granted, had none of those graces that stamp the caste of Vere de Vere, in whatever museum of British antiquities they may be hidden. In short, we were vulgar.

This was one of those horribly vague accusations, the victim of which has no defence. An umbrella is of no avail against a Scotch mist. It envelops you, it penetrates at every pore, it wets you through without seeming to wet you at all. Vulgarity is an eighth deadly sin, added to the list in these latter days, and worse than all the others put together, since it perils your salvation in *this* world, — far the more important of the two in the minds of most men. It profits nothing to draw nice distinctions between essential and conventional, for the convention in this case *is* the essence, and you may break every command of the decalogue with perfect good-breeding, nay, if you are adroit, without losing caste. We, indeed, had it not to lose, for we had never gained it. "*How* am I vulgar?" asks the culprit, shudderingly. "Because thou art not like unto Us," answers Lucifer, Son of the Morning, and there is no more to be said. The god of this world may be a fallen angel, but he has us *there!* We were as clean, — so far as my observation goes, I think we were cleaner, morally and physically, than the English, and therefore, of course, than everybody else. But we did not pronounce the diphthong *ou* as they did, and we said *eether* and not *eyther*, following therein the fashion of our ancestors, who unhappily could bring over no English better than Shakespeare's; and we did not stammer as they had learned to do from the courtiers, who in this way flattered the Hanoverian king, a foreigner among the people he had come to reign over. Worse than all, we might have the noblest ideas and the finest sentiments in the world, but we vented them through that organ by which men are led rather than leaders, though some physiologists would persuade us that Nature furnishes

her captains with a fine handle to their faces that Opportunity may get a good purchase on them for dragging them to the front.

This state of things was so painful that excellent people were not wanting who gave their whole genius to reproducing here the original Bull, whether by gaiters, the cut of their whiskers, by a factitious brutality in their tone, or by an accent that was forever tripping and falling flat over the tangled roots of our common tongue. Martyrs to a false ideal, it never occurred to them that nothing is more hateful to gods and men than a second-rate Englishman, and for the very reason that this planet never produced a more splendid creature than the first-rate one, witness Shakespeare and the Indian Mutiny. Witness that truly sublime self-abnegation of those prisoners lately among the bandits of Greece, where average men gave an example of quiet fortitude for which all the stoicism of antiquity can show no match. Witness the wreck of the Birkenhead,⁹ an example of disciplined heroism, perhaps the most precious, as the rarest, of all. If we could contrive to be not too unobtrusively our simple selves, we should be the most delightful of human beings, and the most original; whereas, when the plating of Anglicism rubs off, as it always will in points that come to much wear, we are liable to very unpleasing conjectures about the quality of the metal underneath. Perhaps one reason why the average Briton spreads himself here with such an easy air of superiority may be owing to the fact that he meets with so many bad imitations as to conclude himself the only real thing in a wilderness of shams. He fancies himself moving through an endless Bloomsbury,¹⁰ where his mere apparition confers honor as an avatar of the court-end of the universe. Not a Bull of them all but is persuaded he bears Europa upon his back. This is the sort of fellow whose patronage is so divertingly insufferable. Thank Heaven he is not the only specimen of eater-cousinship¹¹ from the dear old Mother Island that is shown to us! Among genuine things, I know nothing more genuine than the better men whose limbs were made in England. So

manly-tender, so brave, so true, so warranted to wear, they make us proud to feel that blood is thicker than water.

But it is not merely the Englishman; every European candidly admits in himself some right of primogeniture in respect of us, and pats this shaggy continent on the back with a lively sense of generous unbending. The German who plays the bass-viol has a well-founded contempt, which he is not always nice in concealing, for a country so few of whose children ever take that noble instrument between their knees. His cousin, the Ph.D. from Göttingen, cannot help despising a people who do not grow loud and red over Aryans and Turanians, and are indifferent about their descent from either. The Frenchman feels an easy mastery in speaking his mother tongue, and attributes it to some native superiority of parts that lifts him high above us barbarians of the West. The Italian *prima donna* sweeps a curtsy of careless pity to the over-facile pit which unsexes her with the *bravo!* innocently meant to show a familiarity with foreign usage. But all without exception make no secret of regarding us as the goose bound to deliver them a golden egg in return for their cackle. Such men as Agassiz,¹² Guyot, and Goldwin Smith come with gifts in their hands; but since it is commonly European failures who bring hither their remarkable gifts and acquirements, this view of the case is sometimes just the least bit in the world provoking. To think what a delicious seclusion of contempt we enjoyed till California and our own ostentatious *parvenus*, flinging gold away in Europe that might have endowed libraries at home, gave us the ill repute of riches! What a shabby downfall from the Arcadia which the French officers of our Revolutionary War fancied they saw here through Rousseau-tinted¹³ spectacles! Something of Arcadia there really was, something of the Old Age; and that divine provincialism were cheaply repurchased could we have it back again in exchange for the tawdry upholstery that has taken its place.

For some reason or other, the European has rarely been able to see America except in caricature. Would the first Review of

the world have printed the *niaiseries* of M. Maurice Sand¹⁴ as a picture of society in any civilized country? M. Sand, to be sure, has inherited nothing of his famous mother's literary outfit, except the pseudonym. But since the conductors of the *Revue* could not have published his story because it was clever, they must have thought it valuable for its truth. As true as the last-century Englishman's picture of Jean Crapaud! We do not ask to be sprinkled with rosewater, but may perhaps fairly protest against being drenched with the rinsings of an unclean imagination. The next time the *Revue* allows such ill-bred persons to throw their slops out of its first-floor windows, let it honestly preface the discharge with a *gare l'eau!*¹⁵ that we may run from under in season. And M. Duvergier de Hauranne,¹⁶ who knows how to be entertaining! I know that *le Français est plutôt indiscret que confiant*, and the pen slides too easily when indiscretions will fetch so much a page; but should we not have been *tant-soit-peu* more cautious had we been writing about people on the other side of the Channel? But then it is a fact in the natural history of the American long familiar to Europeans, that he abhors privacy, knows not the meaning of reserve, lives in hotels because of their greater publicity, and is never so pleased as when his domestic affairs (if he may be said to have any) are paraded in the newspapers. Barnum, it is well known, represents perfectly the average national sentiment in this respect. However it be, we are not treated like other people, or perhaps I should say like people who are ever likely to be met with in society.

Is it in the climate? Either I have a false notion of European manners, or else the atmosphere affects them strangely when exported hither. Perhaps they suffer from the sea-voyage like some of the more delicate wines. During our Civil War an English gentleman of the highest description was kind enough to call upon me, mainly, as it seemed, to inform me how entirely he sympathized with the Confederates, and how sure he felt that we could never subdue them, — "they were the *gentlemen* of the country, you know."

Another, the first greetings hardly over, asked me how I accounted for the universal meagreness of my countrymen. To a thinner man than I, or from a stouter man than he, the question *might* have been offensive. The Marquis of Hartington¹⁷ wore a secession badge at a public ball in New York. In a civilized country he might have been roughly handled; but here, where the *bienséances* are not so well understood, of course nobody minded it. A French traveller told me he had been a good deal in the British colonies, and had been astonished to see how soon the people became Americanized. He added, with delightful *bonhomie*, and as if he were sure it would charm me, that "they even began to talk through their noses, just like you!" I was naturally ravished with this testimony to the assimilating power of democracy, and could only reply that I hoped they would never adopt our democratic patent-method of seeming to settle one's honest debts, for they would find it paying through the nose in the long-run. I am a man of the New World, and do not know precisely the present fashion of May-Fair,¹⁸ but I have a kind of feeling that if an American (*mulato nomine, de te*¹⁹ is always frightfully possible) were to do this kind of thing under a European roof, it would induce some disagreeable reflections as to the ethical results of democracy. I read the other day in print the remark of a British tourist who had eaten large quantities of our salt, such as it is (I grant it has not the European savor), that the Americans were hospitable, no doubt, but that it was partly because they longed for foreign visitors to relieve the tedium of their dead-level existence, and partly from ostentation. What shall we do? Shall we close our doors? Not I, for one, if I should so have forfeited the friendship of L. S.,²⁰ most lovable of men. He somehow seems to find us human, at least, and so did Clough,²¹ whose poetry will one of these days, perhaps, be found to have been the best utterance in verse of this generation. And T. H.,²² the mere grasp of whose manly hand carries with it the pledge of frankness and friendship, of an abiding simplicity of nature as affecting as it is rare!

The fine old Tory aversion of former times was not hard to bear. There was something even refreshing in it, as in a northeaster to a hardy temperament. When a British parson, travelling in Newfoundland while the slash of our separation was still raw, after prophesying a glorious future for an island that continued to dry its fish under the ægis of Saint George, glances disdainfully over his spectacles in parting at the U. S. A., and forebodes for them a "speedy relapse into barbarism," now that they have madly cut themselves off from the humanizing influences of Britain, I smile with barbarian self-conceit. But this kind of thing became by degrees an unpleasant anachronism. For meanwhile the young giant was growing, was beginning indeed to feel tight in his clothes, was obliged to let in a gore here and there in Texas, in California, in New Mexico, in Alaska, and had the scissors and needle and thread ready for Canada when the time came. His shadow loomed like a Brocken-spectre²³ over against Europe, — the shadow of what they were coming to, that was the unpleasant part of it. Even in such misty image as they had of him, it was painfully evident that his clothes were not of any cut hitherto fashionable, nor conceivable by a Bond Street tailor, — and this in an age, too, when everything depends upon clothes, when, if we do not keep up appearances, the seeming-solid frame of this universe, nay, your very God, would slump into himself, like a mockery king of snow, being nothing, after all, but a prevailing mode, a make-believe of believing. From this moment the young giant assumed the respectable aspect of a phenomenon, to be got rid of if possible, but at any rate as legitimate a subject of human study as the glacial period or the silurian what-d'ye-call-ems. If the man of the primeval drift-heaps be so absorbingly interesting, why not the man of the drift that is just beginning, of the drift into whose irresistible current we are just being sucked whether we will or no? If I were in their place, I confess I should not be frightened. Man has survived so much, and contrived to be comfortable on this planet after surviving so much! I am something of a protestant in matters of

government also, and am willing to get rid of vestments and ceremonies and to come down to bare benches, if only faith in God take the place of a general agreement to profess confidence in ritual and sham. Every mortal man of us holds stock in the only public debt that is absolutely sure of payment, and that is the debt of the Maker of this Universe to the Universe he has made. I have no notion of selling out my shares in a panic.

It was something to have advanced even to the dignity of a phenomenon, and yet I do not know that the relation of the individual American to the individual European was bettered by it; and that, after all, must adjust itself comfortably before there can be a right understanding between the two. We had been a desert, we became a museum. People came hither for scientific and not social ends. The very cockney could not complete his education without taking a vacant stare at us in passing. But the sociologists (I think they call themselves so) were the hardest to bear. There was no escape. I have even known a professor of this fearful science to come disguised in petticoats. We were cross-examined as a chemist cross-examines a new substance. Human? yes, all the elements are present, though abnormally combined. Civilized? Hm! that needs a stricter assay. No entomologist could take a more friendly interest in a strange bug. After a few such experiences, I, for one, have felt as if I were merely one of those horrid things preserved in spirits (and very bad spirits, too) in a cabinet. I was not the fellow-being of these explorers: I was a curiosity; I was a *specimen*. Hath not an American organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions even as a European hath? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? I will not keep on with Shylock to his next question but one.²⁴

Till after our Civil War it never seemed to enter the head of any foreigner, especially of any Englishman, that an American had what could be called a country, except as a place to eat, sleep, and trade in. Then it seemed to strike them suddenly. "By Jove, you know, fellahs don't fight like that for a shop till!"

No, I rather think not. To Americans America is something more than a promise and an expectation. It has a past and traditions of its own. A descent from men who sacrificed everything and came hither, not to better their fortunes, but to plant their idea in virgin soil, should be a good pedigree. There was never colony save this that went forth, not to seek gold, but God. Is it not as well to have sprung from such as these as from some burly beggar who came over with Wilhelmus Conquestor, unless, indeed, a line grow better as it runs farther away from stalwart ancestors? And for our history, it is dry enough, no doubt, in the books, but, for all that, is of a kind that tells in the blood. I have admitted that Carlyle's sneer had a show of truth in it. But what does he himself, like a true Scot, admire in the Hohenzollerns? First of all, that they were *canny*, a thrifty, forchanded race. Next, that they made a good fight from generation to generation with the chaos around them. That is precisely the battle which the English race on this continent has been pushing doughtily forward for two centuries and a half. Doughtily and silently, for you cannot hear in Europe "that crash, the death-song of the perfect tree," that has been going on here from sturdy father to sturdy son, and making this continent habitable for the weaker Old World breed that has swarmed to it during the last half-century. If ever men did a good stroke of work on this planet, it was the forefathers of those whom you are wondering whether it would not be prudent to acknowledge as far-off cousins. Alas, man of genius, to whom we owe so much, could you see nothing more than the burning of a foul chimney in that clash of Michael and Satan²⁵ which flamed up under your very eyes?

Before our war we were to Europe but a huge mob of adventurers and shopkeepers. Leigh Hunt²⁶ expressed it well enough when he said that he could never think of America without seeing a gigantic counter stretched all along the seaboard. And Leigh Hunt, without knowing it, had been more than half Americanized, too! Feudalism had by degrees made commerce, the great civilizer, contemptible. But a

tradesman with sword on thigh and very prompt of stroke was not only redoubtable, he had become respectable also. Few people, I suspect, alluded twice to a needle in Sir John Hawkwood's²⁷ presence, after that doughty fighter had exchanged it for a more dangerous tool of the same metal. Democracy had been hitherto only a ludicrous effort to reverse the laws of nature by thrusting Cleon into the place of Pericles. But a democracy that could fight for an abstraction, whose members held life and goods cheap compared with that larger life which we call country, was not merely unheard-of, but portentous. It was the nightmare of the Old World taking upon itself flesh and blood, turning out to be substance and not dream. Since the Norman crusader clanged down upon the throne of the *porphyro-geniti*,²⁸ carefully-draped appearances had never received such a shock, had never been so rudely called on to produce their titles to the empire of the world. Authority has had its periods not unlike those of geology, and at last comes Man claiming kingship in right of his mere manhood. The world of the Saurians might be in some respects more picturesque, but the march of events is inexorable, and that world is bygone.

The young giant had certainly got out of long-clothes. He had become the *enfant terrible* of the human household. It was not and will not be easy for the world (especially for our British cousins) to look upon us as grown up. The youngest of nations, its people must also be young and to be treated accordingly, was the syllogism, — as if libraries did not make all nations equally old in all those respects, at least, where age is an advantage and not a defect. Youth, no doubt, has its good qualities, as people feel who are losing it, but boyishness is another thing. We have been somewhat boyish as a nation, a little loud, a little pushing, a little braggart. But might it not partly have been because we felt that we had certain claims to respect that were not admitted? The war which established our position as a vigorous nationality has also sobered us. A nation, like a man, cannot look death in the eye for four years without some strange reflections, without arriving at some clearer

consciousness of the stuff it is made of, without some great moral change. Such a change, or the beginning of it, no observant person can fail to see here. Our thought and our politics, our bearing as a people, are assuming a manlier tone. We have been compelled to see what was weak in democracy as well as what was strong. We have begun obscurely to recognize that things do not go of themselves, and that popular government is not in itself a panacea, is no better than any other form except as the virtue and wisdom of the people make it so, and that when men undertake to do their own kingship, they enter upon the dangers and responsibilities as well as the privileges of the function. Above all, it looks as if we were on the way to be persuaded that no government can be carried on by declamation. It is noticeable also that facility of communication has made the best English and French thought far more directly operative here than ever before. Without being Europeanized, our discussion of important questions in statesmanship, in political economy, in æsthetics, is taking a broader scope and a higher tone. It had certainly been provincial, one might almost say local, to a very unpleasant extent. Perhaps our experience in soldiery has taught us to value training more than we have been popularly wont. We may possibly come to the conclusion, one of these days, that self-made men may not be always equally skilful in the manufacture of wisdom, may not be divinely commissioned to fabricate the higher qualities of opinion on all possible topics of human interest.

So long as we continue to be the most common-schooled and the least cultivated people in the world, I suppose we must consent to endure this condescending manner of foreigners toward us. The more friendly they mean to be, the more ludicrously prominent it becomes. They can never appreciate the immense amount of silent work that has been done here, making this continent slowly fit for the abode of man, and which will demonstrate itself, let us hope, in the character of the people. Outsiders can only be expected to judge a nation by the amount it has con-

tributed to the civilization of the world; the amount, that is, that can be seen and handled. A great place in history can only be achieved by competitive examinations, nay, by a long course of them. How much new thought have we contributed to the common stock? Till that question can be triumphantly answered, or needs no answer, we must continue to be simply interesting as an experiment, to be studied as a problem, and not respected as an attained result or an accomplished solution. Perhaps, as I have hinted, their patronizing manner toward us is the fair result of their failing to see here anything more than a poor imitation, a plaster-cast of Europe. And are they not partly right? If the tone of the uncultivated American has too often the arrogance of the barbarian, is not that of the cultivated as often vulgarly apologetic? In the America they meet with is there the simplicity, the manliness, the absence of sham, the sincere human nature, the sensitiveness to duty and implied obligation, that in any way distinguishes us from what our orators call "the effete civilization of the Old World"? Is there a politician among us daring enough (except a Dana²⁹ here and there) to risk his future on the chance of our keeping our word with the exactness of superstitious communities like England? Is it certain that we shall be ashamed of a bankruptcy of honor, if we can only keep the letter of our bond? I hope we shall be able to answer all these questions with a frank *yes*. At any rate, we would advise our visitors that we are not merely curious creatures, but belong to the family of man, and that, as individuals, we are not to be always subjected to the competitive examination above mentioned, even if we acknowledged their competence as an examining board. Above all, we beg them to remember that America is not to us, as to them, a mere object of external interest to be discussed and analyzed, but *in us*, part of our very marrow. Let them not suppose that we conceive of ourselves as exiles from the graces and amenities of an older date than we, though very much at home in a state of things not yet all it might be or should be, but which we mean to make so, and which we find both whole-

some and pleasant for men (though perhaps not for *dilettanti*) to live in. "The full tide of human existence" may be felt here as keenly as Johnson felt it at Charing Cross, and in a larger sense. I know one person who is singular enough to think Cambridge the very best spot on the habitable globe. "Doubtless God *could* have made a better, but doubtless he never did."

It will take England a great while to get over her airs of patronage toward us, or even passably to conceal them. She cannot help confounding the people with the country, and regarding us as lusty juveniles. She has a conviction that whatever good there is in us is wholly English, when the truth is that we are worth nothing except so far as we have disinfected ourselves of Anglicism. She is especially condescending just now, and lavishes sugar-plums on us as if we had not outgrown them. I am no believer in sudden conversions, especially in sudden conversions to a favorable opinion of people who have just proved you to be mistaken in judgment and therefore unwise in policy. I never blamed her for not wishing well to democracy, — how should she? — but Alabamas are not wishes. Let her not be too hasty in believing Mr. Reverdy Johnson's³⁰ pleasant words. Though there is no thoughtful man in America who would not consider a war with England the greatest of calamities, yet the feeling towards her here is very far from cordial, whatever our Minister may say in the effusion that comes after ample dining. Mr. Adams,³¹ with his famous "My Lord, this means war," perfectly represented his country. Justly or not, we have a feeling that we have been wronged, not merely insulted. The only sure way of bringing about a healthy relation between the two countries is for Englishmen to clear their minds of the notion that we are always to be treated as a kind of inferior and deported Englishman whose nature they perfectly understand, and whose back they accordingly stroke the wrong way of the fur with amazing perseverance. Let them learn to treat us naturally on our merits as human beings, as they would a German or a Frenchman, and not as if we were a kind of counterfeit Briton whose crime appeared

in every shade of difference, and before long there would come that right feeling which we naturally call a good understanding. The common blood, and still more the common language, are fatal instruments of misapprehension. Let them give up *trying* to understand us, still more thinking that they do, and acting in various absurd ways as the necessary consequence, for they will never arrive at that devoutly-to-be-wished consummation, till they learn to look at us as we are and not as they suppose us to be. Dear old long-estranged mother-in-law, it is a great many years since we parted. Since 1660, when

you married again, you have been a step-mother to us. Put on your spectacles, dear madam. Yes, we *have* grown, and changed likewise. You would not let us darken your doors, if you could help it. We know that perfectly well. But pray, when we look to be treated as men, don't shake that rattle in our faces, nor talk baby to us any longer.

"Do, child, go to it grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam
will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig!" "2
1887

FRANCIS PARKMAN (1823-1893)

THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC

THE eventful night of the twelfthth was clear and calm, with no light but that of the stars. Within two hours before daybreak, thirty boats, crowded with sixteen hundred soldiers, cast off from the vessels, and floated downward, in perfect order, with the current of the ebb tide. To the boundless joy of the army, Wolfe's malady had abated, and he was able to command in person. His ruined health, the gloomy prospects of the siege, and the disaster at Montmorenci had oppressed him with the deepest melancholy, but never impaired for a moment the promptness of his decisions, or the impetuous energy of his action. He sat in the stern of one of the boats, pale and weak, but borne up to a calm height of resolution. Every order had been given, every arrangement made, and it only remained to face the issue. The ebbing tide sufficed to bear the boats along, and nothing broke the silence of the night but the gurgling of the river, and the low voice of Wolfe, as he repeated to the officers about him the stanzas of Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, which had recently appeared and which he had just received from England. Perhaps, as he uttered those strangely appropriate words, — "The paths of glory lead but to the grave,"

the shadows of his own approaching fate stole with mournful prophecy across his mind. "Gentlemen," he said, as he closed

his recital, "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec to-morrow."

As they approached the landing-place the boats edged closer in towards the northern shore, and the woody precipices rose high on their left, like a wall of undistinguished blackness.

"*Qui vive?*" shouted a French sentinel, from out the impervious gloom.

"*La France!*" answered a captain of Fraser's Highlanders, from the foremost boat.

"*A quel régiment?*" demanded the soldier.

"*De la Reine!*" promptly replied the Highland captain, who chanced to know that the regiment so designated formed part of Bougainville's command. As boats were frequently passing down the river with supplies for the garrison, and as a convoy from Bougainville was expected that very night, the sentinel was deceived, and allowed the English to proceed.

A few moments after, they were challenged again, and this time they could discern the soldier running close down to the water's edge, as if all his suspicions were aroused; but the skilful replies of the Highlander once more saved the party from discovery.

They reached the landing-place in safety, — an indentation in the shore, about a league above the city, and now

bearing the name of Wolfe's Cove. Here a narrow path led up the face of the heights, and a French guard was posted at the top to defend the pass. By the force of the current, the foremost boats, including that which carried Wolfe himself, were borne a little below the spot. The general was one of the first on shore. He looked upward at the rugged heights which towered above him in the gloom. "You can try it," he coolly observed to an officer near him; "but I don't think you'll get up."

At the point where the Highlanders landed, one of their captains, Donald MacDonald, apparently the same whose presence of mind had just saved the enterprise from ruin, was climbing in advance of his men, when he was challenged by a sentinel. He replied in French, by declaring that he had been sent to relieve the guard, and ordering the soldier to withdraw. Before the latter was undeceived, a crowd of Highlanders were close at hand, while the steeps below were thronged with eager climbers, dragging themselves up by trees, roots, and bushes. The guard turned out, and made a brief though brave resistance. In a moment, they were cut to pieces, dispersed, or made prisoners; while men after men came swarming up the height, and quickly formed upon the plains above. Meanwhile, the vessels had dropped downward with the current, and anchored opposite the landing-place. The remaining troops were disembarked, and, with the dawn of day, the whole were brought in safety to the shore.

The sun rose, and, from the ramparts of Quebec, the astonished people saw the Plains of Abraham glittering with arms, and the dark-red lines of the English forming in array of battle. Breathless messengers had borne the evil tidings to Montcalm, and far and near his wide-extended camp resounded with the rolling of alarm drums and the din of startled preparation. He, too, had had his struggles and his sorrows. The civil power had thwarted him; famine, discontent, and disaffection were rife among his soldiers; and no small portion of the Canadian militia had dispersed from sheer starvation. In spite of all, he had trusted to hold out till the

winter frosts should drive the invaders from before the town; when, on that disastrous morning, the news of their successful temerity fell like a cannon shot upon his ear. Still he assumed a tone of confidence. "They have got to the weak side of us at last," he is reported to have said, "and we must crush them with our numbers." With headlong haste, his troops were pouring over the bridge of the St. Charles, and gathering in heavy masses under the western ramparts of the town. Could numbers give assurance of success, their triumph would have been secure; for five French battalions and the armed colonial peasantry amounted in all to more than seven thousand five hundred men. Full in sight before them stretched the long, thin lines of the British forces, — the half-wild Highlanders, the steady soldiery of England, and the hardy levies of the provinces, — less than five thousand in number, but all inured to battle, and strong in the full assurance of success. Yet, could the chiefs of that gallant army have pierced the secrets of the future, could they have foreseen that the victory which they burned to achieve would have robbed England of her proudest boast, that the conquest of Canada would pave the way for the independence of America, their swords would have dropped from their hands, and the heroic fire have gone out within their hearts.

It was nine o'clock, and the adverse armies stood motionless, each gazing on the other. The clouds hung low, and, at intervals, warm light showers descended, besprinkling both alike. The coppice and cornfields in front of the British troops were filled with French sharpshooters, who kept up a distant, spattering fire. Here and there a soldier fell in the ranks, and the gap was filled in silence.

At a little before ten, the British could see that Montcalm was preparing to advance, and, in a few moments, all his troops appeared in rapid motion. They came on in three divisions, shouting after the manner of their nation, and firing heavily as soon as they came within range. In the British ranks, not a trigger was pulled, not a soldier stirred; and their ominous composure seemed to damp the

spirits of the assailants. It was not till the French were within forty yards that the fatal word was given, and the British muskets blazed forth at once in one crashing explosion. Like a ship at full career, arrested with sudden ruin on a sunken rock, the ranks of Montcalm staggered, shivered, and broke before that wasting storm of lead. The smoke, rolling along the field, for a moment shut out the view; but when the white wreaths were scattered on the wind, a wretched spectacle was disclosed; men and officers tumbled in heaps, battalions resolved into a mob, order and obedience gone; and when the British muskets were levelled for a second volley, the masses of the militia were seen to cower and shrink with uncontrollable panic. For a few minutes, the French regulars stood their ground, returning a sharp and not ineffectual fire. But now, echoing cheer on cheer, redoubling volley on volley, trampling the dying and the dead, and driving the fugitives in crowds, the British troops advanced and swept the field before them. The ardor of the men burst all restraint. They broke into a run, and with unsparing slaughter chased the flying multitudes to the gates of Quebec. Foremost of all, the light-footed Highlanders dashed along in furious pursuit, hewing down the Frenchmen with their broadswords, and slaying many in the very ditch of the fortifications. Never was victory more quick or more decisive.

In the short action and pursuit, the French lost fifteen hundred men, killed, wounded, and taken. Of the remainder, some escaped within the city, and others fled across the St. Charles to rejoin their comrades who had been left to guard the camp. The pursuers were recalled by sound of trumpet; the broken ranks were formed afresh, and the English troops withdrawn beyond reach of the cannon of Quebec. Bougainville, with his corps, arrived from the upper country, and, hovering about their rear, threatened an attack; but when he saw what greeting was prepared for him, he abandoned his purpose and withdrew. Townshend and Murray, the only general officers who remained unhurt, passed to the head of every regiment in turn, and thanked the

soldiers for the bravery they had shown; yet the triumph of the victors was mingled with sadness, as the tidings went from rank to rank that Wolfe had fallen.

In the heat of the action, as he advanced at the head of the grenadiers of Louisbourg, a bullet shattered his wrist; but he wrapped his handkerchief about the wound, and showed no sign of pain. A moment more, and a ball pierced his side. Still he pressed forward, waving his sword and cheering his soldiers to the attack, when a third shot lodged deep within his breast. He paused, reeled, and, staggering to one side, fell to the earth. Brown, a lieutenant of the grenadiers, Henderson, a volunteer, an officer of artillery, and a private soldier, raised him together in their arms, and, bearing him to the rear, laid him softly on the grass. They asked if he would have a surgeon; but he shook his head, and answered that all was over with him. His eyes closed with the torpor of approaching death, and those around sustained his fainting form. Yet they could not withhold their gaze from the wild turmoil before them, and the charging ranks of their companions rushing through fire and smoke. "See how they run," one of the officers exclaimed, as the French fled in confusion before the levelled bayonets. "Who run?" demanded Wolfe, opening his eyes like a man aroused from sleep. "The enemy, sir," was the reply; "they give way everywhere." "Then," said the dying general, "tell Colonel Burton to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge. Now, God be praised, I will die in peace," he murmured; and, turning on his side, he calmly breathed his last.

Almost at the same moment fell his great adversary, Montcalm, as he strove, with vain bravery, to rally his shattered ranks. Struck down with a mortal wound, he was placed upon a litter and borne to the General Hospital on the banks of the St. Charles. The surgeons told him that he could not recover. "I am glad of it," was his calm reply. He then asked how long he might survive, and was told that he had not many hours remaining. "So much the better," he said; "I am happy that I shall not live to see the sur-

render of Quebec." Officers from the garrison came to his bedside to ask his orders and instructions. "I will give no more orders," replied the defeated soldier; "I have much business that must be attended to, of greater moment than your ruined garrison and this wretched country. My time is very short; therefore, pray leave me." The officers withdrew, and none remained in the chamber but his confessor and the Bishop of Quebec. To the last, he expressed his contempt for his own mutinous and half-famished troops, and his admiration for the disciplined valor of his opponents. He died before midnight, and was buried at his own desire in a cavity of the earth formed by the bursting of a bombshell.

The victorious army encamped before Quebec, and pushed their preparations for the siege with zealous energy; but before a single gun was brought to bear, the white

flag was hung out, and the garrison surrendered. On the eighteenth of September, 1759, the rock-built citadel of Canada passed forever from the hands of its ancient masters.

The victory on the Plains of Abraham and the downfall of Quebec filled all England with pride and exultation. From north to south, the land blazed with illuminations, and resounded with the ringing of bells, the firing of guns, and the shouts of the multitude. In one village alone all was dark and silent amid the general joy; for here dwelt the widowed mother of Wolfe. The populace, with unwonted delicacy, respected her lonely sorrow, and forbore to obtrude the sound of their rejoicings upon her grief for one who had been through life her pride and solace, and repaid her love with a tender and constant devotion.

1851

The Modern Period

EMILY DICKINSON
(1830-1886)

INDIAN SUMMER

These are the days when birds come back,
A very few, a bird or two,
To take a backward look.

These are the days when skies put on
The old, old sophistries of June, —
A blue and gold mistake.

Oh, fraud that can not cheat the bee,
Almost thy plausibility
Induces my belief,

Till ranks of seeds their witness bear,
And softly through the altered air
Hurries a timid leaf!

Oh, sacrament of summer days,
Oh, last communion in the haze,
Permit a child to join,

Thy sacred emblems to partake,
Thy consecrated bread to break,
Taste thine immortal wine! 1890

CALLED BACK

Just lost, when I was saved!
Just heard the world go by!
Just girt me for the onset with eternity,
When breath blew back,
And on the other side 5
I heard recede the disappointed tide!

Therefore, as one returned, I feel,
Odd secrets of the line to tell!
Some sailor, skirting foreign shores,
Some pale reporter from the awful doors 10
Before the seal!

Next time, to stay!
Next time, the things to see

By ear unheard,
Unscrutinized by eye. 15

Next time, to tarry,
While the ages steal, —
Slow tramp the centuries,
And the cycles wheel. 1891

"TROUBLED ABOUT MANY THINGS"

How many times these low feet staggered,
Only the soldered mouth can tell;
Try! can you stir the awful rivet?
Try! can you lift the hasps of steel?

Stroke the cool forehead, hot so often, 5
Lift, if you can, the listless hair;
Handle the adamantine fingers
Never a thimble more shall wear.

Buzz the dull flies on the chamber window;
Brave shines the sun through the freckled
pane; 10
Fearless the cobweb swings from the ceiling
Indolent housewife, in daisies lain!

I ASKED NO OTHER THING

I asked no other thing,
No other was denied.
I offered Being for it;
The mighty merchant smiled.

Brazil? He twirled a button, 5
Without a glance my way:
"But, madam, is there nothing else
That we can show to-day?"

SIDNEY LANIER
(1842-1881)

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE *

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,

* Used by permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again, 5
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall. 10

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried, *Abide, abide*,
The wilful water weeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide, 15
The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay*,
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed *Abide, abide*,
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall. 20

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold, 25
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and
sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall. 30

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth
brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone 35
— Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet, and amethyst —
Made lures with the lights of streaming
stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall. 40

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call —
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the
main. 45
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to
turn,

And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the
plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall. 50
1877

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN *

Glooms of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided
and woven
With intricate shades of the vines that
myriad-cloven
Clamber the forks of the multiform
boughs, —
Emerald twilights, —
Virginal shy lights, 5
Wrought of the leaves to allure to the
whisper of vows,
When lovers pace timidly down through
the green colonnades
Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear dark
woods,
Of the heavenly woods and glades,
That run to the radiant marginal sand-
beach within 10
The wide sea-marshes of Glynn; —

Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noon-
day fire, —
Wildwood privacies, closets of lone desire,
Chamber from chamber parted with
wavering arras of leaves, —
Cells for the passionate pleasure of prayer
to the soul that grieves, 15
Pure with a sense of the passing of saints
through the wood,
Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill with
good; —

O braided dusks of the oak and woven
shades of the vine,
While the riotous noonday sun of the
June-day long did shine
Ye held me fast in your heart and I held
you fast in mine; 20
But now when the noon is no more, and
riot is rest,
And the sun is a-wait at the ponderous
gate of the West,
And the slant yellow beam down the wood-
aisle doth seem
Like a lane into heaven that leads from a
dream, —

* Used by permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

Ay, now, when my soul all day hath
drunken the soul of the oak, 25
And my heart is at ease from men, and the
wearisome sound of the stroke

Of the scythe of time and the trowel of
trade is low,

And belief cvermasters doubt, and I
know that I know,

And my spirit is grown to a lordly great
compass within,

That the length and the breadth and the
sweep of the Marshes of Glynn 30

Will work me no fear like the fear they
have wrought me of yore

When length was fatigue, and when
breadth was but bitterness sore,

And when terror and shrinking and dreary
unnamable pain

Drew over me out of the merciless miles
of the plain, —

Oh, now, unafraid, I am fain to face 35
The vast sweet visage of space.

To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I am
drawn,

Where the gray beach glimmering runs, as
a belt of the dawn,

For a mete and a mark
To the forest-dark: — 40

So:

Affable live-oak, leaning low, —
Thus — with your favor — soft, with a
reverent hand

(Not lightly touching your person, Lord
of the land!),

Bending your beauty aside, with a step I
stand 45

On the firm-packed sand,

Free

By a world of marsh that borders a world
of sea.

Sinuuous southward and sinuous north-
ward the shimmering band

Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of
the marsh to the folds of the
land. 50

Inward and outward to northward and
southward the beach-lines linger
and curl

As a silver-wrought garment that clings to
and follows the firm sweet limbs of
a girl.

Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving
again into sight,

Softly the sand-beach wavers away to a
dim gray looping of light.

And what if behind me to westward the
wall of the woods stands high? 55

The world lies east: how ample, the marsh
and the sea and the sky!

A league and a league of marsh-grass,
waist-high, broad in the blade,

Green, and all of a height, and unflecked
with a light or a shade,

Stretch leisurely off, in a pleasant plain,
To the terminal blue of the main. 60

Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the
terminal sea?

Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad
discussion of sin,

By the length and the breadth and the
sweep of the marshes of Glynn.

Ye marshes, how candid and simple and
nothing-withholding and free 65

Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer
yourselves to the sea!

Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the
rains and the sun,

Ye spread and span like the catholic man
who hath mightily won

God out of knowledge and good out of
infinite pain

And sight out of blindness and purity out
of a stain. 70

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the
watery sod,

Behold I will build me a nest on the great-
ness of God:

I will fly in the greatness of God as the
marsh-hen flies

In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt
the marsh and the skies:

By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends
in the sod 75

I will heartily lay me a-hold on the great-
ness of God:

Oh, like to the greatness of God is the
greatness within

The range of the marshes, the liberal
marshes of Glynn.

And the sea lends large, as the marsh: lo,
out of his plenty the sea

Pours fast: full soon the time of the flood-
tide must be: 80

Look how the grace of the sea doth go
About and about through the intricate
channels that flow

Here and there,
Everywhere,
Till his waters have flooded the uttermost
crecks and the low-lying lanes, 85
And the marsh is meshed with a million
veins,
That like as with rosy and silvery essences
flow

In the rose-and-silver evening glow.
Farewell, my lord Sun!
The creeks overflow: a thousand rivulets
run 90
'Twixt the roots of the sod; the blades of
the marsh-grass stir;
Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that
westward whirr;
Passeth, and all is still; and the currents
cease to run;
And the sea and the marsh are one.

How still the plains of the waters be! 95
The tide is in his ecstasy;
The tide is at his highest height:
And it is night.

And now from the Vast of the Lord will
the waters of sleep
Roll in on the souls of men, 100
But who will reveal to our waking ken
The forms that swim and the shapes that
creep

Under the waters of sleep?
And I would I could know what swimmeth
below when the tide comes in
On the length and the breadth of the
marvellous marshes of Glynn. 105
1878

EDWIN MARKHAM
(1852-)

THE MAN WITH THE HOE *

*Written after seeing Millet's painting of a
brutalised toiler.*

God made man in his own image:
in the image of God made he him.
— Genesis.

Bowed by the weight of centuries, he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face

And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and de-
spair, 5

A thing that grieves not and that never
hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal
jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this
brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within
this brain? 10

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and
gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens
for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the dream He dreamed who shaped
the suns 15
And marked their ways upon the ancient
deep?
Down all the caverns of Hell to their last
gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this —
More tongued with censure of the world's
blind greed —
More filled with signs and portents for the
soul — 20
More packt with danger to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of
song, 25
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering
ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity be-
trayed,
Plundered, profaned, and disinherited, 30
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-
quenched? 35
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;

Give back the upward looking and the
light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies, 40
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this man?
How answer his brute question in that
hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the
world? 45
How will it be with kingdoms and with
kings —
With those who shaped him to the thing
he is —
When this dumb Terror shall rise to judge
the world,
After the silence of the centuries?

1899

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE
(1856—)

TEARS

When I consider Life and its few years —
A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;
A call to battle, and the battle done
Ere the last echo dies within our ears;
A rose choked in the grass; an hour of
fears; 5
The gusts that past a darkening shore do
beat;
The burst of music down an unlistening
street —
I wonder at the idleness of tears.
Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,
Chieftains, and bards, and keepers of the
sheep, 10
By every cup of sorrow that you had,
Loose me from tears, and make me see
aright
How each hath back what once he stayed
to weep;
Homer his sight, David his little lad!
1910

RICHARD HOVEY
(1864-1900)

SPRING: AN ODE

I said in my heart: "I am sick of four walls
and a ceiling.
I have need of the sky. "

I have business with the grass.
I will up and get me away where the hawk
is wheeling,
Long and high, 5
And the slow clouds go by.
I will get me away to the waters that glass
The clouds as they pass,
To the waters that lie
Like the heart of a maiden aware of a
doom drawing nigh 10
And dumb for sorcery of impending joy.
I will get me away to the woods.
Spring, like a huntsman's boy,
Halloos along the hillsides and unhoods
The falcon in my will. 15
The dogwood calls me, and the sudden
thrill
That breaks in apple-blooms down country
roads
Plucks me by the sleeve and nudges me
away.
The sap is in the boles to-day;
And in my veins a pulse that yearns and
goads." 20
When I got to the woods I found out
What the spring was about,
With her gipsy ways
And her heart ablaze,
Coming up from the south 25
With the wander-lure of witch-songs in her
mouth.
For the sky
Stirred and grew soft and swimming as a
lover's eye
As she went by;
The air 30
Made love to all it touched as if its care
Were all to spare;
The earth
Prickled with lust of birth;
The woodland streams 35
Babbled the incoherence of the thousand
dreams
Wherewith the warm sun teems.
And out of the frieze
Of the chestnut-trees
I heard 40
The sky and the fields and the thicket find
voice in a bird.
The goldenwing — hark!
How he drives his song
Like a golden nail
Through the hush of the air! 45
I thrill to his cry in the thicket there;

I respond to the new life mounting under
the bark;
I shall not be long
To follow
With eft and bulrush, bee and bud and
swallow, 50
On the old trail.

Spring in the world!
And all things are made new.
There was never a mote that whirled
In the nebular morn, 55
There was never a brook that purled
When the hills were born,
There was never a leaf uncured —
Not the first that grew —
Nor a bee-flight hurled, 60
Nor a bird-note skirled,
Nor a cloud-wisp swirled
In the depth of the blue,
More alive and afresh and impromptu,
more thoughtless and certain and
free,
More a-shout with the glee 65
Of the Unknown new-burst on the wonder,
than here, than here,
In the re-wrought sphere
Of the new-born year —
Now, now,
When the greenlet sings on the redbud
bough 70
Where the blossoms are whispering "I and
thou" —
"I and thou,"
And a lass at the turn looks after her lad
with a dawn on her brow,
And the world is just made — now!
Spring in the heart! — 75
With her pinks and pearls and yellows.
Spring, fellows,
And we too feel the little green leaves
a-start
Across the bare-twigged winter of the
mart.
The campus is re-born in us to-day; 80
The old grip stirs our hearts with new-old
joy:
Again bursts bonds for madcap holiday
The eternal boy.
For we have not come here for long debate
Nor taking counsel for our household
order, 85
Howe'er we make a feint of serious
things, —

For all the world as in affairs of state
A word goes out for war along the border
To further or defeat the loves of kings.
We put our house to rights from year to
year, 90
But that is not the call that brings us here;
We have come here to be glad.

*Give a rouse, then, in the Maytime
For a life that knows no fear!
Turn night-time into daytime 95
With the sunlight of good cheer!
For it's always fair weather
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table and a good song
ringing clear.*

*When the wind comes up from Cuba, 100
And the birds are on the wing,
And our hearts are patting juba
To the banjo of the spring,
Then it's no wonder whether
The boys will get together, 105
With a stein on the table and a cheer for
everything.*

*For we're all frank-and-twenty
When the spring is in the air;
And we've faith and hope a-plenty,
And we've life and love to spare, 110
And it's birds of a feather
When we all get together,
With a stein on the table and a heart
without a care.*

*For we know the world is glorious,
And the goal a golden thing, 115
And that God is not censorious
When his children have their fling;
And life slips its tether
When the boys get together,
With a stein on the table in the fellow-
ship of spring. 120*

A road runs east, and a road runs west,
From the table where we sing;
And the lure of the one is a roving quest,
And the lure of the other a lotus dream.
And the eastward road leads into the
West. 125
Of the lifelong chase of the vanishing
gleam;
And the westward road leads into the East
Where the spirit from striving is released.

Where the soul like a child in God's arms
 lies
 And forgets the lure of the butterflies. 130
 And west is east, if you follow the trail to
 the end;
 And east is west, if you follow the trail to
 the end;
 And the East and the West in the Spring of
 the World shall blend
 As a man and a woman that plight
 Their troth in the warm spring night. 135
 And the spring for the East is the sap in the
 heart of a tree;
 And the spring for the West is the will in
 the wings of a bird;
 But the spring for the East and the West
 alike shall be
 An urge in their bones and an ache in their
 spirit, a word
 That shall knit them in one for Time's
 foison, once they have heard. 140

And do I not hear
 The first low stirring of that greater spring
 Thrill in the underworld of the cosmic
 year?
 The wafture of scant violets presaging
 The roses and the tasseled corn to be; 145
 A yearning in the roots of grass and tree;
 A swallow in the eaves;
 The hint of coming leaves;
 The signals of the summer coming up from
 Arcadie!

For surely in the blind deep-buried roots 150
 Of all men's souls to-day
 A secret quiver shoots.
 An underground compulsion of new birth
 Lays hold upon the dark core of our being,
 And unborn blossoms urge their uncompre-
 hended way 155
 Toward the outer day.
 Unconscious, dumb, unseeing,
 The darkness in us is aware
 Of something potent burning through the
 earth,
 Of something vital in the procreant air. 160

Is it a spring indeed?
 Or do we stir and mutter in our dreams,
 Only to sleep again?
 What warrant have we that we give not,
 heed
 To the caprices of an idle brain 165

That in its slumber deems
 The world of slumber real as it seems?
 No. —
 Spring's not to be mistaken.
 When her first far flute-notes blow 170
 Across the snow.
 Bird, beast, and blossom know
 That she is there.
 The very bats awaken
 That hang in clusters in Kentucky caves 175
 All winter, breathless, motionless, asleep,
 And feel no alteration of the air,
 For all year long those vasty caverns keep,
 Winter and summer, even temperature;
 And yet when April whistles on the hill, 180
 Somehow, far in those subterranean naves,
 They know, they hear her, they obey her
 will,
 And wake and circle through the vaulted
 aisles
 To find her in the open where she smiles.

So we are somehow sure, 185
 By this dumb turmoil in the soul of man,
 Of an impending something. When the
 stress
 Climbs to fruition, we can only guess
 What many-seeded harvest we shall scan;
 But from one impulse, like a northering
 sun, 190
 The innumerable outburst is begun,
 And in that common sunlight all men know
 A common ecstasy
 And feel themselves at one.
 The comradeship of joy and mystery 195
 Thrills us more vitally as we arouse,
 And we shall find our new day intimate
 Beyond the guess of any long ago.
 Doubting or elate,
 With agony or triumph on our brows, 200
 We shall not fail to be
 Better comrades than before;
 For no new sense puts forth in us but we
 Enter our fellows' lives thereby the more.
 And three great spirits with the spirit of
 man 205
 Go forth to do his bidding. One is free,
 And one is shackled, and the third, un-
 bound,
 Halts yet a little with a broken chain
 Of antique workmanship, not wholly
 loosed,
 That dangles and impedes its forthright
 way. 210

Unfettered, swift, hawk-eyed, implacable,
The Wonder-worker, Science, with his
wand,

Subdues an alien world to man's desires.
And Art, with wide imaginative wings,
Stands by, alert for flight, to bear his
lord 215

Into the strange heart of the alien world,
Till he shall live in it as in himself
And know its longing as he knows his own.
Behind a little, where the shadows fall,
Lingers Religion with deep-brooding
eyes, 220

Serene, impenetrable, transpicuous
As the all-clear and all-mysterious sky,
Biding her time to fuse into one act
Those other twain, man's right hand and
his left.

For all the bonds shall be broken and rent
in sunder, 225

And the soul of man go free
Forth with those three
Into the lands of wonder;
Like some undaunted youth
Afield in quest of truth, 230

Rejoicing in the road he journeys on
As much as in the hope of journey done.
And the road runs east, and the road runs
west,

That his vagrant feet explore;
And he knows no haste and he knows no
rest 235

And every mile has a stranger zest
Than the miles he trod before;
And his heart leaps high in the nascent
year

When he sees the purple buds appear;
For he knows, though the great black
frost may blight 240

The hope of May in a single night,
That the Spring, though it shrink back
under the bark,

But bides its time somewhere in the dark,—
Though it come not now to its blossoming,
By the thrill in his heart he knows the
Spring; 245

And the promise it makes perchance too
soon

It shall keep with its roses yet in June;
For the ages fret not over a day,
And the greater to-morrow is on its way.

1898

EDGAR LEE MASTERS

(1869—)

SILENCE *

I have known the silence of the stars and of
the sea,

And the silence of the city when it
pauses,

And the silence of a man and a maid,
And the silence for which music alone
finds the word,

And the silence of the woods before the
winds of spring begin, 5

And the silence of the sick
When their eyes roam about the room.

And I ask: For the depths
Of what use is language?

A beast of the field moans a few times 10
When death takes its young.

And we are voiceless in the presence of
realities —

We cannot speak.

A curious boy asks an old soldier
Sitting in front of the grocery store, 15

"How did you lose your leg?"
And the old soldier is struck with silence,

Or his mind flies away
Because he cannot concentrate it on
Gettysburg.

It comes back jocosely 20
And he says, "A bear bit it off."

And the boy wonders, while the old
soldier

Dumbly, feebly lives over
The flashes of guns, the thunder of cannon,

The shrieks of the slain, 25
And himself lying on the ground,

And the hospital surgeons, the knives,
And the long days in bed.

But if he could describe it all
He would be an artist. 30

But if he were an artist there would be
deeper wounds

Which he could not describe.

There is the silence of a great hatred,
And the silence of a great love,

And the silence of a deep peace of mind, 35
And the silence of an embittered friend-
ship;

There is the silence of a spiritual crisis,

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Through which your soul, exquisitely tortured,
 Comes with visions not to be uttered
 Into a realm of higher life, 40
 And the silence of the gods who understand each other without speech;
 There is the silence of defeat.
 There is the silence of those unjustly punished,
 And the silence of the dying who e hand
 Suddenly grips yours. 45
 There is the silence between father and son,
 When the father cannot explain his life,
 Even though he be misunderstood for it.
 There is the silence that comes between husband and wife.
 There is the silence of those who have failed; 50
 And the vast silence that covers
 Broken nations and vanquished leaders.
 There is the silence of Lincoln,
 Thinking of the poverty of his youth.
 And the silence of Napoleon 55
 After Waterloo.
 And the silence of Jeanne d'Arc
 Saying amid the flames, "Blessed Jesus"—
 Revealing in two words all sorrow, all hope.
 And there is the silence of age, 60
 Too full of wisdom for the tongue to utter it
 In words intelligible to those who have not lived
 The great range of life.
 And there is the silence of the dead.
 If we who are in life cannot speak 65
 Of profound experiences,
 Why do you marvel that the dead
 Do not tell you of death?
 Their silence shall be interpreted
 As we approach them. 70

1916

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON
 (1869-)

MINIVER CHEEVEY *

Miniver Cheevey, child of scorn,
 Grew lean while he assailed the seasons;

He wept that he was ever born,
 And he had reasons.

Miniver loved the days of old 5
 When swords were bright and steeds
 were prancing;
 The vision of a warrior bold
 Would set him dancing.

Miniver sighed for what was not,
 And dreamed, and rested from his 10
 labors;
 He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot,
 And Priam's neighbors.

Miniver mourned the ripe renown
 That made so many a name so fragrant;
 He mourned Romance, now on the town, 15
 And Art, a vagrant.

Miniver loved the Medici,
 Albeit he had never seen one;
 He would have sinned incessantly
 Could he have been one. 20

Miniver cursed the commonplace,
 And eyed a khaki suit with loathing;
 He missed the medieval grace
 Of iron clothing.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought, 25
 But sore annoyed was he without it;
 Miniver thought, and thought, and
 thought,
 And thought about it.

Miniver Cheevey, born too late,
 Scratched his head and kept on think- 30
 ing;
 Miniver coughed, and called it fate,
 And kept on drinking.

1910

FLAMMONDE *

The man Flammonde, from God knows
 where,
 With firm address and foreign air,
 With news of nations in his talk
 And something royal in his walk,
 With glint of iron in his eyes, 5
 But never doubt, nor yet surprise,
 Appeared, and stayed, and held his head
 As one by kings accredited.

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Erect, with his alert repose
About him, and about his clothes, 10
He pictured all tradition hears
Of what we owe to fifty years.
His cleansing heritage of taste
Paraded neither want nor waste;
And what he needed for his fee 15
To live, he borrowed graciously.

He never told us what he was,
Or what mischance, or other cause,
Had banished him from better days
To play the Prince of Castaways. 20
Meanwhile he played surpassing well
A part, for most, unplayable;
In fine, one pauses, half afraid
To say for certain that he played.

For that, one may as well forego 25
Conviction as to yes or no;
Nor can I say just how intense
Would then have been the difference
To several, who, having striven
In vain to get what he was given, 30
Would see the stranger taken on
By friends not easy to be won.

Moreover, many a malcontent
He soothed and found munificent;
His courtesy beguiled and foiled 35
Suspicion that his years were soiled;
His mien distinguished any crowd,
His credit strengthened when he bowed;
And women, young and old, were fond
Of looking at the man Flammonde. 40

There was a woman in our town
On whom the fashion was to frown;
But while our talk renewed the tinge
Of a long-faded scarlet fringe,
The man Flammonde saw none of that, 45
But what he saw we wondered at —
That none of us, in her distress
Could hide or find our littleness.

There was a boy that all agreed
Had shut within him the rare seed 50
Of learning. We could understand,
But none of us could lift a hand.
The man Flammonde appraised the
youth,
And told a few of us the truth;
And thereby, for a little gold, 55
A flowered future was unrolled.

There were two citizens who fought
For years and years, and over nought;
They made life awkward for their friends,
And shortened their own dividends. 60
The man Flammonde said what was wrong
Should be made right; nor was it long
Before they were again in line,
And had each other in to dine.

And these I mention are but four 65
Of many out of many more.
So much for them. But what of him —
So firm in every look and limb?
What small satanic sort of kink
Was in his brain? What broken link 70
Withheld him from the destinies
That came so near to being his?

What was he, when we came to sift
His meaning, and to note the drift
Of incommunicable ways 75
That make us ponder while we praise?
Why was it that his charm revealed
Somehow the surface of a shield?
What was it that we never caught?
What was he, and what was he not? 80

How much it was of him we met
We cannot ever know; nor yet
Shall all he gave us quite atone
For what was his, and his alone;
Nor need we now, since he knew best, 85
Nourish an ethical unrest:
Rarely at once will nature give
The power to be Flammonde and live.

We cannot know how much we learn
From those who never will return, 90
Until a flash of unforeseen
Remembrance falls on what has been.
We've each a darkening hill to climb;
And this is why, from time to time
In Tilbury Town, we look beyond 95
Horizons for the man Flammonde.

1916

CARL SANDBURG
(1878—)

CHICAGO

Hog-butcher for the World,
Tool-maker, Stacker of Wheat,
Player with Railroads and the Na-
tion's Freight-handler;

Stormy, husky, brawling,
City of the Big Shoulders:

They tell me you are wicked and I believe
them, for I have seen your painted
women under the gas lamps luring
the farm boys.

And they tell me you are crooked, and I
answer, Yes, it is true I have seen
the gunman kill and go free to kill
again.

And they tell me you are brutal and my
reply is, On the faces of women and
children I have seen the marks of
wanton hunger.

And having answered so I turn once more
to those who sneer at this my city,
and I give them back the sneer and
say to them:

Come and show me another city with
lifted head singing so proud to be
alive and coarse and strong and
cunning.

Flinging magnetic curses amid the toil of
piling job on job, here is a tall bold
slugger set vivid against the little
soft cities;

Fierce as a dog with tongue lapping for
action, cunning as a savage pitted
against the wilderness,

Bareheaded,

Shoveling,

Wrecking,

Planning,

Building, breaking, rebuilding,

Under the smoke, dust all over his mouth,
laughing with white teeth,

Under the terrible burden of destiny laugh-
ing as a young man laughs,

Laughing even as an ignorant fighter
laughs who has never lost a
battle,

Bragging and laughing that under his
wrist is the pulse, and under his
ribs the heart of the people,
Laughing!

Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling
laughter of youth; half-naked,
sweating, proud to be Hog-butcher,
Tool-maker, Stacker of Wheat,
Player with Railroads, and Freight-
handler to the Nation.

1916

COOL TOMBS

When Abraham Lincoln was shoveled into
the tombs, he forgot the copper-
heads and the assassin . . . in the
dust, in the cool tombs.

And Ulysses Grant lost all thought of con-
men and Wall Street, cash and
collateral turned ashes . . . in the
dust, in the cool tombs.

Pocahontas, body lovely as a poplar,
sweet as a red haw in November
or a pawpaw in May, did she won-
der? does she remember? . . . in
the dust, in the cool tombs?

Take any streetful of people buying
clothes and groceries, cheering a
hero or throwing confetti and blow-
ing tin horns . . . tell me if the
lovers are the losers . . . tell me
if any get more than the lovers . . .
in the dust . . . in the cool tombs.
1918

ALAN SEEGER
(1888-1916)

"I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH" *

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling
shade

And apple-blossoms fill the air —
I have a rendezvous with Death 5
When Spring brings back blue days and
fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still. 10
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep 15
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear . . .

* Used by permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

But I've a rendezvous with Death 20
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,

And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

1916

FRANCIS BRET HARTE (1839-1902)

THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT

As Mr. John Oakhurst, gambler, stepped into the main street of Poker Flat on the morning of the 23rd of November, 1850, he was conscious of a change in its moral atmosphere since the preceding night. Two or three men, conversing earnestly together, ceased as he approached, and exchanged significant glances. There was a Sabbath lull in the air, which, in a settlement unused to Sabbath influences, looked ominous.

Mr. Oakhurst's calm, handsome face betrayed small concern in these indications. Whether he was conscious of any predisposing cause was another question. "I reckon they're after somebody," he reflected; "likely it's me." He returned to his pocket the handkerchief with which he had been whipping away the red dust of Poker Flat from his neat boots, and quietly discharged his mind of any further conjecture.

In point of fact, Poker Flat was "after somebody." It had lately suffered the loss of several thousand dollars, two valuable horses, and a prominent citizen. It was experiencing a spasm of virtuous reaction, quite as lawless and ungovernable as any of the acts that had provoked it. A secret committee had determined to rid the town of all improper persons. This was done permanently in regard of two men who were then hanging from the boughs of a sycamore in the gulch, and temporarily in the banishment of certain other objectionable characters. I regret to say that some of these were ladies. It is but due to the sex, however, to state that their impropriety was professional, and it was only in such easily established standards of evil that Poker Flat ventured to sit in judgment.

Mr. Oakhurst was right in supposing that he was included in this category. A few of the committee had urged hanging

him as a possible example and a sure method of reimbursing themselves from his pockets of the sums he had won from them. "It's agin justice," said Jim Wheeler, "to let this yer young man from Roaring Camp—an entire stranger—carry away our money." But a crude sentiment of equity residing in the breasts of those who had been fortunate enough to win from Mr. Oakhurst overruled this narrower local prejudice.

Mr. Oakhurst received his sentence with philosophic calmness, none the less coolly that he was aware of the hesitation of the judges. He was too much of a gambler not to accept fate. With him life was at best an uncertain game, and he recognized the usual percentage in favor of the dealer.

A body of armed men accompanied the deported wickedness of Poker Flat to the outskirts of the settlement. Besides Mr. Oakhurst, who was known to be a coolly desperate man, and for whose intimidation the armed escort was intended, the expatriated party consisted of a young woman familiarly known as "The Duchess;" another who had won the title of "Mother Shipton;" and "Uncle Billy," a suspected sluice-robber and confirmed drunkard. The cavalcade provoked no comments from the spectators, nor was any word uttered by the escort. Only when the gulch which marked the uttermost limit of Poker Flat was reached, the leader spoke briefly and to the point. The exiles were forbidden to return at the peril of their lives.

As the escort disappeared, their pent-up feelings found vent in a few hysterical tears from the Duchess, some bad language from Mother Shipton, and a Parthian¹ volley of expletives from Uncle Billy. The philosophic Oakhurst alone remained silent. He listened calmly to

Mother Shipton's desire to cut somebody's heart out, to the repeated statements of the Duchess that she would die in the road, and to the alarming oaths that seemed to be bumped out of Uncle Billy as he rode forward. With the easy good humor characteristic of his class, he insisted upon exchanging his own riding-horse, "Five-Spot", for the sorry mule which the Duchess rode. But even this act did not draw the party into any closer sympathy. The young woman readjusted her somewhat dragged plumes with a feeble, faded coquetry; Mother Shipton eyed the possessor of "Five-Spot" with malevolence, and Uncle Billy included the whole party in one sweeping anathema.

The road to Sandy Bar — a camp that, not having as yet experienced the regenerating influences of Poker Flat, consequently seemed to offer some invitation to the emigrants — lay over a steep mountain range. It was distant a day's severe travel. In that advanced season the party soon passed out of the moist, temperate regions of the foothills into the dry, cold, bracing air of the Sierras. The trail was narrow and difficult. At noon the Duchess, rolling out of her saddle upon the ground, declared her intention of going no farther, and the party halted.

The spot was singularly wild and impressive. A wooded amphitheatre, surrounded on three sides by precipitous cliffs of naked granite, sloped gently toward the crest of another precipice that overlooked the valley. It was, undoubtedly, the most suitable spot for a camp, had camping been advisable. But Mr. Oakhurst knew that scarcely half the journey to Sandy Bar was accomplished, and the party were not equipped or provisioned for delay. This fact he pointed out to his companions curtly, with a philosophic commentary on the folly of "throwing up their hand before the game was played out." But they were furnished with liquor, which in this emergency stood them in place of food, fuel, rest, and prescience. In spite of his remonstrances, it was not long before they were more or less under its influence. Uncle Billy passed rapidly from a bellicose state into one of stupor, the Duchess became maudlin, and Mother Shipton snored.

Mr. Oakhurst alone remained erect, leaning against a rock, calmly surveying them.

Mr. Oakhurst did not drink. It interfered with a profession which required coolness, impassiveness, and presence of mind, and, in his own language, he "could n't afford it." As he gazed at his recumbent fellow exiles, the loneliness begotten of his pariah² trade, his habits of life, his very vices, for the first time seriously oppressed him. He bestirred himself in dusting his black clothes, washing his hands and face, and other acts characteristic of his studiously neat habits, and for a moment forgot his annoyance. The thought of deserting his weaker and more pitiable companions never perhaps occurred to him. Yet he could not help feeling the want of that excitement which, singularly enough, was most conducive to that calm equanimity for which he was notorious. He looked at the gloomy walls that rose a thousand feet sheer above the circling pines around him, at the sky ominously clouded, at the valley below, already deepening into shadow; and, doing so, suddenly he heard his own name called.

A horseman slowly ascended the trail. In the fresh, open face of the newcomer Mr. Oakhurst recognized Tom Simson, otherwise known as "The Innocent", of Sandy Bar. He had met him some months before over a "little game", and had, with perfect equanimity, won the entire fortune — amounting to some forty dollars — of that guileless youth. After the game was finished, Mr. Oakhurst drew the youthful speculator behind the door and thus addressed him: "Tommy, you're a good little man, but you can't gamble worth a cent. Don't try it over again." He then handed him his money back, pushed him gently from the room, and so made a devoted slave of Tom Simson.

There was a remembrance of this in his boyish and enthusiastic greeting of Mr. Oakhurst. He had started, he said, to go to Poker Flat to seek his fortune. "Alone?" No, not exactly alone; in fact (a giggle), he had run away with Piney Woods. Did n't Mr. Oakhurst remember Piney? She that used to wait on the table at the Temperance House? They had been engaged a long time, but old Jake

Woods had objected, and so they had run away, and were going to Poker Flat to be married, and here they were. And they were tired out, and how lucky it was they had found a place to camp, and company. All this the Innocent delivered rapidly, while Piney, a stout, comely damsel of fifteen, emerged from behind the pine-tree, where she had been blushing unseen, and rode to the side of her lover.

Mr. Oakhurst seldom troubled himself with sentiment, still less with propriety; but he had a vague idea that the situation was not fortunate. He retained, however, his presence of mind sufficiently to kick Uncle Billy, who was about to say something, and Uncle Billy was sober enough to recognize in Mr. Oakhurst's kick a superior power that would not bear trifling. He then endeavored to dissuade Tom Simson from delaying further, but in vain. He even pointed out the fact that there was no provision, nor means of making a camp. But, unluckily, the Innocent met this objection by assuring the party that he was provided with an extra mule loaded with provisions, and by the discovery of a rude attempt at a log house near the trail. "Piney can stay with Mrs. Oakhurst," said the Innocent, pointing to the Duchess, "and I can shift for myself."

Nothing but Mr. Oakhurst's admonishing foot saved Uncle Billy from bursting into a roar of laughter. As it was, he felt compelled to retire up the cañon until he could recover his gravity. There he confided the joke to the tall pine-trees, with many slaps of his leg, contortions of his face, and the usual profanity. But when he returned to the party, he found them seated by a fire — for the air had grown strangely chill and the sky overcast — in apparently amicable conversation. Piney was actually talking in an impulsive girlish fashion to the Duchess, who was listening with an interest and animation she had not shown for many days. The Innocent was holding forth, apparently with equal effect, to Mr. Oakhurst and Mother Shipton, who was actually relaxing into amiability. "Is this yer a d——d picnic?" said Uncle Billy, with inward scorn, as he surveyed the sylvan group, the glancing firelight, and

the tethered animals in the foreground. Suddenly an idea mingled with the alcoholic fumes that disturbed his brain. It was apparently of a jocular nature, for he felt impelled to slap his leg again and cram his fist into his mouth.

As the shadows crept slowly up the mountain, a slight breeze rocked the tops of the pine-trees and moaned through their long and gloomy aisles. The ruined cabin, patched and covered with pine boughs, was set apart for the ladies. As the lovers parted, they unaffectedly exchanged a kiss, so honest and sincere that it might have been heard above the swaying pines. The frail Duchess and the malevolent Mother Shipton were probably too stunned to remark upon this last evidence of simplicity, and so turned without a word to the hut. The fire was replenished, the men lay down before the door, and in a few minutes were asleep.

Mr. Oakhurst was a light sleeper. Toward morning he awoke benumbed and cold. As he stirred the dying fire, the wind, which was now blowing strongly, brought to his cheek that which caused the blood to leave it, — snow!

He started to his feet with the intention of awakening the sleepers, for there was no time to lose. But turning to where Uncle Billy had been lying, he found him gone. A suspicion leaped to his brain, and a curse to his lips. He ran to the spot where the mules had been tethered — they were no longer there. The tracks were already rapidly disappearing in the snow.

The momentary excitement brought Mr. Oakhurst back to the fire with his usual calm. He did not waken the sleepers. The Innocent slumbered peacefully, with a smile on his good-humored, freckled face; the virgin Piney slept beside her frailer sisters as sweetly as though attended by celestial guardians; and Mr. Oakhurst, drawing his blanket over his shoulders, stroked his mustaches and waited for the dawn. It came slowly in a whirling mist of snowflakes that dazzled and confused the eye. What could be seen of the landscape appeared magically changed. He looked over the valley, and summed up the present and future in two words, "Snowed in"!

A careful inventory of the provisions, which, fortunately for the party, had been stored within the hut, and so escaped the felonious fingers of Uncle Billy, disclosed the fact that with care and prudence they might last ten days longer. "That is," said Mr. Oakhurst *sotto voce* to the Innocent, "if you're willing to board us. If you ain't — and perhaps you'd better not — you can wait till Uncle Billy gets back with provisions." For some occult reason, Mr. Oakhurst could not bring himself to disclose Uncle Billy's rascality, and so offered the hypothesis that he had wandered from the camp and had accidentally stampeded the animals. He dropped a warning to the Duchess and Mother Shipton, who of course knew the facts of their associate's defection. "They'll find out the truth about us *all* when they find out anything," he added significantly, "and there's no good frightening them now."

Tom Simson not only put all his worldly store at the disposal of Mr. Oakhurst, but seemed to enjoy the prospect of their enforced seclusion. "We'll have a good camp for a week, and then the snow'll melt, and we'll all go back together." The cheerful gaiety of the young man and Mr. Oakhurst's calm infected the others. The Innocent, with the aid of pine boughs, extemporized a thatch for the roofless cabin, and the Duchess directed Piney in the rearrangement of the interior with a taste and tact that opened the blue eyes of that provincial maiden to their fullest extent. "I reckon now you're used to fine things at Poker Flat," said Piney. The Duchess turned away sharply to conceal something that reddened her cheeks through their professional tint, and Mother Shipton requested Piney not to "chatter." But when Mr. Oakhurst returned from a weary search for the trail, he heard the sound of happy laughter echoed from the rocks. He stopped in some alarm, and his thoughts first naturally reverted to the whiskey, which he had prudently cached.⁴ "And yet it don't somehow sound like whiskey," said the gambler. It was not until he caught sight of the blazing fire through the still blinding storm, and the group around it, that he

settled to the conviction that it was "square fun."

Whether Mr. Oakhurst had cached his cards with the whiskey as something debarred from the free access of the community, I cannot say. It was certain that, in Mother Shipton's words, he "did n't say 'cards' once" during that evening. Haply the time was beguiled by an accordion, produced somewhat ostentatiously by Tom Simson from his pack. Notwithstanding some difficulties attending the manipulation of this instrument, Piney Woods managed to pluck several reluctant melodies from its keys, to an accompaniment by the Innocent on a pair of bone castanets. But the crowning festivity of the evening was reached in a rude camp-meeting hymn, which the lovers, joining hands, sang with great earnestness and vociferation. I fear that a certain defiant tone and Covenanter's swing to its chorus, rather than any devotional quality, caused it speedily to infect the others, who at last joined in the refrain: —

"I'm proud to live in the service of the Lord,
And I'm bound to die in His army."

The pines rocked, the storm eddied and whirled above the miserable group, and the flames of their altar leaped heavenward, as if in token of the vow.

At midnight the storm abated, the rolling clouds parted, and the stars glittered keenly above the sleeping camp. Mr. Oakhurst, whose professional habits enabled him to live on the smallest possible amount of sleep, in dividing the watch with Tom Simson somehow managed to take upon himself the greater part of that duty. He excused himself to the Innocent by saying that he had "often been a week without sleep." "Doing what?" asked Tom. "Poker!" replied Oakhurst sententiously. "When a man gets a streak of luck, — nigger-luck, — he don't get tired. The luck gives in first. Luck," continued the gambler reflectively, "is a mighty queer thing. All you know about it for certain is that it's bound to change. And it's finding out when it's going to change that makes you. We've had a

streak of bad luck since we left Poker Flat, — you come along, and slap you get into it, too. If you can hold your cards right along you're all right. For," added the gambler, with cheerful irrelevance —

"I'm proud to live in the service of the Lord,
And I'm bound to die in His army."

The third day came, and the sun, looking through the white-curtained valley, saw the outcasts divide their slowly decreasing store of provisions for the morning meal. It was one of the peculiarities of that mountain climate that its rays diffused a kindly warmth over the wintry landscape, as if in regretful commiseration of the past. But it revealed drift on drift of snow piled high around the hut, — a hopeless, uncharted, trackless sea of white lying below the rocky shores to which the castaways still clung. Through the marvelously clear air the smoke of the pastoral village of Poker Flat rose miles away. Mother Shipton saw it, and from a remote pinnacle of her rocky fastness hurled in that direction a final malediction. It was her last vituperative attempt, and perhaps for that reason was invested with a certain degree of sublimity. It did her good, she privately informed the Duchess. "Just you go out there and cuss, and see." She then set herself to the task of amusing "the child", as she and the Duchess were pleased to call Piney. Piney was no chicken, but it was a soothing and original theory of the pair thus to account for the fact that she did n't swear and was n't improper.

When night crept up again through the gorges, the reedy notes of the accordion rose and fell in fitful spasms and long-drawn gasps by the flickering campfire. But music failed to fill entirely the aching void left by insufficient food, and a new diversion was proposed by Piney, — storytelling. Neither Mr. Oakhurst nor his female companions caring to relate their personal experiences, this plan would have failed too, but for the Innocent. Some months before he had chanced upon a stray copy of Mr. Pope's ingenious translation of the *Iliad*. He now proposed to narrate the principal incidents of that

poem — having thoroughly mastered the argument and fairly forgotten the words — in the current vernacular of Sandy Bar. And so for the rest of that night the Homeric demigods again walked the earth. Trojan bully and wily Greek wrestled in the winds, and the great pines in the cañon seemed to bow to the wrath of the son of Peleus.⁵ Mr. Oakhurst listened with quiet satisfaction. Most especially was he interested in the fate of "Ash-heels", as the Innocent persisted in denominating the "swift-footed Achilles".

So, with small food and much of Homer and the accordion, a week passed over the heads of the outcasts. The sun again forsook them, and again from leaden skies the snowflakes were sifted over the land. Day by day closer around them drew the snowy circle, until at last they looked from their prison over drifted walls of dazzling white, that towered twenty feet above their heads. It became more and more difficult to replenish their fires, even from the fallen trees beside them, now half hidden in the drifts. And yet no one complained. The lovers turned from the dreary prospect and looked into each other's eyes, and were happy. Mr. Oakhurst settled himself coolly to the losing game before him. The Duchess, more cheerful than she had been, assumed the care of Piney. Only Mother Shipton — once the strongest of the party — seemed to sicken and fade. At midnight on the tenth day she called Oakhurst to her side. "I'm going," she said, in a voice of querulous weakness, "but don't say anything about it. Don't waken the kids. Take the bundle from under my head, and open it." Mr. Oakhurst did so. It contained Mother Shipton's rations for the last week, untouched. "Give 'em to the child," she said, pointing to the sleeping Piney. "You've starved yourself," said the gambler. "That's what they call it," said the woman querulously, as she lay down again, and, turning her face to the wall, passed quietly away.

The accordion and the bones were put aside that day, and Homer was forgotten. When the body of Mother Shipton had been committed to the snow, Mr. Oakhurst took the Innocent aside, and showed

him a pair of snow-shoes, which he had fashioned from the old packsaddle. "There's one chance in a hundred to save her yet," he said, pointing to Piney; "but it's there," he added, pointing toward Poker Flat. "If you can reach there in two days she's safe." "And you?" asked Tom Simson. "I'll stay here," was the curt reply.

The lovers parted with a long embrace. "You are not going, too?" said the Duchess, as she saw Mr. Oakhurst apparently waiting to accompany him. "As far as the cañon," he replied. He turned suddenly and kissed the Duchess, leaving her pallid face aflame, and her trembling limbs rigid with amazement.

Night came, but not Mr. Oakhurst. It brought the storm again and the whirling snow. Then the Duchess, feeding the fire, found that some one had quietly piled beside the hut enough fuel to last a few days longer. The tears rose to her eyes, but she hid them from Piney.

The women slept but little. In the morning, looking into each other's faces, they read their fate. Neither spoke, but Piney, accepting the position of the stronger, drew near and placed her arm around the Duchess's waist. They kept this attitude for the rest of the day. That night the storm reached its greatest fury, and, rending asunder the protecting vines, invaded the very hut.

Toward morning they found themselves unable to feed the fire, which gradually died away. As the embers slowly blackened, the Duchess crept closer to Piney, and broke the silence of many hours: "Piney, can you pray?" "No, dear," said Piney simply. The Duchess, without knowing exactly why, felt relieved, and, putting her head upon Piney's shoulder, spoke no more. And so reclining, the younger and purer pillowing the head of

her soiled sister upon her virgin breast, they fell asleep.

The wind lulled as if it feared to waken them. Feathery drifts of snow, shaken from the long pine boughs, flew like white winged birds, and settled about them as they slept. The moon through the rifted clouds looked down upon what had been the camp. But all human stain, all trace of earthly travail, was hidden beneath the spotless mantle mercifully flung from above.

They slept all that day and the next, nor did they waken when voices and footsteps broke the silence of the camp. And when pitying fingers brushed the snow from their wan faces, you could scarcely have told from the equal peace that dwelt upon them which was she that had sinned. Even the law of Poker Flat recognized this, and turned away, leaving them still locked in each other's arms.

But at the head of the gulch, on one of the largest pine-trees, they found the deuce of clubs pinned to the bark with a bowie knife. It bore the following, written in pencil in a firm hand: —



BENEATH THIS TREE

LIES THE BODY

OF

JOHN OAKHURST

WHO STRUCK A STREAK OF BAD LUCK
ON THE 23D OF NOVEMBER 1850,

AND

HANDS IN HIS CHECKS
ON THE 7TH DECEMBER, 1850.



And pulseless and cold, with a Derringer by his side and a bullet in his heart, though still calm as in life, beneath the snow lay he who was at once the strongest and yet the weakest of the outcasts of Poker Flat.

1868

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS [MARK TWAIN]
(1835-1910)

THE CELEBRATED JUMPING FROG OF CALAVERAS COUNTY

In compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous

old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, *Leonidas W. Smiley*, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the

result. I have a lurking suspicion that *Leonidas W. Smiley* is a myth; that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that, if I asked old Wheeler about him, it would remind him of his infamous *Jim Smiley*, and he would go to work and bore me nearly to death with some infernal reminiscence of him as long and tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design, it certainly succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the barroom stove of the old, dilapidated tavern in the ancient mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up and gave me good-day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named *Leonidas W. Smiley* — *Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley* — a young minister of the Gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's Camp. I added that, if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this *Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley*, I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat me down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he tuned the initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in *finesse*. To me, the spectacle of a man drifting serenely along through such a queer yarn without ever smiling, was exquisitely absurd. As I said before, I asked him to tell me what he knew of *Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley*, and he replied as follows. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once:

Rev. Leonidas W. H'm, Rev. Le—

well, there was a feller here once by the name of *Jim Smiley*, in the winter of '49 — or may be it was the spring of '50 — I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume was n't finished when he first came to the camp; but any way, he was the curiousest man about always betting on any thing that turned up you ever see, if he could get any body to bet on the other side; and if he could n't, he'd change sides. Any way that suited the other man would suit him — any way just so 's he got a bet, he was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there could n't be no solitary thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take any side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse-race you'd find him flush, or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp meeting, he would be there reg'lar, to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about there, and so he was, too, and a good man. If he even seen a straddle-bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would follow that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that *Smiley*, and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to him — he would bet on any thing — the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they war n't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and *Smiley* asked how she was, and he said she was considerable better — thank the Lord for his inf'nit mercy — and coming on so smart that, with the blessing of Prov'dence, she'd get well yet; and *Smiley*, before he thought, says, "Well, I'll risk two-and-a-half that she won't, any way."

Thish-yer Smiley had a mare — the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because, of course, she was faster than that — and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag-end of the race she'd get excited and desperate-like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust, and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose — and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cypher it down.

And he had a little small bull pup, that to look at him you'd think he wa'n't worth a cent, but to set around and look ornery, and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was up on him, he was a different dog; his under-jaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover, and shine savage like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him, and bully-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson — which was the name of the pup — Andrew Jackson would never let on but what *he* was satisfied, and had n't expected nothing else — and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j'int of his hind leg and freeze to it — not chaw, you understand, but only jest grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always came out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that did n't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off by a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he saw in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he

'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and did n't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He give Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault, for putting up a dog that had n't no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him, and he had genius — I know it, because he had n't had no opportunity to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances, if he had n't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat-tarriers, and chicken cocks, and tom-cats, and all them kind of things, till you could n't rest, and you could n't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'klated to edercate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a dough-nut — see him turn one summerset, or may be a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most anything — and I believe him. Why, I've see him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor — Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog — and sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies!" and quicker'n you could wink, he'd spring straight up, and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he had n't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so

modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had traveled and been everywhere, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller — a stranger in the camp, he was — come across him with his box, and says:

"What might it be that you 've got in the box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, may be, but it ain't — it's only just a frog."

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "H'm — so 't is. Well, what 's *he* good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "He 's good enough for *one* thing, I should judge — he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, "Well, I don't see no p'int about that frog that 's any better 'n any other frog." "May be you don't," Smiley says. "May be you understand frogs, and may be you don't understand 'em; may be you 've had experience, and may be you an't only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I 've got *my* opinion, and I 'll risk forty dollars he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, "Well, I 'm only a stranger here, and I an't got no frog, but if I had a frog, I 'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That 's all right — that 's all right — if you 'll hold my box a minute, I 'll go and get you a frog." And so the feller took the box, and put up

his forty dollars along with Smiley's, and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot — filled him pretty near up to his chin — and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

"Now, if you 're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his fore-paws just even with Dan'l, and I 'll give the word." Then he says, "One — two — three — jump!" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders — so — like a Frenchman, but it wa 'nt no use — could n't budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he could n't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he did n't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out of the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulders — this way — at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, "Well, I don't see no p'int about that frog that 's any better 'n any other frog."

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for — I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him — he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow." And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and lifted him up and says, "Why, blame my cats, if he don't weigh five pound!" and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man — he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And —

[Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted.] And turning to

me as he moved away, he said: "Just set where you are stranger, and rest easy — I an't going to be gone a second."

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond *Jim* Smiley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Rev. *Leonidas W.* Smiley, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler

returning, and he buttonholed me and recommenced:

"Well, thish-yer Smiley had a yaller one-eyed cow that did n't have no tail, only jest a short stump like a bannanner, and —"

"Oh! hang Smiley and his afflicted cow!" I muttered, good-naturedly, and bidding the old gentleman good-day, I departed. 1865

WILLIAM JAMES (1842-1910)

THE ETHICAL IMPLICATIONS OF HABIT

THIS brings us by a very natural transition to the *ethical implications of the law of habit*. They are numerous and momentous. Dr. Carpenter, from whose "*Mental Physiology*" we have quoted, has so prominently enforced the principle that our organs grow to the way in which they have been exercised, and dwelt upon its consequences, that his book almost deserves to be called a work of edification, on this account alone. We need make no apology, then, for tracing a few of these consequences ourselves:

"Habit a second nature! Habit is ten times nature," the Duke of Wellington is said to have exclaimed; and the degree to which this is true no one can probably appreciate as well as one who is a veteran soldier himself. The daily drill and the years of discipline end by fashioning a man completely over again, as to most of the possibilities of his conduct.

"There is a story, which is credible enough though it may not be true, of a practical joker, who, seeing a discharged veteran carrying home his dinner, suddenly called out, 'Attention!' whereupon the man instantly brought his hands down, and lost his mutton and potatoes in the gutter. The drill had been thorough, and its effects had become embodied in the man's nervous structure." ¹

Riderless cavalry-horses, at many a battle, have been seen to come together and go through their customary evolutions at the sound of the bugle-call. Most trained domestic animals, dogs and oxen, and omnibus- and car-horses, seem to be machines almost pure and simple, un-

doubtedly, unhesitatingly doing from minute to minute the duties they have been taught, and giving no sign that the possibility of an alternative ever suggests itself to their mind. Men grown old in prison have asked to be readmitted after being once set free. In a railroad accident to a travelling menagerie in the United States some time in 1884, a tiger, whose cage had broken open, is said to have emerged, but presently crept back again, as if too much bewildered by his new responsibilities, so that he was without difficulty secured.

Habit is thus the enormous fly-wheel of society, its most precious conservative agent. It alone is what keeps us all within the bounds of ordinance, and saves the children of fortune from the envious uprisings of the poor. It alone prevents the hardest and most repulsive walks of life from being deserted by those brought up to tread therein. It keeps the fisherman and the deck-hand at sea through the winter; it holds the miner in his darkness, and nails the countryman to his log cabin and his lonely farm through all the months of snow; it protects us from invasion by the natives of the desert and the frozen zone. It dooms us all to fight out the battle of life upon the lines of our nurture or our early choice, and to make the best of a pursuit that disagrees, because there is no other for which we are fitted, and it is too late to begin again. It keeps different social strata from mixing. Already at the age of twenty-five you see the professional mannerism settling down on the young commercial traveller, on the

young doctor, on the young minister, on the young counsellor-at-law. You see the little lines of cleavage running through the character, the tricks of thought, the prejudices, the ways of the "shop," in a word, from which the man can by-and-by no more escape than his coat-sleeve can suddenly fall into a new set of folds. On the whole, it is best he should not escape. It is well for the world that in most of us, by the age of thirty, the character has set like plaster, and will never soften again.

If the period between twenty and thirty is the critical one in the formation of intellectual and professional habits, the period below twenty is more important still for the fixing of *personal* habits, properly so called, such as vocalization and pronunciation, gesture, motion, and address. Hardly ever is a language learned after twenty spoken without a foreign accent; hardly ever can a youth transferred to the society of his betters unlearn the nasality and other vices of speech bred in him by the associations of his growing years. Hardly ever, indeed, no matter how much money there be in his pocket, can he even learn to *dress* like a gentleman-born. The merchants offer their wares as eagerly to him as to the veriest "swell," but he simply *cannot* buy the right things. An invisible law, as strong as gravitation, keeps him within his orbit, arrayed this year as he was the last; and how his better-bred acquaintances contrive to get the things they wear will be for him a mystery till his dying day.

The great thing, then, in all education is to *make our nervous system our ally instead of our enemy*. It is to fund and capitalize our acquisitions, and live at ease upon the interest of the fund. *For this we must make automatic and habitual, as early as possible, as many useful actions as we can*, and guard against the growing into ways that are likely to be disadvantageous to us, as we should guard against the plague. The more of the details of our daily life we can hand over to the effortless custody of automatism, the more our higher powers of mind will be set free for their own proper work. There is no more miserable human being than one in whom nothing is habitual but indecision,

and for whom the lighting of every cigar, the drinking of every cup, the time of rising and going to bed every day, and the beginning of every bit of work, are subjects of express volitional deliberation. Full half the time of such a man goes to the deciding, or regretting, of matters which ought to be so ingrained in him as practically not to exist for his consciousness at all. If there be such daily duties not yet ingrained in any one of my readers, let him begin this very hour to set the matter right.

In Professor Bain's chapter on "The Moral Habits" there are some admirable practical remarks laid down. Two great maxims emerge from his treatment. The first is that in the acquisition of a new habit, or the leaving off of an old one, we must take care to *launch ourselves with as strong and decided an initiative as possible*. Accumulate all the possible circumstances which shall reinforce the right motives; put yourself assiduously in conditions that encourage the new way; make engagements incompatible with the old; take a public pledge, if the case allows; in short, envelop your resolution with every aid you know. This will give your new beginning such a momentum that the temptation to break down will not occur as soon as it otherwise might; and every day during which a breakdown is postponed adds to the chances of its not occurring at all.

The second maxim is: *Never suffer an exception to occur till the new habit is securely rooted in your life*. Each lapse is like the letting fall of a ball of string which one is carefully winding up; a single slip undoes more than a great many turns will wind again. *Continuity* of training is the great means of making the nervous system act infallibly right. As Professor Bain says:

"The peculiarity of the moral habits, contradistinguishing them from the intellectual acquisitions, is the presence of two hostile powers, one to be gradually raised into the ascendant over the other. It is necessary, above all things, in such a situation, never to lose a battle. Every gain on the wrong side undoes the effect of many conquests on the right. The

essential precaution, therefore, is so to regulate the two opposing powers that the one may have a series of uninterrupted successes, until repetition has fortified it to such a degree as to enable it to cope with the opposition, under any circumstances. This is the theoretically best career of mental progress."

The need of securing success at the outset is imperative. Failure at first is apt to dampen the energy of all future attempts, whereas past experience of success nerves one to future vigor. Goethe says to a man who consulted him about an enterprise but mistrusted his own powers: "Ach! you need only blow on your hands!" And the remark illustrates the effect on Goethe's spirits of his own habitually successful career. Prof. Baumann,² from whom I borrow the anecdote, says that the collapse of barbarian nations when Europeans come among them is due to their despair of ever succeeding as the new-comers do in the larger tasks of life. Old ways are broken and new ones not formed.

The question of "tapering-off," in abandoning such habits as drink and opium-indulgence, comes in here, and is a question about which experts differ within certain limits, and in regard to what may be best for an individual case. In the main, however, all expert opinion would agree that abrupt acquisition of the new habit is the best way, *if there be a real possibility of carrying it out*. We must be careful not to give the will so stiff a task as to insure its defeat at the very outset; but, *provided one can stand it*, a sharp period of suffering, and then a free time, is the best thing to aim at, whether in giving up a habit like that of opium, or in simply changing one's hours of rising or of work. It is surprising how soon a desire will die of inanition if it be *never* fed.

"One must first learn, unmoved, looking neither to the right nor left, to walk firmly on the straight and narrow path, before one can begin 'to make one's self over again.' He who every day makes a fresh resolve is like one who, arriving at the edge of the ditch he is to leap, forever stops and returns for a fresh run. Without

unbroken advance there is no such thing as accumulation of the ethical forces possible, and to make this possible, and to exercise us and habituate us in it, is the sovereign blessing of regular work."³

A third maxim may be added to the preceding pair: *Seize the very first possible opportunity to act on every resolution you make, and on every emotional prompting you may experience in the direction of the habits you aspire to gain*. It is not in the moment of their forming, but in the moment of their producing motor effects, that resolves and aspirations communicate the new "set" to the brain. As the author last quoted remarks:

"The actual presence of the practical opportunity alone furnishes the fulcrum upon which the lever can rest, by means of which the moral will may multiply its strength, and raise itself aloft. He who has no solid ground to press against will never get beyond the stage of empty gesture-making."

No matter how full a reservoir of maxims one may possess, and no matter how good one's sentiments may be, if one have not taken advantage of every concrete opportunity to act, one's character may remain entirely unaffected for the better. With mere good intentions, hell is proverbially paved. And this is an obvious consequence of the principles we have laid down. A "character," as J. S. Mill says, "is a completely fashioned will"; and a will, in the sense in which he means it, is an aggregate of tendencies to act in a firm and prompt and definite way upon all the principal emergencies of life. A tendency to act only becomes effectively ingrained in us in proportion to the uninterrupted frequency with which the actions actually occur, and the brain "grows" to their use. Every time a resolve or a fine glow of feeling evaporates without bearing practical fruit is worse than a chance lost; it works so as positively to hinder future resolutions and emotions from taking the normal path of discharge. There is no more contemptible type of human character than that of the nerveless sentimentalist and dreamer, who spends his life in a weltering sea of sensibility and emotion, but who never does

a manly concrete deed. Rousseau, inflaming all the mothers of France, by his eloquence, to follow Nature and nurse their babies themselves, while he sends his own children to the foundling hospital, is the classical example of what I mean. But every one of us in his measure, whenever, after glowing for an abstractly formulated Good, he practically ignores some actual case, among the squalid "other particulars" of which that same Good lurks disguised, treads straight on Rousseau's path. All Goods are disguised by the vulgarity of their concomitants, in this work-a-day world; but woe to him who can only recognize them when he thinks them in their pure and abstract form! The habit of excessive novel-reading and theatre-going will produce true monsters in this line. The weeping of a Russian lady over the fictitious personages in the play, while her coachman is freezing to death on his seat outside, is the sort of thing that everywhere happens on a less glaring scale. Even the habit of excessive indulgence in music, for those who are neither performers themselves nor musically gifted enough to take it in a purely intellectual way, has probably a relaxing effect upon the character. One becomes filled with emotions which habitually pass without prompting to any deed, and so the inertly sentimental condition is kept up. The remedy would be, never to suffer one's self to have an emotion at a concert, without expressing it afterward in *some* active way. Let the expression be the least thing in the world — speaking genially to one's aunt, or giving up one's seat in a horse-car, if nothing more heroic offers — but let it not fail to take place.

These latter cases make us aware that it is not simply *particular lines* of discharge, but also *general forms* of discharge, that seem to be grooved out by habit in the brain. Just as, if we let our emotions evaporate, they get into a way of evaporating; so there is reason to suppose that if we often flinch from making an effort, before we know it the effort-making capacity will be gone; and that, if we suffer the wandering of our attention, presently it will wander all the time. Attention and effort are, as we shall see later, but two

names for the same psychic fact. To what brain-processes they correspond we do not know. The strongest reason for believing that they do depend on brain-processes at all, and are not pure acts of the spirit, is just this fact, that they seem in some degree subject to the law of habit, which is a material law. As a final practical maxim, relative to these habits of the will, we may, then, offer something like this: *Keep the faculty of effort alive in you by a little gratuitous exercise every day.* That is, be systematically ascetic or heroic in little unnecessary points, do every day or two something for no other reason than that you would rather not do it, so that when the hour of dire need draws nigh, it may find you not unnerved and untrained to stand the test. Asceticism of this sort is like the insurance which a man pays on his house and goods. The tax does him no good at the time, and possibly may never bring him a return. But if the fire *does* come, his having paid it will be his salvation from ruin. So with the man who has daily inured himself to habits of concentrated attention, energetic volition, and self-denial in unnecessary things. He will stand like a tower when everything rocks around him, and when his softer fellow-mortals are winnowed like chaff in the blast.

The physiological study of mental conditions is thus the most powerful ally of hortatory ethics. The hell to be endured hereafter, of which theology tells, is no worse than the hell we make for ourselves in this world by habitually fashioning our characters in the wrong way. Could the young but realize how soon they will become mere walking bundles of habits, they would give more heed to their conduct while in the plastic state. We are spinning our own fates, good or evil, and never to be undone. Every smallest stroke of virtue or of vice leaves its never so little scar. The drunken Rip Van Winkle, in Jefferson's play, excuses himself for every fresh dereliction by saying, "I won't count this time!" Well! he may not count it, and a kind Heaven may not count it; but it is being counted none the less. Down among his nerve-cells and fibres the molecules are counting it,

registering and storing it up to be used against him when the next temptation comes. Nothing we ever do is, in strict scientific literalness, wiped out. Of course, this has its good side as well as its bad one. As we become permanent drunkards by so many separate drinks, so we become saints in the moral, and authorities and experts in the practical and scientific spheres, by so many separate acts and hours of work. Let no youth have any anxiety about the upshot of his education, whatever the line of it may be. If he keep faithfully busy each hour of the working-day, he may safely leave the final result

to itself. He can with perfect certainty count on waking up some fine morning, to find himself one of the competent ones of his generation, in whatever pursuit he may have singled out. Silently, between all the details of his business, the *power of judging* in all that class of matter will have built itself up within him as a possession that will never pass away. Young people should know this truth in advance. The ignorance of it has probably engendered more discouragement and faint-heartedness in youths embarking on arduous careers than all other causes put together. 1890

THEODORE ROOSEVELT (1858-1919)

TRUE AMERICANISM

PATRIOTISM was once defined as "the last refuge of a scoundrel"; and somebody has recently remarked that when Dr. Johnson¹ gave this definition he was ignorant of the infinite possibilities contained in the word "reform." Of course both gibes were quite justifiable, in so far as they were aimed at people who use noble names to cloak base purposes. Equally of course the man shows little wisdom and a low sense of duty who fails to see that love of country is one of the elemental virtues, even though scoundrels play upon it for their own selfish ends; and, inasmuch as abuses continually grow up in civic life as in all other kinds of life, the statesman is indeed a weakling who hesitates to reform these abuses because the word "reform" is often on the lips of men who are silly or dishonest.

What is true of patriotism and reform is true also of Americanism. There are plenty of scoundrels always ready to try to belittle reform movements or to bolster up existing iniquities in the name of Americanism; but this does not alter the fact that the man who can do most in this country is and must be the man whose Americanism is most sincere and intense. Outrageous though it is to use a noble idea as the cloak for evil, it is still worse to assail the noble idea itself because it can thus be used. The men who do iniquity in the name of patriotism, of reform,

of Americanism, are merely one small division of the class that has always existed and will always exist, — the class of hypocrites and demagogues, the class that is always prompt to steal the watchwords of righteousness and use them in the interests of evil-doing.

The stoutest and truest Americans are the very men who have the least sympathy with the people who invoke the spirit of Americanism to aid what is vicious in our government, or to throw obstacles in the way of those who strive to reform it. It is contemptible to oppose a movement for good because that movement has already succeeded somewhere else, or to champion an existing abuse because our people have always been wedded to it. To appeal to national prejudice against a given reform movement is in every way unworthy and silly. It is as childish to denounce free trade because England has adopted it as to advocate it for the same reason. It is eminently proper, in dealing with the tariff, to consider the effect of tariff legislation in time past upon other nations as well as the effect upon our own; but in drawing conclusions it is in the last degree foolish to try to excite prejudice against one system because it is in vogue in some given country, or to try to excite prejudice in its favor because the economists of that country have found that it was suited to

their own peculiar needs. In attempting to solve our difficult problem of municipal government it is mere folly to refuse to profit by whatever is good in the examples of Manchester² and Berlin because these cities are foreign, exactly as it is mere folly blindly to copy their examples without reference to our own totally different conditions. As for the absurdity of declaiming against civil-service reform, for instance, as "Chinese," because written examinations have been used in China, it would be quite as wise to declaim against gunpowder because it was first utilized by the same people. In short, the man who, whether from mere dull fatuity or from an active interest in misgovernment tries to appeal to American prejudice against things foreign, so as to induce Americans to oppose any measure for good, should be looked on by his fellow-countrymen with the heartiest contempt. So much for the men who appeal to the spirit of Americanism to sustain us in wrong-doing. But we must never let our contempt for these men blind us to the nobility of the idea which they strive to degrade.

We Americans have many grave problems to solve, many threatening evils to fight, and many deeds to do, if, as we hope and believe, we have the wisdom, the strength, the courage, and the virtue to do them. But we must face facts as they are. We must neither surrender ourselves to a foolish optimism, nor succumb to a timid and ignoble pessimism. Our nation is that one among all the nations of the earth which holds in its hands the fate of the coming years. We enjoy exceptional advantages, and are menaced by exceptional dangers; and all signs indicate that we shall either fail greatly or succeed greatly. I firmly believe that we shall succeed; but we must not foolishly blink the dangers by which we are threatened, for that is the way to fail. On the contrary, we must soberly set to work to find out all we can about the existence and extent of every evil, must acknowledge it to be such, and must then attack it with unyielding resolution. There are many such evils, and each must be fought after a separate fashion; yet there is one quality

which we must bring to the solution of every problem, — that is, an intense and fervid Americanism. We shall never be successful over the dangers that confront us; we shall never achieve true greatness, nor reach the lofty ideal which the founders and preservers of our mighty Federal Republic have set before us, unless we are Americans in heart and soul, in spirit and purpose, keenly alive to the responsibility implied in the very name of American, and proud beyond measure of the glorious privilege of bearing it.

There are two or three sides to the question of Americanism, and two or three senses in which the word "Americanism" can be used to express the antithesis of what is unwholesome and undesirable. In the first place we wish to be broadly American and national, as opposed to being local or sectional. We do not wish, in politics, in literature, or in art, to develop that unwholesome parochial spirit, that over-exaltation of the little community at the expense of the great nation, which produces what has been described as the patriotism of the village, the patriotism of the belfry. Politically, the indulgence of this spirit was the chief cause of the calamities which befell the ancient republics of Greece, the mediæval republics of Italy, and the petty States of Germany as it was in the last century. It is this spirit of provincial patriotism, this inability to take a view of broad adhesion to the whole nation that has been the chief among the causes that have produced such anarchy in the South American States, and which have resulted in presenting to us, not one great Spanish-American federal nation stretching from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn, but a squabbling multitude of revolution-ridden States, not one of which stands even in the second rank as a power. However, politically this question of American nationality has been settled once for all. We are no longer in danger of repeating in our history the shameful and contemptible disasters that have befallen the Spanish possessions on this continent since they threw off the yoke of Spain. Indeed there is, all through our life, very much less of this parochial spirit than

there was formerly. Still there is an occasional outcropping here and there; and it is just as well that we should keep steadily in mind the futility of talking of a Northern literature or a Southern literature, an Eastern or a Western school of art or science. The "Sewanee Review" and the "Overland Monthly," like the "Century" and the "Atlantic," do good work, not merely for one section of the country, but for American literature as a whole. Their success really means as much for Americans who happen to live in New York or Boston as for Americans who happen to live in the Gulf States or on the Pacific slope. Joel Chandler Harris³ is emphatically a national writer; so is Mark Twain. They do not write merely for Georgia or Missouri, any more than for Illinois or Connecticut; they write as Americans and for all people who can read English. It is of very great consequence that we should have a full and ripe literary development in the United States, but it is not of the least consequence whether New York, or Boston, or Chicago, or San Francisco becomes the literary centre of the United States.

There is a second side to this question of a broad Americanism, however. The patriotism of the village or the belfry is bad, but the lack of all patriotism is even worse. There are philosophers who assure us that, in the future, patriotism will be regarded not as a virtue at all, but merely as a mental stage in the journey toward a state of feeling when our patriotism will include the whole human race and all the world. This may be so; but the age of which these philosophers speak is still several æons distant. In fact, philosophers of this type are so very advanced that they are of no practical service to the present generation. It may be that in ages so remote that we cannot now understand any of the feelings of those who will dwell in them, patriotism will no longer be regarded as a virtue, exactly as it may be that in those remote ages people will look down upon and disregard monogamic marriage; but as things now are and have been for two or three thousand years past, and are likely to be for two or three thousand years to come, the

words "home" and "country" mean a great deal. Nor do they show any tendency to lose their significance. At present, treason, like adultery, ranks as one of the worst of all possible crimes.

One may fall very far short of treason and yet be an undesirable citizen in the community. The man who becomes Europeanized, who loses his power of doing good work on this side of the water, and who loses his love for his native land, is not a traitor; but he is a silly and undesirable citizen. He is as emphatically a noxious element in our body politic as is the man who comes here from abroad and remains a foreigner. Nothing will more quickly or more surely disqualify a man from doing good work in the world than the acquirement of that flaccid habit of mind which its possessors style cosmopolitanism. It is not only necessary to Americanize the immigrants of foreign birth who settle among us, but it is even more necessary for those among us who are by birth and descent already Americans not to throw away our birthright, and, with incredible and contemptible folly, wander back to bow down before the alien gods whom our forefathers forsook. It is hard to believe that there is any necessity to warn Americans that, when they seek to model themselves on the lines of other civilizations, they make themselves the butts of all right-thinking men; and yet the necessity certainly exists to give this warning to many of our citizens who pride themselves on their standing in the world of art and letters, or, perchance, on what they would style their social leadership in the community. It is always better to be an original than an imitation, even when the imitation is of something better than the original; but what shall we say of the fool who is content to be an imitation of something worse? Even if the weaklings who seek to be other than Americans were right in deeming other nations to be better than their own, the fact yet remains that to be a first-class American is fifty-fold better than to be a second-class imitation of a Frenchman or Englishman. As a matter of fact, however, those of our countrymen who do believe in American inferiority

are always individuals who, however cultivated, have some organic weakness in their moral or mental make-up; and the great mass of our people, who are robustly patriotic, and who have sound, healthy minds, are justified in regarding these feeble renegades with a half-impatient and half-amused scorn.

We believe in waging relentless war on rank-growing evils of all kinds, and it makes no difference to us if they happen to be of purely native growth. We grasp at any good, no matter whence it comes. We do not accept the evil attendant upon another system of government as an adequate excuse for that attendant upon our own; the fact that the courtier is a scamp does not render the demagogue any the less a scoundrel. But it remains true that, in spite of all our faults and shortcomings, no other land offers such glorious possibilities to the man able to take advantage of them, as does ours; it remains true that no one of our people can do any work really worth doing unless he does it primarily as an American. It is because certain classes of our people still retain their spirit of colonial dependence on, and exaggerated deference to, European opinion, that they fail to accomplish what they ought to. It is precisely along the lines where we have worked most independently that we have accomplished the greatest results; and it is in those professions where there has been no servility to, but merely a wise profiting by, foreign experience, that we have produced our greatest men. Our soldiers and statesmen and orators; our explorers, our wilderness-winners and commonwealth-builders; the men who have made our laws and seen that they were executed; and the other men whose energy and ingenuity have created our marvellous material prosperity, — all these have been men who have drawn wisdom from the experience of every age and nation, but who have nevertheless thought, and worked, and conquered, and lived, and died, purely as Americans; and on the whole they have done better work than has been done in any other country during the short period of our national life.

On the other hand, it is in those professions where our people have striven hardest to mould themselves in conventional European forms that they have succeeded least; and this holds true to the present day, the failure being of course most conspicuous where the man takes up his abode in Europe; where he becomes a second-rate European, because he is over-civilized, over-sensitive, over-refined, and has lost the hardihood and manly courage by which alone he can conquer in the keen struggle of our national life. Be it remembered, too, that this same being does not really become a European; he only ceases being an American, and becomes nothing. He throws away a great prize for the sake of a lesser one, and does not even get the lesser one. The painter who goes to Paris, not merely to get two or three years' thorough training in his art, but with the deliberate purpose of taking up his abode there, and with the intention of following in the ruts worn deep by ten thousand earlier travellers, instead of striking off to rise or fall on a new line, thereby forfeits all chance of doing the best work. He must content himself with aiming at that kind of mediocrity which consists in doing fairly well what has already been done better; and he usually never even sees the grandeur and picturesqueness lying open before the eyes of every man who can read the book of America's past and the book of America's present. Thus it is with the undersized man of letters, who flees his country because he, with his delicate, effeminate sensitiveness, finds the conditions of life on this side of the water crude and raw; in other words, because he finds that he cannot play a man's part among men, and so goes where he will be sheltered from the winds that harden stouter souls. This *émigré* may write graceful and pretty verses, essays, novels; but he will never do work to compare with that of his brother, who is strong enough to stand on his own feet, and do his work as an American. Thus it is with the scientist who spends his youth in a German university, and can thenceforth work only in the fields already fifty times furrowed by the German ploughs. Thus it is with

that most foolish of parents who sends his children to be educated abroad, not knowing — what every clear-sighted man from Washington and Jay⁴ down has known — that the American who is to make his way in America should be brought up among his fellow Americans. It is among the people who like to consider themselves, and, indeed, to a large extent are, the leaders of the so-called social world, especially in some of the northeastern cities, that this colonial habit of thought, this thoroughly provincial spirit of admiration for things foreign, and inability to stand on one's own feet, becomes most evident and most despicable. We thoroughly believe in every kind of honest and lawful pleasure, so long as the getting it is not made man's chief business; and we believe heartily in the good that can be done by men of leisure who work hard in their leisure, whether at politics or philanthropy, literature or art. But a leisure class whose leisure simply means idleness is a curse to the community, and in so far as its members distinguish themselves chiefly by aping the worst — not the best — traits of similar people across the water, they become both comic and noxious elements of the body politic.

The third sense in which the word "Americanism" may be employed is with reference to the Americanizing of the newcomers to our shores. We must Americanize them in every way, in speech, in political ideas and principles, and in their way of looking at the relations between Church and State. We welcome the German or the Irishman who becomes an American. We have no use for the German or Irishman who remains such. We do not wish German-Americans and Irish-Americans who figure as such in our social and political life; we want only Americans, and, provided they are such, we do not care whether they are of native or of Irish or of German ancestry. We have no room in any healthy American community for a German-American vote or an Irish-American vote, and it is contemptible demagoguery to put planks into any party platform with the purpose of catching such a vote. We have no room for

any people who do not act and vote simply as Americans, and as nothing else. Moreover, we have as little use for people who carry religious prejudices into our politics as for those who carry prejudices of caste or nationality. We stand unalterably in favor of the public-school system in its entirety. We believe that the English, and no other language, is that in which all the school exercises should be conducted. We are against any division of the school fund, and against any appropriation of public money for sectarian purposes. We are against any recognition whatever by the State in any shape or form of State-aided parochial schools. But we are equally opposed to any discrimination against or for a man because of his creed. We demand that all citizens, Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile, shall have fair treatment in every way; that all alike shall have their rights guaranteed them. The very reasons that make us unqualified in our opposition to State-aided sectarian schools make us equally bent that, in the management of our public schools, the adherents of each creed shall be given exact and equal justice, wholly without regard to their religious affiliations; that trustees, superintendents, teachers, scholars, all alike, shall be treated without any reference whatsoever to the creed they profess. We maintain that it is an outrage, in voting for a man for any position, whether State or national, to take into account his religious faith, provided only he is a good American. When a secret society does what in some places the American Protective Association seems to have done, and tries to proscribe Catholics both politically and socially, the members of such society show that they themselves are as utterly un-American, as alien to our school of political thought, as the worst immigrants who land on our shores. This conduct is equally base and contemptible; they are the worst foes of our public-school system, because they strengthen the hands of its ultra-montane enemies; they should receive the hearty condemnation of all Americans who are truly patriotic.

The mighty tide of immigration to our

shores has brought in its train much of good and much of evil; and whether the good or the evil shall predominate depends mainly on whether these newcomers do or do not throw themselves heartily into our national life, cease to be European, and become Americans like the rest of us. More than a third of the people of the Northern States are of foreign birth or parentage. An immense number of them have become completely Americanized, and these stand on exactly the same plane as the descendants of any Puritan, Cavalier, or Knickerbocker among us, and do their full and honorable share of the nation's work. But where immigrants, or the sons of immigrants, do not heartily and in good faith throw in their lot with us, but cling to the speech, the customs, the ways of life, and the habits of thought of the Old World which they have left, they thereby harm both themselves and us. If they remain alien elements, unassimilated, and with interests separate from ours, they are mere obstructions to the current of our national life, and, moreover, can get no good from it themselves. In fact, though we ourselves also suffer from their perversity, it is they who really suffer most. It is an immense benefit to the European immigrant to change him into an American citizen. To bear the name of American is to bear the most honorable of titles; and whoever does not so believe has no business to bear the name at all, and, if he comes from Europe, the sooner he goes back there the better. Besides, the man who does not become Americanized nevertheless fails to remain a European and becomes nothing at all. The immigrant cannot possibly remain what he was, or continue to be a member of the Old World society. If he tries to retain his old language, in a few generations it becomes a barbarous jargon; if he tries to retain his old customs and ways of life, in a few generations he becomes an uncouth boor. He has cut himself off from the Old World, and cannot retain his connection with it; and if he wishes ever to amount to anything he must throw himself heart and soul, and without reservation, into the new life to which he has come.

So, from his own standpoint, it is beyond all question the wise thing for the immigrant to become thoroughly Americanized. Moreover, from our standpoint, we have a right to demand it. We freely extend the hand of welcome and of good-fellowship to every man, no matter what his creed or birthplace, who comes here honestly intent on becoming a good United States citizen like the rest of us; but we have a right, and it is our duty, to demand that he shall indeed become so, and shall not confuse the issues with which we are struggling by introducing among us Old World quarrels and prejudices. There are certain ideas which he must give up. For instance, he must learn that American life is incompatible with the existence of any form of anarchy, or, indeed, of any secret society having murder for its aim, whether at home or abroad; and he must learn that we exact full religious toleration and the complete separation of Church and State. Moreover, he must not bring in his Old World race and national antipathies, but must merge them into love for our common country, and must take pride in the things which we can all take pride in. He must revere only our flag; not only must it come first, but no other flag should even come second. He must learn to celebrate Washington's birthday rather than that of the Queen or Kaiser, and the Fourth of July instead of St. Patrick's Day. Our political and social questions must be settled on their own merits, and not complicated by quarrels between England and Ireland, or France and Germany, with which we have nothing to do: it is an outrage to fight an American political campaign with reference to questions of European politics. Above all, the immigrant must learn to talk and think and be United States.

The immigrant of to-day can learn much from the experience of the immigrants of the past, who came to America prior to the Revolutionary War. Many of our most illustrious Revolutionary names were borne by men of Huguenot blood — Jay,⁴ Sevier,⁵ Marion,⁶ Laurens.⁷ But the Huguenots were, on the whole, the best immigrants we have ever received; sooner

than any other, and more completely, they became American in speech, conviction, and thought. The Hollanders took longer than the Huguenots to become completely assimilated; nevertheless they in the end became so, immensely to their own advantage. One of the leading Revolutionary generals, Schuyler,⁸ and one of the Presidents of the United States, Van Buren,⁹ were of Dutch blood; but they rose to their positions, the highest in the land, because they had become Americans and had ceased being Hollanders. If they had remained members of an alien body, cut off by their speech and customs and belief from the rest of the American community, Schuyler would have lived his life as a boorish, provincial squire, and Van Buren would have ended his days a small tavern-keeper. So it is with the Germans of Pennsylvania. Those of them who became Americanized have furnished to our history a multitude of honorable names, from the days of the Mühlengbergs¹⁰ onward; but those who did not become Americanized form to the present day an unimportant body, of no significance in American existence. So it is with the Irish, who gave to Revolutionary annals such names as Carroll¹¹ and Sullivan,¹² and to the Civil War men like Sheridan and Shields,¹³ — all men who were Americans and nothing else: while the Irish who remain such, and busy themselves solely with alien politics, can have only an unhealthy influence upon American life, and can never rise as do their compatriots who become straight-out Americans. Thus it has ever been with all people who have come hither, of whatever stock or blood.

But I wish to be distinctly understood on one point. Americanism is a question of spirit, convictions, and purpose, not of creed or birthplace. The politician who bids for the Irish or German vote, or the Irishman or German who votes as an Irishman or German, is despicable, for all citizens of this commonwealth should vote solely as Americans; but he is not a whit less despicable than the voter who votes against a good American, merely because that American happens to have been born in Ireland or Germany. Know-

nothingism, in any form, is as utterly un-American as foreignism. It is a base outrage to oppose a man because of his religion or birthplace, and all good citizens will hold any such effort in abhorrence. A Scandinavian, a German, or an Irishman who has really become an American has the right to stand on exactly the same footing as any native-born citizen in the land, and is just as much entitled to the friendship and support, social and political, of his neighbors. Among the men with whom I have been thrown in close personal contact socially, and who have been among my staunchest friends and allies politically, are not a few Americans who happen to have been born on the other side of the water, in Germany, Ireland, Scandinavia; and I know no better men in the ranks of our native-born citizens.

In closing, I cannot better express the ideal attitude that should be taken by our fellow-citizens of foreign birth than by quoting the words of a representative American, born in Germany, the Honorable Richard Guenther, of Wisconsin. In a speech spoken at the time of the Samoan trouble,¹⁴ he said:

"We know as well as any other class of American citizens where our duties belong. We will work for our country in time of peace and fight for it in time of war, if a time of war should ever come. When I say our country, I mean, of course, our adopted country. I mean the United States of America. After passing through the crucible of naturalization, we are no longer Germans; we are Americans. Our attachment to America cannot be measured by the length of our residence here. We are Americans from the moment we touch the American shore until we are laid in American graves. We will fight for America whenever necessary. America, first, last, and all the time. America against Germany, America against the world; America, right or wrong; always America. We are Americans."

All honor to the man who spoke such words as those; and I believe they express the feelings of the great majority of those among our fellow-American citizens who were born abroad. We Americans can

only do our allotted task well if we face it steadily and bravely, seeing but not fearing the dangers. Above all we must stand shoulder to shoulder, not asking as to the ancestry or creed of our comrades,

but only demanding that they be in very truth Americans, and that we all work together, heart, hand, and head, for the honor and the greatness of our common country. 1894

WILLIAM SIDNEY PORTER [O. HENRY] (1862-1910)

THE FURNISHED ROOM

RESTLESS, shifting, fugacious¹ as time itself is a certain vast bulk of the population of the red brick district of the lower West Side. Homeless, they have a hundred homes. They flit from furnished room to furnished room, transients forever — transients in abode, transients in heart and mind. They sing "Home, Sweet Home" in ragtime; they carry their *lares et penates*² in a bandbox; their vine is entwined about a picture hat; a rubber plant is their fig tree.

Hence the houses of this district, having had a thousand dwellers, should have a thousand tales to tell, mostly dull ones, no doubt; but it would be strange if there could not be found a ghost or two in the wake of all these vagrant guests.

One evening after dark a young man prowled among these crumbling red mansions, ringing their bells. At the twelfth he rested his lean hand-baggage upon the step and wiped the dust from his hat-band and forehead. The bell sounded faint and far away in some remote, hollow depths.

To the door of this, the twelfth house whose bell he had rung, came a housekeeper who made him think of an unwholesome, surfeited worm that had eaten its nut to a hollow shell and now sought to fill the vacancy with edible lodgers.

He asked if there was a room to let.

"Come in," said the housekeeper. Her voice came from her throat; her throat seemed lined with fur. "I have the third floor back, vacant since a week back. Should you wish to look at it?"

The young man followed her up the stairs. A faint light from no particular source mitigated the shadows of the halls. They trod noiselessly upon a stair carpet that its own loom would have forsworn.

It seemed to have become vegetable; to have degenerated in that rank, sunless air to lush lichen or spreading moss that grew in patches to the staircase and was viscid under the foot like organic matter. At each turn of the stairs were vacant niches in the wall. Perhaps plants had once been set within them. If so they had died in that foul and tainted air. It may be that statues of the saints had stood there, but it was not difficult to conceive that imps and devils had dragged them forth in the darkness and down to the unholy depths of some furnished pit below.

"This is the room," said the housekeeper, from her furry throat. "It's a nice room. It ain't often vacant. I had some most elegant people in it last summer — no trouble at all, and paid in advance to the minute. The water's at the end of the hall. Sprowls and Mooney kept it three months. They done a vaudeville sketch. Miss B'retta Sprowls — you may have heard of her. — Oh, that was just the stage names — right there over the dresser is where the marriage certificate hung, framed. The gas is here, and you see there is plenty of closet room. It's a room everybody likes. It never stays idle long."

"Do you have many theatrical people rooming here?" asked the young man.

"They comes and goes. A good proportion of my lodgers is connected with the theatres. Yes, sir, this is the theatrical district. Actor people never stays long anywhere. I get my share. Yes, they comes and they goes."

He engaged the room, paying for a week in advance. He was tired, he said, and would take possession at once. He counted out the money. The room had been made ready, she said, even to towels and water. As the housekeeper moved away he put,

for the thousandth time, the question that he carried at the end of his tongue.

"A young girl — Miss Vashner — Miss Eloise Vashner — do you remember such a one among your lodgers? She would be singing on the stage, most likely. A fair girl, of medium height and slender, with reddish, gold hair and a dark mole near her left eyebrow."

"No, I don't remember the name. Them stage people has names they change as often as their rooms. They comes and they goes. No, I don't call that one to mind."

No. Always no. Five months of ceaseless interrogation and the inevitable negative. So much time spent by day in questioning managers, agents, schools, and choruses; by night among the audiences of theatres from all-star casts down to music halls so low that he dreaded to find what he most hoped for. He who had loved her best had tried to find her. He was sure that since her disappearance from home this great, water-girt city held her somewhere, but it was like a monstrous quicksand, shifting its particles constantly, with no foundation, its upper granules of to-day buried to-morrow in ooze and slime.

The furnished room received its latest guest with a first glow of pseudo-hospitality, a hectic, haggard, perfunctory welcome like the specious smile of a demirep. The sophistical comfort came in reflected gleams from the decayed furniture, the ragged brocade upholstery of a couch and two chairs, a foot-wide cheap pier glass between the two windows, from one or two gilt picture frames and a brass bedstead in a corner.

The guest reclined, inert, upon a chair, while the room, confused in speech as though it were an apartment in Babel, tried to discourse to him of its divers tenantry.

A polychromatic rug like some brilliant-flowered rectangular, tropical islet lay surrounded by a billowy sea of soiled matting. Upon the gay-papered wall were those pictures that pursue the homeless one from house to house — *The Huguenot Lovers*, *The First Quarrel*, *The Wedding Breakfast*, *Psyche at the Fountain*. The

mantel's chastely severe outline was ingloriously veiled behind some pert drapery drawn rakishly askew like the sashes of the Amazonian ballet. Upon it was some desolate flotsam cast aside by the room's marooned when a lucky sail had borne them to a fresh port — a trifling vase or two, pictures of actresses, a medicine bottle, some stray cards out of a deck.

One by one, as the characters of a cryptograph become explicit, the little signs left by the furnished room's procession of guests developed a significance. The threadbare space in the rug in front of the dresser told that lovely woman had marched in the throng. Tiny finger prints on the wall spoke of little prisoners trying to feel their way to sun and air. A splattered stain, raying like the shadow of a bursting bomb, witnessed where a hurled glass or bottle had splintered with its contents against the wall. Across the pier glass had been scrawled with a diamond in staggering letters the name "*Marie*." It seemed that the succession of dwellers in the furnished room had turned in fury — perhaps tempted beyond forbearance by its garish coldness — and wreaked upon it their passions. The furniture was chipped and bruised; the couch, distorted by bursting springs, seemed a horrible monster that had been slain during the stress of some grotesque convulsion. Some more potent upheaval had cloven a great slice from the marble mantel. Each plank in the floor owned its particular cant and shriek as from a separate and individual agony. It seemed incredible that all this malice and injury had been wrought upon the room by those who had called it for a time their home; and yet it may have been the cheated home instinct surviving blindly, the resentful rage at false household gods that had kindled their wrath. A hut that is our own we can sweep and adorn and cherish.

The young tenant in the chair allowed these thoughts to file, soft-shod, through his mind, while there drifted into the room furnished sounds and furnished scents. He heard in one room a tittering and incontinent, slack laughter; in others the monologue of a scold, the rattling of dice, a lullaby, and one crying dully; above

him a banjo tinkled with spirit. Doors banged somewhere; the elevated trains roared intermittently; a cat yowled miserably upon a back fence. And he breathed the breath of the house — a dank savour rather than a smell — a cold, musty effluvium as from underground vaults mingled with the reeking exhalations of linoleum and mildewed and rotten woodwork.

Then, suddenly, as he rested there, the room was filled with the strong, sweet odour of mignonette. It came as upon a single buffet of wind with such sureness and fragrance and emphasis that it almost seemed a living visitant. And the man cried aloud: "What, dear?" as if he had been called, and sprang up and faced about. The rich odour clung to him and wrapped him around. He reached out his arms for it, all his senses for the time confused and commingled. How could one be peremptorily called by an odour? Surely it must have been a sound. But, was it not the sound that had touched, that had caressed him?

"She has been in this room," he cried, and he sprang to wrest from it a token, for he knew he would recognise the smallest thing that had belonged to her or that she had touched. This enveloping scent of mignonette, the odour that she had loved and made her own — whence came it?

The room had been but carelessly set in order. Scattered upon the flimsy dresser scarf were half a dozen hairpins — those discreet, indistinguishable friends of womankind, feminine of gender, infinite of mood and uncommunicative of tense. These he ignored, conscious of their triumphant lack of identity. Ransacking the drawers of the dresser he came upon a discarded, tiny, ragged handkerchief. He pressed it to his face. It was racy and insolent with heliotrope; he hurled it to the floor. In another drawer he found odd buttons, a theatre programme, a pawnbroker's card, two lost marshmallows, a book on the divination of dreams. In the last was a woman's black satin hair bow, which halted him, poised between ice and fire. But the black satin hair bow also is femininity's demure, impersonal, common ornament, and tells no tales.

And then he traversed the room like a hound on the scent, skimming the walls, considering the corners of the bulging matting on his hands and knees, rummaging mantel and tables, the curtains and hangings, the drunken cabinet in the corner, for a visible sign, unable to perceive that she was there beside, around, against, within, above him, clinging to him, wooing him, calling him so poignantly through the finer senses that even his grosser ones became cognizant of the call. Once again he answered loudly: "Yes, dear!" and turned, wild-eyed, to gaze on vacancy, for he could not yet discern form and colour and love and outstretched arms in the odour of mignonette. Oh, God! whence that odour, and since when have odours had a voice to call? Thus he groped.

He burrowed in crevices and corners, and found corks and cigarettes. These he passed in passive contempt. But once he found in a fold of the matting a half-smoked cigar, and this he ground beneath his heel with a green and trenchant oath. He sifted the room from end to end. He found dreary and ignoble small records of many a peripatetic tenant; but of her whom he sought, and who may have lodged there, and whose spirit seemed to hover there, he found no trace.

And then he thought of the house-keeper.

He ran from the haunted room downstairs and to a door that showed a crack of light. She came out to his knock. He smothered his excitement as best he could.

"Will you tell me, madam," he besought her, "who occupied the room I have before I came?"

"Yes, sir. I can tell you again. 'Twas Sprowls and Mooney, as I said. Miss B'retta Sprowls it was in the theatres, but Missis Mooney she was. My house is well known for respectability. The marriage certificate hung, framed, on a nail over —"

"What kind of a lady was Miss Sprowls — in looks, I mean?"

"Why, black-haired, sir, short, and stout, with a comical face. They left a week ago Tuesday."

"And before they occupied it?"

"Why, there was a single gentleman connected with the draying business. He left owing me a week. Before him was Missis Crowder and her two children, that stayed four months; and back of them was old Mr. Doyle, whose sons paid for him. He kept the room six months. That goes back a year, sir, and further I do not remember."

He thanked her and crept back to his room. The room was dead. The essence that had vivified it was gone. The perfume of mignonette had departed. In its place was the old, stale odour of mouldy house furniture, of atmosphere in storage.

The ebbing of his hope drained his faith. He sat staring at the yellow, singing gaslight. Soon he walked to the bed and began to tear the sheets into strips. With the blade of his knife he drove them tightly into every crevice around windows and door. When all was snug and taut he turned out the light, turned the gas full on again, and laid himself gratefully upon the bed.

It was Mrs. McCool's night to go with the can for beer. So she fetched it and sat with Mrs. Purdy in one of those subterranean retreats where house-keepers foregather and the worm dieth seldom.

"I rented out my third floor, back, this

evening," said Mrs. Purdy, across a fine circle of foam. "A young man took it. He went up to bed two hours ago."

"Now, did ye, Mrs. Purdy, ma'am?" said Mrs. McCool, with intense admiration. "You do be a wonder for rentin' rooms of that kind. And did ye tell him, then?" she concluded in a husky whisper, laden with mystery.

"Rooms," said Mrs. Purdy, in her furriest tones, "are furnished for to rent. I did not tell him, Mrs. McCool."

"'Tis right ye are, ma'am; 'tis by rentin' rooms we kape alive. Ye have the rale sense for business, ma'am. There be many people will rayjiet the rentin' of a room if they be tould a suicide has been after dyin' in the bed of it."

"As you say, we has our living to be making," remarked Mrs. Purdy.

"Yis, ma'am; 'tis true. 'Tis just one wake ago this day I helped ye lay out the third floor, back. A pretty slip of a colleen she was to be killin' herself wid the gas — a swate little face she had, Mrs. Purdy, ma'am."

"She'd a-been called handsome, as you say," said Mrs. Purdy, assenting but critical, "but for that mole she had a-growin' by her left eyebrow. Do fill up your glass again, Mrs. McCool."

1904

BRANDER MATTHEWS (1852-)

THE GENTLE ART OF REPARTÉE *

I

DOCTOR HOLMES once declared that the bound volumes of comic papers were "cemeteries of hilarity, interspersed with cenotaphs of wit and humor." Probably he would have admitted that only the cypress and the yew could supply appropriate shelving for the second-rate comic plays of the immediate past, brisk enough in the performance not so very long ago, and yet sadly old-fashioned now that our taste in jokes has changed. Still, a wise word or a witty may be gleaned even from these forlorn pieces, which we may dismiss with what the colored gentleman aptly called "despisery." In a for-

gotten English comedy of the second half of the nineteenth century, a man, describing the only kind of woman he would be willing to marry, asserted that she must be a clever woman, a very clever woman — "a woman clever enough to begin a conversation with a repartee!" This is evidence that bachelors are ever unreasonable in the demands they make upon spinsters, since there never was a woman clever enough to open a conversation with a retort. Any dictionary will remind us that a mere smart saying, a glittering epigram, a brilliant witticism, is not entitled to be received as a repartee unless it is a rejoinder. The exact defi-

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nition of repartee is "a clever, ready, and witty retort."

In one of the Leatherstocking tales, Cooper narrates that Natty Bumppo was engaged in single combat with an adroit Indian foe, and that the redskin finally cast his tomahawk at the white hunter. Leatherstocking swiftly stepped aside, and with inconceivable dexterity caught the glittering weapon as it flew through the air, and with unerring aim hurled it back, to sink into the brain of his supple enemy. That was a true repartee — the rejoinder of the backwoods, the retort in kind, which closes a conversation and renders all further discussion unnecessary. It is therefore quite different from Leatherstocking's marvelous feats of markmanship, when he drew a bead on a distant foe and dropped him in his tracks before the enemy knew what had hit him.

If we accept this distinction, as I think we must, we are forced to rule out a host of unexpected witticisms, spontaneously generated, and yet devoid of this element of rejoinder. They may be as rapid and as recreative as the true repartee, but they lack this necessary element of self-defense, of legitimate reprisal. Congreve once told Colley Cibber that there were many witty speeches in one of Cibber's comedies, and also many speeches that looked witty and yet were not really what they seemed at first sight. So there are delightfully sudden flashes of wit which look like repartees, and yet are not when they are examined more closely. They are none the less delightful, but they are to be classified under another head. Here is an example of the instantaneous quip which is not a true repartee, felicitous as it is. Some years ago a friend of Mr. Oliver Herford's was going to Europe on the "Celtic," and the evening before his departure Mr. Herford called him up on the telephone to say good-by. He asked what ship his friend was going on, and some imp of the perverse prompted the friend to answer that he was sailing on the "Keltic." Mr. Herford promptly responded, "Don't say that, or you will have a hard C all the way across!"

We come a little closer to the genuine rejoinder, and again without attaining it,

in a sharp turn attributed to Voltaire. That arch-wit was once speaking in praise of a certain contemporary man of letters, and a bystander remarked that it was very good of M. de Voltaire to say pleasant things of this man, since he was always saying unpleasant things of Voltaire; whereupon Voltaire smiled sweetly and suggested, "Perhaps we are both of us mistaken." This may be accepted as a retort to an absent adversary. It has the obvious element of self-defense, which is ever the essential quality of the true repartee, and it recalls the wise saying that it is the man who returns the first blow that begins the quarrel.

Voltaire's rejoinder is characteristically neat. It has the dexterity of the Oriental executioner, who seemed only to be flourishing his sword until he presented his snuff-box, whereupon the victim promptly sneezed his amputated head from his unsuspecting shoulders. It is in marked contrast to the surly brutality of Doctor Johnson's verbal boxing. After all, the proper weapon for the accomplished master of fence is the delicate duelling-sword and not the bludgeon or the boomerang, even if these more vulgar instruments may also be wielded with deadly effect. At bottom, what gives to the true repartee its utmost effect is the fact that the engineer has been hoist by his own petard; he is summarily disposed of while the rest of us are dazzled by the unforeseen sparks of the explosion.

Speaker Reed was once discussing the merits of President Harrison with a fellow-congressman, who, remembering that Reed's well-known dislike of the President was heightened by the fact that in the appointment of a collector of the port of Portland Reed's candidate had been turned down in favor of the Maine senator's, said:

"Of course, Mr. Reed, I know that Mr. Harrison can't say 'No' gracefully."

At which Reed flashed out: "Oh, it's worse than that. He can't say 'Yes' gracefully."

The mention of Reed leads naturally to the mention of Bismarck, also a master of debate in his own lordly fashion. In the days when the Seven Weeks' War

with Austria was already looming in the distance, a French minister at one of the German courts protested against Prussia's conduct and warned Bismarck that, if it continued, it would lead Prussia straight to Jena. Bismarck looked the Frenchman in the eye and asked the simple question, "Why not to Waterloo?"

In like manner the mention of Waterloo leads naturally to the mention of Napoleon and Talleyrand, who were necessary to each other, but who crossed swords often, none the less. When Talleyrand was created Prince of Bénévent, he presented his wife to the emperor. Napoleon knew that the new princess resembled the heroine of the modern problem-play in that she was

A lady with a record
Whose career was rather checkered,

so he expressed his hope that her conduct in the future would be in accord with her exalted rank. And Talleyrand bowed, and responded that Mme. de Talleyrand would undoubtedly pattern her conduct on that of the empress. He knew, and he knew that Napoleon knew that he knew, how much scandal had attached to the conduct of Josephine even after she had married Napoleon.

In one of the bitter scenes of altercation which were not infrequent between Napoleon and his indispensable minister, the emperor declared that Talleyrand probably expected to be chief of the regency if Napoleon died. "But remember this," threatened the irate sovereign, "if I fall dangerously ill, you will be dead before me." And Talleyrand bowed ceremoniously and answered, "Sire, I did not need this warning to address to heaven my most ardent wishes for the conservation of Your Majesty's health."

On another occasion Talleyrand heard a certain general talking contemptuously of a class of persons whom he designated as *pékins*. Talleyrand asked who were the creatures so curtly dismissed as unworthy of regard. The general gladly explained that, "We soldiers call everybody a *pékin* who is not military." And Talleyrand accepted the explanation with

his usual suavity. "I see," he said, "it is just like what we do when we call anybody military who is not civil."

Many of the best of Talleyrand's good things are to be classed as true repartee; but on occasion he was tempted by his readiness of wit to puncture pretenders even when he himself had not been attacked. When a silly young fellow, seated between Mme. de Staël and Mme. Récamier, had the folly to insult both ladies by the remark that he was now between wit and beauty, Talleyrand could not resist the temptation. "Yes," he remarked, "and without possessing either." At first glance this may look like an unprovoked assault; and yet it may really be defended as a repartee, since it was due to the desire to avenge a thoughtless slur on two ladies to whom he was greatly attracted. Indeed, Mme. de Staël, when she was most intimate with Talleyrand, was not a little jealous of Mme. Récamier. Once she inquired of Talleyrand which of them he would fish out of the water if she and Mme. Récamier happened to fall in at the same time. And again Talleyrand was equal to the occasion. With his most flattering smile he replied, "Ah, Madame, you swim so well."

II

There is a charming subtlety about this which seems characteristically French. Yet we can now and again attain to an easy felicity that a Frenchman might envy. When the late Maurice Barrymore was once holding forth with his exuberant humor, an intoxicated bystander rudely interrupted by crying out, "You're a liar!" Barrymore was known to be a handy man with his fists, and the spectators expected a swift blow from the shoulder. It came only from the lips. Barrymore saw the man's condition, and with a light laugh responded, "Surely not — if *you* say so!"

This may be accepted as the repartee in all its nakedness. In fact, the repartee is almost always an ingenious variation of the everlasting retort, "You're another!" It is contained in its simplest form in the ancient and honorable dialogue which begins, "You're no gentle-

man!" and which ends, "You're no judge!" There is a variant of this which describes the fisticuffs of two rude fellows of the baser sort, one of whom is heard to declare, "I'll learn you to behave like a gentleman!" whereat the other insists, "I defy you to do it." And we may discover an analogy between these two masculine repartees and a feminine repartee credited to a British suffragette. A puny male offensively thrust himself forward and interrupted the lady's eloquent address with the irrelevant query, "Wouldn't you jolly well like to be a man?" And the champion of the fair sex instantly proved its superiority by the counter-question, "Wouldn't you?"

By the side of this intersexual retort may be placed several international repartees, all credited to that anonymous but fascinating entity, the American Girl. Once when a Beef-eater at the Tower of London was displaying its treasures to a party of transatlantic pilgrims, he drew special attention to a certain gun, "captured at the battle of Bunker Hill, ladies and gentlemen!" And then the American Girl rose to the occasion. "I see," she said meekly, "you have the cannon, and we have the hill." This is perhaps a little sharper and less obvious than another of her retorts, called forth by the remark of an English lady to the effect that she could see "no reason why you Americans seem to think so much of your own country." Then the American Girl replied languidly, "I suppose it must be because we have seen some of the other countries." Closely akin to this is her swift response to another British dame who had read in the London papers horrible details about evil doings in the United States and who was thereby moved to suggest that if things did not improve, it might be necessary to send over an army to chastise us. Whereupon the American Girl affected surprise and asked, "What — again?"

When Oscar Wilde came to the United States to lecture on esthetics in his highly esthetic velvet costume, — and incidentally to prepare the public mind for the proper appreciation of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience," in which the esthetic movement was held up to ridicule, — he

used to complain that America was very uninteresting since it had "no antiquities and no curiosities." But he ventured on this disparagement once too often, for in the course of his travels he uttered it to the American Girl, and she replied with the demure depravity of candid innocence that this was not quite a fair reproach, since "we shall have the antiquities in time, and we are already importing the curiosities."

Lamb once declared that it was some compensation for growing old that in his youth he had seen the "School for Scandal" acted by the incomparable cast that illuminated the original performance; and perhaps the present writer may discover a like compensation in the fact that he can recall the elder Sothorn's rich and mellow rendering of the "Crushed Tragedian." Hazlitt — writing, it is true, before the full flowering of the modern novel — asserted that "to read a good comedy is to keep the best company in the world, where the best things are said and the most amusing happen." Yet even better than the reading of a good comedy, entertaining as that may be, is the recalling of its performance, with the echo of its best things in our ears and with the memory of its amusing happenings rising unbidden before our eyes. The "Crushed Tragedian" was not a very good comedy, taken as a whole; but Sothorn's performance of the broken-down old actor was a delight that no one who ever enjoyed it would willingly forget. Rising on the top wave of joyous recollection is the superb attitude of triumph assumed by Sothorn as the old actor transfixes one of the other characters with what he believes to be a master stroke of repartee. The other character is an old banker, who, when he learns that Sothorn is an actor, makes the lordly remark that "it is twenty years since I have been in a theater." This gives the crushed tragedian his chance, and with immense scorn he hurls back the withering words, "It is about the same time since I have been in a bank!"

This is transcendental in its sublimity. It is very much more felicitous than the more obvious rejoinder in one of Augier's comedies, in the course of which two

friends discover that they have made a mistake. "What fools we have been!" one of them admits; and the other, a little nettled, replies, "Put that in the singular." "Certainly," the first retorts, "what a fool *you* have been!" Obvious as this is, and inexpensive as it must be considered, it falls completely within the definition of the repartee. Not a few other examples might be picked from the pages of the younger Dumas and Beaumarchais, as well as from those of Sheridan and Congreve. Perhaps it is because actors are in the habit of taking part in the amusing happenings of good comedies, and of uttering the good things prepared for them by the authors, that they are encouraged to achieve good things of their own. During the run of the "Blue Bird" in New York last winter, a friend of the late Jacob Wendell (who played the part of the faithful Dog in Maeterlinck's fairy allegory) met him at The Players. This friend praised Wendell's performance of the canine character, with the sole reservation of the barking. That, the volunteer critic insisted, was not so true to life as it should be; he declared finally, "I could just naturally bark better than that myself." And Wendell gravely expostulated, "Ah, but, you see, I had to learn *my* bark."

III

This may be taken as an example of the retort courteous, although it is not as gentle as one of Thackeray's. When the novelist made his single attempt to be elected to Parliament, he happened one day to meet the rival candidate, who parted from him with the familiar Anglo-Saxon phrase, "May the best man win!" To this Thackeray instantly responded, "I hope *not*!" Thackeray's collaborator in the pages of *Punch*, Douglas Jerrold, was incapable of a suave rejoinder of this sort. Jerrold was in fact a little like Doctor Johnson, in his disregard for the feelings of others and in his willingness to give pain for the pleasure of his own wit. When Bentley the publisher told Jerrold that he had at first intended to call his new magazine the *Wit's Miscellany* but had finally decided to style it *Bentley's Miscellany*, Jerrold smiled bitterly and said, "Well, you needn't

have gone to the other extreme." This is not a true repartee, since it was wholly gratuitous, being entirely without provocation.

The sole justification for the bold retort is that it is a weapon of self-defense. Tennyson, so we were told, used to delight in narrating a rejoinder of a certain more or less disreputable man about town, named Trumpington, who was a crony of George IV. Once when the king came down to a seaside resort, he met his friend with the remark, "I hear you are the biggest blackguard in the place." And Trumpington bowed and responded, "I hope Your Majesty has not come down here to take away my character." By the side of this may be put a remark of Ben Butler's during the Crédit Mobilier debate of 1873, perhaps not strictly a repartee by the definition insisted upon in these pages, and yet so near to the margin of the definition that it deserves mention here. Butler had objected to an elaborate and unduly distended speech of an opponent, who expostulated with the plea that he had expected to divide time with the honorable gentleman opposite. To this Butler retorted, "Divide time? It looks to me more like dividing eternity."

There is an epigram often attributed to Sheridan, but really composed by Lewis, the author of the "Monk," which preserves in rime a repartee that may have been due originally to Sheridan himself.

Lord Erskine, at woman presuming to rail,
Called a wife, "a tin canister tied to one's tail."

And fair Lady Anne, while the subject he
carries on,
Seems hurt by his lordship's degrading
comparison.

But wherefore degrading? Considered
aright,
A canister's useful and polished and bright;
And should dirt its original purity hide —
That's the fault of the puppy to whom it
is tied.

On one occasion, at least, Sheridan and Lewis sparred, and the author of the "School for Scandal" countered neatly on the author of the "Castle Specter." This

last piece was a tawdry melodrama which had proved very attractive at Drury Lane, although it had not brought to Lewis what he believed to be a proportionate share of its profits. By chance the manager and the author had a dispute about some question of the hour, and Lewis offered to back his opinion with a bet. "I'll make a big bet," he cried; "I'll bet you what you have made by my play." "No," retorted Sheridan, "I'll make only a little bet. I'll bet you what your play is really worth."

It is an interesting fact that Sheridan, prodigal as he was of wit, in life as in literature, was sparing of repartee, or at least that his repartee was rarely or never offensive. His humor was good humor also, and that can rarely be said of a wit. Moore, in his memorial poem, declared that Sheridan's wit

Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.

Sheridan was liked by those he laughed at. He was that rare character, a wit, ready at repartee, and yet not feared. He was popular, notwithstanding Chesterfield's wise remark that to be known as a wit "is a very unpopular denomination, as it carries terror along with it; and people in general are as much afraid of a live wit, in company, as a woman is of a gun, which she thinks may go off of itself and do her a mischief." If wit is a gun, repartee is sometimes a gun that kicks and sorely bruises the shoulder of him who fires it. A weapon of self-defense it may be, but, like other weapons, it sometimes proves a dangerous possession. Perhaps a time may come when men will not be allowed to carry wit concealed about their persons without a special permit from the municipal authorities, to be granted only to those who can bring testimonials to the gentleness of their character.

1922

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS (1865-)

RUSSIAN NATIONAL CHARACTER *

THE immense size of the country produces an element of largeness in Russian character that one feels not only in their novels, but almost invariably in personal contact and conversation with a more or less educated Russian. This is not imaginary and fantastic; it is a definite sensation, and immediately apparent. Bigness in early environment often produces a certain comfortable largeness of mental vision. One has only to compare in this particular a man from Russia with a man from Holland, or still better, a man from Texas with a man from Connecticut. The difference is easy to see, and easier to feel. It is possible that the man from the smaller district may be more subtle, or he may have had better educational advantages; but he is likely to be more narrow. A Texan told me once that it was eighteen miles from his front door to his front gate; now I was born in a city block, with no front yard at all. I had surely missed something.

Russians are moulded on a large scale,

and their novels are as wide in interest as the world itself. There is a refreshing breadth of vision in the Russian character, which is often as healthful to a foreigner as the wind that sweeps across the vast prairies. This largeness of character partly accounts for the impression of Vastness that their books produce on Occidental eyes. I do not refer at all to the length of the book — for a book may be very long, and yet produce an impression of pettiness, like many English novels. No, it is something that exhales from the pages, whether they be few or many. As illustrations of this quality of vastness, one has only to recall two Russian novels — one the longest, and the other very nearly the shortest, in the whole range of Slavonic fiction. I refer to *War and Peace*, by Tolstoi, and to *Taras Bulba*, by Gogol. Both of these extraordinary works give us chiefly an impression of Immensity — we feel the boundless steppes, the illimitable wastes of snow, and the long winter night. It is

* From "Essays on Russian Novelists", by William Lyon Phelps. Copyrighted by the Macmillan Company. Used by permission of the author and publishers.

particularly interesting to compare *Taras Bulba* with the trilogy of the Polish genius, Sienkiewicz. The former is tiny in size, the latter a leviathan; but the effect produced is the same. It is what we feel in reading Homer, whose influence, by the way, is as powerful in *Taras Bulba* as it is in *With Fire and Sword*.

The cosmopolitanism of the Russian character is a striking feature. Indeed, the educated Russian is perhaps the most complete cosmopolitan in the world. This is partly owing to the uncanny facility with which he acquires foreign languages, and to the admirable custom in Russia of giving children in more or less wealthy families, French, German, and English governesses. John Stuart Mill studied Greek at the age of three, which is the proper time to begin the study of any language that one intends to master. Russian children think and dream in foreign words, but it is seldom that a Russian shows any pride in his linguistic accomplishments, or that he takes it otherwise than as a matter of course. Stevenson writing from Mentone to his mother, 7 January 1874, said: "We have two little Russian girls, with the youngest of whom, a little polyglot button of a three-year-old I had the most laughable little scene at lunch to-day. . . . She said something in Italian which made everybody laugh very much . . . ; after some examination, she announced emphatically to the whole table, in German, that I was a *mädchen*. . . . This hasty conclusion as to my sex she was led afterwards to revise . . . but her new opinion . . . was announced in a language quite unknown to me, and probably Russian. To complete the scroll of her accomplishments, . . . she said goodbye to me in very commendable English." Three days later, he added, "The little Russian kid is only two and a half; she speaks six languages." Nothing excites the envy of an American traveling in Europe more sharply than to hear Russian men and women speaking European languages fluently and idiomatically. When we learn to speak a foreign tongue, we are always acutely conscious of the transition from English to German, or from German to French, and our hearers are still

more so. We speak French as though it *hurt*, just as the average tenor sings. I remember at a polyglot Parisian table, a Russian girl who spoke seven languages with perfect ease; and she was not in the least a blue-stocking.

Now every one knows that one of the indirect advantages that result from the acquisition of a strange tongue is the immediate gain in the extent of view. It is as though a nearsighted man had suddenly put on glasses. It is something to be able to read French; but if one has learned to speak French, the reading of a French book becomes infinitely more vivid. With a French play in the hand, one can see clearly the expressions on the faces of the personages, as one follows the printed dialogue with the eye. Here is where a Russian understands the American or the French point of view, much better than an American or a Frenchman understands the Russian's. Indeed, the man from Paris is nothing like so cosmopolitan as the man from Petersburg. One reason is, that he is too well satisfied with Paris. The late M. Brunetière¹ told me that he could neither read or speak English, and, what is still more remarkable, he said that he had never been in England! That a critic of his power and reputation, interested as he was in English literature, should never have had sufficient intellectual curiosity to cross the English Channel, struck me as nothing short of amazing.

The acquisition of any foreign language annihilates a considerable number of prejudices. Henry James,² who knew Turgenyev intimately, and who has written a brilliant and charming essay on his personality, said that the mind of Turgenyev contained not one pin-point of prejudice. It is worth while to pause an instant and meditate on the significance of such a remark. Think what it must mean to view the world, the institutions of society, moral ideas, and human character with an absolutely unprejudiced mind! We Americans are skiful of prejudices. Of course we don't call them prejudices; we call them principles. But they sometimes impress others as prejudices; and they no doubt help to obscure our judgment, and to shorten or refract our sight. What

would be thought of a painter who had prejudices concerning the colors of skies and fields?

The cosmopolitanism of the Russian novelist partly accounts for the international effect and influence of his novels. His knowledge of foreign languages makes his books appeal to foreign readers. When he introduces German, French, English, and Italian characters into his books, he not only understands these people, he can think in their languages, and thus reproduce faithfully their characteristics not merely by observation but by sympathetic intuition. Furthermore, the very fact that Tolstoi, for example, writes in an inaccessible language, makes foreign translations of his works absolutely necessary. As at the day of Pentecost, every man hears him speak in his own tongue. Now if an Englishman writes a successful book, thousands of Russians, Germans, and others will read it in English; the necessity of translation is not nearly so great. It is interesting to compare the world-wide appeal made by the novels of Turgenev, Dostoevski, and Tolstoi with that made by Thackeray and George Eliot, not to mention Mr. Hardy or the late Mr. Meredith.

The combination of the great age of Russia with its recent intellectual birth produces a maturity of character, with a wonderful freshness of consciousness. It is as though a strong, sensible man of forty should suddenly develop a genius in art; his attitude would be quite different from that of a growing boy, no matter how precocious he might be. So, while the Russian character is marked by an extreme sensitiveness to mental impressions, it is without the rawness and immaturity of the American. The typical American has some strong qualities that seem in the typical Russian conspicuously absent; but his very practical energy, his pride and self-satisfaction, stand in the way of his receptive power. Now a conspicuous trait of the Russian is his humility; and his humility enables him to see clearly what is going on, where an American would instantly interfere, and attempt to change the course of events. For, however inspiring a full-blooded American may be, the

most distinguishing feature of his character is surely not humility. And it is worth while to remember that whereas since 1850, at least a dozen great realistic novels have been written in Russian, not a single completely great realistic novel has ever been written in the Western Hemisphere.

This extreme sensitiveness to impression is what has led the Russian literary genius into realism; and it is what has produced the greatest realists that the history of the novel has seen. The Russian mind is like a sensitive plate; it reproduces faithfully. It has no more partiality, no more prejudice than a camera film; it reflects everything that reaches its surface. A Russian novelist, with a pen in his hand, is the most truthful being on earth.

To an Englishman or an American, perhaps the most striking trait in the Russian character is his lack of practical force — the paralysis of his power of will. The national character among the educated classes is personified in fiction, in a type peculiarly Russian; and that may be best defined by calling it the conventional Hamlet. I say the conventional Hamlet, for I believe Shakespeare's Hamlet is a man of immense resolution and self-control. The Hamlet of the commentators is as unlike Shakespeare's Hamlet as systematic theology is unlike the Sermon on the Mount. The hero of the orthodox Russian novel is a veritable *L'Aiglon*.³ This national type must be clearly understood before an American can understand Russian novels at all. In order to show that it is not imaginary, but real, one has only to turn to Sienkiewicz's powerful work, *Without Dogma*, the very title expressing the lack of conviction that destroys the hero.

"Last night, at Count Malatesta's reception, I heard by chance these two words, 'l'improductivité slave.' " I experienced the same relief as does a nervous patient when the physician tells him that his symptoms are common enough, and that many others suffer from the same disease. . . . I thought about that 'improductivité slave' all night. He had his wits about him who summed the thing up in these two words. There is something in us, — an incapacity to give forth all that is in

us. One might say, God has given us bow and arrow, but refused us the power to string the bow and send the arrow straight to its aim. I should like to discuss it with my father, but am afraid to touch a sore point. Instead of this, I will discuss it with my diary. Perhaps it will be just the thing to give it any value. Besides, what can be more natural than to write about what interests me? Everybody carries within him his tragedy. Mine is this same 'improductivité slave' of the Ploszowskis. Not long ago, when romanticism flourished in hearts and poetry, everybody carried his tragedy draped around him as a picturesque cloak; now it is carried still, but as a jägervest next to the skin. But with a diary it is different; with a diary one may be sincere. . . . To begin with, I note down that my religious belief I carried still intact with me from Metz did not withstand the study of natural philosophy. It does not follow that I am an atheist. Oh, no! this was good enough in former times, when he who did not believe in spirit, said to himself, 'Matter,' and that settled for him the question. Nowadays only provincial philosophers cling to that worn-out creed. Philosophy of our times does not pronounce upon the matter; to all such questions, it says, 'I do not know.' And that 'I do not know' sinks into and permeates the mind. Nowadays psychology occupies itself with close analysis and researches of spiritual manifestations; but when questioned upon the immortality of the soul it says the same, 'I do not know,' and truly it does not know, and it cannot know. And now it will be easier to describe the state of my mind. It all lies in these words: I do not know. In this — in the acknowledged impotence of the human mind — lies the tragedy. Not to mention the fact that humanity always has asked and always will ask, for an answer, they are truly questions of more importance than anything else in the world. If there be something on the other side, and that something an eternal life, then misfortunes and losses on this side are as nothing. 'I am content to die,' says Renan, 'but I should like to know whether death will be of any use to me.' And philosophy replies, 'I do not know.' And man beats against

that blank wall, and like the bedridden sufferer fancies, if he could lie on this or on that side, he would feel easier. What is to be done?"

Those last five words are often heard in Russian mouths. It is a favorite question. It is, indeed, the title of two Russian books. The description of the Slavonic temperament given by Sienkiewicz tallies exactly with many prominent characters in Russian novels. Turgenev first completely realized it in *Rudin*; he afterwards made it equally clear in *Torrents of Spring*, *Smoke*, and other novels. Raskolnikov, in Dostoevski's *Crime and Punishment*, is another illustration; he wishes to be a Napoleon, and succeeds only in murdering two old women. Artsybashev, in his terrible novel, *Sanin*, has given an admirable analysis of this great Russian type in the character of Jurii, who finally commits suicide simply because he cannot find a working theory of life. Writers so different as Tolstoi and Gorki have given plenty of good examples. Indeed, Gorki, in *Varenka Olessova*, has put into the mouth of a sensible girl an excellent sketch of the national representative.

"The Russian hero is always silly and stupid, he is always sick of something; always thinking of something that cannot be understood, and is himself so miserable, so m — i — serable! He will think, think, then talk, then he will go and make a declaration of love, and after that he thinks, and thinks again, till he marries. . . . And when he is married, he talks all sorts of nonsense to his wife, and then abandons her."

Turgenev's Bazarov and Artsybashev's Sanin indicate the ardent revolt against the national masculine temperament; like true Slavs, they go clear to the other extreme, and bring resolution to a *reductio ad absurdum*; for your true Russian knows no middle course, being entirely without the healthy moderation of the Anglo-Saxons. The great Turgenev realized his own likeness to Rudin. Mrs. Ritchie has given a very pleasant unconscious testimony to this fact.

"Just then my glance fell upon Turgenev leaning against the doorpost at the far end of the room, and as I looked, I was

struck, being shortsighted, by a certain resemblance to my father [Thackeray], which I tried to realize to myself. He was very tall, his hair was gray and abundant, his attitude was quiet and reposeful; I looked again and again while I pictured to myself the likeness. When Turgenev came up after the music, he spoke to us with great kindness, spoke of our father, and of having dined at our house, and he promised kindly and willingly to come and call next day upon my sister and me in Onslow Gardens. I can remember that next day still; dull and dark, with a yellow mist in the air. All the afternoon I sat hoping and expecting that Turgenev might come, but I waited in vain. Two days later, we met him again at Mrs. Huth's, where we were all once more assembled. Mr. Turgenev came straight up to me at once. 'I was so sorry that I could not come and see you,' he said, 'so very sorry, but I was prevented. Look at my thumbs!' and he held up both his hands with the palms outwards. I looked at his thumbs, but I could not understand. 'See how small they are,' he went on; 'people with such little thumbs can never do what they intend to do, they always let themselves be prevented;' and he laughed so kindly that I felt as if his visit had been paid all the time and quite understood the validity of the excuse."

It is seldom that the national characteristic reveals itself so playfully; it is more likely to lead to tragedy. This cardinal fact may militate greatly against Russia's position as a world-power in the future, as it has in the past. Her capacity for passive resistance is enormous — Napoleon learned that, and so did Frederick. A remarkable illustration of it was afforded by the late Japanese war, when Port Arthur held out long after the possible date assigned by many military experts. For positive aggressive tactics Russia is just as weak nationally as her men are individually. What a case in point is the Duma,⁵ of which so much was expected! Were a majority of that Duma Anglo-Saxons, we should all see something happen, and it would not happen against Finland. One has only to compare it with the great parliamentary gatherings in England's history.

Perhaps if the membership were exclusively composed of women, positive result would show. For, in Russian novels, the irresolution of the men is equaled only by the driving force of the women. The Russian feminine type, as depicted in fiction, is the incarnation of singleness of purpose, and a capacity to bring things to pass, whether for good or for evil. The heroine of *Rudin*, of *Smoke*, of *On the Eve*, the sinister Maria of *Torrents of Spring*, the immortal Lisa of *A House of Gentlefolk*, the girl in Dostoevski's *Poor Folk*; Dunia and Sonia, in *Crime and Punishment* — many others might be called to mind. The good Russian women seem immensely superior to the men in their instant perception and recognition of moral values, which gives them a chart and compass in life. Possibly, too, the women are stiffened in will by a natural reaction in finding their husbands and brothers so stuffed with inconclusive theories. One is appalled at the prodigious amount of nonsense that Russian wives and daughters are forced to hear from their talkative and ineffective heads of houses. It must be worse than the metaphysical discussion between Adam and the angel, while Eve waited on table, and supplied the windy debaters with something really useful.

To one who is well acquainted with American university undergraduates, the intellectual maturity of the Russian or Polish student and his eagerness for the discussion of abstract problems in sociology and metaphysics are very impressive. The amount of space given in Russian novels to philosophical introspection and debate is a truthful portrayal of the subtle Russian mind. Russians love to talk; they are strenuous in conversation, and forget their meals and their sleep. I have known some Russians who will sit up all night, engaged in the discussion of a purely abstract topic, totally oblivious to the passage of time. In *A House of Gentlefolk*, at four o'clock in the morning, Mihalevich is still talking about the social duties of Russian landowners and he roars out, "We are sleeping, and the time is slipping away; we are sleeping!" Lavretsky replies, "Permit me to observe, that we are not sleeping at present, but rather preventing others

from sleeping. We are straining our throats like the cocks — listen! there is one crowing for the third time." To which Mihalevich smilingly rejoins, "Good-by till to-morrow." Then follows, "But the friends talked for more than an hour longer." In Chirikov's powerful drama, *The Jews*, the scene of animated discussion that takes place on the stage is a perfect picture of what is happening in hundreds of Russian towns every night. An admirable description of a typical Russian conversation is given by Turgenev, in *Virgin Soil*:

"Like the first flakes of snow, swiftly whirling, crossing and recrossing in the still mild air of autumn, words began flying, tumbling, jostling against one another in the heated atmosphere of Golushkin's dining-room — words of all sorts — progress, government, literature; the taxation question, the church question, the Roman question, the law-court question; classicism, realism, nihilism, communism; international, clerical, liberal, capital; administration, organization, association, and even crystallization! It was just this uproar which seemed to arouse Golushkin to enthusiasm; the real gist of the matter seemed to consist in this, for him."

The Anglo-Saxon is content to allow ideas that are inconsistent and irreconcilable to get along together as best they may in his mind, in order that he may somehow get something done. Not so the Russian. Dr. Johnson, who settled Berkeleian idealism by kicking a stone, and the problem of free will by stoutly declaring, "I know I'm free and there's an end on't," would have had an interesting time among the Slavs.

It is rather fortunate that the Russian love of theory is so often accompanied by the paralysis of will power, otherwise political crimes would be much commoner in Russia than they are. The Russian is tremendously impulsive, but not at all practical. Many hold the most extreme views, views that would shock a typical Anglo-Saxon out of his complacency; but they remain harmless and gentle theorists. Many Russians do not believe in God, or Law, or Civil Government, or Marriage, or any of the fundamental Institutions of Society; but their daily life is as regular

and conventional as a New Englander's. Others, however, attempt to live up to their theories, not so much for their personal enjoyment, as for the satisfaction that comes from intellectual consistency. In general, it may be said that the Russian is far more of an extremist, far more influenced by theory, than people of the West. This is particularly true of the youth of Russia, always hot-headed and impulsive, and who are constantly attempting to put into practice the latest popular theories of life. American undergraduates are the most conservative folk in the world; if any strange theory in morals or politics becomes noised abroad, the American student opposes to it the one time-honored weapon of the conservative from Aristophanes down, — burlesque. Mock processions and absurd travesties of "the latest thing" in politics are a feature of every academic year at an American university. Indeed, an American student leading a radical political mob is simply unthinkable. It is common enough in Russia, where in political disturbances students are very often prominent. As a young Russian gives his intellectual assent to a theory, his first thought is to illustrate it in his life. One of the most terrible results of the publication of Artsybashev's novel *Sanin* — where the hero's theory of life is simply to enjoy it, and where the Christian system of morals is ridiculed — was the organization, in various high schools, among the boys and girls, of societies *zum ungehinderten Geschlechtsgenuss*.⁶ They were simply doing what Sanin told them they ought to do; and having decided that he was right, they immediately put his theories into practice. Again, when Tolstoi finally made up his mind that the Christian system of ethics was correct, he had no peace until he had attempted to live in every respect in accordance with those doctrines. And he persuaded thousands of Russians to attempt the same thing. Now in England and in America, every minister knows that it is perfectly safe to preach the Sermon on the Mount every day in the year. There is no occasion for alarm. Nobody will do anything rash.

The fact that the French language,

culture, and manners have been superimposed upon Russian society should never be forgotten in a discussion of the Russian national character. For many years, and until very recently, French was the language constantly used by educated and aristocratic native Russians, just as it is by the Poles and by the Roumanians. It will never cease seeming strange to an American to hear a Russian mother and son talk intimately together in a language not their own. Even Pushkin, the founder of Russian literature, the national poet, wrote in a letter to a friend, "*Je vous parlerai la langue de l'Europe, elle m'est plus familière.*" Imagine Tennyson writing a letter in French, with the explanation that French came easier to him!

It follows, as a consequence, that the chief reading of Russian society people is French novels; that French customs, morals, and manners (as portrayed in French fiction) have had an enormous effect on the educated classes in Russia. If we may believe half the testimony we hear, — I am not sure that we can, — Russian aristocratic society is to-day the most corrupt in the world. There is an immense contrast between Parisians and Russians, and the literature that would not damage the morals of the former is deadly to the latter. The spirit of mockery in the Parisian throws off the germs of their theater and their fiction. I have seen in a Parisian theater men, their wives, and their families laughing unrestrainedly at a piece, that if exhibited before an American audience would simply disgust some, and make others morbidly attentive. This kind of literature, comic or tragic, disseminated as it everywhere is among impulsive and passionate Russian readers, has been anything but morally healthful. One might as rationally go about and poison wells. And the Russian youth are sophisticated to a degree that seems to us almost startling. In 1903, a newspaper in Russia sent out thousands of blanks to high school boys and girls all over the country, to discover what books constituted their favorite reading. Among native authors, Tolstoi was first closely followed by Gorki; among foreign writers, Guy de Maupassant was the most popular!

The constant reading of Maupassant by boys and girls of fifteen and sixteen years, already emancipated from the domination of religious ideas, can hardly be morally hygienic. And to-day, in many families all over the Western world, Hygiene has taken the place of God.

Russian novelists have given us again and again pictures of typical society women who are thoroughly corrupt. We find them in historical and in contemporary fiction. They are in *War and Peace*, in *Anna Karenina*, in *Dead Souls*, in *A House of Gentlefolk*, and in the books of to-day. And it is worth remembering that when Tolstoi was a young man, his aunt advised him to have an intrigue with a married woman, for the added polish and ease it would give to his manners, just as an American mother sends her boy to dancing-school.

Finally, in reading the works of Tolstoi, Turgenyev, Dostoevski, Gorki, Chekhov, Andreev, and others, what is the general impression produced on the mind of a foreigner? It is one of intense gloom. Of all the dark books in fiction, no works sound such depths of suffering and despair as are fathomed by the Russians. Many English readers used to say that the novels of George Eliot were "profoundly sad," — it became almost a hackneyed phrase. Her stories are rollicking comedies compared with the awful shadow cast by the literature of the Slavs. Suffering is the heritage of the Russian race; their history is steeped in blood and tears, their present condition seems intolerably painful, and the future is an impenetrable cloud. In the life of the peasants there is of course fun and laughter, as there is in every human life; but at the root there is suffering, not the loud protest of the Anglo-Saxon laborer, whose very loudness is a witness to his vitality — but passive, fatalistic, apathetic misery. Life has been often defined, but never in a more depressing fashion than by the peasant in Gorki's novel, who asks quietly:

"What does the word Life mean to us? A feast? No. Work? No. A battle? Oh, no! For us Life is something merely tiresome, dull, — a kind of heavy burden. In carrying it we sigh with weariness and complain of its weight. Do we really love

Life? The love of Life! The very words sound strange to our ears! We love only our dreams of the future — and this love is Platonic, with no hope of fruition."

Suffering is the corner-stone of Russian life, as it is of Russian fiction. That is one reason why the Russians produce here and there such splendid characters, and such mighty books. The Russian capacity for suffering is the real test of the great works of Dostoevski, and the reason why his name is so beloved in Russia — he understood the hearts of his countrymen. Of all the courtesans who have illustrated the Christian religion on the stage and in fiction, the greatest is Dostoevski's Sonia. Her amazing sincerity and deep simplicity make us ashamed of any tribute of tears we may have given to the familiar sentimental type. She does not know what the word "sentiment" means; but the awful sacrifice of her daily life is the great modern illustration of Love. Christ again is crucified. When the refined, cultivated, philosophical student Raskolnikov stoops to this ignorant girl and kisses her feet, he says, "I do not bow down to you individually, but to suffering Humanity in your person." That phrase gives us an insight into the Russian national character.

The immediate result of all this suffering as set forth in the lives and in the books of the great Russians, is Sympathy — pity and sympathy for Humanity. Thousands are purified and ennobled by these sublime pictures of woe. And one of the most remarkable of contemporary Russian novels — Andreev's *The Seven Who Were Hanged*, a book bearing on every page the stamp of indubitable genius — radiates a sympathy and pity that are almost divine.

This growth of love and sympathy in the Russian national character is to me the sign of greatest promise in their future, both as a nation of men and women, and as a contributor to the world's great works of literary art. If anything can dispel the black clouds in their dreary sky, it will be

this wonderful emotional power. The political changes, the Trans-Siberian railway, their industrial and agricultural progress, — all these are as nothing compared with the immense advance that Christian sympathy is now making in the hearts of the Russian people. The books of Dostoevski and Tolstoi point directly to the Gospel, and although Russia is theoretically a Christian nation, no country needs real Christianity more than she. The tyranny of the bureaucracy, the corruption of fashionable society, the sufferings of the humble classes, the hollow formalism of the Church, make Russia particularly ripe for the true Gospel — just as true to-day as when given to the world in Palestine. Sixty years ago Gogol wrote: "What is it that is most truly Russian? What is the main characteristic of our Russian nature, that we now try to develop by making it reject everything strange and foreign to it? The value of the Russian nature consists in this — that it is capable, more than any other, of receiving the noble word of the Gospel, which leads man toward perfection." One cannot read Dostoevski and Tolstoi without thinking of the truth of Gogol's declaration.

All the philosophy and wisdom of the world have never improved on the teachings of the Founder of Christianity. What the individual and society need to-day is not Socialism, Communism, or Nihilism; no temporary palliative sought in political, social, or financial reform; what we each need is a closer personal contact with the simple truths of the New Testament. The last word on all political, philosophical, and social questions may still be found in the Sermon on the Mount. It is a significant fact, that Tolstoi, after a varied and long experience of human life, after reviewing all the systems of thought that have influenced modern society, should have finally arrived and found rest in the statements that most of us learned in childhood from our mothers' lips. 1911

STUART P. SHERMAN (1881-)

WANDERING BETWEEN TWO ERAS

LITERARY as well as political historians are certain to fix upon 1918 as the end of

an old era, the beginning of a new one; and with increasing assurance, as that date

recedes into the past, they will distinguish and insist upon the differences between the buzzing blooming confusion that preceded it and the buzzing blooming confusion that followed it. They will give to the ante-bellum era a significant name and to the post-bellum era a significant name; and by their names we shall know them; and from their names the wayfaring man will be able to deduce the characteristics of the authors who lived in those eras, without the annoyance of having to read them. This will be a convenience to those who wish to find time for reading Plato or *Clarissa Harlowe*.¹

I suggest that we call the span from 1832 to 1867 The Era of Middle Class Society or The Age of Gentlemen, that from 1867 to 1918 The Era of Biological Considerations or The Age of Vital Forces, and the half century for the dawn of which the cocks are now crowing, The Proletarian Millennium or The Age of Economic Units. These epithets have at least the merit of indicating a whence and a whither. When I have shown how the three periods are reflected in their respective literatures, and how they are related to one another, and how, finally, they are related to the deep current which bears the affairs of men onward whether they will or no, then the gentle reader may return to his classics, assured that his house or his houseboat has been set in order; or he may propose an arrangement of his own.

As mirrored in literature and seen through the soft blue haze of time, that early Victorian interval which we have called The Age of Gentlemen lies before us enveloped in its own atmosphere, serene, changeless, finished, like a classical landscape, only a little damaged by the slashing of Mr. Wells and the Militant Suffragettes. What first catches the dreaming eye is the towers of the cathedral at Barchester;² that Trollope built, embosomed high in lofty trees neighbored by Bishop Proudie's palace and the comfortable dwellings of Archdeacon Grantly and Dean Arabin. Then at wide intervals in a countryside tufted with woodlands one makes out the seats of great county families like the Luftons and the Crawleys and the Austin Feverels and odd places like Crochet

Castle and Gryll Grange. Piercing the greenery here and there, rise the ivory towers of the poets: in one of them Tennyson is writing with pearl-handled gold pen his *Idylls of the King*, in another Arnold is meditating his *Tristram and Iseult*, in a third Swinburne is murmuring his *Atalanta in Calydon*, and in still another Morris is chanting his *Earthly Paradise*. These towers and castles are but the accents of the scene. For look! What populous towns and villages have emptied all their folk this pious morn to stream up by twos and threes to hear the Archdeacon's sermon? Colonel Newcome heads the line, followed by an endless procession of clergymen, lawyers, doctors, army officers, civil servants, journalists, merchants, tradesmen, farmers, and other representatives of that great class of *bourgeois gentils-hommes* which began in 1832 significantly to displace the old aristocracy as the center of English society. Some of these people have a long way to go before they overtake Colonel Newcome; but they all know where they are going, and they approve of the expedition.

The predominance of a respectable middle class was England's slowly matured response to the radical challenge of the French Revolution and to the contention that all men came to the social compact with equal rights in their hands, naked from the arms of nature. To the searching question put afresh in every age, What is man that he should inherit the earth? England replied, still cherishing fondly in her troubled heart the traditions of an ancient Christian chivalry: "Man is a creature of miscellaneous instincts and unpredictable conduct, as I have freely admitted by the mouth of Mr. Thackeray; but, as I have insisted also by the mouth of Mr. Tennyson, he has the aspirations of a Galahad, the ideals of an Arthur. Man is a being of dual personality; one side is as real as the other; if you would see him whole, you must take them both together. In his sentiments, if not always in his creed and conduct, he is a Christian, a patriot, and a gentleman. With that understanding, I admit him to my society; and I think that I can make a fairly human and creditable place of it." While that

understanding endured, a considerable number of the inhabitants of England of course remained outside in mine and factory and unregarded corner, mute or clamoring for a revolution.

In the last fifty years the revolution took place. It created the Era of Biological Considerations. What we actually discover there is the destruction — not by the lower orders but by the intellectuals — of the bonds which held that earlier society together. The Era of Biological Considerations, for which Darwin and Huxley prepared the way, is not properly a society at all. Its characteristic business is not to establish man's relations in a human community but to establish his relations in the animal kingdom. This business generates a new type of literary imagination, a new notion of realism, a new criticism. Equipped with a fresh conception of man, the children of The Era of Biological Considerations re-examine the professed aspirations of The Age of Gentlemen and pronounce them hypocrisy. What the first age revered as ideals, the second denounces as shams. "Talk not to us," cry the Butlers,³ the Shaws, the Wells's, the Cannans, the Mackenzies of this veracious epoch, "talk not to us of the duality of human nature, of Tennyson's Arthur and the Victorian ideality; the grand Victorian type is Pecksniff.⁴ Man is neither a Christian, a patriot, nor a gentleman; he is a 'bad monkey.' And we have had him under the scalpel. We have seen him under the microscope. He is an agitated congeries of chemical and physical forces. He is a bit of passionate protoplasm. He is a vital force."

We are all, except the very young and the very old, acquainted with the resolute and measurably successful efforts made by writers of the last half century to prove that men are not destined to be Christians, patriots, or gentlemen. It was perhaps Samuel Butler who led off by demonstrating this truth in the case of Ernest Pontifex in *The Way of All Flesh*, a novel which I thought rather dull, till I found all my intelligent contemporaries praising it to the skies as a "brilliant attack upon the institution of the family, especially the relations between parents and children."

Thomas Hardy, singular in his sense of the tragic nature of his task, developed with sombre and genuine poetic power the thesis that man is a bit of passionate protoplasm plastic on the wheel of Chance, the whimsical Potter, blindly worshipped by the Age of Gentlemen as the Divine Providence. George Moore joined in with a series of novels presenting vital forces in full evening dress, yet not for a moment mistakable for ladies and gentlemen; and he has recently added what I am assured is a very brilliant travesty on the life of Jesus. G. B. Shaw contributed to the bright bonfire of shams the garments of clergymen, prize-fighters, duchesses, and chauffeurs whom he had stripped down to the naked reality of vital forces and set speechifying in a parlor; and in recent years he has launched many a brilliant attack upon patriotism. Mr. Wells, eagerly reeking of the laboratory, has also specialized on heroes and heroines who are emancipated vital forces, and he has supplemented these representations by brilliant attacks upon humanistic education and other institutions designed to perpetuate The Age of Gentlemen. Mr. Galsworthy has scattered some brilliant aspersions on the institution of property; but, since the success of *The Dark Flower* has rather eclipsed his effusions on the Under Dog, he and his satellites tend to specialize on exhibitions of man as exquisitely palpitating protoplasm. I have just read, for example, in a current magazine his brilliant beginning of a new story about a London rector (of The Age of Gentlemen) and his palpitating cousin and daughter (of The Age of Vital Forces). The rector's cousin, having got rid of two husbands, is now the mistress of attractive Captain Fort. The daughter, having given herself to an officer departing for the war, "with the sole thought of making him hers forever," seems on the point of giving herself also to Captain Fort. While the Captain waits, says my author, he is "turning the leaves of an illustrated journal wherein society beauties, starving Serbians, actresses with pretty legs, prize dogs, sinking ships, royalties, shells bursting, and padres reading funeral services testified to the catholicity of

the public taste but did not assuage his nerves."

One cannot compose the literature of this period into a picture of society; it doesn't compose. Like Captain Fort's journal, it presents us a bewildering medley of impressions. It is a picture of disorganization, of a human welter without top or bottom, such as one finds in the novels of Goncharov,⁵ Dostoevsky, and Artzybashev. The writers who express the prevailing spirit of the time represent society as breaking up under biological criticism into the social anarchy of a state of nature. The more vigorous poets have left the ivory towers to go a-vagabonding and ballad-singing down the highways of the earth; others palpitate like exquisite jellyfish responding to physical stimuli in a protoplasmic prose, sometimes called free verse. Only the novelists are lyrical; and they are lyrical perforce in the general decadence of the dramatic imagination and the confusion of the social scene.

The exceptions — Meredith with his picture of a coherent prosperous intellectual aristocracy, Bennett⁶ with his picture of a coherent prosperous canny *bourgeoisie*, Gissing with his picture of a miserable "ignobly decent" one — these exceptions must be regarded as survivors, retaining in a hostile environment the standards, the aspirations of a former age. Mr. Chesterton is obviously Dickensian. . . . De Morgan is not mentioned at all. The "ethicist" Stevenson with his knightly pose is of course still more out of his setting. As for Conrad and Kipling, neither of them is a painter of society. Conrad is the voice of the vast wistfulness of men who remember hearth and home and household gods but are exiles roaming in African wildernesses, sailing desolate seas, outcasts on solitary islands, mixing with human derelicts and savages, defeated, forgotten. Kipling, on the other hand, is the celebrant of vital forces adventurous, successful, disciplined to the level of military and administrative efficiency, better for the barracks than the parlor, many pegs below the fine wits of Meredith's world, several pegs above the palpitating protoplasms of Mr. Galsworthy's, good for imperial adventure, good for deciding in a world-soci-

ety that is lapsing into barbarism which forces are fittest to survive.

On this scene the Great War breaks — surely not as an interruption but as the completion of the overmastering drift of the age towards a return to nature. It was precipitated by Germany, because she first among the nations worked up the results of her biological considerations into a clearly defined national policy. Checking the naturalistic reversion at Mr. Kipling's level rather than at Mr. Galsworthy's she sent to the battle line not exquisite protoplasms but efficient vital forces. As fast as we could, we all followed suit. And for four years human society in the greater part of the world gave place to a primitive physical conflict in an ingenious and sophisticated branch of the animal kingdom.

The war is over, and every pleasant person one meets talks hopefully of a new age. Those with the faintest idea of how it is to differ from its predecessor usually betray the vacancy of their imaginations by a facile use of the word "reconstruction." But no hopeful person wants to reconstruct The Age of Vital Forces; that has been too thoroughly discredited. What considerations are going to take the place of those biological reveries which so profoundly affected the imagination of the preceding generation? Patriotism is still a little under the cloud of "vitalistic" nationalism. Christianity is not the prime concern of the reuniting churches, but the minimum wage. There is nothing visibly pointing to an immediate restoration of The Age of Gentlemen. In recognition of certain signs of the times — notably those great bodies of men who have discovered a bond strong enough to hold them together and to make them feel alike, think alike, act alike, and make the Government "stand and deliver" — I have ventured to call the coming period The Proletarian Millennium or The Age of Economic Units. In the new age, when the searching question is asked, What is man that he should inherit the earth? the response will be: "Man is a paid laborer. He is a wage-earner. Give the words what breadth and scope you like." I don't think these definitions quite satisfy every aspiration of the

heart; but they are an immense improvement over those which were current in *The Age of Biological Considerations*. They lift man at once out of the animal kingdom; animals are not wage-earners. They place him in a society at least rudimentarily human. They suggest rough elementary forms of individual and social discipline for other ends than battle.

As we have had only six months of the Millennium, its literature is not yet abundant. The front pages of even the current magazines are still filled with the naturalistic work of the old school. But happily the advertising sections, always written by men of great talent who understand the latest condition of the heart of the people, contain many jewels of the new economic imagination. I select one which indicates pretty well the direction which the march of progress may be expected to take in the next fifty years under the new social leaders. It is headed "Free Proof That I Can Raise Your Pay." It recites a truly inspiring little tale about a young man who, when he consulted the advertiser, had nothing: "To-day this young man is worth \$200,000. He is building a \$25,000 home — and paying cash for it. *He has three*

automobiles. His children go to private schools. He goes hunting, fishing, traveling whenever the mood strikes him. His income is over a thousand dollars a week."

I think that two automobiles might suffice, unless one can also afford a cook. But is there an impecunious Economic Unit that does not thrill responsively to literature like that? And in that thrill do we not discern "organic filaments" of a new order? Man is a worshipper of clothes — and woman, too, though at present she seems to prize them in inverse ratio to their quantity. Even in the shaggy "Bolshevik" breast there lurks a furtive desire for a silk hat and a fur-trimmed overcoat, and a slumbering but inextinguishable liking for the manners that go with the clothes, the sentiments that go with the manners, and the principles that support the sentiments. In this universal and ineradicable passion for clothes lies, at present, the reformer's chief hope of bringing the whole body of English society "into one harmonious and truly humane life," that far-off goal towards which the current sets beneath all the whirl of conflicting tendencies.

AIDS TO STUDY

Deputy of Ireland, and with the exception of two short visits to London he lived the rest of his life in Ireland. After holding several subordinate offices, he settled on a grant of forfeited land, at Kilcolman Castle in the county of Cork. The terms of the grant required him to live on the estate as an English settler, and Spenser looked upon himself as a lonely exile. In the midst of the beautiful surroundings of his Irish home, he wrote the first three books of the "Faerie Queene", in 1589. Raleigh, who visited the poet in that year, became so enthusiastic over the merits of the poem that he hurried the poet off to London, where he was presented to the queen, and saw his work published in 1590. The poem was acclaimed the greatest work in the English language. Thus encouraged, Spenser hoped for political preferment, but was disappointed and returned to Ireland with a pension from the queen of only fifty pounds a year. In 1594, he married an Irish lady, Elizabeth Boyle. His sonnets, "Amoretti", were written in her honor, and his "Epithalamion", the most beautiful wedding hymn in any language, celebrated their wedding. The following year Spenser went to London again, and published his "Astrophel", an elegy on the death of his friend Sidney, and also three more books of the "Faerie Queene." That same year he published his "Colin Clout's Come Home Again", which was a poetical account of his former visit to the Court of Elizabeth. On this last visit he probably met Shakespeare and other literary men of the day, and a second time sought advancement from the queen in vain. On his return to Ireland, he was appointed sheriff of Cork, which probably brought about his ruin, for when Tyrone's rebellion broke out that same year Spenser's house was one of the first to be attacked, and the poet barely escaped with his wife and children. He did not recover from the shock, and the following year, having returned to England, he died at an inn in London, in 1599. He was buried beside his master, Chaucer, in Westminster Abbey, the poets thronging to the funeral and, according to Camden, "casting their elegies and the pens that had written them into his tomb."

THE FAERIE QUEENE

Book II, Canto VII

In a letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, Spenser explains the plan of his poem, in part, as follows: "'The Faerie Queene' (the most excellent and glorious person of our sovereign and Queen) kept her annual feast twelve days; upon which twelve several days the occasions of the twelve several adventures happened; which, being undertaken by twelve several knights, are in these twelve books severally handled and discoursed."

Only six of these books were finished. The second book, from which the present selection

is taken, describes the adventures of Sir Guyon, the Knight of Temperance. After various combats and temptations, he reaches the Cave of Mammon, God (or Demon) of Cupidity.

Page 13.

- Line 4. *y-blent*, blinded, obscured.
- Line 5. *dreariment*, dreariness.
- Line 6. *card*, chart; *firmes*, fixes firmly.
- Line 15. *yode*, went.
- Line 16. *redes*, deems, considers.
- Line 23. *grisly*, horrible.
- Line 25. *bedight*, smeared, covered.
- Line 30. *glistering*, glittering.
- Line 32. *entayle*, carving.
- Line 33. *antickes*, fantastic figures.
- Line 34. *told*, counted.
- Line 40. *of*, by; *Mulciber*, another name for Vulcan, the god of fire.
- Line 41. *distent*, beaten out.
- Line 43. *moniment*, decoration.

Page 14.

- Line 60. *Elf*, Sir Guyon, a knight from the court of the Faerie Queene.
- Line 63. *pelf*, stolen property.
- Line 67. *envye*, begrudge, grant unwillingly.
- Line 70. *swink*, toil, work.
- Line 73. *sue*, follow.
- Line 82. *in der-doing arms*, in the performance of daring deeds.
- Line 85. *witchest*, bewitchest.
- Line 86. *muck*, wealth.
- Line 87. *spright*, spirit.
- Line 91. *weet*, know.
- Line 99. *lust*, desire, wish.
- Line 107. *covetise*, covetousness.
- Line 109. *ne . . . ne*, neither . . . nor.

Page 15.

- Line 116. *brent*, burned.
- Line 120. *who swelling*, who with swelling.
- Line 121. *feet*, float, sail.
- Line 132. *empeach*, hinder, mar.
- Line 134. *mucky*, sordid.
- Line 135. *accloys*, clogs up, chokes.
- Line 143. *gan*, began to, did.
- Line 144. *mean*, moderate.
- Line 159. *if thee list*, if it pleases thee.
- Line 165. *ne wote*, nor do I know; *bereave*, to take away.
- Line 168. *perdy*, the French exclamation, "par diu."
- Line 170. *mew*, prison, den.

Page 16.

- Line 173. *won*, dwelling, abode.
- Line 176. *by and by*, straightway, at once.
- Line 184. *Pluto*, the god of the lower world.
- Line 187. *strain*, wield.
- Line 190. *consort*, company, group.
- Line 196. *shroud*, take shelter.
- Line 204. *Celeno*, a monster usually figured as having a woman's head and upper part of the body, a bird's wings, tail, legs, and claws; one of the three Harpies, malign creatures who are supposed to snatch away the souls of the dead, seize or defile the food of their victims, etc.
- Line 207. *she*, i. e., Celeno.

Line 214. *ne* — ought, nor did anything separate them.

Line 222. *albe*, although.

Line 228. *eke*, also.

Page 17.

Line 241. *do*, cause to, make.

Line 243. *Stygian*, infernal; the river Styx was, in the Greek mythology, the chief river of the lower world, which it encircled seven times.

Line 246. *breaches*, chasms, clefts, rifts.

Line 249. *ruin*, fall.

Line 250. *Arachne*, a Lydian maiden turned into a spider by Minerva, goddess of handicrafts, for presuming to compete with her in weaving and embroidery.

Line 264. *ween*, think.

Line 269. *whilom*, formerly.

Line 286. *worldes*, world's.

Line 289. *certes*, certainly, to be sure; *n'll*, do not wish.

Line 293. *regards*, matters, affairs.

Page 18.

Line 299. *greedy prey*, i. e., greedily desired.

Line 303. *culver*, dove, pigeon; *fist*, clutch.

Line 306. *wist*, thought, planned.

Line 310. *ranges*, stoves; *pight*, fixed, placed.

Line 326. *battailous*, battle.

Line 341. *avise*, consider, debate.

Line 347. *worldlings*, object of abuse.

Line 348. *emprise*, enterprise, undertaking.

Line 349. *no'te*, could not.

Line 350. *misprize*, contempt, insolence.

Line 354. *villain*, low base-born fellow, vassal.

Page 19.

Line 359. *weld*, wield.

Line 363. *stomach*, temper.

Line 364. *portance*, demeanor, bearing.

Line 366. *Titan's race*, the primeval deities in Greek mythology, children of Uranus and Gaea, including Cronos, Atlas, Prometheus, and others.

Line 368. *deface*, discredit, defame.

Line 372. *hurtle*, brandish.

Line 374. *dight*, arrange, prepare.

Line 378. *mould*, flesh, body.

Line 380. *carl*, creature.

Line 382. *gyeld*, guild, council chamber.

Line 388. *rout*, crowd.

Line 391. *advanced*, elevated, lifted up.

Line 392. *siege*, seat, throne.

Line 401. *shew*, old form of "show."

Line 403. *naithless*, nevertheless.

Line 407. *y-lincked*, linked.

Line 410. *press*, crowd.

Line 413. *sty*, ascend, mount.

Line 417. *close should'ring*, pushing and elbowing, jostling.

Page 20.

Line 433. *Philotime*, a lover of honor, ambitious; *hight*, called.

Line 434. *wight*, person; *wonmeth*, dwells, lives.

Line 451. *emmoved*, moved.

Line 455. *redd*, recognized.

Line 461. *ebon*, ebony.

Line 462. *hellebore*, a perennial herb of the crowfoot family, having poisonous properties.

Line 463. *coloquintida*, a Mediterranean plant belonging to the same family as the cucumber, melon, etc.; the colocynth, a bitter cathartic; *tetra*, a poisonous plant.

Line 464. *sammilis*, also a poisonous plant; the origin of the word is not known; *cicuta*, hemlock.

Line 468. *Critias*, Crito, the friend and pupil of Socrates; *belamy*, French *bel ami*, fair friend.

Line 471. *over-dight*, adorned overhead.

Line 475. *dispread*, spread out.

Line 482. *Hercules*, a hero of classical mythology, celebrated for his strength and for achieving twelve great tasks, or "labors."

Page 21.

Line 483. *daughters*, the daughters of Atlas were nymphs who guarded, with the aid of a dragon, the garden of the Hesperides which contained the golden apples that Hercules had to secure in one of his twelve labors.

Line 485. *th' Euboean young man*, Hippomenes, to whom Venus gave three golden apples.

Line 486. *Atalanta*, a heroine of Greek mythology, beautiful and fleet of foot, who challenged her suitors to a race, death being the penalty of defeat and her hand the prize. Hippomenes defeated her by dropping on the course the three golden apples, which Atalanta stopped to pick up.

Line 488. *Acontius*, of the island of Cea, who won Cydippe, a beautiful virgin in the temple of Diana on Delos, by presenting her with a golden apple on which was inscribed: "I swear by Diana Acontius shall be my husband"; reading the words, she felt she had taken the oath and so was won.

Line 490. *that famous golden apple*, one inscribed "For the Beauty", and thrown among the gods at the marriage of Thetis, daughter of a sea god.

Line 491. *Ate*, spirit of discord, blind impulse, or revenge.

Line 492. *Idaeon*, dwelling on Mt. Ida, a mountain in Asia Minor near the site of Troy.

Line 493. *Paris*, a son of the king of Troy; *dempt*, decided, judged.

Line 494. *fair Helen*, the wife of Menelaus of Greece, whose abduction by Paris caused the Trojan War; *meed*, reward.

Line 498. *fee*, property.

Line 501. *steep*, bathe.

Line 503. *Cocytus*, one of the rivers of Hades.

Line 505. *clomb*, climbed.

Line 508. *plonged*, forced, thrust, submerged; in reference to *wights*; *of*, by.

Line 509. *shrights*, shrieks.

Line 521. *drouth*, thirst.

Line 522. *thoroughly*, completely; *dyen*, die; *couth*, could, was able to.

Line 527. *Tantalus*, a wealthy king, son of Jove and father of Pelops, whom he served

up as a meal to the gods. For this he was punished in the lower world as here described.

Line 528. *wont whilom*, was accustomed formerly to.

Line 538. *ingrate*, ungrateful.

Page 22.

Line 542. *drent*, drowned.

Line 544. *feculent*, fetid, foul.

Line 554. *dispiteous*, malicious.

Line 568. *do*, cause.

Line 574. *sleight*, trick, device.

Line 584. *Forthy*, therefore.

SONNETS from "Amoretti"

XXXIV

Line 10. *lodestar*, a star that leads.

Page 23.

XXXVII

Line 13. *fondness*, folly.

LXIII

Line 4. *silly*, simple, innocent.

LXXV

Line 9. *devise*, purpose.

Line 11. *eternize*, make eternal.

SIDNEY

Sir Philip Sidney was born of noble parentage at Penshurst, Kent, November 29, 1554. He was educated at Shrewsbury School and at Christ Church, Oxford. Subsequently he traveled in Italy, Germany, and France, and was in Paris sheltered in the home of Sir Francis Walsingham during the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day. He returned to England in 1575 and became one of the most brilliant ornaments of the Court. He took part in the Kenilworth progress, and was later sent on a diplomatic mission to Prague. During a period of retirement, about 1580, when he was slightly out of favor at Court, he wrote the "Arcadia", a pastoral romance of loose and rambling structure and ornate style, which became extremely popular and set the standard for Elizabethan romances. Shortly afterwards he wrote the first sonnet sequence, "Astrophel and Stella", in honor of Penelope Devereux who married Lord Rich, though she was for a time betrothed to Sidney. In answer to Gosson's "School of Abuse", a savage Puritan attack on the poetry and drama of the day, he issued the "Apologie for Poetrie", one of the first critical essays in English. At about the same time he was knighted, and married Frances, daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham. In 1584 he was appointed governor of Flushing, and two years later, September 22, 1586, he was fatally wounded in the Battle of Zutphen, and died shortly afterwards on October 17. After having been wounded on the battlefield, he refused water that was offered him and gave it to a wounded soldier, saying, "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine." This was typical of his noble, chivalrous life; to his contemporaries he was the model of

the perfect gentleman. In his versatility, he was the living embodiment of the Renaissance culture in England.

SONNETS from "Astrophel and Stella"

XXXI

Page 24.

Line 6. *case*, lot.

XXXIX

Line 5. *prease*, crowd, throng.

DRAYTON

Michael Drayton (1563-1631) wrote copiously, his work including dramas, long historical poems, a sonnet sequence, odes, and other forms of verse; but he did not give to his writing the finish and polish usually essential to enduring literature. He is remembered, however, for "Nymphidia", a fantastic fairy poem; "Polyolbion", a very long poem describing the towns, rivers, and mountains of England, with the legends connected with them; and particularly the "Ballad of Agincourt", one of the best war-songs in the language. He was the friend of Spenser and most of the Elizabethans. Dying in London, he was buried in Westminster Abbey.

SINCE THERE'S NO HELP

This sonnet, says Saintsbury, "is one of the very finest existing — perhaps one of the ten or twelve best sonnets in the world. I have found it most difficult to believe it to be Drayton's; it is Shakespeare all over."

AGINCOURT

This battle was won in 1415 by Henry V, who invaded France to make good his claim to the French throne.

Line 2. *advance*, raise, hoist.

Line 5. *main*, high seas.

Page 25.

Line 17. *which*, who; i. e., the French general.

Line 21. *which*, the command to send a ransom.

Line 34. *rest*, resolution, determination.

Line 41. *Poitiers*, *Cressy*, battles of the Hundred Years' War, fought in 1356 and 1346 respectively, and like Agincourt English victories against great odds.

Line 45. *gondshire*, John of Gaunt, son of Edward III.

Line 50. *vaward*, advance guard.

Line 51. *main*, main force.

Line 61. *that*, so that.

Line 76. *weather*, air.

Line 82. *bilbos*, swords; from Bilboa, a Spanish town famous for sword-making.

Line 91. *ding*, strike.

Line 94. *besprent*, besprinkled.

Page 26.

Line 113. *Saint Crispin's Day*, October 25.

✓ MARLOWE

Christopher Marlowe was born, the son of a Canterbury shoemaker, February 26, 1564, the year of Shakespeare's birth. Through the kindness of a patron he was educated in the town grammar school and then sent to Cambridge. Going to London, he became an actor and began to write plays. Though a scholar, filled with the ideals and aspirations of the Renaissance, he did not bridle his passions and lived a wretched low-tavern existence in London. His very great promise as a dramatist was not entirely fulfilled, as he was killed, June 1, 1593, in a drunken brawl at Deptford, whither he had gone to escape the plague which was then raging in London. His greatest works are the plays, "Tamburlaine", 1587, and, closely following, "Doctor Faustus", "The Jew of Malta", and "Edward II." He wrote also some very fine lyrics, and the unfinished narrative poem, "Hero and Leander." Marlowe was the first to use blank verse successfully in tragedy, and he was the greatest of Shakespeare's predecessors.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

This first appeared in "England's Helicon" (1600). It appears also in Walton's *Complete Angler*, with an additional stanza, probably written by Walton, and with other slight changes.

WHAT IS BEAUTY?

This is from "Tamburlaine the Great", Part One, Act V, Scene I, lines 161-173. Swinburne has written of these lines: "In the most glorious verses ever fashioned by a poet to express with subtle and final truth the supreme aim and the supreme limit of his art, Marlowe has summed up all that can be said or thought on the office and the object, the means and the end, of this highest form of spiritual ambition."

Line 5. *still*, distil.

Line 13. *virtue*, power.

THE FAREWELL OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS

These constitute the closing lines of "The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus." The drama is based upon the legends connected with a German charlatan, named Dr. Faustus. Marlowe portrays him as a young and learned magician, who sells his soul to the devil in exchange for sensual pleasure, absolute knowledge, and earthly power and glory, but who shrinks in agony and remorse when the forfeit is about to be exacted of him.

Line 10. *O lente, etc.*, O slowly, slowly, run ye horses of night. From Ovid's "Amores", I, 13, lines 39-40.

Page 27.

Line 41. *Pythagoras*, a Greek philosopher of the sixth century, B.C. One of the foremost of his doctrines was the theory of immortality by the transmigration of souls.

Lines 59-60. These lines have often been

applied to Marlowe himself, whose brilliant career was cut short long before maturity.

✓ SHAKESPEARE

William Shakespeare was born in Stratford-on-Avon, on April 23 (May 3, according to our present calendar), 1564. His father, John Shakespeare, was a farmer and merchant of prominence in the town and, when the poet was four years old, he was mayor of Stratford. His mother, Mary Arden, was of an old Warwickshire family and had a dowry of some property at the time of her marriage. William acquired some learning at the Stratford grammar school, which he attended until he was fourteen, when his father failed in business and the boy was withdrawn from school to help support the family. He lived, however, in the midst of the most beautiful and historically interesting district in all England, through which he rambled, storing his mind with folk-lore and historical romance and cultivating a deep insight into nature and a keen understanding of human character. The next certain information that we have of him is the account of his marriage in 1582 to Anne Hathaway of the neighboring village of Shottery, who was eight years his senior. About the year 1586, because of the continued financial straits of the family and the increased responsibilities which a wife and three children laid upon him, he abandoned Stratford for London.

By the year 1592 Shakespeare was well and favorably known in London as an actor and playwright. He early became a member of the company of Richard Burbage, the chief actor of the time. Though he began as an odd-job helper and a retoucher of old plays, it was not many years until he was writing original plays for the company, at the rate of two a year. He prospered, and became a shareholder in the Globe and Blackfriars theatres, soon becoming able to buy property in London and eventually a considerable estate in his native town. He formed a friendship with William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, and with the Earl of Southampton; and had as a friendly rival Ben Jonson, the second dramatist of the age. About the year 1611, he retired to his home in Stratford to live the rest of his life as a country gentleman. His family had never followed him to London, and of his children only two daughters were living; his only son, Hamnet, had died in 1596. After a few years of quiet life at Stratford, the poet died on the anniversary of his birth, April 23, 1616.

Shakespeare's name first appeared on the title page of a book when his "Venus and Adonis", an erotic poem after the manner then in vogue, was published in 1593. A similar work, "Lucrece", came out the following year. Only a few of his plays were printed during his lifetime, and these were mostly pirated by publishers for their own profit. The first collected edition of his plays was printed by two actors, Heming and Con-

dell, in 1623. This so-called First Folio contained thirty-six of the thirty-seven plays usually attributed to Shakespeare, "Pericles" being the one omitted. The sonnets, first printed in 1609, were perhaps written between 1595 and 1605.

SONGS FROM THE PLAYS

FANCY, from "Merchant of Venice"

Page 28.

Line 1. *fancy*, romantic love.

SIGH No MORE, from "Much Ado about Nothing"

Line 9. *moe*, more.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE,
from "As You Like It"

Line 3. *turn*, adapt.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND, from
"As You Like It"

Line 14. *warp*, transform.

DIRGE OF LOVE, from "Twelfth Night"

Line 1. *away*, here.

Line 2. *cypress*, funeral crape.

DAWN SONG, from "Cymbeline"

Page 29.

Line 2. *Phæbus*, Apollo, the sun personified.

Line 4. *chaliced*, cup-shaped.

DIRGE, from "Cymbeline"

This dirge is sung over the supposedly dead body of Imogen.

Line 14. *thunder-stone*, thunder-bolt.

SONNETS

Shakespeare wrote 154 sonnets, of which 126 were addressed to a handsome young man and the rest to a dark lady.

XVIII

Line 3. *May*, a summer month. May in Shakespeare's time ran on to within a few days of our mid-June.

Line 7. *fair*, beauty.

Line 10. *owest*, ownest, possessiest.

Page 30.

XXX

Line 6. *dateless*, endless.

Line 8. *expense*, loss.

Line 10. *tell*, count.

XXXIII

Line 6. *with rack*, in broken masses.

Line 12. *region*, of the upper air.

Line 14. *stain*, dim.

LIV

Line 5. *canker-blooms*, dog-roses.

Line 8. *discloses*, uncloses, opens.

Line 9. *for*, because.

Line 10. *unrespected*, unregarded.

Line 14. *that*, i. e., beauty.

LV

Line 3. *these contents*, the contents of these verses.

Page 31.

Line 7. *Mars his*, Mars's; of Mars, the god of war.

LX

Line 5. *main*, center, chief position.

Line 7. *crooked*, malignant.

Line 8. *confound*, destroy.

Line 9. *flourish*, decoration.

Line 10. *parallels*, furrows, wrinkles.

Line 13. *times in hope*, future times.

LXV

Line 4. *action*, power.

Line 6. *wreckful*, ruinous.

LXVI

Line 2. *desert*, worth; i. e., one who is deserting.

Line 4. *unhappily*, evilly.

Line 8. *sway*, sovereignty, power.

Line 11. *simplicity*, folly.

XCVII

Page 32.

Line 5. *time removed*, time of absence.

Line 7. *prime*, spring.

Line 14. *near*, nearness.

XCVIII

Line 2. *proud-pied*, gorgeously decked out.

Line 4. *that*, so that; *Saturn*, an ancient god of seedsowing.

Line 7. *summer's story*, gay fiction.

CVI

Line 2. *wights*, persons, creatures.

Line 7. *antique*, ancient.

Line 8. *master*, possess, own as a master.

CXVI

Page 33.

Line 10, 11. *his*, Time's.

CXIX

Line 1. *Siren*, bewitching, fascinating. The Sirens were three sea nymphs said to frequent an island near the coast of Italy, and by their singing to lure mariners to destruction.

Line 2. *limbecks*, alembics or stills; apparatus once much used in distillation.

CXLIV

Line 2. *suggest*, tempt.

Line 4. *color'd ill*, dark; in Shakespeare's day dark complexions were not highly regarded.

Line 11. *from*, away from.

JONSON

Ben Jonson (1573-1637) was educated at Westminster School, and for a time may have studied also at Cambridge; he ultimately became one of the most learned men of the time. After some experience in the trade of his stepfather, a bricklayer, he served with the English army in Flanders, where he fought and killed a champion of the enemy in a duel in sight of both armies. He then returned to England, married precipitately at the age of nineteen or twenty, and became connected with the theater as

an actor and reviser of plays. For some years he lived a stormy life; for example, he fought a duel with an actor and escaped hanging only by pleading "benefit of clergy." His first play, "Every Man in His Humour", was produced in 1598, Shakespeare acting one of the parts. His three greatest plays, "The Silent Woman", "Volpone", and "The Alchemist", appeared between 1605 and 1610. Besides a number of other dramas, he wrote masques which won him the favor of King James; and he was accordingly appointed poet laureate. In his later years he became a sort of literary dictator, who ruled the circle of wits that gathered at the "Mermaid" and the "Devil" taverns. His critical ability and his prose style are revealed in a volume of reflections on life and art, called *Timber*. His short lyrics are so nearly perfect in structure and style that they have long served as models to young poets. Jonson's death was mourned as a national calamity, and he was buried with due honor in Westminster Abbey, where his grave is marked with a marble slab, bearing the words, "O rare Ben Jonson."

HYMN TO DIANA

Diana was the goddess of the moon.

Line 5. *Hesperus*, the evening star.

Line 9. *Cynthia*, another name for Diana, derived from Mt. Cynthus where she was born.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

This was the chief prefatory poem to the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, published in 1623.

Page 34.

Line 17. *lodge thee by*, in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, where proximity to the tomb of Chaucer (1340-1400), the first great English poet, was considered a distinctive honor.

Line 18. *Spenser*, buried near Chaucer in Westminster Abbey, in 1599; *Beaumont*, Sir Francis, the dramatist, died a few weeks before Shakespeare's death in 1616, and was buried near Chaucer.

Line 25. *of years*, one that would last, would go down to posterity.

Line 26. *commut*, place, put.

Line 27. *Lily*, John (1553-1606), a dramatist and fiction writer much admired by his contemporaries for his ornate style.

Line 28. *sporting Kyd*. Sporting is suggested by a pun on *kid*. Thomas Kyd (1558-1595) was the author of the famous "Spanish Tragedy" and another play supposed to have been a forerunner of Shakespeare's "Hamlet"; *mighty line*, the blank verse used in Marlowe's famous dramas.

Line 30. *seek*, search critically for the names of dramatists with whom to compare Shakespeare; only the greatest names will serve.

Lines 31, 32. *Aeschylus, Euripides, Sophocles*, the three great Greek writers of tragedies, who lived in the fifth century B.C.

Line 33. *Pacuvius, Accius, Seneca*, Latin writers of tragedies of the second century B.C.; *him of Cordova*, Seneca.

Line 34. *buskin*, the thick-soled boot worn by actors in classical tragedy to secure the dignity lent by greater stature; hence the word stands for tragedy itself.

Line 35. *socks*, the thin-soled sock likewise stands for comedy. That is to say, the ancients are summoned to hear Shakespeare both as a tragic and comic writer.

Line 43. *Apollo*, the god of poetry and music.

Line 44. *Mercury*, the god of eloquence.

Line 49. *tart*, satirical, caustic; *Aristophanes*, a famous Greek writer of comedies of the fifth century B.C.

Line 50. *Terence, Plautus*, the best writers of Latin comedy, of the second century B.C.

Line 56. *he*, man.

Line 57. *casts*, plans.

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Line 59. *The Muses*, nine sister goddesses of music and poetry, arts and sciences.

Line 66. *filed*, polished.

Line 67. *shake a lance*, a pun on the poet's name.

Line 69. *Swan of Avon*. Shakespeare was born and died at Stratford-on-Avon.

Line 70. *our waters*, the Thames at London.

Line 72. *take*, captivate; *Eliza*, Queen Elizabeth; *our James*, King James I.

Lines 74, 75. *rage or influence*, referring to the belief that every star exerted either a beneficial or harmful influence over the lives of men.

BEAUMONT

For biographical sketch, see below under BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Line 5. The relative is omitted after *lie*.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher were the most famous literary partners in the history of English literature. The former was born in Leicestershire in 1584, and studied at Oxford and the Inner Temple, London. The latter was born in Sussex in 1579, his father finally becoming Bishop of London. After being educated at Cambridge, he went to London and began to write for the theatres. At the Mermaid Tavern, of which Ben Jonson was then the dictator, Beaumont and Fletcher met and became warm friends. Soon they were living together in the same house in Southwark, not far from the Globe Theatre, and collaborating in writing plays. They are said to have had even their clothes in common, and in their writing each seemed to supply

what the other lacked, Fletcher furnishing the gayer, more romantic, comic element and Beaumont the more thoughtful, tragic element. This partnership lasted about a dozen years, but was broken up some time before Beaumont's marriage in 1613. Beaumont died in 1616, and was buried in Westminster Abbey; while Fletcher lived on until 1625. Their best plays in collaboration are: "The Maid's Tragedy", "Philaster", "A King and No King", and "The Knight of the Burning Pestle." The best written by Fletcher alone is "The Faithful Shepherdess."

DIRGE

This is from "The Maid's Tragedy."

WEBSTER

John Webster, one of the great masters of English tragedy, was born in London, perhaps in 1580. He wrote a number of plays in collaboration with other dramatists. His best plays, in which he was not assisted, are "The White Devil" and "The Duchess of Malfi." Webster died about 1625.

A DIRGE

Of this poem, Lamb wrote: "I never saw anything like this funeral dirge, except the ditty which reminds Ferdinand of his drowned father in 'The Tempest.' As that is of the water, watery; so this is of the earth, earthy. Both have that intenseness of feeling, which seems to resolve itself into the element which it contemplates."

NORTH

Sir Thomas North was born about the year 1535. Though not much is known of his life, he is supposed to have studied at Cambridge and to have been a law student at Lincoln's Inn. He served as a captain during the year of the Armada attack, and three years afterwards was knighted. His greatest work, a translation of Plutarch from the French of Jacques Amyot, was published in 1579. It at once became popular, and other editions were brought out in 1595 and 1603. North is considered by many critics to have been the first master of English prose. Shakespeare drew from him material for his "Julius Caesar", "Coriolanus", and "Antony and Cleopatra."

Plutarch (A.D. 46?-120?) was born at Chaeronea in Boeotia, Greece. After being trained in philosophy at Athens, he went to Rome, where he lectured on philosophy, and is said to have been a tutor to Hadrian. The Emperor Trajan bestowed consular rank upon him, and the Emperor Hadrian made him procurator of Greece. He died in his native town. His writings on ethics and philosophy were voluminous, but his fame rests primarily upon his forty-six "Parallel Lives" of Greek and Roman worthies. The life of Alexander is made parallel to that of

Julius Caesar. The text here is from North's 1595 edition, with spelling modernized.

PLUTARCH'S "ALEXANDER THE GREAT"
EARLY YEARS

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1. *Potidaea*, a city in the Chalcidice, Southern Macedonia, settled by Corinthians.
2. *Pammenio*, a Macedonian general, who with his sons afterwards served under Alexander.
3. *Illyrians*, people of an ancient country of vague limits on the eastern side of the Adriatic, north of Greece proper.
4. *won the bell and prize*, prizes were often bells; to come first.
5. *Lysippus*, a Greek sculptor who flourished the last part of the fourth century B.C.
6. *Apelles*, the most famous of Greek painters; flourished 330 B.C.
7. *Aristoxenus*, a Greek philosopher of Aristotle's school; flourished 320 B.C.; also a writer on music.
8. *passing*, surpassing.
9. *Theophrastus*, a Greek philosopher who died about 287 B.C.

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10. *playing at the staff*, the rough sport of cudgel-playing.
11. *made no more account*, no longer valued.
12. *signory*, principality, domain.
13. *Acarnanian*, of a country on the western coast of Greece, just below Epirus.
14. *Phoenix*, tutor to Achilles who was the son of Peleus.
15. *Bucephal*, or Bucephalus, meaning "bull-head."
16. *yerk*, jerk or kick.

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17. *jeopard*, to hazard, to expose to loss.
18. *a good*, with a will.
19. *affiance*, trust.
20. *Sophocles*, Greek tragic poet (B.C. 496-406).
21. *Aristotle*, the greatest of Greek philosophers (B.C. 384-322).
22. *I do thee to understand*, I let thee know.
23. *μετὰ τὰ φυσικά*, meaning literally "over and above nature"; the origin of the word "metaphysics."
24. *Peripatetic*, walking about; pertaining to the philosophy of the followers of Aristotle who gave instruction while walking about in the Lyceum at Athens.

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25. *τῇ ἐκ τοῦ ὑάρηκος*, literally the "casket-copy"; Alexander kept his Homer in the rich casket which was found among the spoils of King Darius.

EXPEDITION INTO ASIA

1. *Diogenes*, a Greek cynic philosopher (B.C. 412?-323?).
2. *Orpheus*, a legendary poet and musician

who charmed beasts and made trees and rocks move; he tried in vain to bring back from Hades his dead wife, Eurydice.

3. *Aristobulus*, one of Alexander's generals and the historian of his Asiatic expedition.
4. *Duris*, a historian and tyrant of the Island of Samos, who lived about 350 B.C.
5. *Onesicritus*, a pupil of Diogenes. His history of Alexander is marred by exaggeration.
6. *Perdiccas*, one of Alexander's generals who tried to succeed him on his death.

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7. *faithful friend*, Patroclus, who was killed by Hector while he was fighting in Achilles's armor.
8. *Granicus*, a small river in northwestern Asia Minor flowing into the Sea of Marmora.
9. *guidons*, troops or squadrons.
10. *ray*, array.
11. *Clitus*, one of Alexander's most distinguished generals and warmest friends.
12. *preventing*, forestalling.
13. *partisan*, a short spear.

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14. *battle*, sometimes used to denote a division of an army.
15. *targets*, small shields or bucklers.
16. *Halicarnassus*, in Caria, western Asia Minor; famous for the mausoleum which Queen Artemisia built for her husband, regarded as one of the seven wonders of the world.
17. *Miletus*, a seaport town on the west coast of Asia Minor, south of Ephesus and Smyrna.
18. *Cilicia* and *Phoenicia*, districts on the southern coast of Asia Minor; not the Phoenicia farther south in Syria.
19. *Pamphylia*, a district of Asia Minor along its southern coast.
20. *Menander* (B.C. 342-291), one of the most celebrated of Greek comic poets; only a few fragments of his plays are extant.
21. *maist*, mayest.
22. *Ladder*, a very narrow passage lying between the mountain and the shore in Pamphylia. It is dry at low water so that travelers may then pass through it with safety, but when the sea is high it is overflowed.
23. *Theodectes*, a Greek rhetorician and tragic poet who wrote the tragedy *Mausolus* for Queen Artemisia.

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24. *cornel*, a tree of the dogwood family.
25. *ax-tree*, axle.
26. *Susa*, one of the capitals of the empire of Darius, in Persia.
27. *Belus*, son of Neptune the god of the sea.
28. *Aspandes*, a Greek word corrupted from the Persian and meaning a courier.

29. *Cydnus*, a small river in Cilicia; afterwards the place of the famous meeting of Antony and Cleopatra.

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30. *Chares*, a chamberlain of Alexander who wrote on his sovereign's domestic life.
31. *Antipater*, a Macedonian general and a pupil of Aristotle who became regent of the empire on the death of Perdiccas.
32. *Damas*, the city of Damascus.

THE DEATH OF ALEXANDER

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1. *divinements*, divination, foreseeing future events.
2. *Hephaestion*, one of Alexander's young courtiers who had but recently died.
3. *Nearchus*, Alexander's admiral who conducted his fleet from the Indus to the Euphrates.
4. *hothouse*, the hot chamber in a bathhouse.
5. *stove*, i. e., hothouse.
6. *Oceanus*, the Indian Ocean.
7. *rooms*, places or posts.

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8. *centiniers*. Centeniers or centurions commanded a hundred men each.
9. *Serapis*, a deity developed by the Greeks of Egypt from the worship of Osiris and Apis.

HAKLUYT

Richard Hakluyt (1553-1616) was educated at Oxford and became a clergyman of the Church of England. While engaged in the work of his profession, he set out to achieve two ambitious aims: to promote the wealth and commerce of the country, and to preserve the names of those who had gone on voyages of travel and exploration. To accomplish the first he concerned himself with the interests of the East India Company, and with Raleigh's colonizing schemes in Virginia. To make possible the second, he published in 1589 his "Principal Navigations, Voyages, and Discoveries of the English Nation", in three volumes, treating of voyages to the North, to India and the East, and to the New World, respectively. After his death, his work was continued by Samuel Purchas, also a clergyman, who used many of Hakluyt's unpublished manuscripts in his books of travels. Hakluyt has been well called "the prose laureate of England's earliest geographical expansion."

THE LOSS OF SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

Sir Humphrey Gilbert (1539?-1583) was an English navigator and soldier, and a step-brother of Sir Walter Raleigh. In 1578, after military service in Ireland and Holland, he began his voyages of exploration and discovery. He set out for North America on June 11, 1583, landed at St. John's, Newfoundland, on August 5, and established there the first English colony in North

America. This selection describes his return voyage in the *Squirrel*.

1. *amaze*, terrify.
2. *bonum omen*, a good omen.
3. *large*, fair, favorable.
4. *Cape Race*, the southeastern extremity of Newfoundland.

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5. *his frigate*, the *Squirrel*.
6. *overpassed*, weathered, came through safely.
7. *doubled*, feared, suspected, foresaw.
8. *her Majesty*, Queen Elizabeth.
9. *delivered*, reported, related.
10. *fight*, screens for protecting men in battle.

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11. *hard*, stubborn.
12. *pinnace*, a light sailing boat used as a tender between the *Hind* and the *Squirrel*.
13. *height and elevation*, latitude.
14. *Castor and Pollux*, the electric phenomenon sometimes known as St. Elmo's Fire. It consists of the appearance during thunderstorms of a double flame of light, thought to portend the ceasing of the storm.

DEKKER

Thomas Dekker was born in London about 1577. He probably attended the Merchant Tailors' School, and then became a prolific writer of plays and pamphlets. He wrote especially for the theatrical manager Henslowe, who freed Dekker from a debtor's prison in 1598. His best plays are: "The Shoemaker's Holiday", a comedy of plain working people, and "Old Fortunatus", a fairy play of a wishing hat and masses of money. Dekker died very poor about 1641.

HOW A GALLANT SHOULD BEHAVE HIMSELF IN A PLAY-HOUSE

This is from the "Gull's Hornbook", chapter VI. A hornbook was a child's primer with the sheets protected by transparent horn. Dekker's book is a kind of "Booby's Primer", which purports to teach the youth his way about town, but it is really intended as a satire on the follies and vices of the time.

1. *plaudities*, applause.
2. *great beast*, the public.
3. *factots*, adherents.
4. *chapmen*, buyers, merchants.

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5. *groundling*, a man who stood on the ground before the stage, an occupant of the cheapest place in a theatre.
6. *gallery-commoner*, one sitting in a cheap seat in the gallery.
7. *haggler*, huckster.
8. *utter*, sell.
9. *templer*, a law student at one of the London Inns of Court.
10. *suffrage*, opinion, vote.
11. *momus*, carping critic.

12. *gatherers*, doorkeepers.

13. *lord's room* . . . *boxes*, on each side of the stage. Seats in these boxes were not so comfortable and did not give as good a view as a chair on the stage itself.

14. *sharers*, shareholders in the theater.
15. *rushes*, with which the stage was strewn.
16. *state*, canopy.
17. *Cambises*, a character in a play by a certain Thomas Preston as early as 1569.

18. *estridge*, ostrich.
19. *Persian lock*, the fashion of wearing long locks of hair.

20. *signed patent*, royal grant or monopoly.
21. *engross*, control.
22. *censure*, criticism.
23. *happily*, haply, perchance.

24. *Fleet-street*, in the commercial part of the metropolis, not in the fashionable quarter nor that of the nobility.

25. *We three*, a reference to a popular picture of the time, showing two fools or asses, with this inscription. The Clown in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" asks, "Did you never see the picture of 'we three'?"

26. *sixpence*, the customary price of admission in Shakespeare's day.

27. *infants*. Plays were frequently given by boy players, and female parts were always played by boys.

28. *dawcock*, blockhead.

29. *yard*, the ground before the stage.

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30. *trumpets*, which in the absence of electric lights and curtain announced the beginning of the play.

31. *arras*, cloth hung against the wall of the stage; named from Arras, a city in France, famous for its tapestry.

32. *teslon*, sixpenny piece.

33. *counter*, debtor's prison.

34. *poultry*, a pun; one of the London prisons stood on Poultry Street.

35. *bastone*, cudgel.

36. *in-a-court-man*. See *templer*, note 9, above.

37. *zany*, imitator, ape.

38. *lin*, cease.

39. *morris*, morris dance.

40. *Pelion* . . . *Ossa*, mountains in Thessaly, Greece. In Greek mythology, the giants at war against the gods attempted to scale heaven by piling Pelion on Olympus and Ossa on Pelion.

41. *shoulder-clapping*, arrest.

42. *cockatrice*, prostitute.

43. *sculler*, rower, oarsman; a pun with *seullery*.

44. *upon ticket*, on tick, credit, trust.

45. *third sound*, of the trumpet.

46. *skills not*, does not matter.

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47. *mimics*, actors.

48. *frets*, a pun on the word, which has two

meanings: troubles, and marks on the neck of a stringed musical instrument.

49. *punk*, prostitute.
50. *block*, style of hat.
51. *Arcadian*, imitator of the language of the *Arcadia* by Sir Philip Sidney.
52. *Euphuised*, accustomed to the artificial language of *Euphuus* by John Lyly.

‘ RALEIGH

Sir Walter Raleigh was born in 1552 in Devon, home of English sea-dogs, and came thus naturally by his adventurous nature. He left Oxford to fight with the Huguenots in France, and then went on buccaneering expeditions to South America. He fought against the Spanish Armada, and was in the attack against Cadiz in 1596. He attempted in vain to colonize the region which he named Virginia in honor of Elizabeth, whom he had captivated by his handsome person and courtly manners. He was carried away by the magnificence of enterprises until he became visionary. On one occasion when he was telling Bacon of a plan for seizing Mexican ships, the latter said, "But that would be piracy." To which Raleigh replied, "Oh, no! Did you ever hear of men who are pirates for millions? They who aim at small things are pirates." But when James I came to the throne, Raleigh was cast into prison on an old charge of treason to please the king's Spanish friends. After being imprisoned for thirteen years, he was released to lead an expedition to Guiana in search of Eldorado, which he had written of in his "Discovery of Guiana" after a former voyage to that country. The expedition was a failure, however, and Raleigh was beheaded in 1618. In addition to the work just mentioned, he wrote the "Last Fight of the Revenge" and, while in prison, the curious "History of the World", which he left unfinished. The few poems of his which have survived show him to have possessed a proud and passionate spirit.

THE LAST FIGHT OF THE *Revenge*

1. *armada*, a fleet of war vessels.
2. *Lord Thomas Howard* (1561-1626), a distinguished English naval officer and statesman; not the commander of the English naval forces which fought the Spanish Armada.
3. *pinnaces*, light sailing vessels.
4. *rummaging*, in confusion.
5. *recovered*, regained, returned to.
6. *shrouded*, covered, concealed.

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7. *Sir Richard Grenville* (c. 1541-1591), an English naval hero; a cousin to Sir Walter Raleigh. In 1585 he commanded a fleet of seven vessels which shared in the colonization of Virginia. He was vice-admiral in Howard's expedition.
8. *sprang their luff*, turned away from the wind.

9. *high charged*, built high above the water.
10. *admiral*, the ship that carries the commander-in-chief.
11. *Biscayans*, the flotilla of Biscay, a province of northern Spain.
12. *forthright out of her chase*, directly ahead out of her bow guns or forward battery.
13. *crossbar shot*, two shot connected by an iron bar, for breaking spars and rigging.
14. *galleons*, large unwieldy ships, usually having three or four decks.

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15. *armadas*. Here the word means single war vessels of large size.

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16. *galley*, i. e., service as a galley slave.

‘ BACON

Francis Bacon was born in London in 1561, three years before Shakespeare. His father was Lord Keeper of the Great Seal to Elizabeth, and his maternal uncle was Lord Burleigh, Elizabeth's great prime minister. A public career was thus open to him. He entered Cambridge at the age of twelve, and after leaving college studied abroad with the English ambassador to France. On the death of his father, he returned to England poor. He expected help from his uncle, but owing to the latter's jealousy he got but little preferment. He accordingly took up law and rose rapidly in the profession, and when James I came to the throne in 1603, he passed in quick succession through various offices and finally became Lord Chancellor with the title of Viscount St. Albans. Though he had married a rich wife, yet he lived with a magnificence out of proportion to his legitimate income. In 1621 his impeachment was brought about by enemies, and he was convicted of taking bribes and subjected to heavy fine and imprisonment. Though the sentence was largely remitted by the king, Bacon retired a broken and ruined man and spent the remaining five years of his life in scientific and philosophic studies, keeping up a show of former magnificence with unconquerable pride. He had characteristic Elizabethan versatility, and combined in his person the statesman, the philosophical scientist, and the man of letters. In the second capacity he did much to establish and popularize the inductive system of reasoning. His scientific and philosophical work, the "Magna Instauration" (the Great Renewal), was left unfinished; only the introduction (called in the English version "Advancement of Learning") and the "Novum Organum" (New Instrument) were completed. He wrote also a story of the Utopia type, entitled "The New Atlantis", in which appear some of the later discoveries of science such as balloons, submarines, and flying machines, and the modification of species. Unlike the "Instauration", which was in Latin, this

work was written in English, as were also his "Essays", his most famous works. Ten of these were first published in 1597; fifteen years later an edition with several additions came out; and in 1625 the essays, numbering fifty-eight, revised and expanded, were put forth in their final form. They show Bacon to have been a master of a terse, concise style, and are thoughtful and stimulating writings.

OF TRUTH

In reading the essays of Bacon, it is often necessary to pause between sentences and expand the extraordinarily compressed thought. Bacon's ideas show a mixture of wide reading, keen observation, and shrewd common sense. Considerations of practicability weigh much with him, and little enthusiasm can be found in his work.

1. *Pilate*, cf. John xviii, 38.
2. *there be that*, there are those who.
3. *giddiness*, quick change of opinion.
4. *veins*, ways of thinking.

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5. *stand*, loss.
6. *masks, mummeries, triumphs*, masques, disguisings, gay processions or celebrations.
7. *one of the Fathers*, both Jerome and Augustine have similar sayings.
8. *vinum daemonum*, Latin for devils' wine.
9. *poet*, Lucretius (96?-55 B.C.). The quotation following is from his "De Rerum Naturae", II, 1 ff.
10. *sect*, Epicureans, followers of Epicurus, a famous Greek philosopher, erroneously regarded as teaching a doctrine of refined voluptuousness.
11. *commanded*, looked down upon from a higher point.
12. *alloy*, alloy.
13. *Montaigne* (1533-1592), the first French familiar essayist. The quotation is from his "Essais", II, 18.
14. *he shall not*, etc., cf. Luke xviii, 8.

OF MARRIAGE AND SINGLE LIFE

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1. *impertinences*, things which do not concern them.
2. *charge of*, burden or cause of expense in.
3. *humorous*, moody, with queer dispositions or notions.
4. *hortatives*, exhortations.
5. *exhaust*, exhausted.
6. *Ulysses*, one of the Greek heroes in the Trojan War. He was offered immortality and eternal youth, if he would remain with the nymph Calypso, instead of returning home to his wife Penelope. Homer describes his refusal in the "Odyssey", Book V.
7. *vetulam*, etc., "he preferred his old wife to immortality."
8. *quarrel*, reason, argument.
9. *he*, Thales, one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece.

OF ADVERSITY

1. *Stoics*, members of the school of philosophy founded by Zeno about 308 B.C., who held that men should be free from passion and unmoved by joy or grief.
2. *transcendencies*, high flights, lofty language.
3. *mystery*, allegorical or symbolic meaning.
4. *Prometheus*, a Titan giant who stole fire from heaven and gave it to man. Zeus doomed him to be bound to Mount Caucasus and to have a vulture daily consume his liver, which grew again at night, until an immortal should consent to renounce immortality in his favor. This sacrifice was made by Chiron, a centaur famous for his medical knowledge, who was accidentally wounded by Hercules.
5. *mean*, moderate style.
6. *temperance*, moderation.

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7. *sad*, sombre.

OF TRAVEL

1. *hooded*, with a hood over their heads.
 2. *burses*, stock exchanges.
 3. *adamant*, loadstone, magnet.
 4. *diet*, eat, take meals.
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5. *for*, on account of, caused by.
 6. *healths*, toasts at drinking.
 7. *prick in*, introduce, insert.

OF RICHES

1. *impedimenta*, Latin for heavy equipment, accouterment.
 2. *conceit*, fancy, imagination.
 3. *saith*, in Ecclesiastes v, 11.
 4. *dole*, *donative*, gifts small and large.
 5. *feigned*, fictitious.
 6. *saith*, in Proverbs x, 15.
 7. *sold*, betrayed.
 8. *Cicero* (106-43 B.C.), famous Roman orator, statesman, and man of letters. The quotation following means: "In his zeal to increase his fortune, it was evident that not the gain of avarice was sought but the means of beneficence."
 9. *Qui festinat*, etc., Latin for "He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent." Proverbs xxviii, 20.
 10. *poets*, the saying is found in the Greek prose writer Lucian, second century.
 11. *audits*, receipts.
 12. *collier*, owner of coal mines.
 13. *expect the prime of markets*, await the highest point of the market price.
 14. *overcome*, capture.
 15. *are*, are within reach of.
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16. *wait upon*, watch for, so as to drive a hard bargain.
 17. *broke by servants*, transact business by agents.

18. *chapmen*, merchants, dealers.
19. *in sudore, etc.*, Latin for "in the sweat of another's brow."
20. *Canaries*, Spanish islands off the north-west coast of Africa.
21. *service*, to a monarch or a nobleman.
22. *Tacitus* (55?-117?), the Roman historian. The quotation means, "Wills and childless parents taken as with a net."
23. *glorious*, ostentatious.
24. *sacrifices without salt*. Salt was a necessary element in the sacrificial rites of the Greeks and Romans.
25. *advancements*, gifts, bequests.

OF YOUTH AND AGE

1. *Septimus Severus* (146-211), a Roman emperor (193-211).
2. *Juventutem, etc.*, Latin for "He spent a youth full of errors, yea, of madnesses." (Spartianus)
3. *Augustus Caesar* (63 B.C.-A.D. 14), first Roman emperor (27 B.C.-A.D. 14).
4. *Cosmos*, Duke of Florence (1519-1574), called Cosmo the Great, a member of the Medici family, famous for their political power, wealth, and patronage of literature and art.
5. *Gaston de Foix* (1489-1512), a brilliant young French general, who, after gaining a great victory at Ravenna in 1512, was killed while pursuing the enemy.
6. *them, i. e.*, old men.
7. *abuseth*, deceives.

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8. *care*, hesitate.
9. *period*, conclusion.
10. *extern accidents*, outside or indirect effects.
11. *text, cf. Joel ii*, 28.
12. *Hermogenes*, founder of a semi-Christian sect in the second century B.C.
13. *Tully*, another name for Cicero.
14. *Hortensius*, Cicero's great rival at the Roman bar.
15. *Idem, etc.*, Latin for "He continued the same when it was no longer becoming." From Cicero's "Brutus."
16. *Scipio Africanus* (234-183 B.C.), a famous Roman general.
17. *ultima, etc.* "His end fell before his beginning." (Livy's "History of Rome").

OF NEGOTIATING

1. *negotiating*, transacting business.
2. *tender*, delicate, nice, difficult.
3. *instruments*, agents, means.
4. *success*, result.
5. *help the matter in report, etc.*, give a better report than is justified, to please their employer.
6. *affect*, are inclined to.
7. *quickeneth*, spurs on, encourageth.
8. *in appetite*, eager for advancement.
9. *upon conditions*, upon terms which call for certain performances by each party in the agreement.
10. *all*, of paramount importance.

11. *which*, refers to start or first performance.
 12. *Except either the nature of the thing be such which must go before*, unless one man's part of the bargain would precede the other's naturally.
 13. *All practice*, the whole art or aim (of negotiation).
 14. *discover*, to ascertain a man's plans or his character.
 15. *work*, to persuade or induce a man to do something.
 16. *discover*, disclose, reveal.
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17. *pretext*, reason other than the true one.

OF STUDIES

1. *expert*, practiced, experienced.
2. *humor*, peculiarity, habit of mind.
3. *crafty men (cf. craftsmen)*, men clever in practical work.
4. *admire*, wonder at.
5. *curiously*, with minute care.
6. *flashy*, tasteless.
7. *conference*, conversation.
8. *confer*, converse.
9. *natural philosophy*, science.
10. *moral*, moral philosophy, or ethics.
11. *grave*, serious, dignified.
12. *Abeunt, etc.*, Latin for "Studies pass over into manners."
13. *stone*, a disease of the kidneys or bladder.
14. *cymini, etc.*, literally, splitters of cummin (small seeds), "hairsplitters."

JONSON

OF BACON

This and the following selection are taken from Jonson's "Timber, or Discoveries made upon Men or Matter, as they have flowed out of his daily reading; or had their reflux to his peculiar notions of the time." These reflections suggested by his "daily reading" are similar to Bacon's essays, but they were jotted down with no attention to logical order. The lack of method or system in the book is indicated in its title "Timber", i. e., material for construction. It was not published until 1641.

1. *nobly censorious*, of noble judgment or expression of opinion.
 2. *presly*, compactly.
 3. *suffered*, allowed, permitted.
- Page 61.
4. *dévotion*, will, volition.
 5. *affections*, feelings.
 6. *conceit*, opinion.

OF SHAKESPEARE

1. *fancy*, imagination.
2. *brave notions*, fine, splendid thoughts.
3. *Sufflaminius erat*, "He ought to have been clogged."
4. *in the person of Caesar*, i. e., in Shakespeare's play "Julius Caesar", III, i, 47.

He therefore gave up the study of law and plunged into the gayeties of court life, where he distinguished himself by his poetry, gallantry, and gaming. He also traveled on the continent, and saw service in the army of Gustavus Adolphus. In 1639, he raised and equipped at his own expense a troop of horse for the king's use against the Scots, and the next year became a member of the Long Parliament. He was discovered plotting for the king's party, and had to flee to France; and in 1642, poverty-stricken in Paris, he committed suicide. He attempted the drama without success, and lives only in a few short lyrics, cynical and mocking but realistically manly in tone. He seems to have practised poetry as he did horsemanship and swordsmanship, — because it was a gentleman's accomplishment.

~ LOVELAKE

Richard Lovelace (1618–1658) was of noble family and secured his education at Oxford. His life ran parallel with that of Suckling. A courtier, a soldier in the Scottish campaign, a member of the Long Parliament, he was imprisoned for presenting a petition on behalf of the king, and released only on heavy bail. He afterwards took service with the King of France, and finally died of extreme want in a London slum. His best lyrics breathe a spirit of devotion to the ideals of knightly love and honor.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON

This poem was composed in 1642, during the poet's confinement in the gatehouse at Westminster, because of his advocacy of the Royal cause.

Page 65.

Line 10. *no allaying Thames*, not diluted with water.

Line 17. *committed*, imprisoned, caged.

Line 23. *Enlarged*, free, unloosed.

~ WITHER

George Wither (1588–1667), after two years at Oxford, studied law in London at Lincoln's Inn. He then became a soldier, serving as a Royalist captain of horse in the expedition against the Covenanters in Scotland. In the Civil War he raised a troop of horse for the Parliamentary side, and was captured and imprisoned by the Royalists. After the war, he received political office under the Commonwealth; but at the time of the Restoration his property was confiscated and he was again imprisoned for a time. Like his life, his literary work was varied, and was enormous in quantity. He early wrote poems which were Cavalier in tone and spirit. In 1623 he published the first hymn book to appear in the English language, "Hymns and Songs of the Church." His later work — political pamphlets, religious poems, etc. — is for the most part dull.

THE LOVER'S RESOLUTION

Line 9. *silly*, used here in the sense of simple, artless, foolish.

Line 14. *pelican*. According to popular fable this bird fed and revived its young with its own blood.

~ WOTTON

Sir Henry Wotton (1568–1639) was well born, well bred, educated at Oxford, and one of the most cultivated men of his time. After traveling on the continent for some years, he returned to England and became one of the secretaries of the Earl of Essex. On the fall of that nobleman from power, he saved his life by fleeing to Florence, in 1600. From here he revealed to King James of Scotland a plot against his life; and when James ascended the English throne he repaid Wotton by making him a knight and employing him as an ambassador to Venice and to Germany, and finally in 1625 by appointing him provost of Eton College. He originated the famous definition of an ambassador, "One sent to *lie* abroad, for his country." In late life, he was the friend of Milton, whose "Comus" he warmly praised; also he was a friend and fellow angler of Walton, who has left an affectionate memoir of the poet. In addition to the poem here reprinted, he wrote one other famous lyric, "On His Mistress the Queen of Bohemia."

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

Drummond of Hawthornden, in writing of a visit paid him by Ben Jonson, said, "Sir Henry Wotton's verses of a happy life he hath by heart."

Line 6. *still*, always.

✓ HERBERT

George Herbert (1593–1633) belonged to the family of the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, to whom was dedicated the first collected edition of Shakespeare's plays. Educated at Cambridge, he wished to enter a political career as his elder brother, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, had done; but ill health and the loss of patrons caused him to turn to the religious life, and he became in 1630 vicar of Bemerton, near Salisbury. Here he lived a life of quiet piety until his early death of consumption. His sacred poems were published under the title of "The Temple", soon after his death. Though he was of the Church of England, the Puritan in him subdued the Cavalier, and in him is seen that spiritual reaction against the license of the times.

VIRTUE

This poem is a reflection of the saintly character of its author. Read Herbert's "Life" by Walton.

Page 66.

Line 14. *gives*, warps, yields.

Line 15. *coal*, i. e., on the Day of Judgment.

SHIRLEY

James Shirley (1596-1666), after being educated at both Oxford and Cambridge, took orders in the Church of England, but later turned Roman Catholic. He went to London and became a prolific dramatist, imitating the work of Ben Jonson and Fletcher. He was really a belated Elizabethan. He died of exposure during the great fire of London in 1666.

A DIRGE

Line 1. *blood and state*, high birth and political office.

WALLER

Edmund Waller (1605-1687) was educated at Eton and Cambridge. His mother, though a sister of John Hampden, was a Royalist, but all the rest of his relatives were on the Parliamentary side. Though he entered Parliament at the age of seventeen, his early poems were in the Cavalier vein and Charles I welcomed him to Whitehall. He had, however, no deep political convictions. In Parliament a second time in 1640, he opposed the king's measures; but when the Civil War came he sided with the Royalists. Arrested in 1643 as one of the leaders in a plot against the Parliament, he secured his release by paying a fine of £10,000. He then went to France; but after ten years he returned to England and made his peace with Cromwell. At the time of the Restoration, however, he readily laid his homage at the feet of Charles II, and after sitting in several parliaments, he was made provost of Eton. Only a few of his earlier poems are now read with pleasure. He was one of the first to polish his couplets neatly after the fashion later perfected by Dryden and Pope.

ON A GIRDLE

Line 6. *pale*, that which encloses; i. e., the girdle as well as the fence of the deer park.

MARVELL

Andrew Marvell (1621-1678), after leaving Cambridge, traveled on the continent, and became in 1650 a tutor to the daughter of General Fairfax, the Parliamentary soldier, who had then retired from active service. Milton then recommended him as a distinguished linguist for the post of assistant in the Latin secretaryship, to which he was appointed in 1657. Two years afterwards he became a member of Parliament. At the Restoration, as he had not compromised himself and was not regicidal, he remained in public life and used his influence to protect Milton. He sat for many years incorruptible in the servile parliaments of Charles II, winning the name of "honest Andrew Marvell." His political satires were much feared in his day, but are no longer read. Of his lyrics only two or three still have an appeal.

THE GARDEN

This was first written in Latin and then translated into English.

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Line 31. *Syrinx*, an Arcadian nymph pursued by Pan and, at her entreaty, turned into a tuft of reeds from which Pan made his pipe.

Line 37. *curious*, delicious.

Line 51. *vest*, vesture, garment. The body is the vesture of the soul.

MILTON

John Milton, the son of a prosperous Puritan scrivener, was born in Bread Street, London, December 9, 1608. He grew up in a home untouched by the gloom of Puritanism, where the love of music, literature, and art was combined with piety, moral strength, and devotion to duty. He was educated at first by his father and a private tutor; then, after a brief course at St. Paul's School, he went to Christ's College, Cambridge. His parents wished him to take orders in the Church of England, but his independent spirit could not be bound by the "oath of servitude", as he called it, which was required at the ordination. In belief he was in sympathy with the extreme Puritans, of whom our Pilgrim Fathers are examples, but he did not share in their intolerance in regard to amusements. After seven years at the university, he obtained his master's degree in 1632 and then retired to his father's new home at Horton on the Thames near London, where he spent six years, reading extensively in Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Spanish, French, Italian, and English literature, and studying mathematics, science, music, and theology. To complete his education he began a tour abroad, during which he met the exiled scholar, Grotius, in Paris, and Galileo in his sad imprisonment in Florence. He was, however, recalled to England by the political crisis which preceded the outbreak of the Civil War. "For I thought it base," he wrote, "to be traveling at my ease for intellectual culture while my fellow-countrymen at home were fighting for liberty." In this struggle Milton was to fight not with the sword but with the pen. He entered into the religious controversies of the day with eagerness, and was the first to write in defense of the execution of Charles I. He was then made Latin Secretary in the Commonwealth government, whose interests he served with a devotion which caused his total blindness. He had married in 1643 Mary Powell, the daughter of a Royalist, and naturally the marriage turned out unhappily. Upon her death in 1653 Milton was left with three daughters to care for; he afterwards married a second and a third time. At the Restoration he was driven into hiding, and later arrested, but suffered only a short imprisonment, probably on account of his blindness. All these calamities, however, could not

Quite apart, however, from this theological purpose, his poem commands our wonder by its marvelous power of reproducing in sound and rhythm the visions that come to his imagination, and by the oceanic surge and swell and the wonderful flexibility of his blank verse. He chose to write without rime, calling that "no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame meter."

The selection here given is from the ninth of the twelve books of the poem, and describes the temptation and fall of Adam and Eve. The consequences of their sin are portrayed in the three books following, the poem ending with the words,

"They, hand in hand, with wandering steps
and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way."
Book XII, 648-649.

The present selection is an elaboration of a short passage in the Bible, as follows:

Now the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field which the Lord God made. And he said unto the woman, "Yea, hath God said, 'Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?'"

And the woman said unto the serpent, "We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden; but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, 'Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die.'"

And the serpent said unto the woman, "Ye shall not surely die; for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil."

And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat. And the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves aprons.

Genesis iii, 1-7.

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Line 22. *prop*, i. e., Adam.

Line 27. *hand of Eve*, the work of Eve's hand.

Line 28. *feigned*, fabled; contrasted with "not mystic" (line 31).

Line 29. *or . . . or*, either . . . or; *revised Adonis*, a beautiful youth beloved by Venus, goddess of beauty. He was slain by a wild boar, and the grief of Venus was so great that Adonis was permitted by Pluto to spend a part of each year on earth.

Line 30. *Alcinous*, a king of the Phaeacians, celebrated for his gardens; *Laertes's son*, Ulysses, who was shipwrecked on the coast of Phaeacia.

Line 31. *king*, Solomon.

Line 32. *held dalliance*. Read "The Song of Solomon" in the Old Testament where Solomon's garden is described. *Egyptian spouse*. The Biblical account is, "And Solomon made affinity with Pharaoh king of Egypt, and took Pharaoh's daughter, and brought her into the city of David."

I Kings iii, 1.

Line 39. *tedded*, mown and spread out to dry.

Line 77. *to*, compared with.

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Line 91. *spires*, spirals, coils.

Line 92. *redundant*, superabundantly.

Line 94. *changed*, were changed into serpents from; i. e., took the place of.

Line 95. *Hermione* and her husband *Cadmus* were at their own request changed into serpents to escape the miseries of this life; *god in Epidaurus*, Aesculapius, who came to Rome in the form of one of the serpents sacred to his worship.

Line 97. *Ammonian Jove*, the supreme deity, who was seen transformed into a serpent in company with *Olympas* (line 98) with whom he was in love. *Capitoline*, Capitoline Jove, the deity whose cult centered on that one of the seven hills of Rome on which the ancient Capitol stood. He also was seen in serpent shape with a woman.

Line 98. *he*, Ammonian Jove; *this*, the latter; i. e., Capitoline Jove.

Line 99. *Scipio*, surnamed Africanus, a famous Roman general (237-183?); *tract*, track, path.

Line 111. *Circean call*. Circe was a sorceress, described by Homer, who changed men into beasts by her enchantments and kept "the herd disguised" at her beck and "call."

Line 114. *turret*, turreted.

Line 119. *organic*, as an instrument or living organism; contrasted with inorganic "air"; *impulse*, effect, force, means.

Line 138. *glozed*, flattered; *proem*, preface, introduction.

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Line 212. *to*, in proportion to.

Line 213. *beareth*, produce, fruit.

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Line 224. *compact*, composed or made; *unctuous*, oily.

Line 229. *amazed*, bewildered.

Line 238. *rest*. This is hortative; i. e., "let it rest with thee: I will not put it to a test."

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Line 300. *Internal Man*, i. e., having the power of speech and of reason.

Line 326. *Impregned*, filled, impregnated.

Line 337. *from*, absent from. Also the same in line 460.

Line 344. *infamed*, defamed, vilified.

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Line 384. *sciential*, of knowledge.

Line 392. *divine of*, divining, being prescient of.

Line 393. *measure*, anxious beats of his heart.

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Line 419. *to admiration*, to the point of astonishment, to a wonderful degree

Line 437. *astonied*, thunderstruck.

Line 448. *devote*, dedicated, given over to.

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Line 456. *converse*, conversation, companionship.

Line 491. *frustrate*, brought to naught, baffled.

Line 492. *not well conceived of God*, not easily believed that God would so act.

Line 494. *Adversary*, Satan.

Line 531. *event*, issue, outcome.

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Lines 565-567. The ponderous witticism is derived from the double meaning of the Latin "*sapere*", which is either to taste or to know.

Line 568. *purveyed*, provided with food.

Line 606. *Danite*, of the tribe of Dan.

Line 609. *shorn*. Cf. the 16th chapter of Judges.

Line 616. *such as*, the banyan tree.

Line 617. *Malabar, Decan*, on the west coast of southern India.

Line 625. *Amazonian targe*, shield of the Amazonians, an ancient race of female warriors with whom the Greeks repeatedly warred.

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Line 629. *of late*, 175 years before the publication of the poem.

Line 647. *intermitted*, temporarily stopped.

Line 689. *secure*, confident.

FULLER

Thomas Fuller (1608-1661) was educated at Cambridge and became a clergyman in the Church of England, winning fame for his witty and sensible sermons at the Savoy Chapel in London. During the Civil War he was a chaplain in one of the Royalist regiments, and under the Commonwealth he supported himself by writing, and preaching here and there. After the Restoration he returned to the Savoy Chapel and was made chaplain-in-extraordinary to Charles II. His chief works are the "History of the Holy War" (1639), an account of the Crusades; "The Holy State and the Profane State" (1642), a series of biographies, the first part consisting of historical characters deserving to be imitated and the second of examples to be avoided; and "The Worthies of England" (1662), a lively and interesting account of the important men of England.

THE LIFE OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

This brief biographical sketch is from "The Holy State and the Profane State", Book II, Chapter XXII.

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1. *Six Articles*, religious enactments made by Henry VIII in 1539 to counteract a too rapid and a too complete change of the ceremonies and beliefs of the Church of England, on the part of the Protestants.

2. *Zealand*, Zeeland in The Netherlands.

3. *sea-divinity*. The author playfully suggests a divinity law of the sea.

4. *he*, the sun.

5. *jealousy*, fear.

6. *conceits*, fancies, notions.

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7. *Symerons*, Cimarrones, a band of fugitive negroes who gathered in the 16th century on the Isthmus of Panama.

8. *chapmen*, merchants, purchasers.

9. *admire*, wonder.

10. *Cabo-verd*, Cape Verde, the extreme western point of Africa.

11. *St. Jago*, Santiago in the Cape Verde Islands.

12. *New Spain*, Mexico.

13. *bull*, hog'shead.

14. *cutting the Line*, crossing the equator.

15. *Terrenate*, Ternate, one of the Dutch East Indies.

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16. *large*, fair.

17. *had*, would have.

18. *cawdle*, a warm drink made of wine, eggs, sugar, and spices.

19. *thorough light through*, a complete voyage around.

20. *Dartford*, on the Thames near Elizabethan London; now called Deptford and a part of the city of London.

21. *aurum*, etc., Spanish gold.

22. *caraval of adviso*, ship of notification or warning.

23. *present*, immediate.

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24. *brought*, as a member of a parliamentary commission for establishing a system of waterworks at Plymouth.

25. *float*, flood.

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26. *stomach*, appetite.

MILTON

(For biography, see p. 664.)

From "AREOPAGITICA"

On June 14, 1643, Parliament appointed various committees to control the licensing of books. This attempted restriction of the freedom of the press was due partly to the desire to prevent the publication of such writings as Milton's divorce pamphlets, and partly to the effort of publishers to protect their copyrights. In November, 1644, Milton published the "Areopagitica", "in order to deliver the press from the restraints with which it was encumbered; that the power of determining what was true and what was false, what ought to be published

time. He now turned to the writing of satirical poetry, his greatest work being "Absalom and Achitophel" (1681), and "MacFlecknoe" (1682). Leaving the field of political satire, he wrote a long religious poem, "Religio Laici" (1682), defending the Church of England against all other sects. But when James II came to the throne, Dryden went over to the Catholics and wrote the "Hind and the Panther" (1687) as a defense of the Church of Rome. A pension of 100 pounds had been added to his pay as Poet Laureate, and in 1683 he was made Collector of the Port of London; but by the Revolution of 1688 he lost his pension and public offices. For support he turned again to the stage, translated Virgil's "Aeneid", and put into modern English verse stories from Chaucer and Boccaccio, published as the "Fables." In his later years he presided over the literary world from his chair in Will's Coffee-house. He died in 1700, the greatest man of letters of the age.

ACHITOPHEL,
from "Absalom and Achitophel"

"Absalom and Achitophel" is a series of satirical portraits of Whig leaders who favored the Protestant Duke of Monmouth, illegitimate son of Charles II, as the latter's successor on the English throne, instead of Charles's brother James, who was a Catholic. Achitophel represents the Earl of Shaftsbury, who had been Lord Chancellor and President of the Privy Council under Charles, but was imprisoned in 1681 for support of Monmouth. For the Biblical account of the revolt of Absalom, see 2 Samuel xiii-xvii.

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- Line 9. *o'er-informed*, over-filled.
 Line 26. *triple bond*, an alliance formed in 1668 by England, Sweden, and the Dutch Republic, which was undone by the alliance with France in 1670 when Shaftsbury was a member of the Privy Council.
 Line 37. This and the following lines refer to Shaftsbury's conduct as Lord Chancellor.
 Line 39. *Abbethdin*, the highest officer of the Jewish court of justice.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY

St. Cecilia, a virgin martyr of the third century, who was supposed to have invented the organ and thus became the patron saint of music.
Day, November 22, when a London musical society annually held a festival in her honor.

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- Line 15. *diapason*, the entire compass of musical tones.
 Line 17. *Jubal*, a son of Lamech who was a descendant of Cain; he "was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ." Genesis, iv, 21.
 Line 50. *sequacious*, inclined to follow, attendant on.

LINES PRINTED UNDER THE ENGRAVED
PORTRAIT OF MILTON

Line 1. *Three poets*, Homer, Virgil, and Milton.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR THE POWER
OF MUSIC

This song was written in honor of St. Cecilia's Day, 1697, ten years after the earlier poem in her honor.

- Line 2. *Philip's son*, Alexander the Great.
 Line 9. *Thais*, an Athenian beauty and Alexander's mistress who accompanied him on his expedition into Asia.
 Line 16. *Timotheus*, a celebrated Athenian musician of the fourth century, B.C.

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- Line 21. *Jove*, fabled to have been Alexander's father.
 Line 24. *belied*, disguised.
 Line 25. *spires*, spirals, coils.
 Line 26. *Olympia*, the mother of Alexander.
 Line 44. *hautboys*, oboes, higher wind instruments of a modern orchestra.
 Line 83. *still*, always, continually.

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- Line 133. *vocal frame*, the organ.

POPE

Alexander Pope (1688-1744) was the son of a Catholic linen draper of London. He was deformed and sickly from childhood; his poor health together with his religion kept him from the usual career of an educated Englishman of the day, — Parliament, Church, or army. So Pope early devoted himself to poetry, and lived his whole life as a man of letters. His "Pastorals", written when he was but sixteen, were published in 1709 as a first venture in literature. His "Essay on Criticism" (1711) was praised by Addison in the *Spectator*, and the "Rape of the Lock", the first draft of which appeared in 1712, made him famous. With literary fame secure, he undertook translations of the "Iliad", finished in 1720, and the "Odyssey", completed in 1725, though largely the work of others; the returns from this work made him independent and able to establish himself in an estate at Twickenham, on the Thames near London. Here he entertained his literary friends and formed with them a partnership called the Scriblerus Club. An edition of Shakespeare which he brought out in 1725 was shown to have many errors; this criticism added to the list of his literary enemies, upon whom he took revenge in a satire, "The Dunciad" (1728). Only two other important works were published by him: the "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot" (1735), which is a satire in imitation of Horace; and a philosophical poem, the "Essay on Man" (1732-1734). Fretful, waspish, and irritable through constant ill health, but resolutely holding to life, he lived on until 1744, generally recognised as the leading poet of the age.

From "AN ESSAY 'ON CRITICISM'"

Part I

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Line 120. *fable*, story, plot.Line 129. *Mantuan Muse*, Virgil.Line 130. *Maro*, also Virgil.Line 138. *Stagirite*, Aristotle, a native of Stagira, a town in ancient Macedonia.

Part II

Line 16. *Pierian spring*, a well in Thessaly sacred to the Muses.Line 89. *conceit*, play on words, fantastic expression.

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Line 107. *still*, always.Line 122. *sort*, fit, agree.Line 128. *Fungoso*, a character in Ben Jonson's "Every Man Out of His Humor", who tries without success to keep up with court fashions.Line 137. *numbers*, metrical correctness.

Lines 145, 157, 167-9. In these lines Pope illustrates the characteristics that he praises or blames.

Line 156. *Alexandrine*. The next line is an example of one.Line 161. *Denham*, Sir John (1615-1669) helped to popularize the heroic couplet which Dryden and Pope afterwards perfected.

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Line 170. *Ajax*, one of the Greek heroes in the "Iliad", who was of great stature and prowess.Line 172. *Camilla*, in the "Aeneid" a swift-footed maiden, queen of the Volsci, who was slain by the Trojans.Line 191. *approve*, test, put to the proof.

From "AN ESSAY ON MAN"

The "Essay on Man" is a treatise, in four epistles, on the moral order of the world.

Line 4. *expatiates*, ranges at will, unrestrained.

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Line 40. *parts*, talents, faculties.

From "EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT"

Line 9. *Arbuthnot*, a physician and man of letters; a friend to Pope.

Lines 11-22. The men referred to in these lines were critics, men of letters, statesmen, clerics, and men of affairs of Pope's day. Of these only Congreve, the dramatist, and Swift, the satirist, are of particular significance to-day.

Line 25. *gentle Fanny's*. Lord Hervey was often satirized by Pope under this name.Line 27. *Gildon*, a hack writer. Pope claimed that Addison hired him to defame his character.Line 29. *Dennis*, a poet, dramatist, and critic with whom Pope had his first literary quarrel because of an unpleasant allusion to him in his "Essay on Criticism."Line 32. *Bedlam*, the St. Mary of Bethlehem Hospital for the insane in London, *Mint*,

a part of Southwark, London, to which criminals and debtors fled for safety.

Line 40. *Bentley*, Richard, a classical scholar who referred to Pope's translation of the "Iliad" as "a pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer." Pope struck back at him in the "Dunciad" and in this poem.

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Line 55. *the bard*, Ambrose Philips, the praise of whose pastorals excited Pope's jealousy.Line 66. *Tate*, Nahum, who was Poet Laureate (1692-1715) and is known particularly for his very bad adaptations of some of Shakespeare's plays.Line 85. *Cato*, an allusion to Addison's drama of that name, which was very successful when first produced.Line 87. *Templars*, students of law in London.Line 90. *Atticus*, a Roman philosopher of the first century, B.C. The name is used here for Addison.

DRYDEN (for biography, see p. 670)

ELIZABETHAN DRAMATISTS

This selection is taken from "An Essay of Dramatic Poesy."

1. *still*, ever, always.2. *clenches*, plays upon words.3. *Quantum, etc.*, Latin for "As the cypresses tower above low-growing shrubs."

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4. *Hales*, John (1584-1656), Fellow of Eton College and Professor of Greek at Oxford.5. *last king*, Charles I, executed in 1649.6. *censure*, opinion, criticism.7. *taxed*, accused, charged.

EVELYN

John Evelyn (1620-1706), after completing his course at Oxford, studied law at the Middle Temple in London. Because of the unsettled condition in England, he spent many years in the Low Countries, France, and Italy. During this period he returned for a short time to England and was for three days with the Royalist army; but prudence overcame his loyalty and he recrossed the Channel. In 1652 he married the daughter of the British ambassador in Paris. After the Restoration he was employed on many public commissions and was one of the founders of the Royal Society. He wrote on a multitude of subjects; he was the author of "Sylva", the first book on trees and forestry in English, and also "Terra", which was the first attempt at a scientific study of agriculture. His most important work, however, is his "Diary", which extends over the greater portion of his life and gives vivid pictures of the society of the time, especially of the immorality of the court. His "Diary", like that of Pepys, lay long unpublished and first saw the light in 1818.

THE GREAT FIRE

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1. *near Fish Street*. The spot is now marked by a monument.
2. *Southwark*, on the south side of the Thames, opposite the point at which the fire started.
3. *Sodom*. "The Lord rained upon Sodom brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven; and Abraham looked toward Sodom, and toward all the land of the plain, and beheld, and, lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace."

Genesis xix, 24, 28.

4. *non enim, etc.*, from the Bible in Latin, "For here have we no continuing city." Hebrews xiii, 14.

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5. *granados*, grenades, explosive missiles thrown by hand.
6. *Whitehall*, a palace which stood to the north of Westminster Abbey, built in the thirteenth century, burned in 1691 and 1697; only the banqueting hall, now a royal chapel, remains.
7. *practised*, done, carried out.
8. *Lot . . . Zoar*. See Genesis, chapter xix.
9. *graff*, moat, trench.

Page 101.

10. *vorago*, gulf, abyss.
11. *surbated*, made sore.

PEPYS

Samuel Pepys (1633-1703), the son of a London tailor, attended St. Paul's School and Cambridge, and then entered the public service as a clerk in the Exchequer; he was later transferred to the Navy Department, where he rose to the high office of Secretary to the Admiralty. This office he held until the accession of William and Mary, with a slight interruption at the time of the Popish Plot when he was, without foundation, suspected of being a Catholic. He was a member of Parliament and president of the Royal Society; an accomplished musician and a critic of the drama, painting, and architecture. As a connoisseur of human nature, as shown in his "Diary", he is especially known to-day. This diary was written in shorthand and filled six manuscript volumes, which were preserved in Magdalene College, Cambridge, and were not deciphered and published until 1825. The "Diary" covers only the years from 1660 to 1669.

FROM THE DIARY

Page 102.

1. *the King*, Charles II, restored in 1660.
2. *closet*, the private room for the king's devotions.
3. *first time*, before this time boys had enacted the female parts.

Page 103.

4. *Nell Gwynne*, an orange girl who became

an actress and later the mistress of Charles II.

5. *tiring-rooms*, dressing rooms.
6. *shift*, the room where the actresses changed costumes.
7. *pit*, the modern orchestra or orchestra circle.
8. *other house*, rival theater.

DE FOE

Daniel De Foe (1660 or 1661-1731), the son of a butcher named Foe, was born in London. He kept the family name until he was forty years old, when he added the aristocratic prefix. He attended a Dissenters' school for some time, but did not go to a university. At the age of thirty he was a bankrupt for 17,000 pounds, after trying both politics and business. Recovering financially, he made his first literary success in 1701 with "The True Born Englishman", a satire in rough verse, which gained the favor of King William, and possibly employment as a secret agent. He was ostensibly on the Tory side, though he resorted to all sorts of subterfuges to preserve his anonymity, and he often had both parties mystified as to his real motives. He became a voluminous pamphleteer on all sorts of subjects, the most famous of his pamphlets being the ironical "Shortest Way with Dissenters" (1702), which was taken literally by both Tories and Dissenters and led to his being placed in the pillory and then in Newgate prison. While serving his sentence there, he began the *Review*, first as a weekly and then as a tri-weekly, which continued from 1704 to 1713. This preceded the *Teller* and the *Spectator* by many years and was the first journal to use the interview and the leading editorial. As far back as 1706 he had shown his narrative skill in the "Apparition of Mrs. Veal"; and in 1719 there appeared his masterpiece, "Robinson Crusoe", which stands among the greatest works in English prose fiction. The popularity of this book led him further to cultivate this field. For material he made use of his experiences and the strange characters he had met in Newgate and during his work as a government spy. In rapid succession many romances appeared, chief among which were "Captain Singleton", "Moll Flanders", "Roxana", and "Colonel Jack." His "Journal of the Plague Year" (1722) was written with such an air of truth that its fiction has often been mistaken for fact. Late in his life his secret connection with the government became known, his popularity was destroyed, he fled from his home on account of either real or imaginary enemies, and died obscurely in London.

THE APPARITION OF MRS. VEAL

The present selection illustrates De Foe's method of making a tale plausible by infinite, even tiresome, detail.

1. *relation*, account, report.

Page 104.

2. *put upon*, deceived, tricked.
3. *Mrs.* This title was formerly applied to unmarried ladies.
4. *Drelincourt upon Death*. Charles Drelin-court, a French clergyman, had written a work, "Consolations against the Fear of Death", which had recently been translated into English.

Page 105.

5. *Sherlock*, William, D.D. (1641-1707), author of numerous works on life after death.
6. "*Ascetick*", "*The Happy Ascetick*" by Anthony Horneck, 1681.

Page 106.

7. *the 7th*, the day before the "apparition."
8. *sense*, consciousness.

Page 107.

9. *escutcheon*, square tablets bearing the arms of the deceased person and placed over a tomb.

Page 108.

10. *salutation*, *salute*, kiss or embrace; i. e., avoiding contact or touch.

SWIFT

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745) was the posthumous son of an Englishman, who left his family in poverty in Dublin. Through the aid of relatives he was educated at Kilkenny School and at Trinity College, Dublin, where he received his A. B. only through the special favor of a second examination. He then went to England where he spent the next eleven years as a secretary to Sir William Temple, the English statesman and essayist, who was a relative by marriage of Swift's mother. This connection was interrupted by a visit in Ireland for his health, and after he entered the church in 1694 by two years spent as a clergyman at Kilroot near Belfast. While with Sir William Temple at Moor Park, he met Esther Johnson, whose mother was in the service of Sir William and whose reputed father was Sir William himself. Swift and Miss Johnson formed a close friendship, and she came to live near him, when he was given the living of Laracor near Dublin, in 1699. It has been thought, without definite evidence however, that they were secretly married. During his residence with Temple he received his master's degree from Oxford, and wrote two famous satires, "*The Battle of the Books*", on a controversy then raging over the comparative merits of ancient and modern literature, and "*The Tale of the Tub*", ridiculing the insistence of religious sects on the non-essentials in their creeds. They were not published until 1704, and then anonymously. Swift had early become interested in politics and at first wrote pamphlets for the Whigs, but, seeing that his interests in the Church might be better advanced by the Tories, he joined that party about 1710 and with his powerful pen estab-

lished himself as a dominant figure in political life for some four years. His life in London during this time is preserved in "*The Journal to Stella*", a diary which he kept for the amusement of Miss Johnson. On the downfall of the Tories, he became Dean of St. Patrick's in Dublin. Though he disliked Ireland, he championed the cause of the Irish people, writing the "*Drapier's Letters*" (1724) to defeat an English scheme to debase the coinage of the country, and the "*Modest Proposal*" (1729) to call attention to the wretchedness and oppression of the poor Irish. In 1726 he published his masterpiece, "*Gulliver's Travels*", a strange combination of fairy story and fierce satire of all mankind. Much of the year 1727 he spent with Pope in London. The following year Miss Johnson died, and a brain disease fastened itself upon Swift. To a friend he had once said, on looking at a blasted tree, "I shall be like that tree, and die first at the top." And so it was with him; there was a gradual loss of memory, sight, hearing, speech, and at last reason. His large fortune was left to found an asylum for lunatics.

MEDITATION UPON A BROOMSTICK

In Dublin, Swift used to read to Lady Berkeley, wife of the Governor-General, at her request, as she had "a pious love of sermons". One day, to lighten his work, he wrote the above travesty, to which the good lady listened with delight, remarking on the peculiarity of the subject but praising the discourse.

Page 109.

1. *besom*, broom.

THE ISLE OF THE PHILOSOPHERS

This is from Part III, Chapter II, of "*Gulliver's Travels*", describing a voyage to Laputa, an island floating in the air. The satire is directed against the vanity, credulity, and impracticality of abstract scientists and philosophers.

HINTS TOWARD AN ESSAY ON CONVERSATION

This was written about 1731, though not published until seven years later; it illustrates Swift's keen observation and direct simplicity of style.

Page 114.

1. *Will's coffee-house*, a famous London resort, frequented by Dryden and his disciples.

Page 115.

2. *Plautus* (254?-184 B.C.), the greatest Roman comic dramatist.

Page 116.

3. *vizard mask*, a mask covering the upper part of the face, worn by courtesans.

STEELE

Richard Steele (1672-1729), though born in Dublin, was educated in England at

Charterhouse School and Oxford, which he left without a degree to become a soldier. At both of these institutions he was the schoolfellow of Addison. While in the army he wrote the *Christian Hero*, a kind of manual of personal and domestic virtues. With the rank of captain he gave up military life for a literary and political career, becoming a journalist in the interest of the Whigs. He also wrote plays, of which "The Conscious Lovers" (1722) is a very good sentimental comedy. In 1709 he established the *Tatler*, and began a literary partnership with Addison. His literary fame rests on the essays which he contributed to this journal and to the *Spectator*, which succeeded the *Tatler* in 1711, and to the *Guardian*, which in turn followed the *Spectator*. Steele's devotion to the Whig cause was rewarded; for he was more than once a member of Parliament, was appointed a director of Drury Lane Theatre, and received knighthood in 1715. But he could not practise economy, and was always in debt. This was a great trial to his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached. In 1724 he retired to Wales in financial embarrassment, where he died.

A RECOLLECTION

From the *Tatler*, Number 181, June 5, 1710.

THE CLUB

From the *Spectator*, Number 2, March 2, 1711.

Page 118.

1. *Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege*, writers of the Restoration period and typical courtly rakes.
2. *Dawson*, a notorious swaggerer and gamester who died in 1699.
3. *Longinus*, a Greek philosopher of the third century.
4. *Littleton or Coke*. Sir Thomas Littleton (1402-1481) and Sir Edward Coke (1552-1634) were members of the Inner Temple, one of the residences for law students in London. A book by the first with a commentary by the second was formerly the English authority on the law of real property.
5. *Tully*, Marcus Tullius Cicero.
6. *Rose*, a tavern adjoining the Drury Lane Theatre.

Page 119.

7. *humorists*, men of queer humors or dispositions, whimsical men.

Page 120.

~~reference to the~~ *Diary* ~~of Pepys~~

Pepys speaks in his "Diary" of his "perfect pleasure" in this "little Scotch song"; while Goldsmith testifies, in his third essay (1765) that "the music of the finest singer is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairymaid sung me into tears with 'Johnnie Armstrong's Last Good-night' or 'The Cruelty of Barbara Allan.'"

Page 122.

3. *tansy*, a dish made of eggs, sugar, rose water, cream, and the juice of herbs, baked with butter in a shallow dish.
4. *Martial*, a Latin poet of the first century.
5. *dum tacet*, etc., Latin for "even when silent he talks of her."

ADDISON

Joseph Addison (1672-1719) was the son of an English clergyman and was educated at Charterhouse School and Oxford, where he distinguished himself for his scholarship and literary ability, being elected a fellow of Magdalen College. He had intended to enter the Church, but was easily persuaded to take up government service instead and quickly gained the recognition of the Whig party by his Latin poem, "The Peace of Ryswick." This secured him a pension of 300 pounds, which enabled him to travel abroad for four years in France, Italy, Austria, Germany, and Holland. This pension was cut short when the Whigs lost power at the death of King William, and Addison returned to London where he lived in comparative poverty and obscurity until his poem, "The Campaign", celebrating the victory of the Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim, gained for him from the Tories political favor and office. He then became in succession Under-secretary, Member of Parliament, Secretary for Ireland, and finally Secretary of State. His most important literary work was the essays, written between 1709 and 1714, which he contributed to the *Tatler*, a tri-weekly periodical devoted to politics, literature, and miscellaneous topics, and to the *Spectator*, a nonpolitical journal which appeared six times a week. He was not a great poet, but his classical tragedy "Cato" (1713) was thought by his contemporaries to place him above Shakespeare. In 1716, he married a widow, the Countess of Warwick, mistress of the famous Holland House. During the three remaining years of his life, he became a frequenter of clubs and coffee houses, and had three quarrels, a literary one with Pope and political controversies with Swift and Steele.

SIR ROGER AT THE PLAY

From the *Spectator*, Number 335, Tuesday, March 25, 1712.

1. *The Committee*, a comedy by Sir Robert Howard (1665).
2. *Distressed Mother*, an English adaptation, produced in 1712 by Ambrose Philips, of a French play, "Andromaque", by Racine.

Page 139.

Line 110. *bade on the bent*, abode or stopped on the field.

Line 123. *wode*, mad; *layd on lode*, struck heavily.

Page 141.

Line 246. *Humble-down*, Humbleton Hill in Northumberland on the Scotch border.

5. *Pyrrhus*, the fabled Greek hero who killed Priam, king of Troy. See "Hamlet", II, ii, 435 ff.
 6. *Andromache*, the wife of Hector, who was one of the sons of Priam.
 7. *Hermione*, daughter of Menelaus and Helen.
 8. *her lover*, Pyrrhus.
 9. *Astyanax*, the son of Hector and Andromache, hurled by the Greeks from the walls of Troy that he might not later restore the kingdom.
 10. *Orestes* married Hermione.
 11. *Pylades*, a nephew of Agamemnon, the elder brother of Menelaus.
 12. *smoke*, tease, ridicule.
- Page 124.
13. *raving fit*. On returning home, Orestes learned that his mother Clytemnestra had taken Aegisthus as her paramour during the absence of Agamemnon at Troy and had, on his return, assassinated him. Orestes then avenges his father's murder by slaying his mother and Aegisthus.

THE USES OF THE *Spectator*

From the *Spectator*, Number 10, Monday, March 12, 1711.

1. *Virgil*. Dryden translates the Latin poet as follows:

"So the boat's brawny crew the current stem,
And, slow advancing, struggle with the stream;
But if they slack their hands or cease to strive,
Then down the flood with headlong haste they drive."

2. *already*, after the publication of nine numbers.

Page 125.

3. *contemplative tradesmen*, retired merchants.
4. *titular physicians*, physicians who do not practise their profession.
5. *Templars*, lawyers.
6. *caveat*, legal notice, warning.

THE HEAD-DEESS

From the *Spectator*, Number 98, Friday, June 22, 1711.

Page 126.

1. *Juv. Sat.*, from the Satires of the Latin poet Juvenal (80?-140?). The quotation means, "So studiously their persons they adorn."

and, touching the insistence of religious sects on the non-essentials in their creeds. They were not published until 1704, and then anonymously. Swift had early become interested in politics and at first wrote pamphlets for the Whigs, but, seeing that his interests in the Church might be better advanced by the Tories, he joined that party about 1710 and with his powerful pen estab-

2. *we appeared, etc.*, "We saw the giants, and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight."

Numbers xiii, 33.

3. *Tot premitt, etc.*, Latin for:

"With curls on curls they build her head before,
And mount it with a formidable tower;
A giantess she seems; but look behind,
And then she dwindles to the pigmy kind."

4. *Paradin*, a French historian (1510-1590).

5. *fontanges*, a kind of head-dress.

6. *Conecte*, a Carmelite friar who was burned in 1434.

7. *commode*, fashion, style.

Page 127.

8. *d'Argentre*, a French writer of the sixteenth century.

BOOKS FOR FURTHER READING

Samuel Butler's "Hudibras" (a satire on the Puritans).

Thomas Otway's "Venice Preserved" (a play).

William Congreve's "Way of the World" (a play).

John Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding."

Dryden's "All for Love" (a play); "The Fables."

Swift's "Battle of the Books"; "Tale of a Tub"; and "Gulliver's Travels."

Addison's "Cato" (a tragedy).

De Foe's "Robinson Crusoe" and "The Journal of the Plague Year."

Pope's "Essay on Criticism", "Essay on Man", "Rape of the Lock", and "Epistle to Arbuthnot."

Macaulay's "History of England", Chapter III (a picture of life in England during this period).

Conan Doyle's "Micah Clarke" (a novel of the time of the Restoration).

Scott's "Old Mortality" and "Peveril of the Peak" (the same); "Waverley" (a novel of the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745); "Rob Roy" and "The Heart of Midlothian" (novels of the period).

Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" (Restoration).

Thackeray's "English Humorists" (on some of the chief writers of the period); "Henry Esmond" (a novel of the reign of Queen Anne).

Addison and Steele: Selected Essays from the *Tatler* and *Spectator*.

Page 127.

3. *vizard mask*, a mask covering the upper part of the face, worn by courtesans.

STEELE

Richard Steele (1672-1729), though born in Dublin, was educated in England at

from which it had wandered; and it will be seen how they were taken as models in the first poetical venture of Wordsworth and Coleridge, their "Lyrical Ballads." See note to Walpole's "On Boswell's Johnson", p. 687, n. 4.

THE CRUEL BROTHER

This was formerly one of the most popular of Scottish ballads.

Line 1. *ba*, ball.

Line 2. *With a hey ho, etc.* This line and the fourth are supposed to be repeated in each of the following stanzas, as a refrain.

Page 133.

Line 31. *cross*, courtyard.

Line 46. *pall*, cloak.

Line 48. *gowden*, golden.

Line 58. *rive*, tear.

EDWARD

This was published in Percy's "Reliques."

Line 1. *brand*, sword, knife.

Line 4. *gang*, go.

Page 134.

Line 20. *dule*, sorrow, grief; *drie*, suffer, undergo.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET

This is from Percy's "Reliques."

Line 2. *a*, all.

Line 13. *rede*, counsel, advice.

Line 17. *gear*, goods.

Line 26. *kye*, cows.

Line 30. *byre*, cow-stable.

Line 32. *fadge*, clumsy woman.

Page 135.

Line 42. *out o' hand*, at once.

Line 50. *sheen*, shining garment.

Line 58. *smock*, frock, garment.

Line 59. *holland*, a kind of linen first manufactured in Holland.

Line 67. *lift*, whiff; *norland*, northern.

Line 72. *gin*, if.

Line 74. *steane*, stone.

Line 75. *cleading*, clothing.

Line 76. *skinkled*, sparkled; *een*, eyes.

Line 90. *mickle*, great.

Line 97. *bodkin*, dagger.

Line 104. *A' wod-wroth*, all mad with anger.

Line 106. *meet*, fit.

Line 113. *without kirk-wa'*, outside the walls of the church because he had killed himself.

Line 114. *quire*, the choir of the church.

Line 115. *the tane*, the one; *birk*, birch.

Line 117. *threw*, thrived.

BONNY BARBARA ALLAN

Pepys speaks in his "Diary" of his "perfect pleasure" in this "little Scotch song"; while Goldsmith testifies, in his third essay (1765) that "the music of the finest singer is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairymaid sung me into tears with 'Johnnie Armstrong's Last Good-night' or 'The Cruelty of Barbara Allan.'"

Page 136.

Line 1. *Martinmas*, the 11th of November.

Line 9. *hooly*, slowly, softly.

Line 28. *rest*, deprived.

Line 31. *jow*, stroke; *geid*, gave.

SIR PATRICK SPENCE

This is from Percy's "Reliques", with modernized spelling.

Line 1. *king*, of Scotland.

Line 9. *broad letter*, usually explained as a "long letter", or on a "broad sheet of paper."

Line 19. *this time o' the year*, winter.

Line 32. *swam aboon*, floated above.

Line 41. *Aberdour*, a town on the Firth of Forth opposite Edinburgh.

THOMAS RYMER

Thomas the Rymer is fabled to have lived in the thirteenth century near Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott, in southern Scotland.

Page 137.

Line 4. *brae*, hillside, slope.

Line 7. *ilka tell*, each tuft or lock.

Line 44. *fairlies*, wonders.

Line 50. *hillie leven*, pleasant lawn.

Line 59. *gin ae*, if one.

Line 61. *even*, smooth.

THE DÆMON LOVER

Page 138.

Line 20. *kend*, knew.

Line 40. *drumlie*, troubled, gloomy.

Line 52. *win*, arrive, reach.

CHEVY CHASE

During the reign of Richard II (1377-1399), the Scots frequently harried the northern part of England. On August 19, 1388, the Battle of Otterburn was fought, in which the English under Percy were defeated, Percy (Shakespeare's "Hotspur") was taken prisoner, and the Scottish leader, Douglas, was killed. Two famous ballads are founded on this historical event; namely, "The Battle of Otterburn" and "Chevy Chase." Sidney's oft-quoted words may have been applied to either of the two: "Certainly I must confess my own barbarousness, I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet." Addison in Numbers 70 and 74 of the *Spectator* wrote appreciatively of the ballad, and said that Ben Jonson declared he would rather have been the author of "Chevy Chase" than of all his works. The version here is that of Percy's "Reliques."

Line 32. *drouyers*, drivers.

Page 139.

Line 110. *bade on the bent*, abode or stopped on the field.

Line 123. *wode*, mad; *layd on lode*, struck heavily.

Page 141.

Line 246. *Humble-down*, Humbleton Hill in Northumberland on the Scotch border.

JOHNNIE ARMSTRONG

This is one of the ballads sung by the "harmless people" in Chapter IV of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield": "While one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad — 'Johnnie Armstrong's Last Good-night' or 'The Cruelty of Barbara Allan.'"

Line 1. *Westmoreland*, in northwest England.

Line 9. *king*, of Scotland.

Page 142.

Line 41. *looked over his left shoulder*, always an ill omen in ballad literature.

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL

Line 1. *Tay*, a river in eastern Scotland north of Edinburgh.

Line 5. *greeting fu' sair*, weeping very bitterly.

Line 6. *rivin'*, tearing.

Line 8. *toom*, empty.

Line 10. *to big*, to build; i. e., not yet built.

ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE

Robin Hood was the hero of ballads of outlawry as early as 1377. His generosity, fair-dealing, and sympathy, gave him in tradition an established place as an English hero. He may have been a historical character of the early fourteenth century, but no information concerning him, outside of the ballads, has been found.

Line 1. *shaws*, groves; *sheen*, beautiful; *shradds*, thickets.

Line 5. *witwall*, woodpecker.

Lines 6-11. These lines are a modern interpolation to bridge a gap in the original manuscript.

Line 10. *sweaven*, dream.

Line 11. *wight*, strong.

Line 14. *fro*, from.

Line 16. *wrocken*, avenged.

Line 21. *busk*, dress, prepare; *bowne*, prepare.

Page 143.

Line 33. *capull-hide*, horse-hide.

Line 40. *farley*, strange.

Line 47. *bale*, evil.

Line 54. *slade*, valley.

Line 56. *stocks*, stumps.

Line 64. *fettled*, got ready.

Line 67. *Woe worth thee*, woe be to thee.

Line 70. *boot*, help.

Line 100. *tide*, time.

Page 144.

Line 107. *whether*, which of the two.

Line 111. *masteries*, trials of skill.

Line 114. *seven*, hour.

Line 115. *shroggs*, shrubs.

Line 117. *in twain*, apart.

Line 118. *pricks*, targets, bull's-eyes.

Line 128. *garland*, the ring within which the bull's-eye was set.

Line 130. *prick-wand*, rod or stick at the center of the target.

Line 160. *may*, maiden.

Line 165. *awkward*, back-handed.

Page 145.

Line 190. *lowe*, hill.

Line 212. *seven*, voice.

Line 216. *belive*, quickly.

Line 238. *in twinn*, in twain.

GOLDSMITH

Oliver Goldsmith was born in the village of Pallas, Ireland, in 1728, the son of a poor Irish curate. He was an irresponsible and happy-go-lucky boy and was considered dull at school; but he received his degree at the University of Dublin, though without distinction. He studied for the ministry for a time, but gave it up; he then made unsuccessful starts, in turn, to America, and to London to study law. Finally he went to Edinburgh where he studied medicine for some two years, and then he crossed to the Continent to complete his medical knowledge. His studying at Leyden and at Padua, however, was only incidental to a year or more of vagabondage here and there, during which he paid for his food and lodging by playing on his flute. Returning to England, he tried in vain to make a living as tutor, apothecary's assistant, comedian, usher in a country school, and finally as a physician in Southwark. He then drifted into literature, and began a hand-to-mouth existence by doing hack work for the booksellers. His series of essays, "The Citizen of the World" (1760), brought him to the attention of Doctor Johnson, who became his friend and made him one of the nine original members of the Club. He then published "The Traveller" (1764), considered at the time one of the finest poems of the century. Money now came to him liberally from the booksellers, with orders for other works. But in money matters he was as helpless as a child, and it was not long until Doctor Johnson was protecting him against the rage of an unpaid landlady by selling for him the manuscript of "The Vicar of Wakefield" (1766), one of the great novels in English. Four years later appeared his finest poem, "The Deserted Village", one of the best known poems in the language. In 1768, a comedy, "The Good-Natured Man", was published, and in 1773 appeared "She Stoops to Conquer", which is still kept alive on the modern stage. Goldsmith was the most versatile writer of the century; for no other won such distinction as essayist, novelist, poet, and dramatist. In his manner of expression he was influenced by Johnson and the classicists, but his subject matter is full of ardent sympathy for nature and his fellow men. In 1774, he died in London of a fever which is said to have been aggravated by anxiety over his large debts.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Though scenes of his youth in the village of Lissoy, Ireland, were doubtless in Goldsmith's mind when he wrote the poem, it pictures conditions then generally prevalent

in England. Prices had risen more rapidly than wages, while the enclosure of commons and the concentration of property holdings had deprived many of the poorer classes of their share in the land.

Page 149.

Line 209. *terms*, dates of court sessions; *presage*, foretell, predict.

Line 210. *gauge*, measure or ascertain the amount of the contents of, as of a barrel.

Line 232. *twelve good rules*, rules of conduct supposed to have been written by Charles I, which were frequently hung up in taverns.

Line 248. *mantling bliss*, foaming ale.

Page 151.

Line 344. *Allama*, a river in Georgia.

Page 152.

Line 418. *Torno*, probably Lake Tornea in northern Sweden; *Pambamarca*, a mountain in Ecuador.

COWPER

William Cowper (1731-1800) was the son of an English clergyman. His mother died when he was very young, and his childhood was unhappy both at home and at boarding school, to which he was sent when only six years old. He was educated at Westminster School, and studied law at the Middle Temple, London. While in London he became deeply attached to his cousin, but her father objected to the engagement. This disappointment, together with terror at a public examination for a clerkship in the House of Lords, unsettled his reason, and he spent the following year in an asylum at St. Alban's. After his recovery, he lived quietly on his small patrimony at Huntingdon, and at Olney in the home of a clergyman named Morley Unwin, whose wife Mary treated Cowper as a son. Here between intervals of melancholia he wrote his poetry and very charming letters. His first important work, "The Task" (1785), was in blank verse and showed a real delight in nature and homely characters. In the same year appeared his humorous poem, "John Gilpin." In 1791 he published a very good translation of Homer in blank verse. He is, however, more widely known for his shorter poems; and some of his hymns, published in the Olney Collection in 1779, are still used in our churches. During the last four years of his life, he was in a state of hopeless dejection and regarded himself as an outcast from God.

LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

The *Royal George* was lost on August 29, 1782, off Portsmouth, England, when a sudden squall struck her while the deck ports were open. This poem was "written when the news arrived, September, 1782."

Line 7. *made the vessel heel*, for repairs; as she was being refitted.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

This picture was the gift of a cousin, Anne Bodham, February 25, 1790.

Page 153.

Line 14. *lost so long*, about fifty-three years, for Cowper was only six when she died.

Line 71. *numbers*, verses.

Page 154.

Line 88. *Albion*, England.

THE CASTAWAY

Line 3. *destined wretch*, a man just such as I am.

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Line 50. *narrative*, "Voyage round the World" by Anson (line 52).

BURNS

Robert Burns was born in a small cottage at Alloway, in Ayrshire, Scotland, in 1759, of peasant parentage for whom life was a struggle to keep the wolf from the door. He received only an elementary education, and by the time he was fifteen he was doing a man's work on the farm. His father having died in 1784, Robert and his brother Gilbert undertook farming for themselves but without success. In order to better his condition and also to escape trouble with the father of Jean Armour, whom he afterwards married, Burns resolved to emigrate to Jamaica. To pay for his passage he decided, on the suggestion of friends, to publish some of his poems; this was the famous Kilmarnock volume of "Poems, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect" (1786), for which he was offered twenty pounds. Thus encouraged, he changed his plans, went to Edinburgh, and for a time became the lion of the best literary society of the city. His second volume of poems was published in 1787, and brought him some five hundred or six hundred pounds, with which he married Jean Armour and established himself on a farm at Ellisland, near Dumfries. Unsuccessful in this venture, he then accepted an appointment as an exciseman at a salary of fifty pounds a year. He had early formed habits of intemperance, which the peculiar turn of events in his life only accentuated, and he died miserably at Dumfries in 1796, when only thirty-seven years old. Preeminently a people's poet, Burns excels in sheer lyric gift and power to find poetic significance in the scenes and happenings of every day.

MARY MORISON

The identity of Ellison Begbie, to whom Burns proposed marriage and was rejected, is concealed under the name of Mary Morison. "Of all the productions of Burns," says Hazlitt, "the pathetic and serious love-songs which he has left behind him in the manner of old ballads are perhaps those which take the deepest and most lasting hold of the mind. Such are the lines to 'Mary

Morison' . . . and the song 'O My Love Is Like a Red, Red Rose'."
 Line 5. *bide*, await, endure; *stoure*, struggle.
 Line 13. *braw*, fine, handsome.

From "EPISTLE TO JOHN LAPRAIK"

John Lapraik was a rustic poet of local reputation, to whom Burns addressed these lines before he had himself become known to the world.

Line 14. *horns*, ink-horns.
 Line 16. *sairs*, serves.
 Line 17. *shools*, shovels.
 Line 18. *knappin-hammers*, stone-breakers.
 Line 19. *hashes*, fools.
 Line 21. *stirks*, steers, cattle.
 Line 23. *syne*, then; *climb Parnassus*, write poetry.

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Line 27. *dub*, puddle.

TO A MOUSE

Line 1. *sleekit*, soft.
 Line 4. *bickerin' brattle*, hurrying clatter.
 Line 5. *lath*, loath, sorry.
 Line 6. *pattle*, a paddle to scrape clay from the ploughshare.
 Line 13. *whyles*, sometimes.
 Line 14. *maun*, must.
 Line 15. *daimen icker in a thrave*, an occasional ear of grain in twenty-four sheaves.
 Line 17. *lave*, rest, remainder.
 Line 21. *big*, build.
 Line 22. *foggage*, coarse grass.
 Line 24. *snell*, bitter.
 Line 29. *coulter*, a cutter on a plough to cut the green turf.
 Line 34. *But*, without.
 Line 35. *thole*, endure.
 Line 36. *cranreuch*, hoar frost.
 Line 37. *no thy lane*, not alone.
 Line 40. *Gang aft a-gley*, go often amiss.

TO A LOUSE

Line 1. *crowlin ferlie*, crawling wonder.
 Line 3. *strunt*, strut.
 Line 7. *blastit wonner*, blasted wonder.
 Line 9. *fit*, foot.
 Line 13. *Swith*, begone; *haffet*, the side of the head, the temple; *squattle*, sprawl.
 Line 14. *sprattle*, scramble.
 Line 17. *horn nor bane*, comb made of horn or bone.
 Line 20. *fat' rells*, ribbon ends.
 Line 26. *groset*, gooseberry.
 Line 27. *rozet*, resin.
 Line 28. *smeddum*, dust, powder.
 Line 30. *droddum*, buttocks.

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Line 32. *flainen*, flannel; *toy*, old-fashioned cap.

Line 33. *aiblins*, perhaps; *duddie*, little ragged.

Line 34. *wyliecoat*, flannel vest.
 Line 35. *Lunardi*, balloon-shaped bonnet.
 Line 38. *abread*, abroad.
 Line 40. *blastie*, withered dwarf.

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID, OR THE RIDGILY RIGHTEOUS

Line 5. *weel-gaun*, well-going.
 Line 7. *heapet happer's*, heaped hopper is.
 Line 8. *clap*, clapper.
 Line 9. *core*, company, folk.
 Line 11. *douce*, grave.
 Line 12. *glaikei*, giddy.
 Line 15. *donsie*, reckless.
 Line 18. *niffer*, exchange.
 Line 23. *aft mair*, often more.
 Line 32. *unco*, unusual.
 Line 35. *transmugrify'd*, transformed.
 Line 47. *lug*, ear.
 Line 48. *aiblins*, perhaps.
 Line 51. *kennin*, trifle.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLOW

This poem was written just after Burns had married Jean Armour. She was staying at his brother's house, while he was preparing their future home at the farm at Ellisland, to the east.

Line 1. *airts*, directions.
 Line 5. *row*, flow, roll.

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Line 14. *shaw*, grove, wood.
 Line 25. *knowes*, knolls, hillocks.

AULD LANG SYNE

A song of this name, versions of which had been written by various Scottish poets, was well known in Scotland before Burns composed his immeasurably superior verses.

Line 4. *auld lang syne*, old long ago.
 Line 9. *pint-stoup*, flagon, drinking vessel.
 Line 15. *gowans*, daisies.
 Line 19. *paidl'd i' the burn*, paddled in the brook.
 Line 20. *dine*, dinner time.
 Line 24. *fier*, companion, comrade.
 Line 26. *guid-willie waught*, good hearty draught or drink.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN

The subject of this poem was Mary Campbell, a young nursemaid whom Burns met in the spring of 1786. Two years later he parted from her, with her promise to marry him; but she died in the following autumn. Burns felt her loss deeply, though he never spoke of her. On the first anniversary of her death (lines 3-4), Burns remained out of doors, torn with agitated recollections, and on his return into the house he wrote down these four moving stanzas "with all the ease of one copying from memory." (Jean Burns to a friend, as reported by Lockhart).

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

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Line 1. *jo*, sweetheart.
 Line 4. *brent*, smooth, clear.
 Line 7. *pow*, poll, head.
 Line 11. *canty*, happy, cheerful.

TAM O' SHANTER

This was based on a prose story which Burns wrote for Grose's "Antiquities of

Scotland." This is his only verse tale, and in the opinion of Scott, Lockhart, and Burns himself his masterpiece. It is said to have been written in one day; and referring to this Carlyle said that it was "the best day's work done in Scotland since Bannockburn."

- Line 1. *chapman billies*, pedlar fellows.
 Line 2. *drouthy*, thirsty.
 Line 4. *gate*, road.
 Line 5. *bousing*, drinking; *nappy*, strong ale.
 Line 7. *Scots miles*, about one eighth longer than the English miles.
 Line 8. *mosses*, morasses; *slaps*, gaps, openings in a hedge or fence.
 Line 13. *fand*, found.
 Line 19. *skellum*, scamp, worthless fellow.
 Line 20. *blethering*, idly talking; *blellum*, noisy chatterer.
 Line 23. *ilka*, every; *melder*, meal to be ground; i. e., every time he went to the mill.
 Line 25. *ca'd*, driven; i. e., every horse that had a shoe nailed on.
 Line 28. *Kirkton Jean*, probably Jean Kennedy, who kept a tavern at Kirkoswald; here Douglas Graham, who is thought to have been the original of Tam O' Shanter, is buried.
 Line 31. *warlocks*, wizards; *mirk*, dark, night.
 Line 33. *gars*, makes; *greet*, weep.
 Line 40. *reaming*, frothy; *swats*, new ale.
 Line 41. *Souter*, cobbler, shoemaker.

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- Line 81. *skelpit*, clattered.
 Line 88. *houlets*, owlets.
 Line 90. *smoor'd*, was smothered.
 Line 93. *whins*, furze, a spiny evergreen shrub; *cairn*, heap of stones.
 Line 103. *bore*, hole.
 Line 107. *tippenny*, twopenny ale.
 Line 108. *usquebae*, whiskey.
 Line 110. *boddle*, halfpenny.
 Line 116. *brent*, brand.
 Line 117. *strathspeys*, lively dances like reels.
 Line 119. *winnock*, window; *bunker*, seat.
 Line 121. *towzie*, tousled, shaggy; *tyke*, vagrant dog.
 Line 123. *gart them skirl*, made them shriek.
 Line 124. *dirl*, rattle, tingle.
 Line 125. *presses*, closets.
 Line 127. *cantraip sleight*, magic trick.
 Line 130. *haly*, holy, sacred.
 Line 131. *gibbet airns*, irons.
 Line 134. *gab*, mouth.
 Line 147. *cleekeit*, joined hands.
 Line 148. *carlin*, witch; *swat*, sweat; *reekit*, streamed.
 Line 149. *coost*, cast off; *duddies*, garments; *wark*, work.
 Line 150. *linket*, tripped; *sark*, shirt.
 Line 151. *queans*, young girls.
 Line 153. *creeshie*, greasy.
 Line 154. *sevenleen-hunder*, extra fine.
 Line 155. *Thir breeks*, these breeches.
 Line 157. *hurdies*, hips.
 Line 158. *burdies*, lasses.

- Line 160. *Rigwooddie*, wrinkled; *spean*, wean.
 Line 161. *Louping*, leaping; *crummock*, staff with a crooked head, a witch's stick.
 Line 163. *brawlie*, perfectly.
 Line 164. *walie*, strapping, large.
 Line 165. *core*, company, party.

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- Line 169. *corn*, wheat; *bear*, barley.
 Line 171. *culty*, short; *Paisley harn*, yarn made at Paisley, which was noted for its manufacture of coarse linen shawls, etc.
 Line 174. *vauntie*, proud of it.
 Line 176. *coft*, bought.
 Line 177. *twapund Scots*, one twelfth of an English pound.
 Line 179. *cour*, cower.
 Line 181. *lap*, leaped; *flang*, flung.
 Line 186. *holch'd*, hitched.
 Line 187. *syne*, then.
 Line 188. *tint*, lost.
 Line 193. *fyke*, fuss.
 Line 194. *byke*, hive.
 Line 195. *pussie*, hare, rabbit.
 Line 200. *eldritch*, ghastly, unearthly; *skreich*, shriek, screech.
 Line 201. *fairin*, deserts, reward.
 Line 210. *fient a tail*, devil a bit of a tale.
 Line 213. *ettle*, design.
 Line 215. *hale*, whole.
 Line 217. *claught*, clutched.

SWEET AFTON

- Line 1. *braes*, banks, slopes of a hill.
 Line 3. *Mary*, not Mary Campbell of "To Mary in Heaven" and "Highland Mary"; the heroine of the poem is unknown.
 Line 16. *birk*, birch.

BONNIE DOON

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- Line 6. *bough*, as pronounced in Scotch, rimes with *true* below.
 Line 19. *staw*, stole.

Æ FOND KISS

This poem was sent to a Mrs. McLehose of Edinburgh, with whom Burns had a love affair just before his marriage with Jean Armour. The lady was on the point of departing for the West Indies.
 Line 24. *wage*, pledge.

HIGHLAND MARY

It is the same Mary Campbell that Burns thus tenderly remembers three years after his "To Mary in Heaven" was written.
 Line 4. *drumlie*, muddy.

BANNOCKBURN

This poem is often called "Bruce's Address to His Army." It celebrates the Battle of Bannockburn, fought in 1314, in which Robert Bruce, who had been crowned King of the Scots, defeated the English and made Scotland free, until the two kingdoms were united in 1603 under James I (James VI of Scotland).

- Line 1. *Wallace*, Sir William, leader of the Scots in their struggle for independence.

He was finally betrayed by one of his countrymen and executed in London in 1305. Bruce then continued the struggle.

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Line 7. *Edward*, Edward II, King of England from 1307 to 1327.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

This poem sums up Burns's democratic principles. He here expressed his sense of personal worth as opposed to the privileges of station. Burns called this poem "no song, but two or three pretty good prose thoughts inverted into rhyme."

Line 7. *guinea's stamp*, i. e., only the statement of its value, which is intrinsic or inherent in the thing itself.

Line 8. *goud*, gold.

Line 10. *hoddon-gray*, coarse, undyed woolen.

Line 17. *birkie*, fine fellow.

Line 20. *coof*, stupid lout.

Line 28. *mauna fa'*, cannot accomplish.

Line 36. *gree*, prize.

O, WERT THOU IN THE COLD BLAST

Burns was attended in his last illness by a kind-hearted friend of Mrs. Burns. One morning he suggested to this young woman that, if she would like new verses to any favorite tune, he would do his best to produce some. She at once played a melody she liked, and in a few moments the poem was finished.

Line 7. *beild*, shelter.

BLAKE

William Blake was born of an eccentric family in London, in 1757. Besides learning to read and write, he received no formal education. He studied engraving and painting, however, and became a remarkable illustrator of imaginative poems like Blair's "Grave" and Young's "Night Thoughts"; his designs for the Book of Job are his masterpiece. He also illustrated with a peculiar power his own poems. From early childhood he was disposed to see visions, and was in later life much influenced by Swedenborg and had, perhaps, a tendency to insanity. His most memorable works are the short poems in "Poetical Sketches" (1783), "Songs of Innocence" (1789), and "Songs of Experience" (1794), though he was a voluminous writer and published many other works. He died obscurely in London, in 1827. Of all the poets of the eighteenth century, he was the most independent and original.

CHESTERFIELD

Philip Dormer Stanhope, fourth Earl of Chesterfield, was born in London in 1694. He was a zealous student in his youth, and later learned on the Continent his smoothness of manners, his love of gaming, and his loose code of morality. Entering public life in 1715, he took part in the petty intrigues and party squabbles of the day. He was sent

on two foreign embassies, and was for a short time Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1745. Chesterfield is particularly remembered for his treatment of Doctor Johnson, and for his "Letters" to his son, remarkable for their ease of style and reprehensible, in part, for the worldly principles of conduct which they inculcate. The death of Chesterfield came in 1773.

ON GOOD BREEDING

This is letter LXXIV in the series of "Letters to His Son", which appeared in 1774. They were not originally intended for publication, but were written only for the practical guidance of his son in conduct and manners.

GOLDSMITH (for biography see p. 680)

THE CHINESE GOES TO SEE A PLAY

This is letter XXI of the "Letters from a Citizen of the World to His Friends in the East."

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1. *pit*, the orchestra circle of the American theatre.

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2. *mandarines*, Chinese public officers of the nine grades entitled to wear a lutton on the hat.

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3. *Abigail*, her maid.

4. *aposiopesis*, a rhetorical figure of speech, in which the speaker breaks off suddenly, before completing what he began to say.

5. *palanquin*, a Chinese enclosed litter carried on two horizontal poles.

JOHNSON

Samuel Johnson was born in Lichfield, Staffordshire, in 1709, the son of a poor but intelligent bookseller. From early childhood he suffered from disease, especially scrofula. For this he was "touched" by Queen Anne, but it left permanent marks upon him, physical and mental. He read omnivorously in his father's shop, and then went to Oxford. Though he had to leave before receiving a degree because of poverty, the degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Laws were afterwards conferred upon him by the university. At twenty-five, he married a woman old enough to be his mother, and with her dowry began a school, which turned out to be a failure. Then, without either money or influential friends, he tramped to London with one of his former pupils, David Garrick, who was to become the famous actor. Here Johnson suffered all the wretchedness of life in Grub Street, earning a scanty living by writing prefaces, reviews, translations, and articles in *The Gentleman's Magazine*. He won some notice for two poems, "London" (1738) and "The Vanity of Human Wishes" (1749), and his tragedy "Irene" of the same

year. During this period he also wrote the "Life of the Poet Savage" (1744). Meanwhile, the booksellers of London, recognizing his worth, invited him to write a dictionary of the English language, which he toiled upon for many years and finally published without patronage in 1755. This work won for him the title of "the Great Lexicographer." He began two periodicals, the *Rambler* (1750-1752) and the *Idler* (1758-1760), which met with only moderate success. He was still so poor in 1759 that when his mother died he paid the funeral expenses by writing during the evenings of one week his romance of "Rasselas." But in 1762 help came to him in a pension of three hundred pounds annually from the king, and after that he was free from want. In 1764, he and Reynolds organized the Club, one of the most famous of literary organizations, to which Garrick, Malone (the Shakespeare scholar), Bishop Percy, Adam Smith, Boswell, Fox, Burke, Gibbon, Pitt, Goldsmith, and others belonged. In 1765, Johnson issued his edition of Shakespeare, and his "Lives of the English Poets" in 1779-1781. In 1783, he made a trip with Boswell through Scotland and the Hebrides, which was described in "A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland." Johnson died in his house in Fleet Street, London, in 1784, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. As the last great representative of the classical school, he undoubtedly held off through his influence as literary dictator the changes incident to the Romantic Revival.

LETTER TO CHESTERFIELD

When Johnson began his dictionary, he applied to Lord Chesterfield for assistance, but was rebuffed in a fashion which to Johnson's character appeared insulting. Upon the publication of the work, Chesterfield wrote two appreciative notices, whereupon Johnson addressed him in the famous letter, forever breaking the hold of patrons in literature. Of this occasion Johnson said to Boswell, "Sir, after making great professions, he had, for many years, taken no notice of me; but when my *Dictionary* was coming out, he fell a scribbling in *The World* about it. Upon which I wrote him a letter expressed in civil terms, but such as might show him that I did not mind what he said or wrote, and that I had done with him."

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1. *Le vainqueur, etc.*, French for "the conqueror of the conqueror of the earth."
2. in *Virgil*, in *Eclogue VIII*, 43 ff.

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3. *solitary*. Johnson's wife had died three years before.

LETTER TO MACPHERSON

James Macpherson, a young Scotch schoolmaster, published in 1762 an epic poem called "Fingal", which he declared to be a translation from the ancient Gaelic poems of Ossian. Macpherson's claim was contested,

and Johnson asserted that Macpherson's originals were forgeries. When the schoolmaster threatened physical violence, Johnson "put an end to the correspondence" with this celebrated letter.

THE CHARACTER OF POPE

This is taken from the "Life of Pope" in Johnson's "Lives of the Poets", 1779-1781.

1. *Little club*, a club of men under five feet tall, described by Pope in the *Guardian*, Nos. 91 and 92. Pope himself was four feet, six inches in height.
2. *Earl of Oxford*, Edward Harley, a prominent politician of the period, with whom both Swift and Pope were on intimate terms.

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3. *C'est que l'enfant, etc.* The child is always a man, and the man is always a child.
4. *revenged by a ring*. Hannibal committed suicide by taking poison which he carried in a ring. The reference is to the "Tenth Satire" of Juvenal, line 64ff.
5. *impression of the "Patriot King"*. Contrary to the desire of Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, Pope had caused to be printed an impression of fifteen hundred copies of St. John's "Patriot King", a political attack on Walpole.
6. *Patrick*, a contemporary editor of Greek and Latin dictionaries.
7. *Horresco referens*, I shudder to relate.

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8. *Lady Mary Wortley [Montague]* (1689-1762), a brilliant literary and society woman of the period, whose letters are still interesting reading. Pope quarreled with her and attacked her in his satires.
9. *Bentley*, Richard (1662-1742), a classical scholar, attacked by Pope, and also by Swift in "The Battle of the Books."

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10. *academy of Paracelsus*, Paracelsus (1493-1541) was a German scholar who turned from abstract scholastic philosophy to direct study of nature..

COWPER (for biography see p. 681)

ON JOHNSON'S MILTON

This criticism of Johnson was written to the Reverend William Unwin, son of Reverend Morley and Mary Unwin, and one of Cowper's dearest friends.

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1. *Johnson's biography*, the life of Milton which appeared in 1779.
2. *pensioner*. Doctor Johnson was granted in 1762 a pension of £300 a year.

BURKE

Edmund Burke was born in Dublin, the son of an Irish barrister, in 1729. After

graduating from Trinity College, Dublin, in 1748, he went to London to study law, but gave this up to follow literature and was thus led into politics. His first important work was an "Enquiry into the Origin of Our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful" (1756). At the age of thirty-six he was elected to Parliament. Though he was never to reach high office, he became the brains of the Whig party in their attempts to solve the colonial problems which arose in America and India, and shaped the policy of Great Britain in dealing with the questions arising from the French Revolution. His ideas as to the treatment of America, as set forth in his great speeches "On American Taxation" and "On Conciliation with America", were rejected by the king, and the colonies were lost. He then turned his attention to India, denouncing the oppression of that country in two great speeches, "The Nabob of Arcot's Debts" and "The Impeachment of Warren Hastings." As to France, his "Reflections on the Revolution in France" (1790), "Appeal from the New to the Old Whig" (1791), and "Letters on a Regicide Peace" (1796-1797) marked him as a champion of conservatism, and an upholder of the established order. Justice and human liberty are the themes on which he wrote and spoke most eloquently. He was incorruptible in his politics and pure in his personal life. Three years before his death, which occurred in 1797, he retired on a pension. Burke has the distinction of being England's greatest orator.

THE DEATH OF CHIVALRY

This selection is from the "Reflections on the Revolution in France", published in November, 1790, in the form of a letter to Mr. Dupont, "a young gentleman in Paris." The Bastille had been stormed in June of the preceding year.

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1. *Queen of France*, Marie Antoinette, daughter of Maria Theresa of Austria; executed at Paris in 1793 shortly after the execution of her husband, Louis XVI.

Thomas Jefferson had a different opinion of the Queen, as seen from the following passage from his "Autobiography": "This angel, as gaudily painted in the rhapsodies of Burke, with some smartness of fancy, but no sound sense, was proud, disdainful of restraint, indignant at all obstacles to her will, eager in the pursuit of pleasure, and firm enough to hold to her desires, or perish in their wreck. . . . I have ever believed that had there been no queen there would have been no revolution."

2. *Dauphiness*, the wife of the Crown Prince of France. Louis XVI came to the throne in 1774.

BOSWELL

James Boswell (1740-1795) was born in Edinburgh, the eldest son of Lord Auchin-

leck, one of the Supreme Judges of Scotland. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh and at Cambridge. He then studied law, but never practised his profession with much earnestness. In 1763 he made the acquaintance of Doctor Johnson in London; this he considered the most important event in his life. For the next twenty years he enjoyed a most intimate friendship with the great man, who secured Boswell's admission into the Club. During this time he collected material for his "Life of Johnson" (1791), one of the greatest biographies ever written.

From "THE LIFE OF JOHNSON"

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1. *year*, 1763.
2. *Derrick*, Samuel (1721-1769), a minor poet and editor of the works of Dryden. Johnson commended his "Letters."
3. *doubt*, suspect, fear.
4. *Thomas Sheridan* (1721-1788), an Irish actor and author, and father of the famous dramatist, Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

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5. *Reynolds*, Sir Joshua (1723-1792), the famous English portrait painter.
6. *David Garrick* (1717-1779), the greatest English actor of his time. He began his career in 1741 with a successful production of "Richard III", and after playing many and varied parts retired from the stage in 1776.

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7. *Temple*, an establishment of Knights Templars in London, the site of which is occupied by the Inns of Court where lawyers and men of letters had their lodgings.
8. *Blair*, Hugh (1718-1800), a minister of the High Church at Edinburgh and author of "Lectures on Rhetoric", once a widely used book.

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9. *Bayle's Dictionary*. Pierre Bayle (1647-1706) was a French critic and writer who became famous for his great "Dictionnaire Historique et Critique."
10. *Dr. Arbuthnot*, John (1667-1735), a Scottish humorist and physician to Queen Anne. His literary fame rests on his "History of John Bull"; he is said to have suggested to his friend Swift the composition of "Gulliver's Travels."

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11. *Dr. Adam Smith* (1723-1790), a Scotch political economist who gained great fame through his "Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations" (1776).

WALPOLE

Horace Walpole, the third son of Sir Robert Walpole, was born in London in 1717. After

St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated without distinguishing himself as a student; he, however, followed the bent of his own genius and read widely in both classical and modern literature. With other political enthusiasts at Cambridge he became deeply interested in the French Revolution, and made two trips to France, in 1790 and 1791 respectively; during the second visit he joined the Girondists and only the cutting off of his allowance by relatives brought him back to England and saved him from going to the guillotine with other members of that party. When England went to war with France, he was cast into deep melancholy; but the excesses of the revolution and the rise of Napoleon to power led him by degrees to take sides with English conservatism. During this spiritual crisis Wordsworth was greatly cheered and comforted by his sister Dorothy. He retired with her to his native mountains, where on a small legacy left by a friend whom he had cared for in illness he was able to devote himself to poetry. He soon formed a close friendship with Coleridge, with whom he published his first poems in "Lyrical Ballads and Other Poems" (1798), and in whose company in the same year he and his sister visited Germany. The payment of a debt long due the family, in 1800, made it possible for the poet to marry Mary Hutchinson, whom he had known since boyhood. Receiving in 1813 a government sinecure as a distributor of stamps, he was able to remove from Dove Cottage, Grasmere, to a larger house at Rydal Mount, where he lived during the remainder of his life. For many years his poetry was received only with neglect and ridicule; book after book of poems appeared with no success except the praise of a few loyal friends. But his fame as a poet gradually grew, and in 1843, at the death of Southey, he was appointed Poet Laureate, though against his own inclination. He died peacefully in 1850, at the age of eighty, and was buried in the churchyard at Grasmere. His poetic fame rests largely on his numerous short poems, the best of which were written between 1797 and 1810. In the following lines from "A Poet's Epitaph" (1799) he has given an insight into the nature of his poetry:

The outward shows of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude.

- ✓ In common things that round us lie
Some random truths he can impart, —
The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

TINTERN ABBEY

Of this poem, originally published in "Lyrical Ballads", Wordsworth says, "No poem of mine was composed under circumstances more pleasant for me to remember than this. I began it upon leaving Tintern,

after crossing the Wye, and concluded it just as I was entering Bristol in the evening, after a ramble of four or five days with my sister. Not a line of it was altered, and not any part of it was written down till I reached Bristol."

Tintern and Bristol are in Western England, near the Welsh border. The Wye valley above Tintern Abbey offers some of the most beautiful river scenery in all England. The stream is not affected by the tides; and rocks, meadows, and steep wooded cliffs combine to make the scene one of romantic loveliness.

"The poem is notable not so much because it gives explicit expression to the three phases of the love of nature recognized by Wordsworth, as because it is, in intensity of spiritual emotion, in the novelty and truth of its poetical ideas, and in the beauty and suggestiveness of phrasing, one of the most perfect poems ever written." (J. M. Manly)

"Not the isolated expression of moral ideas, but their fusion into a whole in one memorable personality, is that which connects them forever with a single name. Therefore it is that Wordsworth is venerated; because to so many men — indifferent, it may be, to literary or poetical effects, as such — he has shown by the subtle intensity of his own emotion how the contemplation of Nature can be made a revealing agency, like Love or Prayer — an opening, if indeed there be any opening, into the transcendent world." (F. W. H. Myers)

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Line 4. *Once again*, the visit of 1793 was made alone and on foot.

Lines 22-50. Here Wordsworth states the effect that the recollection of the landscape has had upon him. First it has brought him mental restoration amid the noise and loneliness of city life; second, it has given him feelings of pleasure, now unremembered, but which have influenced him by prompting him to "acts of kindness and of love"; and finally, it has endowed him with spiritual insight, so that his soul's eye can penetrate beyond the material and the superficial and see the truth, "the life of things", the divine harmony underlying the apparent contradictions of the world.

Line 56. *hung upon*, depressed, weighed down.

Page 186.

Lines 74-113. Wordsworth here distinguishes three periods in his relation to Nature. In the first, Nature offered opportunity for "animal movements", fowling, skating, bird-nesting; in the second, Nature delighted him with sounds and forms and colors, a delight of eye and ear only; in the third period, Nature acquired a moral and spiritual significance. The first period was animal; the second, sensuous; the third, moral and contemplative (lines 90-113). Manly insists that lines 100-102 are not

pantheistic, but "express rather the presence of an immanent deity."

Line 118. *dearest Friend*, the poet's sister Dorothy, his constant companion and helper, and a refining influence in his life. She was a little younger than her brother.

Line 121. *My former pleasures*, while absorbed in the second period referred to above.

Line 128. *inform*, form, mold, inspire.

Page 187.

Line 152. *past existence*, experiences of my own past life.

SIMON LEE

The complete title of this poem is "Simon Lee, the Old Huntsman; with an Incident in which He was Concerned."

"This old man had been huntsman to the squires of Alfoxden. . . . The fact was as mentioned in the poem; and I have, after an interval of forty-five years, the image of the old man as fresh before my eyes as if I had seen him yesterday. The expression when the hounds were out, 'I dearly love their voice,' was word for word from his own lips." (Wordsworth).

Line 1. *Cardigan*, on the west coast of Wales.

SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRIDDEN WAYS

This and the following poem belong to a group of five that were written about "Lucy", whose identity has never been determined. When commenting on his poems, Wordsworth remained silent concerning these. The five poems were written in Germany.

Page 188.

Line 2. *Dove*, a river in the English Midlands.

IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENING

The last six lines of this sonnet are addressed, not to the poet's sister Dorothy, as has been commonly supposed, but to his young daughter Caroline, whose mother was a French girl Annette, daughter of a Royalist, whom Wordsworth formed a relation with. This sonnet was written at Calais.

Page 189.

Line 12. *Abraham's bosom*, in the presence of God.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

Dorothy Wordsworth's "Journal" for July, 1802, describes the incident that called forth this sonnet: "We left London on Saturday morning at half-past five or six, the 30th of July. We mounted the Dover coach at Charing Cross. It was a beautiful morning. The city, St. Paul's, with the river, and a multitude of little boats, made a beautiful sight as we crossed Westminster Bridge. The houses were not overhanging by their cloud of smoke, and they were spread out endlessly; yet the sun shone so brightly, with such a fierce light, that there was even

something like the purity of one of nature's own grand spectacles."

MILTON

This sometimes bears the title, "London, 1802." It expresses Wordsworth's bitter disappointment in England's failure to approve and aid the French Revolution.

TWO VOICES

This sonnet is sometimes entitled "Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland." When it was written, in 1807, Napoleon had become master of the Continent, and was effectively opposed only by British sea power. Switzerland was conquered in 1798, and three of its cantons were annexed to France.

MY HEART LEAPS UP

Lines 7-9. These three lines Wordsworth chose as a motto for the "Immortality Ode" (p. 194).

Line 9. *natural piety*, affection or reverence for nature.

TO THE DAISY

Page 190.

Line 9. *dappled*, spotted, variegated, with the daisies.

Line 17. *port*, bearing, appearance.

Line 25. *Cyclops*, one of the race of giants having only one eye; see Homer's *Odyssey*.

THE SOLITARY REAPER

The picture drawn in the poem, without details, yet vivid as a painting, was suggested by a passage in Thomas Wilkinson's "Tour in Scotland"; "passed a female who was reaping alone; she sung in Erse (language of the Scotch Highlanders), as she bended over her sickle; the sweetest human voice I ever heard; her strains were tenderly melancholy, and felt delicious long after they were heard no more."

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT

Wordsworth married Mary Hutchinson in 1802, and two years later wrote these lines about her.

Page 191.

Line 22. *machine*, used in the Shakespearean sense of "body", "vital organism." (Cf. "Hamlet", II, ii, 124)

THE DAFFODILS

On April 15, 1802, Dorothy Wordsworth wrote in her "Journal": "When we were in the woods beyond Gowbarrow Park we saw a few daffodils close to the water-side. . . . As we went along there were more, and yet more; and, at last, under the boughs of the trees, we saw there was a long belt of them along the shore. . . . I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones, about and above them; some rested their heads on these stones as on a pillow for weariness; and the rest tossed, and reeled,

and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew upon them over the lake. They looked so gay, ever glancing, ever changing."

Lines 21-22. These two lines were composed by the poet's wife, soon after their marriage. Wordsworth thought them the best in the poem and critics have called them "the most Wordsworthian."

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR

This is said to have been the favorite poem of Woodrow Wilson. Wordsworth pointed out, in his note to the poem, that the character portrayed is not that of any single individual, but is a composite, based on Lord Nelson, who died at the Battle of Trafalgar in 1805, and on John Wordsworth, the poet's brother, who died in the same year in the wreck of his vessel, the East Indiaman *Abergavenny*, in the English Channel. Of this poem the Poet Laureate Southey wrote to Sir Walter Scott (February 4, 1806): "One piece he has written, upon the ideal character of a soldier, than which I have never seen anything more full of meaning and sound thought."

Page 192.

Line 64. *for*, because of.

NATURE AND THE POET

Suggested by a picture of Pele Castle in a storm, painted by Sir George Beaumont of Coleorton Hall, a friend of Wordsworth's. The castle is in ruins on a small island near the modern town of Barrow, in Furness, Lancashire.

Page 193.

Lines 13-16. One of the most famous passages in Wordsworth's poetry.

Line 39. *my loss*, this was written soon after the loss by shipwreck of the poet's brother, John.

Line 47. *hulk*, dismasted vessel.

Page 194.

Line 54. *the kind*, the human race.

ODE ON INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

"This poem," says Principal Shairp, "marks the highest limit which the tide of poetic inspiration has reached in England since the days of Milton." Wordsworth's own note on it is the best help to an understanding of it:—"This was composed during my residence at Townend, Grasmere. Two years at least passed between the writing of the four first stanzas and the remaining part. To the attentive and competent reader the whole sufficiently explains itself; but there may be no harm in adverting here to particular feelings or *experiences* of my own mind on which the structure of the poem partly rests. Nothing was more difficult for me in childhood than to admit the notion of death as a state applicable to my own being. I have said elsewhere:

"A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?"

"But it was not so much from feelings of animal vivacity that *my* difficulty came as from a sense of the indomitableness of the nature within me. I used to brood over the stories of Enoch and Elijah, and almost to persuade myself that, whatever might become of others, I should be translated, in something of the same way, to heaven. With a feeling congenial to this, I was often unable to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in my own immaterial nature. Many times while going to school have I grasped at a wall or a tree to recall myself from this abyss of idealism to the reality. At that time I was afraid of such processes. In later periods of life I have deplored, as we have all reason to do, a subjugation of an opposite character, and have rejoiced over the remembrances, as is expressed in the lines:—

"Obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things
Fallings from us, vanishings, etc.

"To that dream-like vividness and splendor which invests objects of sight in childhood, every one, I believe, if he would look back, could bear testimony, and I need not dwell upon it here; but having in the poem regarded it as presumptive evidence of a prior state of existence, I think it right to protest against a conclusion, which has given pain to some good and pious persons, that I mean to inculcate such a belief. It is far too shadowy a notion to be recommended to faith as more than an element in our instincts of immortality. But let us bear in mind that, though the idea is not advanced in revelation, there is nothing there to contradict it, and the fall of man presents an analogy in its favor. Accordingly, a pre-existent state has entered into the popular creeds of many nations, and among all persons acquainted with classic literature, is known as an ingredient in Platonic philosophy. Archimedes said that he would move the world if he had a point whereon to rest his machine. Who has not felt the same aspirations as regards the world of his own mind? Having to wield some of its elements when I was impelled to write this poem on the 'Immortality of the Soul', I took hold of the notion of pre-existence as having sufficient foundation in humanity for authorizing me to make for my purpose the best use of it I could as a poet."

Line 22. *thought of grief*, expressed in lines 17-18.

Line 28. *fields of sleep*, sleeping, peaceful fields.

Line 57. Here the composition of the poem stopped for more than two years.

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Line 72. *Nature's Priest*, the interpreter of the divinity, Nature.

Line 81. *homely*, humble, home-loving.

Line 102. *ff.* Referring to Shakespeare's well-known lines, "All the world's a stage." ("As You Like It", II, vii, 139 ff.)

Line 103. "*humorous stage*", "the stage on which men and women are exhibited in various moods and whims. The quotation is from Daniel's "Musophilus." (H. S. Pancoast)

Line 112. *eternal deep*, depths of eternity.

Line 126. *earthly freight*, load of earthly trouble.

Lines 141-143. *questionings of my sense . . . vanishings*. "There was a time in my life when I had to push against something that resisted, to be sure that there was anything outside of me. I was sure of my own mind; everything else *fell away* and *vanished* into thought." (Wordsworth)

Line 145. *not realized*, which seemed unreal. Matter was unreal; thought, the only reality for him.

Page 196.

Line 181. *primal sympathy*, intuitive boyish sympathy with nature.

Line 185. *through*, beyond.

Line 189. *yet*, still.

Lines 196-98. Note the change from lines 2-5.

Lines 202-03. *To me, etc.* These lines are "often quoted as an illustration of Wordsworth's sensibility to external nature; in reality, they testify to his enriching the sentiment of nature with feeling derived from the heart of man and from the experience of human life." (Dowden)

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

Line 4. *boon*, reward, recompense.

Lines 13, 14. *Proteus, Triton*, sea deities of Greek mythology.

ON THE SONNET

Wordsworth says that this sonnet was "composed, almost extempore, in a short walk on the western side of Rydal Lake", in the Lake District.

Page 197.

Line 4. *Petrarch*, Italian sonneteer (1304-1374).

Line 5. *Tasso*, Italian poet (1544-1595)

Line 6. *Camões*, Portuguese poet (1524-1580).

COLERIDGE

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born, in 1772, the youngest of thirteen children of a country parson, at Ottery St. Mary, a village in Devonshire. He was a wonderfully precocious child who at the age of three could read and when five years old had read the Bible and the Arabian Nights. When the boy was about nine years old, his father died and left the family destitute. He was then

sent to the ancient charity school in London, Christ's Hospital, where he formed a lasting friendship with Charles Lamb, who has left a picture of the old school and of Coleridge, whom he called "the inspired charity boy," in one of his essays, "Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago." At the age of nineteen he entered Cambridge as a charity student, but during his third year, because of some small debt, he ran away to London and joined the Dragoons under the name of Silas Tomkyn Cumberback. He had no aptitude for the soldier's life, and was happy to be discovered after a few months and brought back again to the university. Upon leaving college without a degree, he evolved with his friend Southey and others a scheme for establishing a Utopian community on the banks of the Susquehanna. The scheme ended when Southey and Coleridge married two sisters, the Misses Fricker, and found they did not have enough money to pay their travelling expenses to the new Utopia. Coleridge then set about in a very impractical way supporting his family by writing, lecturing, preaching, and editing a journal, the *Watchman*. His astonishing genius impressed every one whom he met, and through the generous gifts of admirers he was able to devote himself wholly to poetry and the study of philosophy. Removing in 1797 to a cottage at Nether Stowey in the Quantock Hills, he soon met the Wordsworths, and the famous literary partnership resulted. He contributed four poems to the "Lyrical Ballads" (1798) and thus shared with Wordsworth in the honor of ushering in the era of the Romantic Triumph. While in Germany in their company, he learned the language and became absorbed in the philosophy of Kant, which colored his later writing and thinking. On his return to England, he found it difficult to hold himself to any work or purpose. Already of a weak will, he had some years previously become addicted to the use of opiates when attacked by neuralgia; the habit now grew upon him to an alarming extent. He, however, published his translation of Schiller's "Wallenstein" (1800), attempted without success editing another journal, the *Friend*, lectured on poetry and the fine arts in London, and planned many literary undertakings which were never carried out. Meanwhile his wife and children were left in the care of his brother-in-law Southey, and Coleridge lived apart. After struggling in vain against opium, he at last gave up in despair and placed himself in charge of Dr. Gillman of Highgate, who helped him free himself from the drug that had wrecked his life. Carlyle, who visited him here, has recorded that "he gave you the idea of a life that had been full of sufferings, a life heavily-laden, half-vanquished, still swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment." All his best poetry was written in a few months in the years 1796 and 1797. Of his prose works,

the "Biographia Literaria, or Sketches of my Literary Life and Opinions" (1817), his collected "Lectures on Shakespeare" (1849), and his "Aids to Reflection" (1825) are the most interesting. He died in 1834, and was buried in Highgate Church. As poet, critic, student of philosophy and theology, lecturer, and conversationalist he was one of the most variously gifted of modern men of letters; his achievements, however, were fragmentary and disappointing and fell far short of the promise of his tremendous endowments of intellect and imagination.

FRANCE: AN ODE

This was first published under the title "The Recantation: an Ode" in the *London Morning Post*, 1798. "It is very satisfactory," remarked the editors in a note, "to find so zealous and steady an advocate of freedom as Mr. Coleridge concurring with us in condemning the conduct of France toward the Swiss Cantons." The poem is perhaps the best expression of the early sympathy with the French Revolution on the part of English Liberals, and their subsequent reaction.

Line 31. *Britain joined*. France declared war on Austria in the spring of 1792, and on England, Holland, and Spain in February of the next year.

Line 43. *Blasphemy's loud scream*. "The blasphemies and horrors during the reign of the Terrorists regarded by the Poet as a transient storm." (Coleridge)

Page 198.

Line 66. *Helvetia's icy caverns*. In 1798 France invaded Switzerland and annexed three cantons to the French Republic.

KUBLA KHAN

"In the summer of the year 1797, the Author, then in ill health, retired to a lonely farmhouse between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effects of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment that he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in Purchas's "Pilgrimage": 'Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built and a stately garden thereunto. And thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed with a wall.' The Author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as *things*, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking, he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was un-

fortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room, found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone had been cast, but, alas without the after restoration of the latter. . . . Yet from the still surviving recollections in his mind, the Author has frequently purposed to finish for himself what had been originally, as it were, given to him. . . . But the tomorrow is yet to come." (Coleridge's note, 1816)

Page 199.

Line 1. *Kubla Khan*. In the thirteenth century the Kubla Khan founded the Mogul dynasty in China and made Peking the capital of his large Asiatic empire.

Line 13. *athwart, across; cedarn cover*, a cedar woodland.

Line 19. *momently*, from time to time.

Line 37. *dulcimer*, a musical instrument having metallic strings, played with two light hammers. In these final lines the poet is concerned with the reconstruction of his vision of the Tartar palace, which he feels might be accomplished by the effect of wild and exotic music, such as that of the dulcimer. "But the matter of real importance to the poet and reader is that Abyssinia and Mount Abora are poetic words of vague connotation which suit the general atmosphere of the poem. For both poet and reader the poem is merely an effort to reproduce in verse a vision of sensuous and mysterious beauty, and anything which interferes with the reader's emotional response to it is not only superfluous, but injurious." (J. M. Manly)

SCOTT

Sir Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh in 1771, the son of a lawyer. Both parents were descended from Scottish Border families, and Walter, being a sickly child, was sent to his grandparents in the country in Roxburghshire where he began early to store his mind with the ballads and legends still current in the countryside. By the time he was twelve he had collected many ballads and was known as a story-teller. His favorite books were Percy's "Reliques" and Spenser's "Faerie Queene." He attended the High School in Edinburgh and also the University, but without scholarly distinction. He then took up law, but failed to find much interest in his profession, though it led him into certain legal offices through which he supported his family after his marriage in 1798. His first literary work was a translation of Bürger's "Lenore" (1796) and Goethe's "Götts von Berlichingen" (1799), and a collection of ballads entitled "Minstrelsy of the

Scottish Border" (1802-1803). Then appeared his narrative poems, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" (1805), "Marmion" (1808), and "The Lady of the Lake" (1810), which were received with enthusiasm in England and Scotland. Scott was thus the first of the romantic poets to enjoy a wide popularity. All of his best poetry was written at Ashestiel on the Tweed. With a large income from his writings and a salary of 1300 pounds as clerk of session, he purchased in 1812 the estate of Abbotsford on the Tweed, built a mansion, and there began to practise the generous hospitality of a Scotch laird. Turning to the historical novel, he wrote twenty-nine works of fiction, beginning with "Waverley" (1814) and ending with "Castle Dangerous" (1831); these illustrated periods in Scotch, English, and French history, and their sales were immense both at home and on the Continent. Many of his writings were published by Ballantyne Brothers of Edinburgh, with whom he became a silent partner soon after his marriage. The business was badly managed and in 1826 the firm failed; Scott refused to take advantage of the bankrupt laws, and though then fifty-five years old he set to work to pay off a debt of nearly half a million dollars. Lady Scott (Scott had been made a baronet in 1820) died the same year, and, grief, misfortune, and the strain of work being too much for him, his health broke down. But he kept on writing, turning out among other works the "Life of Napoleon" equal in bulk to five novels. In 1830 he was stricken with paralysis; after a fruitless voyage to the Mediterranean for his health, he was brought home to Abbotsford where he died in 1832, and was buried in the ancient Dryburgh Abbey with his ancestors. He had succeeded in paying off nearly half of the debt, and his copyrights took care of the rest; his honor was safe.

HUNTING SONG

Line 12. *brake*, thicket, brushwood.

Page 200.

Line 29. *Time*, object of the verb *balk*; *balk*, thwart, baffle.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF

This boat song and the two following lyrics are from "The Lady of the Lake."

Line 7. *bourgeon*, bud, sprout.

Line 10. *Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu*, "black Roderick, the descendant of Alpine." (Scott)

Line 12. *Beltane*, May-day.

Line 21. *piibroch*, martial Highland bagpipe music.

Line 24. *Loch Lomond*, perhaps the most beautiful of the Scottish lakes.

CORONACH

"The Coronach of the Highlanders was a wild expression of lamentation, poured forth by the mourners over the body of a departed friend. When the words of it were articulate, they expressed the praises of the deceased,

and the loss the clan would sustain by his death." (Scott)

Page 201.

Line 17. *correi*, hillside.

Line 18. *cumber*, difficulty.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN

According to Andrew Lang, the first stanza of this ballad is ancient.

THE ANSWER

This quatrain is from the novel "Old Mortality", where it was subscribed "Anonymous". Although some doubt has been raised as to Scott's authorship (see Birrell's *More Obiter Dicta*, p. 161), the lines are entirely in his spirit and style.

BONNY DUNDEE

Scott's "Journal" for December 22, 1815, has this entry: "The air of Bonny Dundee running in my head to-day, I wrote a few verses to it before dinner, taking the keynote from the story of Claverhouse's leaving the Scottish Convention of Estates in 1688-89. I wonder if they are good." Andrew Lang says, "Here is the essence of Sir Walter's songs; here, in the clatter of hoofs on the causeway, a flutter of ribbons and scented love-locks, a clash of claymores on the target of barked bull's hide, and, above it all, beyond it all, 'the shade of Montrose', and a foreboding of that darkest hour when 'low lies the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.' These are almost the first verses I remember, and they rang in the memory of a child, who knew not what event they celebrated, who had never heard of Sir Walter Scott. They are parts of a dead world, but to enrich our days with the very life blood of the past is the gift of Scott as of Homer."

Line 1. *Lords of Convention*, the assembly which resolved that James II had forfeited the throne of Scotland and then offered it to William and Mary; *Claver'sse*, John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, a dashing Scottish soldier and leader against the Covenanters.

Page 202.

Line 11. *Provost*, the mayor; *douce*, prudent, sober.

Line 14. *the Bow*, the West Bow, a winding street in Edinburgh inhabited chiefly by Covenanters.

Line 15. *Ilk carline*, each old woman; *flyting*, scolding; *pow*, head.

Line 16. *plants of grace*, a Covenanter's cant phrase for young girls; *couthie* and *slee*, affable and sly.

Line 24. *covels of Kilmarnock*, a kind of night-cap made at Kilmarnock, a town in Ayrshire, Scotland; taken to typify the peasant Presbyterians of western Scotland who were against James.

Line 25. *lang-hafted gullies*, long-handled knives.

Line 26. *close-heads*, ends of closes or alleys.

Line 30. *the gay Gordon*, the Duke of Gordon,

who commanded the garrison of the Castle and was in sympathy with Dundee's cause.

Line 31. *Mons Meg*, a large cannon made in Mons, Belgium; *marrows*, mates.

Line 35. *the shade of Montrose*, the spirit of the Marquis of Montrose, a kinsman of Dundee who had fought against Cromwell.

Line 39. *Pentland*, the Pentland Hills of Scotland; *Forth*, Firth of Forth.

Line 41. *Duniewassals*, gentlemen of the Scotch Highlands; chieftains.

Line 44. *targel*, a small shield; *barkened*, tanned with bark.

Line 57. *war-notes*. The civil war which followed was brought practically to an end at the Battle of Killiecrankie, in July, 1669, when Dundee gained a victory but was mortally wounded.

BYRON

George Gordon, Lord Byron, was born in London in 1788. His paternal ancestors, whose family seat was Newstead Abbey, were notorious for their pride, passionate temper, and profligacy. His father, "mad Jack Byron of the Guards", squandered the fortune of his wife, a descendant of the Scottish family of Gordon and a woman of a weak and violent disposition, and then deserted her after the birth of their son. Under these influences Byron grew up proud, sullen, and reckless. His extraordinary physical beauty and a touch of pathos caused by his lameness in one foot gave him from the first the power of personal fascination. This he exercised both at Harrow and at Cambridge, where he distinguished himself not so much by scholarship as through the irregularity of his life and his enthusiasm for certain sports from which his lameness did not debar him. His first volume of poems, "Hours of Idleness" (1807), was published while he was yet in college. It showed the influence of Pope, a poet for whom he had throughout his life the greatest admiration. The *Edinburgh Review* mercilessly ridiculed the little book, and in 1809 after Byron had taken his hereditary seat in the House of Lords he revenged himself on his critics by publishing a satire called "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." On his return from a tour of Spain, Greece, and the Levant he published in 1812 the first two cantos of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage", and, in his own phrase, "awoke one morning to find himself famous." His popularity was greatly increased by a series of romantic tales, "The Giaour", "The Bride of Abydos", "The Corsair", and "Lara", which followed in swift succession. Scott was superseded by this new favorite of fashion, and even the critics fawned. In 1815 he married Miss Milbanke, an English heiress, who a year later abruptly left him; the public turned against him, his worshippers suspecting that their idol was a monster, and Byron left England never to return. He went to Switzer-

land and Italy, where he was in intimate relations with the poet Shelley until the latter's tragic death in 1822. The crisis in his life and the influence of Shelley improved the quality of his poetry. During this period some of his best work was done. The Third and Fourth Cantos of "Childe Harold" were written, as well as "The Prisoner of Chillon", his dramas "Manfred" and "Cain", "The Vision of Judgment", so-called sublimist of parodies, and his unfinished satiric masterpiece, "Don Juan", in which he revenged himself upon his countrymen by holding up to ridicule everything they held sacred. In 1824, he went to Greece to give himself and a large part of his fortune to the liberation of that country from the Turks. The same year he was seized with a fever and died at Missolonghi; imagining himself, in his delirium, at the head of his Suliote troops, his last words were, "Forward, forward, follow me!" His body was brought to England and buried close to Newstead in the little church of Hucknall-Torkard.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

The poem was written, among others, at the request of Byron's friend Douglas Kin-naird for a selection of "Hebrew Melodies."

YOUTH AND AGE

Byron said of this poem that it was "the truest, though the most melancholy, I ever wrote."

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

Chillon is an ancient castle on the shore of Lake Geneva, near Montreux. The prisoner was Francois de Bonivard, a patriotic citizen of Geneva, who was confined in the castle from 1530 to 1536, after an unsuccessful effort to defend his city against the neighboring Duke of Savoy.

Page 204.

Line 107. *Lake Lemán*, the Swiss name for the Lake of Geneva.

Page 207.

Line 327. *had*, would have.

Line 336. *Rhone*, the river flows out of the lake just south of the castle.

WATERLOO

This description of the famous battle in 1815 is taken from Canto III of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." Byron visited the field a year after the battle.

Line 2. *Belgium's capital*. The novelist Thackeray, in "Vanity Fair", draws a vivid picture of Brussels during the battle. Victor Hugo's account of Waterloo, in "Les Misérables", is considered one of the best battle descriptions in literature.

Page 208.

Line 20. *chieftain*, the Duke of Brunswick, whose father (*cf.* line 25) had been killed at the battle of Jena in 1806.

Line 46. "*Cameron's gathering*," the martial rallying song of the Cameron clan.

Line 47. *Lochiel*, Donald Cameron of Lochiel, chief of the clan, who fought for the Young Pretender in 1745.

Line 49. *pibroch*, Highland music of the bagpipes.

Page 209.

Line 54. *Evan's, Donald's*, Sir Evan Cameron and his grandson Donald. (See note, line 47 above)

Line 55. *Ardennes*. "The wood of Soignies is supposed to be a remnant of the forest of Ardennes . . . immortal in Shakespeare's 'As You Like It.'" (Byron)

LAC LEMAN

From "Childe Harold", Canto III. Lac Leman is Lake Geneva.

VENICE

From "Childe Harold", Canto IV.

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Line 8. *winged Lion*, a symbol used in the old days by the Venetians.

Line 10. *Cybele*, the great nature goddess of the ancient peoples of Asia Minor, mother of man, giver of arts, founder of cities.

Line 19. *Tasso*, Torquato Tasso (1544-1595), an Italian poet.

Line 31. *Dogeless*. The chief magistrate in the former Republic of Venice was called the Doge.

Line 33. *Rialto*, an island which was the center of the commercial activity of Venice; also a famous bridge across the Grand Canal, connecting this island with the island of San Marco; *Shylock*, from Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice"; *the Moor*, from Shakespeare's "Othello, or the Moor of Venice"; *Pierre*, chief character in Otway's "Venice Preserved" (1682).

THE OCEAN

From "Childe Harold", Canto IV.

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Line 18. *lay*, a slip in grammar, more common among educated people of Byron's time than to-day.

Line 27. *Armada*, the great fleet with which the Spaniards made a disastrous attempt in 1588 to invade England; *Trafalgar*, the famous battle in 1805 in which Nelson defeated the French and lost his life.

Line 46. *loved thee*. Byron was a swimmer of exceptional ability.

ROME

From "Childe Harold", Canto IV.

Line 10. *Niobe*, whose pride in her numerous children led Apollo to punish her by slaying all of them. Niobe herself was changed to stone, in which form, according to Greek mythology, she continued to mourn.

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Line 14. *Scipios' tomb*, a group of tombs on the Appian Way near Rome, dating back

to the famous Roman generals of that name in the second century B.C.

Line 23. *Capitol*, one of the seven hills of Rome.

FIRST LOVE

This is taken from Byron's great mock epic, "Don Juan." The strange mingling of reckless satire, humor, and magnificent poetry in "Don Juan", however, is not easily illustrated in a brief selection.

Line 3. *Adria*, the Adriatic, at Venice, Italy.

Line 18. *Bacchanal*, drunken, riotous.

Line 30. *still breaking*, always declining.

Line 31. *Israelites*, Jewish money-lenders.

Line 32. *post-obits*, notes for payment "after death."

ALL FOR LOVE

These stanzas were written on the road between Florence and Pisa in November, 1821, and are addressed to the Countess Guiccioli.

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Line 3. *myrtle*, considered by the ancients sacred to Venus; i. e., "the beauty and love of twenty-two are worth all the glory of old age."

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR

Missolonghi, where this was written, is in Greece on the north shore of the Gulf of Patras and about twenty-four miles from Lepanto. Here Byron died of a fever three months after writing this poem.

SHELLEY

Percy Bysshe Shelley was born in 1792 at Field Place, near Horsham, Sussex. His father, a Whig squire of narrow views, and his mother, who was of extraordinary beauty, were both descended from old families, famous in English history. His sensitiveness and his rebellious attitude toward whatever he considered tyrannical caused him to look upon his first public school as a combination of hell and prison, and gained for him at Eton the name of "Mad Shelley." He entered University College, Oxford, in 1810, but in the following year he and his closest friend Thomas Hogg were expelled for publishing and circulating a religious pamphlet on "The Necessity of Atheism." Going up to London, he met at his sister's boarding-school a girl of sixteen named Harriet Westbrook, whom he married through a mistaken idea of youthful chivalry when he was but nineteen. For two or three years they wandered about England, Ireland, and Wales, engaged in trying to spread the poet's radical political and social ideas. They lived on a small allowance from Shelley's father, who had practically disinherited his son because of his expulsion from Oxford and his ill-considered marriage. Abandoning his girl-wife, Shelley formed a union with Mary, the

daughter of William Godwin, a revolutionary philosopher and novelist. Harriet then drowned herself and Shelley married Mary Godwin, but popular indignation rose high against them, the courts took Shelley's children away from him, and in 1818 he and Mary went into lasting exile in Italy. They resided at Naples, Venice, Rome, Florence, Leghorn, and finally at Pisa. Here they remained until 1822, when Shelley was drowned while sailing in the Gulf of Spezia. His body was cremated, and his ashes were buried in the English Cemetery at Rome. Shelley's greatest poetical works were produced in Italy. In addition to many fine short lyrics, they consist of "Prometheus Unbound" (1820), a lyrical drama; "The Cenci" (1819), regarded by some as the finest poetical tragedy since the Elizabethans; "Epipsychidion" (1821), a rhapsody of Platonic love; and "Adonais" (1821), one of the three great elegies in English. Neglected during his lifetime, fifty years after his death Shelley's work had outshone that of all his contemporaries.

HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY

The meaning of "intellectual beauty" is explained in Shelley's own translation of Plato's "The Banquet"; "He who aspires to love rightly ought from his earliest youth to seek an intercourse with beautiful forms, and first to make a single form the object of his love, and therein to generate intellectual excellences. He ought, then, to consider that beauty in whatever form it resides is the brother of that beauty which subsists in another form; and if he ought to pursue that which is beautiful in form, it would be absurd to imagine that beauty is not one and the same thing in all forms, and would therefore remit much of his ardent preference towards one, through his perception of the multitude of claims upon his love. In addition, he would consider the beauty which is in souls more excellent than that which is in form. So that one endowed with an admirable soul, even though the flower of the form were withered, would suffice him as the object of his love and care, and the companion with whom he might seek and produce such conclusions as tend to the improvement of youth; so that it might be led to observe the beauty and the conformity which there is in the observation of its duties and the laws, and to esteem little the mere beauty of the outward form. He would then conduct his pupil to science, so that he might look upon the loveliness of wisdom; and that contemplating thus the universal beauty, no longer would he unworthily and meanly enslave himself to the attractions of one form in love, nor one subject of discipline or science, but would turn towards the wide ocean of intellectual beauty, and from the sight of the lovely and majestic forms which it contains, would abundantly bring forth his conceptions in philosophy; until, strengthened and confirmed, he should at length

steadily contemplate one science, which is the science of this universal beauty."

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Line 5. *shower*, fall like a shower.

OZYMANDIAS

This sonnet, written by Shelley in friendly competition with Leigh Hunt, is based on a passage in Diodorus Siculus (Roman historian of the first century B.C.) in which the gigantic statue is described and its inscription reported.

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Line 8. *hand . . . heart*, the hand of the sculptor, and the heart of the king.

THE INDIAN SERENADE

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Line 11. *Champak*, an Indian tree of the magnolia family.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

The structure of the poem is clearly marked, the first three stanzas describing the tremendous power of the West Wind over earth and sky and sea, over the leaves and clouds and waves, at different seasons; the fourth stanza summing up these activities, and, with the fifth, voicing the poet's appeal for aid from this unconquerable power.

The stanzas, of fourteen lines, are made up of four sets of *terza rima* (an Italian rhyme scheme running aba, beb, edc, etc.), to which is added a couplet rhyming with the middle line of the set just preceding.

Line 9. *sister of the spring*, the warm south wind.

Line 18. *angels*, messengers.

Line 21. *Maenad*, "frenzied one", a woman who took part in the ecstatic rites of Bacchus.

Line 32. *pumice*, formed from volcanic lava; *Baiæ*, near Naples, an ancient Roman watering resort.

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Line 39. *sea blooms*. "The vegetation at the bottom of the sea, of rivers, and of lakes, sympathizes with that of the land in the change of seasons, and is consequently influenced by the winds that announce it." (Shelley)

Line 63. *dead thoughts*, the poet's teachings, dead because disregarded.

THE CLOUD

Line 27. *He*, Lightning.

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Line 81. *Cenotaph*, a monument erected to the memory of one who is lost or is buried elsewhere.

TO A SKYLARK

"It was on a beautiful summer evening, while wandering among the lanes, whose myrtle hedges were the bowers of butterflies, that we heard the caroling of the skylark,

which inspired one of the most beautiful of his poems." (Mrs. Shelley)

Line 15. *unbodied joy*. Instead of the first word, *embodied* has been suggested, but *unbodied* is the clear reading of the manuscript in Shelley's own handwriting (*Harvard MSS.*); it also agrees better with "blithe spirit" (line 1) and with the poet's Platonic idealism which regarded the body as a hindrance to true happiness. It harmonizes also with the central thought of the poem, which takes the "unseen", ethereal song of the skylark as a type of the highest beauty, an expression of the purest joy.

Line 16. *even*, evening.

Line 22. *silver sphere*, the "star of heaven" (of line 18).

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Line 86. *We look before and after*. Cf. "Hamlet", IV, iv, 37:

"Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after. . . ."

TO THE NIGHT

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Line 11. *she*, referring to Day; compare with *his* (line 19), also referring to Day.

KEATS

John Keats was born in London, in 1795, the son of a livery stable keeper. He went for a time to a good school at Enfield, kept by the father of his future friend, Charles Cowden Clarke. By the time he was fifteen both parents had died, and he and his brothers and sisters were taken in charge by guardians. John was apprenticed to a surgeon at Edmonton. He served the five years' apprenticeship and for two years was a surgeon's helper in the hospitals, but he disliked the work. A copy of Spenser's "Faerie Queene" given him by Clarke opened to him the gates of poetry and led him to write. Through Leigh Hunt he made an acquaintanceship with a circle of friends who appreciated his talents. So in 1817 he gave up his profession and published his first volume of poems. The following year appeared his "Endymion", which was brutally reviewed by *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Quarterly Review*. During the next three years he wrote his greatest poetry, consisting of some of the finest lyrics in English; narrative poems, "The Eve of St. Agnes", "Lamia", and "Isabella"; and the fragment of a noble epic, "Hyperion." During this time he lived chiefly in London and in Hampstead, though he travelled about England and Scotland, stopping for a time in the Isle of Wight, in Devonshire, and in the Lake District. A cold which he caught on a walking tour developed into consumption; depression of spirits caused by the loss of his brother Tom

from the same disease, his hopeless and consuming love for Fanny Brawne, and the approach of poverty through the exhaustion of his inherited funds hastened the inroads of the malady. In the autumn of 1820 he went to Italy in the care of a generous friend, the artist Severn, but died in Rome in February of the following year. He was buried in the Protestant Cemetery by the Aurelian Wall, where Shelley's ashes were soon to be placed. On his tomb are carved, at his own request, the words, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

Keats sat up till daybreak with his friend Charles Cowden Clarke, reading Chapman's "Homer", and at ten that morning sent to him this magnificent poem celebrating the occasion, the finest poem he had up to that time written.

Line 4. *Apollo*, god of poetry.

Line 8. *Chapman*, George Chapman published (1598-1616) a translation of Homer which is still regarded as one of the best English verse translations.

Line 11. *Cortez*. Balboa was the real discoverer. Keats may have substituted *Cortez* for reasons of meter or euphony. Robertson's "History of America", which Keats read in school, says that "Balboa commanded his men to halt, and advance to the summit, that he might be the first who should enjoy the spectacle which he had so long desired. As soon as he beheld the South Seas stretching in endless prospect below him, he fell on his knees, and, lifting his hands to heaven, returned thanks to God. . . . His followers, observing his transports of joy, rushed forward to join in his wonder, exultation, and gratitude."

FROM ENDYMION

This selection serves as the "proem" to "Endymion", Keats's metrical version of the love story of the man in the moon.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

"The Fair Lady Without Mercy." According to Leigh Hunt, Keats's verses were suggested by this title of a French poem by Alain Chartier, a translation of which appeared in a volume of Chaucer. Compare the ballad "Thomas Rymer", p. 137.

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Line 18. *zone*, girdle.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

"In music and suggestiveness of diction, in beauty of imagery, in sensuous richness of conception, this poem has never been surpassed even by Keats himself." (Manly) For the sorrows which afflicted the poet at this time, see biographical note preceding.

Line 4. *Lethe*, the river of forgetfulness in Hades.

Line 7. *Dryad*, a tree nymph.

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- Line 14. *Provençal*, the home of the medieval lyric in southern France.
 Line 16. *Hippocrene*, the Muses' fountain, on Mt. Helicon.
 Line 17. *winking*, sparkling cheerfully.
 Line 32. *charioted by Bacchus*, through the effects of wine; *pards*, leopards or tigers that drew the chariot of Bacchus.
 Line 33. *viewless*, invisible.
 Line 46. *eglantine*, the sweetbrier.
 Line 51. *darkling*, hidden in the dark; *for*, inasmuch as.
 Line 64. *clown*, a rustic.
 Line 66. *Ruth*, of the Old Testament.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

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- Line 2. *foster-child*, nursed by.
 Line 7. *Tempe*, a vale in Thessaly celebrated for its beauty; *Arcady*, Arcadia, celebrated for its carefree shepherd life.
 Line 13. *sensual*, not used with an unpleasant connotation.
 Line 26. *still*, forever.
 Line 28. *passion*, object of *above*.
 Line 41. *bride*, embroidery, ornament.
 Line 44. *tease us out of thought*. The original meaning of *tease* is to comb or smooth out, as wool or flax; hence the passage may mean "smooth away perplexities and lead us into a calmer mood, as does the sense of eternity."

TO AUTUMN

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- Line 26. *stubble-plains*. "I never liked a stubble-field so much as now — aye, better than the chilly green of spring. Somehow a stubble-field looks warm. This struck me so much in my Sunday's walk that I composed upon it." (Letter of Keats, September 22, 1819)
 Line 28. *sallows*, willows.
 Line 30. *bound*, boundary, also the land thus inclosed.
 Line 32. *croft*, inclosure.

BRIGHT STAR

This sonnet was the last of Keats's compositions. It was written on a blank page in a copy of Shakespeare that he held as he sailed away from England in 1820, on his way to Italy.

CARY

Henry Francis Cary (1772–1844) was an English clergyman and a librarian in the British Museum. He was author of several translations from the Greek, and of a volume of "Lives of English Poets", intended as a continuation of Johnson's "Lives." His translation of the entire "Divina Commedia", which appeared in 1815, was praised by Coleridge and Moore, and it has stood very well the test of time.

DANTE'S DIVINE COMEDY

Dante Alighieri was born in Florence in 1265 of a noble but comparatively poor family. As a young man he saw military service; afterwards entering political life, he was condemned to death in 1302 by his political enemies, from whom he escaped by going into exile, never to return. He spent the rest of his life in various cities of northern Italy, especially Verona, Bologna, and Ravenna. In these cities he found generous patrons, who welcomed him as a great teacher and as one of the most learned men of his day. He wrote some works in Latin; but his two greatest, the "Vita Nuova" and "Divina Commedia", were written in Italian and to Dante, therefore, was due the establishing of Italian as a medium for great literature. Dante died in Ravenna in 1321.

HELL, Canto V

- Line 4. *Minos*, a king and lawgiver of Crete, who after death was made a judge of the dead in Hades.

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- Line 23. *my guide*, Virgil.
 Line 57. *Semiramis*, a mythical Assyrian queen, wife of Ninus and ruler after him; she was noted for beauty, wisdom and voluptuousness.
 Line 59. *Soldan*, Sultan of Turkey.
 Line 61. *Sicheus*'s, husband of Dido; he was murdered by her brother Pygmalion.
 Line 66. *Tristan*, one of King Arthur's knights, lover of Isoude the Fair.

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- Line 84. *Dido*, reputed founder and queen of Carthage.
 Line 96. *the land*, Ravenna, a city in the northeastern part of Italy.
 Line 105. *Caina*, the place in hell to which murderers are doomed.
 Line 113. *Francesca*, daughter of Guido da Polenta, lord of Ravenna, who was given in marriage to Lanciotto, son of Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, a courageous man but deformed in person. Paolo, his brother, possessed the graces which he lacked and won the love of Francesca; taken in adultery, they were killed by Lanciotto.
 Line 124. *Lancelot*, a knight of the Round Table and lover of Queen Guinever.

PURGATORY, Canto IX

- Line 139. *Tithonus*, son of Laomedon, king of Troy; he was beloved by Aurora, the goddess of the dawn.

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- Line 143. *that chill animal*, the scorpion; the eighth sign of the zodiac.
 Line 146. *the third was closing up its wings*. The third watch of the night was past and the fourth and last was beginning.
 Line 147. *so much of Adam*, the flesh; he was not a spirit.

Line 149. *all five*, Virgil, Dante, Sordello, Nino (Nino di Gallura de' Visconti, a judge and political leader in Pisa, contemporary of Dante), and Currado Malaspina (whose family entertained Dante, in 1307, during his exile).

Line 151. *ancient grief*. Progne was changed into a swallow after an outrage done her by Tereus.

Line 159. *Ganymede*, a shepherd boy of Phrygia, Asia Minor, who was carried to Olympus by Zeus in the form of an eagle to be the cupbearer of the gods.

Line 160. *consistory*, a place of assembly; here Olympus is meant.

Line 172. *Chiron*, a centaur through whose aid Peleus won Thetis, the goddess, who became the mother of Achilles.

Line 173. *Scyros*, the island where Thetis in vain tried to hide her son to keep him from going to the siege of Troy.

Line 189. *Lucia*, the enlightening grace of heaven; supposed by some to represent Saint Lucia, the martyr.

Line 191. *Sordello*, a famous Provençal poet of the early thirteenth century.

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Line 224. *lowest stair*. By the white step is meant the distinctness with which the conscience of the penitent reflects his offenses; by the next step, his contrition on account of his sins; and by the third, the fervor with which he resolves on future piety and virtue.

Line 239. *Seven times*, seven P's to denote the seven sins (Peccata) of which he was to be cleansed in his passage through Purgatory.

Line 254. *One is more precious*. It denotes the divine authority by which the priest absolves sins; the other, the learning and judgment requisite for the proper discharge of that office.

Line 267. *Tarpeian*, a hill in Rome on which, in the Temple of Saturn, was placed the treasury, which Julius Caesar, after his triumphal entry following the defeat of Pompey, attempted to violate in spite of the attempts of *Metellus*, the tribune, to defend it. The sound made by the grating of a door, on being opened, is the image employed here.

PURGATORY, Canto XXX, (Lines 23-145)

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Lines 305 and 306. That is, not all the beauties of the terrestrial paradise, in which I was, were sufficient to allay my grief.

Line 320. *foliage of Minerva*, of the olive, sacred to Minerva, and an emblem of peace.

Line 338. *But, etc.* They sang the 31st Psalm only to the end of the 8th verse; what follows would have been inappropriate.

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Line 340. *living rafters*, the leafless woods on the Apennine Mountains.

Line 342. *Slavonian*, coming from Slavonic (Russian) regions; rough, cold.

Line 343. *land whereon no shadow falls*, Africa; that is, when the wind is from the south.

Line 380. *second age*, at the age of twenty-five years. Beatrice is said by Boccaccio to have been the daughter of Folco Portinari, a rich Florentine, and the wife of a banker named Simone dei Bardi. Dante's acquaintance with her seems to have been of the slightest; but after her death in 1290, she became for him the center of a mystical devotion of great intensity.

Line 399. *such food*, oblivion of sins.

COLERIDGE

(For biography, see p. 692).

LETTER TO JOSEPH COTTE

1. *Joseph Cottle* (1770-1853), an English bookseller and publisher, a friend of Coleridge and Southey, and author of a volume of recollections of them.

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2. *Mrs. Morgan and her sister*, daughters of a Dublin theatrical manager.

FROM BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA

This selection is from Chapter IV.

1. *first year*, 1797. The first edition of the "Lyrical Ballads" appeared in 1798, and the second edition in 1800.

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2. *Praecipitandus*, etc. "The free spirit must be urged headlong."

3. *Arbiter*, a witty Latin author of the first century.

4. *Taylor*, Jeremy Taylor (1613-1667), about whom George Saintsbury of Edinburgh wrote, "On the whole no one in English prose has so much command of the enchanter's wand." He is the author of "Holy Living" (1650) and "Holy Dying" (1651).

5. *Burnet*, Thomas Burnet (1635?-1715), whose work was written in Latin. The title means: "Sacred Theory of the Earth."

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6. *irremissive*, unrelaxing.

7. *laxia*, etc., "He is borne with loosened reins."

DE QUINCEY

Thomas De Quincey was born in Manchester in 1785, the son of a prosperous merchant. He was a very precocious child and at fifteen knew Greek so well that it was said of him that he could "harangue a Greek mob." Two years later he ran away from school, where he found the instruction below his abilities and the rough life intolerable to his sensitive nature. He spent the summer in North Wales, often sleeping out of doors or in the tents of gypsies. When cold weather came on he made his way to

London, where he lived half-starved among the outcasts of society until he was found by his family and sent to Oxford. Here he proved himself a brilliant scholar, but so erratic that, after having passed the written tests, he became terrified at the thought of the oral examinations and left the university never to return. In 1807 he met Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey and established himself at Dove Cottage, in the Lake District, marrying the daughter of a Westmoreland farmer. He was incapable of managing money matters, and soon lost his property through improvidence and generosity. He then removed to London to support his family with his pen, and published in the *London Magazine*, in 1821-1822, his "Confessions of an Opium Eater", which gained immediate success. He had begun the use of opium while at Oxford as a remedy for neuralgia; the habit gained on him and, through some peculiarity in his constitution, he was able to take enormous quantities of the drug, enough in fact to kill several ordinary men; his strong will enabled him to break the habit after some thirty years of misery. In 1830, on account of his connection with *Blackwood's Magazine*, he moved to Edinburgh, where he lived until his death in 1839. He wrote voluminously on a vast range of subjects. In addition to the "Confessions", "Suspiria de Profundis" (1845), and "Autobiographic Sketches" (1853) reveal the author's life. Of his critical works, the "Literary Reminiscences" and "On the Knocking at the Gate in 'Macbeth'" are noteworthy. "Joan of Arc" (1847) and the "Revolt of the Tartars" (1840) have many examples of the stately rhetoric for which his style is famous.

FROM THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM EATER

1. *caeteris paribus*, other things being equal.
2. *savannahs*, treeless plains.

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3. *Ann*, a poor girl who had befriended De Quincey when he arrived in London after running away from school.
4. *Oxford Street*, one of the straightest, finest, and busiest of London thoroughfares.
5. *the Coronation Anthem*, written by Handel (1685-1759) for the coronation of George II in 1727.
6. "*Deeper, etc.*," from Shakespeare's "Tempest", III, iii, 101.

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7. *incestuous mother*, the reference is to Book II of *Paradise Lost*, in which the "Portress of Hell-gate" speaks to Satan (lines, 756-789):

BYRON

(For biography, see p. 695.)

LETTER TO SCOTT

1. *left England*. Byron writes from Pisa, Italy.

2. *1817*. See note on Byron's life for an explanation of this period.

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3. *Murray*, the publisher.
4. *Jeffrey*, Francis Jeffrey (1773-1850) editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.
5. *Hunt*, Leigh Hunt, contemporary poet, essayist, and friend of Byron.
6. *Inscription*. Byron's "Cain" was inscribed to Scott.
7. *Southey*. Robert Southey (1774-1843) was Poet Laureate at this time. Byron constantly ridiculed him.
8. *not the man*. The identity of the author of the Waverley novels was at first concealed.

LAMB

Charles Lamb was born in the Temple, London, in 1775, the son of a poor clerk to one of the barristers. At the age of seven he was sent to Christ's Hospital, the "Bluecoat" charity school, where he formed a lifelong friendship with Coleridge. At fourteen he became a clerk in the South Sea House, and two years later a clerk in the India House, where he worked for the next thirty-three years, except for six weeks in the winter of 1795-1796, which he spent in an asylum because of temporary insanity. Not long after his recovery, his sister Mary went violently insane and killed their mother. For a long time she was in an asylum at Hoxton and from time to time had to return for treatment; but during her sane periods she was tenderly cared for by her brother Charles in his home. His first successful literary work was "Tales from Shakespeare" (1807), of which Mary wrote the comedies and Charles the tragedies. His "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets Contemporary with Shakespeare" (1808) assured his position in the world of letters. But his most characteristic work is to be found in his "Essays of Elia" which appeared in the *London Magazine* from 1820 to 1826. Lamb also wrote some poetry of note, and was a charming letter-writer. At the age of fifty he was granted a pension by the East India Company, but he lived only a few years longer to enjoy this release from drudgery, dying at Edmonton in 1834.

LETTER TO WORDSWORTH

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1. *Cumberland*, where Wordsworth was living in Dove Cottage, Grasmere.
2. *all my days*. Lamb was then twenty-six.

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3. *cheapening*, bargaining for.

POOR RELATIONS

This first appeared in the *London Magazine*, May, 1823.

1. *Agathocles' pot*. A pot would remind Agathocles, tyrant of Sicily (317-289 B.C.), of his humble birth as son of a potter.

2. *Mordecai*, see Esther, iii, 1-2.

3. *Lazarus*, see Luke, xvi, 20.

4. *lion . . . frog . . . fly . . . mole . . . thing not needful*. These also are biblical phrases. See Prov. xxvi, 13; Ex. viii, 3; Eccl. x, 1; Matt. vii, 3; Luke, x, 42.

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5. *tide waiter*, one who waits for a lucky turn of events; literally, a customs officer, who expects ships with shifts of the tide.

6. *in the play*, "The Confederacy" (1705), by Vanbrugh.

7. *Christ's*, Christ's Hospital School.

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8. *blue clothes*. The uniform of the school was a long blue coat, with yellow stockings.

9. *servitor's gown*. Formerly, at Oxford, a student partly supported by the college wore a special gown and served at meals.

10. *Nessian venom*. Hercules was poisoned by a shirt steeped in the blood of the centaur Nessus.

11. *Latimer*, Hugh Latimer (1485?-1555) a great preacher and reformer, who had been sizar, equivalent to servitor, at Cambridge.

12. *Hooker*, Richard Hooker (1554-1600), author of "Ecclesiastical Polity"; once servitor at Oxford.

13. *Artist Evangelist*, Luke, who according to tradition was a painter.

14. "*knew his mounted sign — and fled*," In "Paradise Lost" (Book IV), when a conflict threatened between Gabriel and Satan,

"The Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
Hung forth in heaven his golden scales. . . .
. . . The Fiend looked up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled."

15. *St. Sebastian*, captured by Wellington in 1813, in the Peninsular War.

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16. *Mint*, located on Tower Hill, near the Tower of London.

17. *Grotiuses*, Hugo Grotius (1583-1645), the great Dutch authority on international law, author of "De Jure Belli et Pacis" ("On the Law of War and Peace").

THE SUPERANNUATED MAN

This was first published in the *London Magazine*, May, 1825.

In 1825 Lamb wrote to Wordsworth: "Here am I, after thirty-three years' slavery, sitting in my own room at eleven o'clock, this finest of all April mornings, a freed man, with 441 pounds a year for the remainder of my life." This essay gives a substantially true account of Lamb's retirement from the India House.

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1. *Virgil*. The Latin quotation means: "Lib-

erty, though late, at last looked on the idle one."

2. *O'Keefe* (1747-1833) was an Irish dramatist.

3. *Mincing Lane*. In this street was located the South Sea House, where Lamb was a clerk from 1789 to 1792; from 1792 to 1825 he was in the office of the East India Company not far distant.

4. *native fields*. Lamb was born in London, but often visited relatives in Hertfordshire.

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5. *Boldero, etc.* The names are all inventions of Lamb's.

6. *Esto perpetua*, "Live forever!"

7. *Bastille*, the old state prison in Paris, stormed in 1789.

8. *that's born, etc.* From Middleton's "Mayor of Queenboro", I, i.

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9. *Howard* (1626-1698), Dryden's brother-in-law. The *Tragedy* is "The Vestal Virgin."

10. *Ch—, etc.* Of Lamb's fellow clerks in the India House, referred to here by their initials, Ch— was a Mr. Chambers, Pl— was W. D. Plumley, the son of a silversmith in Cornhill, and Do— a Mr. Henry Dodwell, evidently one of Lamb's most intimate friends in the office. Their names occur in an unpublished letter of Lamb's to Mr. Dodwell, now lying before me. It is addressed "H. Dodwell, Esq., India House, London. (In his absence may be opened by Mr. Chambers.)" The letter is so characteristic that I may be allowed to quote some passages. It is written from Calne in Wiltshire, where Lamb was spending his summer holiday, in July, 1816:

"My dear Fellow — I have been in a lethargy this long while and forgotten London, Westminster, Marylebone, Paddington; they all went clean out of my head, till happening to go to a neighbor's in this good borough of Calne, for want of whist players we fell upon *Commerce*. The word awoke me to a remembrance of my professional avocations and the long-continued strife which I have been these twenty-four years endeavoring to compose between those grand Irreconcilables — Cash and *Commerce*. I instantly called for an almanac, which with some difficulty was procured at a fortune teller's in the vicinity (for the happy holiday people here having nothing to do keep no account of time), and found that by dint of duty I must attend in Leadenhall on Wednesday morning next, and shall attend accordingly. . . . Adieu! Ye fields, ye shepherds and herdesses, and dairies and cream-pots, and fairies, and dances upon the green.

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Line 155. *Mahratta-battle*. The Mahrattas were a warlike and powerful Hindoo tribe in India, with whom the British fought a number of wars between 1750 and 1818.

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Line 180. *Joshua's moon*, see Joshua, x, 12-13: "Then spake Joshua, 'Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon.' And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed."

Line 182. "When I went by the first train from Liverpool to Manchester (1830), I thought that the wheels ran in a groove. It was a black night and there was such a vast crowd round the train at the station that we could not see the wheels. Then I made this line." (Tennyson).

Line 184. *Cathay*, China.

IN MEMORIAM

Arthur Henry Hallam, the poet's dearest friend, died suddenly at Vienna, in September, 1833, in his twenty-third year. He was the son of Henry Hallam, the historian, and a young man of great intellectual promise. He had met Tennyson at Cambridge and had later become engaged to his sister. For seventeen years following Hallam's death, Tennyson was at work on this poem, which records the various phases of his grief.

Line 5. *orbs*, "eyes", and also "sun and moon", have been suggested as meanings.

Line 8. *skull*, of death (line 7).

Line 33. *seem'd my sin*, written in 1849, after the darker period recorded by the poem had passed.

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LV

Line 7. *careful of the type*, careful to preserve the species, though careless of individual lives. But in LVI, 1-4, the poet points out that species also become extinct. The whole passage refers to the new theories of evolution already under discussion (although Darwin's "Origin of Species" was not published until nine years after "In Memoriam"), and expresses the perplexities aroused by the apparent conflict between the laws of nature, as interpreted by evolution, and the accepted ideas of religion.

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XCVI

Line 23. *gods of gold*, see Exodus, xxxii.

CXV

Line 2. *quick*, hedge.

FROM MAUD

"Maud" is a "monodrama" in which "different phases of passion in one person take the place of different characters." (Tennyson) In this selection, the lover is in the garden. Within Maud's home, from

which he is excluded, there has been a great dinner and dancing until nearly day-break.

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Line 29. *lord-lover*, the hero's rival for Maud's hand.

THE REVENGE

Page 274.

This poem is based on the account of the "last fight" written by Sir Walter Raleigh for Hakluyt's "Voyages" (see p. 50 ff).

Line 1. *Grenville* (1541?-1591), a cousin of Raleigh who had commanded a fleet of seven vessels which shared in the expedition to Virginia in 1585. In 1591 he served as vice-admiral under Lord Thomas Howard with a fleet of sixteen vessels that sailed to the Azores to intercept Spanish treasure ships on their way back to America. The battle here described began September 10, 1791.

CROSSING THE BAR

Page 276.

Tennyson's son says: "'Crossing the Bar' was written in my father's eighty-first year, on a day in October. I said, 'That is the crown of your life's work'; he answered, 'It came in a moment.' A few days before his death he said to me: 'Mind you put 'Crossing the Bar' at the end of all editions of my poems.'"

Line 3. *moaning of the bar*, a premonition of approaching storm.

BROWNING

Robert Browning was born in 1812 in Camberwell, a suburb of London, and had English, Scotch, German, and a distant strain of Creole blood in his veins. His father, a clerk in the Bank of England, was a combination of scholar and artist, who left his son more or less to his own inclinations in education under the direction of private tutors, with some courses at London University. The youth early became enamored of art, but could not at once decide whether to choose music, painting, sculpture, or poetry, and accordingly experimented in all these fields. But enthusiasm for Shelley definitely turned him to writing poetry, and in 1833 he published anonymously "Pauline." After a visit to Russia he published his first drama, "Paracelsus" (1835), which gained the notice of the discriminating few and led the actor Macready to request another play. In response "Strafford" was written, and acted in 1837 but with only moderate success. Later he wrote other dramas, of which the most interesting are "Colombe's Birthday", "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon'", and "The Return of the Druses." In 1840, he published a long narrative poem, "Sordello", which on account of the obscurity of the style had a very unfavorable reception and forced him to publish his next volumes in cheap editions at his own expense. The first issue of the

"Bells and Pomegranates" Series (1841-1846) contained the dramatic narrative "Pippa Passes", which at once gained a popularity that it has held ever since. His "Dramatic Lyrics" (1842) and "Dramatic Romances and Lyrics" (1845) contained characteristic dramatic monologues and lyrics, but he had not yet reached the climax of his genius.

In 1846 Browning married the best known literary woman of the time in England, Elizabeth Barrett, whose fame as a poet was at the moment greater than Browning's. In spite of the fact that Miss Barrett was a confirmed invalid, living in a darkened room, and against the opposition of her gloomy and tyrannical father, Browning romantically carried her off to Italy. There, contrary to the expectations of her physicians, she lived ideally happy with her beloved husband for fifteen years, at Pisa and in the house called Casa Guidi in Florence, where she died in 1861. Her "Sonnets from the Portuguese" (1850), enshrining the romance of her courtship and marriage, are among the noblest love poems in the language. Her "Casa Guidi Windows" (1851) and her novel in verse, "Aurora Leigh", also deserve mention.

His wife's influence is seen in Browning's best work written after his marriage, "Men and Women" (1855) and "Dramatis Personae" (1864), collections of shorter poems, and "The Ring and the Book" (1868-1869), his longest narrative poem and masterpiece. After the death of his wife he lived in London, where he gained a place in the public esteem with Tennyson, with whom he was on good terms. His later long poems are more interesting as philosophy than as poetry, though he continued to write beautiful lyrics down to the year of his death, which occurred in Venice in 1889. Italy offered him an honored resting place, but he was brought back to England and lies buried beside Tennyson in Westminster Abbey.

PIPPA'S SONG

While Browning was upon a solitary stroll in a wood near London the idea came to him of "some one walking thus alone through life, one apparently too obscure to leave a trace of his or her passage, yet exercising a lasting, though unconscious influence at every step of it." Thus in "Pippa Passes", from which this song is taken, the little silk winder Felippa, or Pippa, singing in the streets of Asolo on her New Year holiday, influences for good the lives of those who hear her.

IN A GONDOLA

Line 22. *the Three*, enemies of the man.

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Line 33. *cruce*, crucible.

Line 34. *mage*, magician.

Line 47. *wired*, twisted.

Line 108. *stilet*, stiletto.

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Line 127. *Guidecca*, one of the canals of Venice.

Line 141. *lory*, parrot.

Line 180. *limpet*, seashell; *lymph*, spring.

Lines 186-188, 190, *Schidone*, *Haste-thee-Luke* (Luca Giordano), *Castelfranco*, all well-known artists, though the pictures named are imaginary.

Line 192. *Ser*, sir.

MY LAST DUCHESS

Page 279.

The dramatic monologue, of which this is an example, is with Browning a favorite poetic form. In it he aims to reveal a man's character and life story by his speech at some critical or dramatic moment of his life. The reader has the added pleasure of interpreting for himself the character thus revealed, but must give close attention to catch the full significance of the lines. The Duke in this poem is a typical character of the Italian Renaissance, a polished gentleman, a connoisseur of art, and a devoted lover of beauty, yet thoroughly selfish and devoid of moral scruples. Ferrara, where the scene is laid, is in northern Italy, not far from Venice, and was famous during the Renaissance for its gaiety, splendor, and despotism.

Line 3. *Frà Pandolf*, an imaginary artist and monk.

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Lines 45-46. Browning himself ended a discussion as to whether or not the Duke actually had his wife killed, by a reply to Professor Corson: "Yes, I meant that the commands were that she should be put to death." And after a pause he added: "Or he might have had her shut up in a convent."

Line 54. *together down*. With perfect courtesy the Duke refuses to precede.

Line 56. *Claus of Innsbruck*, another imaginary artist; Innsbruck is in the Tyrol.

THE LOST LEADER

Page 281.

This poem was suggested by Wordsworth's change from the liberal political principles of his youth to the conservatism of his later years; but Browning denied that he was in any way attempting a portrait. "Once call my fancy portrait Wordsworth," he said, "and how much more ought one to say!"

Line 29. *Best fight on well*, i. e., it is better for him to oppose us, rather than turn again.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM THE SEA

Page 282.

This and the preceding poem are a record of Browning's visit to Italy in 1838.

Line 1. *Cape Saint Vincent*, on the southwest coast of Spain, where Nelson defeated the Spanish in 1797.

Line 3. *Trafalgar*, where Nelson won victory and death in 1805.

Line 4. *Gibraltar*, captured by the British in 1704.

Line 5. *say*, imperative: "whoso turns . . . let him say, How can I . . ."

LOVE AMONG THE RUINS

This poem was probably suggested by the contrast which Browning observed while in Rome in the winter of 1853-1854 between the present desolation of the Campagna and its former grandeur.

Line 39. *caper*, a low shrub of southern Europe.

Line 41. *houseleek*, a European plant with pink flowers.

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Line 65. *causeys*, causeways.

ANDREA DEL SARTO

While Browning was living in Florence he received a request from a friend in England for a copy of the portrait of Andrea del Sarto and his wife, painted by himself and now hanging in the Pitti Gallery at Florence. Browning was unable to obtain a copy, and sent this poem in its place. Andrea del Sarto, or "the tailor's son", was born at Florence in 1487, and by the time he was twenty-three had acquired such perfect technique that he was given the name of "the faultless painter." In 1512 he married Lucrezia, "but (according to Vasari, who was at one time Andrea's pupil and who wrote a biography of Andrea in his 'Lives of the Painters') he destroyed his own peace as well as estranged his friends by this act, seeing that he soon became jealous, and found that he had besides fallen into the hands of an artful woman, who made him do as she pleased in all things." After six years with Lucrezia, Andrea left her and went to Paris, where Francis I praised and richly rewarded his work. When a letter from his wife induced him to return to Florence, the French king commissioned him to buy certain works of art in Italy. Beguiled by his wife, Andrea, according to Vasari, used the money entrusted to him in building a house at Florence. Being then afraid to return to France, he remained at Florence and there died of the plague in 1531. The picture which suggested the poem shows Andrea and Lucrezia at half length. It is thus described by Mr. Ernest Radford: "Andrea turns towards her with a pleading expression on his face. . . . His right arm is round her; he leans forward as if searching her face for the strength that has gone from himself. . . . She holds the letter in her hand, and looks neither at that nor at him, but straight out of the canvas. And the beautiful face with the red-brown hair is passive and unruffled, and awfully expressionless. There is silent thunder in this face if there ever was, but there is no anger. It suggests only a very mild, but at the same time immutable determination to have her own way."

Line 15. *Fiesole*, a high hill near Florence.

Line 25. *saves a model*. "Andrea rarely

painted the countenance of a woman in any place that he did not avail himself of the features of his wife; and if at any time he took his model from any other face there was always a resemblance to hers in the painting . . . because he had her lineaments engraven on his heart." (Vasari)

Line 26. *serpentine*, sinuous, elusive.

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Line 57. *cartoon*, rough draft.

Line 65. *Legate*, envoy or messenger from the Pope.

Line 79. *truer light of God*. "Had this master possessed a somewhat bolder and more elevated mind, had he been as much distinguished for higher qualifications as he was for depth of judgment in the art he practiced, he would beyond all doubt have been without an equal." (Vasari)

Line 82. *low-pulsed forthright craftsman's*, uninspired though mechanically accurate.

Line 93. *Morello*, a mountain north of Florence.

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Line 105. *Urbinate*, Rafael, born in Urbino, died in 1520.

Line 115. *I could alter it*. Vasari states that Andrea did actually copy a portrait by Rafael with such exactness that Rafael's own pupils, who had helped in the painting, could not tell the copy from the original.

Line 130. *Agnolo*, Michael Angelo.

Line 146. *For fear*, because of his embezzlement.

Line 150. *Fontainebleau*, a royal palace near Paris.

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Line 174. *triumph*, of my genius in painting.

Line 178. *Roman*, Rafael.

Line 184. *Saul*, quoted from Borci's "Beauties of Florence."

Line 199. Lucrezia has evidently not been paying attention.

Line 210. *cue-owls*, small owls, called *chiu* in Italian from their cry.

Line 220. *cousin*, lover.

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Line 241. *scudi*, silver coins worth about a dollar each.

Line 250. *Jather . . . want*. "He abandoned his own poor father and mother and adopted the father and sisters of his wife in their stead. . . . His own parents, at the end of a certain period, ended their lives in great poverty and misery." (Vasari)

Line 263. *Leonard*, Leonardo da Vinci, another great contemporary Italian painter.

A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL

The scholars are bearing their master to his tomb in one of the Italian hill cities, built on the top of the rocks. The poem displays the devotion to learning of the scholars, during the Renaissance in Italy, who were content to work without fame so long as they mastered the old learning that

had long been hidden in Latin and Greek manuscripts.

Line 3. *croft*, enclosed tilled or pasture land.

Line 34. *Apollo*, the classical ideal of manly beauty, usually represented holding a lyre.

Page 288.

Line 39. *Moaned he*, did he moan?

Line 45. *the world*, of classical literature which was being lost.

Line 56. *the curtain*, of the play of life.

Line 68. *sooner*, before he had gathered all that books had to give.

Line 86. *calculus*, gall stones.

Line 88. *Tussis*, a cough, bronchitis.

Line 95. *hydroptic*, thirsty, as in the disease of dropsy.

Line 97-100. "On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect round." — Browning's "Abt Vogler", line 75.

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Lines 129-131. *Hoti . . . Oun . . . De*, Greek particles meaning respectively *that, therefore, and towards*.

Line 134. *purlieus*, the outlying districts of a place.

RABBI BEN EZRA

Ben Ezra (1092-1167) was a distinguished Jewish scholar who wandered over Europe, Asia, and Africa seeking for knowledge. His commentaries on the Old Testament were well known during the Middle Ages, and it was some of the views contained in these writings that suggested this poem. Through the mouth of the Jewish rabbi Browning gives expression to his own philosophy of life.

Line 4. *Our times, etc.*, "in Thy hand lies my fate" (Ben Ezra); "my times are in thy hand." (Psalms xxxi, 15)

Line 7. *not that*, to be taken with "do I remonstrate." (line 15)

Line 17. *Low kinds*, lower animals. "Man has the sole privilege of becoming superior to the beast and the fowl." (Ben Ezra)

Line 24. *Irks . . . Frets*, does care irk . . . ? does doubt fret . . . ?

Line 29. *Nearer, cf. Browning's "Death in the Desert" (576-578):*

"Progress, man's distinctive mark alone,
Not God's and not the beasts': God is, they
are,
Man partly is and partly hopes to be."

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Line 48. *soul on its lone way*. "The soul of man is called lonely because it is separated during its union with the body from the universal soul into which it is again received." (Ben Ezra)

Line 72. *flesh helps soul*, a criticism of the medieval idea that spiritual advancement was gained by "mortifying" the flesh.

Line 74. *youth's heritage*, the experience gained by youth and handed down to old age.

Line 76. *approved*, proved.

Line 84. *indue*, put on.

Line 87. *Leave ashes*, if the fire leave ashes.

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Line 124. *I, I whom*.

Line 125. *they*, they whom.

Line 151. *Potter's wheel*, cf. Isaiah, lxiv, 8:

"We are the clay, and Thou our Potter;
and we are all the work of Thy hand."

There are many other Biblical illustrations taken from the potter and his wheel.

PROSPICE

Page 292.

Mrs. Browning died in 1861. In her "Testament", the poet copied the following beautiful passage from Dante: "Thus I believe, thus I affirm, thus I am certain it is, that from this life I shall pass to another better, there, where the lady lives of whom my soul is enamored." In the autumn of the same year, Browning wrote this heroic defiance of death. The title means, "Look forward!"

Line 15. *bandaged my eyes*, in unconsciousness.

EPILOGUE

This poem was the epilogue to Browning's last volume of poems, called "Asolando", published in London on December 12, 1880, the very day that Browning died in Venice. Line 5. *Pity me?* Shall you pity me when I am dead?

Line 11. *One who, etc.* "One evening, just before his death-illness, the poet was reading this from a proof to his daughter-in-law and sister. He said: 'It almost looks like bragging to say this, and as if I ought to cancel it; but it's the simple truth; and as it's true, it shall stand.'" (*Pall Mall Gazette*, London, Feb. 1, 1890).

Line 17. *unseen*, the poet after his death.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE

Page 293.

The five sonnets here given are from the series of forty-six in which the courtship of Robert Browning and Mrs. Browning is beautifully recorded. The pretense of translation "from the Portuguese" was added upon publication to disguise their personal import. A pet name of Browning's for Mrs. Browning was "my own little Portuguese", on account of her dark complexion.

ARNOLD

Page 294.

Matthew Arnold was born in 1822 at Laleham, in the valley of the Thames, the son of Doctor Thomas Arnold, the famous head master of Rugby. At Winchester and at Rugby he prepared for the university, and in 1840 he entered Balliol College,

Oxford, where he became distinguished for his excellence in the classics, and won the Newdigate prize for a poem on Cromwell. He was elected to a fellowship in Oriel College in 1845, but shortly afterwards he left Oxford to become private secretary to the Marquis of Lansdowne, who secured for him an appointment in 1851 as inspector of schools. This he held until shortly before his death. To the responsibilities of his official position were added those of a professorship of poetry at Oxford in 1857, and it was as professional lectures that his chief critical essays were first written. His best poems appeared in various volumes published between 1849 and 1855. Though these have a sincerity and nobility of style worthy of Arnold's high ideals as a critic, they won little immediate favor, and Arnold turned from poetry to critical writing. His most notable works in this field are the lectures "On Translating Homer" (1861) and two volumes of "Essays in Criticism" (1865, 1888). He also wrote on practical questions, as in "Culture and Anarchy" (1869), and on religion, as in "Literature and Dogma" (1873). In 1883 he went to the United States and gave a series of lectures which were published as "Discourses in America"; he also lectured again in America in 1886. He died suddenly in 1888, and was buried in the churchyard at Laleham.

REQUIESCAT

The title is from the Latin phrase *requiescat in pace*, let him (or her) rest in peace; a prayer, therefore, for the repose of the dead.

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM

This poem relates an episode taken from the ancient traditional history of Persia. In the nobility of the characters, the sonorous dignity of style, and even in minor devices such as repeated epithets and elaborate similes, the poem follows the model of the great classical epics which Arnold loved. The ending is especially beautiful, with a suggestion of the melancholy and resignation, more pronounced in "Dover Beach", which Arnold shared with many others of his generation in an age of shaken and changing faith.

Line 2. *Oxus*, the modern river Amu Daria north of Afghanistan, flowing northwest into the Aral Sea, east of the Caspian. Most of the following geographical names, referring to rivers, cities, tribes, etc., of Persia and Central Asia, call for no annotation. They add local color and verisimilitude, but their exact significance is in no way essential to an appreciation of the poem.

Line 3. *Tartar*. The Tartars were nomadic tribes in Asia and Russia. Peran-Wisa (line, 11) was leader of their army, and Afrasiab (1, 38) was their king.

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Line 60. *common*, general.

Page 296.

Line 115. *frore*, frozen.

Line 156. *corn*, grain, as always in England.

Page 297.

Line 217. *Iran*, Persia.

Page 298.

Line 277. *digit*, adorned.

Page 299.

Line 288. *tale*, count, required amount.

Page 301.

Line 414. *wrack*, ruin.

Line 452. *autumn Star*, the Dog Star, believed by the ancients to cause epidemics.

Page 303.

Line 596. *bruited up*, noised abroad.

Page 304.

Line 613. *style*, name.

Page 305.

Line 680. *left to die*, according to the legend, because he had been born with snow-white hair.

Page 308.

Line 861. *Persepolis*, the ancient Persian capital, the "black granite pillars" of which are supposed to be the ruins of the palace of Jamshid, a mythical Persian king.

THE ROSSETTIS

Page 309.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti was born in London, in 1828, the son of an exiled Italian painter and scholar. After five years at King's College School and in art academies in London, he became a pupil of Ford Madox Brown, and then joined Holman Hunt, John Everett Millais, and others in the Pre-Raphaelite Movement, which had for its object the restoration to art of the purity, simplicity, mysticism, and symbolism to be found in the work of the medieval Italian painters before the time of Raphael. Their official literary organ was the *Germ*, and in it first appeared Rossetti's "The Blessed Damozel." In 1860, after a long engagement, he married Elizabeth Siddal, a beautiful English girl, whom he has immortalized both in his painting and in his poetry. She died two years later, and the shock brought upon the poet a mental depression from which he never recovered. In her coffin were placed all his unpublished manuscripts, and only through the persistent demands of friends did he allow them to be exhumed and published in 1870. This created a literary sensation, and he was hailed as the greatest living poet. The last ten years of his life were clouded by mental weakness and by the habit of taking chloral. He died in 1882, at Birchington-on-Sea, on Easter Day. His best poetry was published in 1881 in "Ballads and Sonnets", which contains the famous sonnet sequence, the "House

of Life", and his best narrative poetry, such as "The King's Tragedy."

His sister, Christina Georgina, youngest child of her parents, was born in London in 1830. She too was a poet and published her verses in the Pre-Raphaelite magazine, the *Germ*. After the death of her father in 1854, she lived with her mother in seclusion, devoting herself to religious exercises and works of charity, until her death in 1894. Her first volume of poetry, "Goblin Market and Other Poems", was published in 1862. Other volumes appeared in 1866 and 1881, and her unpublished verse was collected and issued after her death by her brother W. M. Rossetti. Her poetry is especially marked by its lyric quality, for she had a rare gift of song.

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL

Rossetti wrote this poem in 1847, when he was only nineteen. It "ranks as highly remarkable among the works of juvenile writers", especially when "its total unlikeness to any other poem then extant is taken into account." (W. M. Rossetti) "I saw that Poe had done the utmost that it was possible to do with the grief of the lover on earth, and so I determined to reverse the conditions, and give utterance to the yearning of the loved one in heaven." (D. G. Rossetti) It was first published in 1850, again in 1856, and the version here given in 1870.

Line 13. *Herseemed*, an archaic form meaning "it seemed to her."

Line 73. *aurcole*, the celestial crown of glory.

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Line 86. *tree*, the Tree of Life.

Line 126. *citherns*, *citholes*, obsolete musical instruments, resembling lutes and small harps respectively.

THE SONNET

This is the introductory sonnet to Rossetti's famous sonnet sequence, "The House of Life."

Line 4. *lustral rite*, ceremony of purification.

Line 14. *Charon*, the ferryman who conveyed the souls of the dead over the river Styx.

SWINBURNE

Page 311.

Algernon Charles Swinburne was born in London, in 1837, the eldest son of Admiral Charles Henry Swinburne and Lady Jane, daughter of the third Earl of Ashburnham. He was educated at Eton, and at Balliol College, Oxford, which he left without a degree in 1859, and then settled in London. In college, he wrote both prose and verse, distinguished himself in Latin, Greek, French, and Italian, and formed friendships with Morris, Rossetti, and Burne-Jones. He was possessed of an income which enabled

him to devote himself entirely to poetry. He was never married, never had a home of his own, and never engaged in any business or profession other than that of letters. In 1860, he traveled on the Continent, visiting Landor in Florence. On his return to England he lived for a time with the Rossetti brothers in London, and then spent his final thirty years with a friend at Putney Hill, in retirement, partly forced on him by his deafness. His favorite physical exercises were riding and swimming. He died of pneumonia, after a short illness, in 1909, and was buried at Bonchurch among the graves of his family. Swinburne first became known to the public through his drama, "Atalanta in Calydon" (1865). This was a very successful effort to reproduce the form and the effect of Greek tragedy. It had been preceded by two similar plays in 1860, and was followed by several others, of which a trilogy on Mary Queen of Scots was modeled after the Elizabethan drama. He could not tell a story as well as Morris or Rossetti; even his best narrative poem, "Tristram of Lyonesse" (1882), based on an Arthurian theme, had the progress of the story choked with excessive ornament. His best poems were lyrics, in which he has perhaps never been surpassed in his mastery of metrical forms, and the enchanting melody of his verse. His "Poems and Ballads" (1866), through their defiance of the established conventions of the day, probably kept him from receiving the Laureateship on the death of Tennyson.

THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE

Proserpine, according to classical mythology, was kidnapped by Pluto, god of the under world, and became his queen. Every year she was allowed to return to earth to visit her mother Ceres, goddess of the harvest. Swinburne here pictures the world as the garden presided over by the Queen of the Kingdom of Darkness, a world from which life is being continually carried off into the darkness of oblivion, the Buddhist's Nirvana, or annihilation by absorption into the divine.

A FORSAKEN GARDEN

Page 312.

The scene of this poem is in East Dene, Bonchurch, Isle of Wight.

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Lines 71-80. It is said that the sea is encroaching on the land in this neighborhood, and even on the churchyard of Bonchurch where Swinburne lies buried.

MEREDITH

Page 314.

George Meredith was born in 1828 at Portsmouth, the son of a tailor of Welsh descent. He completed his education in the Moravian school at Neuwied, Germany, and for a time studied law with a solicitor in London. He then worked as a journalist,

serving as a correspondent in Italy and Austria during the war of Italian independence in 1866. He supplemented his income from his books, which was slight, by giving advice on manuscripts to the publishing house of Chapman and Hall, and for a time by editing the *Fortnightly Review*. After a first unfortunate marriage, he married a second time in 1864, and thereafter spent his life quietly as a man of letters at Boxhall in Surrey, near London, where he died in 1909. Meredith is more famous as a novelist than as a poet, "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" (1859), "Beauchamp's Career" (1876), "The Egoist" (1879), and "Diana of the Crossways" (1885) having placed him among the greatest writers of English fiction. But as early as 1851 he published a volume of poems, which was followed by four others, beginning with "Modern Love" (1862) and ending with "A Reading of Earth" (1888). His poetry is packed with meaning, but, except in certain shorter pieces, it is marred by an obscurity and occasional harshness which narrows its appeal.

LOVE IN THE VALLEY

Line 24. *for*, in return for.

Line 32. *Off a sunny border*, from the sunlit edge of a cloud.

Line 36. *eve-jar*, the European goatsucker, a bird of the whip-poor-will family.

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Line 50. *bloomy*, resembling flowers.

Line 77. *the rose-flush drinks the rayless planet*, the dawn obscures the morning star.

Line 88. *covert*, woods, thick undergrowth.

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Line 117. *yaffle*, the European green woodpecker, noted for its loud laughlike note.

Line 130. *link*, land along the water.

Line 132. *wink*, dart quickly, breaking the surface, or reflecting the light.

Line 134. *swarms*, awakens insects to life, quickens.

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Line 148. *blue*, applied to the sky.

Line 162. *clipped*, cut off.

Line 165. *black print-branches*, the shadows of the branches printed black on the snow in the moonlight.

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Line 207. *whitebeam*, a small tree with silvery leaves.

MACAULAY

Thomas Babington Macaulay was born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, in 1800, the son of an anti-slavery reformer of Scotch descent. He was very precocious; he began to read at three, at eight knew Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" by heart, and at ten had written a compendium of universal history, besides hymns, verse romances, and an epic poem. His memory was the most

marvellous on record; later in life he learned by heart both "Paradise Lost" and "Pilgrim's Progress." At eighteen he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he made a reputation as a classical scholar and brilliant talker, but was a failure in mathematics, which he detested. Before leaving college he had begun writing for the reviews, and his "Essay on Milton" which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1825 made him famous. He studied law, was admitted to the bar, and entering politics, was elected to Parliament in 1830, and at once made his mark by a speech in support of the Reform Bill. He gained the reputation of being the best debater and most eloquent speaker of the Liberal or Whig party. He then went to India as legal member of the Supreme Council, where he remained five years, reconstructing the educational system and drawing up a penal code. On his return he was made Secretary of War and again served in Parliament, but he gradually withdrew from politics to devote himself to literature. He had continued to write essays, which were based on the lives of men of letters or on political leaders and historical topics, mainly of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In 1842 had appeared his "Lays of Ancient Rome", his only poetry of any consequence. His masterpiece, "The History of England", was intended to cover the period from the accession of James II in 1685 to the death of George IV in 1830, but he went into such details that the five volumes, which alone were finished before his death, covered only about sixteen years. The work immediately became popular, and Macaulay received \$100,000 as his part of the first year's royalties. He was raised to the peerage the year before his death, which came in 1859. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

PURITANS AND CAVALIERS

This is from the essay on "Milton", which was written for the *Edinburgh Review*, and which prompted the editor Jeffrey's remark, "The more I think, the less I can conceive where you picked up that style."

1. "Ecco il fonte, etc."

"Behold the fount of laughter and the stream
Beneath whose ripples deadly damage lurks;
Use strong restraint, lest that deceptive gleam
Awake the passion that destruction works."

Tasso, "Jerusalem Delivered", Canto xv, 57ff.

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2. *Vane*. According to Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, Sir Harry Vane, a Puritan leader, believed he was ordained to rule over the saints on earth for a thousand years. See note 22, next selection.

3. *Fleetwood*, prominent Puritan general and son-in-law of Cromwell. In his grief at Cromwell's death he cried out that "God had spit in his face and would not hear him."

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4. *Sir Artega*, the Knight of Justice in Spenser's "Faerie Queene" (Canto V). His servant Talus is a man of brass with a great iron flail.
5. *Dunstons*, Saint Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury in the tenth century, an advocate of strict monastic discipline among the clergy.
6. *De Montfort*, French leader of a crusade against the Albigenses, "heretics", in the South of France, in 1208.
7. *Dominic*, (1176-1221) founder of the Dominicans, and another champion against heresy.
8. *Escobars*, Escobar y Mendoza (1589-1669), Spanish Jesuit who taught that the end justifies the means.
9. *Gallios*. Gallio was a Roman magistrate who refused to be interested in religious disputes, (Acts xviii, 12-17).
10. *Brissoines*, moderate republicans in France, in 1792, named from their leader Brissot.
11. *Duessa*, the sorceress in the "Faerie Queene" who, disguised as Truth, beguiles the Red Cross Knight to her chamber.

THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY

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This is the latter part of a review by Macaulay, in the *Edinburgh Review* of May, 1823, of a new book by Henry Neele, entitled "The Romance of History: England."

1. *Laud*, William, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1633-1645; he was a tool in the hands of Charles I. Macaulay, afterwards, in his "History of England", treats his character with loathing and contempt.
2. *Herodotus*, often called "the father of history"; the first important Greek writer of prose; his masterpiece was "The History of the Persian Wars."
3. *Hume*. David Hume (1711-1776) was a Scotch historian who sympathized with the Stuarts and was a skeptic in religion; his history was written from a Tory point of view.
4. *obnoxious*, open, liable.
5. *Gibbon*, Edward (1737-1794), whose "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" has still a high reputation for impartiality and accuracy.
6. *Misford*, William (1744-1827), whose "History of Greece" (1784-1818) was reviewed with severity by Macaulay in 1824; it held highest place, however, until the appearance of Thirlwell and Grote.

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7. *Phylarch* (first century A.D.), who wrote the lives of forty-six great Greeks and Romans, arranged in pairs to bring out the contrast.
8. *Thucydides* (fifth century B.C.), the second great Greek historian, who wrote

of the struggle between Athens and Sparta, called the Peloponnesian War.

9. *Calcutta . . . Bombay*, both in India, but in opposite parts of the great country.
10. *Rollin and Barthelemi*, French historians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, respectively; still read in Macaulay's day.
11. *make the worse appear the better reason*, see "Paradise Lost", Book II, lines 112-114.
12. *the poet Laureate*, Robert Southey.
13. *Lingard*, John (1771-1851), an English historian, whose greatest work was the "History of England from the First Invasion by the Romans to the Accession of William and Mary in 1688"; it is still held in high esteem for its learning and insight, though Southey attacked it in reviews, because Lingard was a Roman Catholic.
14. *Brodie*, a Scotch historian, who wrote "A History of the British Empire from the Accession of Charles I to the Restoration." (1822).
15. *about to be reheard*, a probable reference to the "History of Greece" by George Grote, published 1846-1856 but begun as early as 1823; this showed more sympathy toward democracy than did Mitford's history.

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16. *conventional decencies . . . of the French drama*, the rules of classical tragedy which forbade the comic, the commonplace, or acts of violence on the stage.
17. *King of Spain*, Philip III, said to have died of a fever caused by an excessively hot fire, which etiquette forbade the courtiers to attend to while the one having this special duty was absent.
18. *turnpike*, tollgate.
19. *Sir Matthew Mite*, chief character in Foote's farce "The Nabob" (1772).
20. *Lord Clarendon*, the chief minister of Charles II and the author of the "History of the Great Rebellion."
21. *Hampden*, John, cousin to Cromwell and a leader of the Parliamentary side. See Macaulay's essay on Hampden.
22. *Vane*, Sir Henry (1612-1662), a Puritan, at one time governor of Massachusetts, whose statue is to be seen over the entrance hall of the Boston Public Library; a leading member of the Long Parliament who was put to death after the Restoration.
23. *Rupert*, Prince, nephew of Charles I and commander of the cavalry of the Royalists in the Civil War.
24. *Harrison and Fleetwood*, leaders in Cromwell's party who were noted for religious zeal.
25. *Bishop Watson* (1737-1816), a defender of revealed religion against Tom Paine and other skeptics.
26. *at the close of the Seven Years War*, when

France gave up Canada to Great Britain and recognized the supremacy of the British in India.

27. *American war, of Independence.*

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28. *late ministerial interregnum.* In 1827 after the death of Canning, Goderich kept the ministry together a few months until January, 1828, when a new government was formed under Wellington and Peel.

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29. *Old Mortality*, a historical novel by Scott.
30. *Fortunes of Nigel*, another novel of the same kind by Scott. Scott is not now so highly regarded as an authority on the customs and phraseology of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.
31. *Froissart*, Jean (1337?-1410?), a French chronicler of the fourteenth century.
32. *Tabard*. The opening scene of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" is at the Tabard Inn, in Southwark.
33. *Legate*, the ambassador to the Pope.
34. *palmers*, strictly speaking, pilgrims who had been to the Holy Land and who had the right to carry a palm branch; often applied to pilgrims in general.
35. *villain*, a medieval villager or serf, bound to the soil and subject to his lord.
36. *Tacitus*, greatest of Latin historians (55?-100? A.D.).
37. *keeps*, the central towers or strongholds of medieval castles.
38. *oriel*, a window built out to form a recess; in domestic architecture like the houses of Longleat and Burleigh.

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39. *Fifth-monarchy-man*, those who believed in the seventeenth century that the coming of Christ was at hand; the fifth kingdom is foretold in Daniel ii, 44.

CARLYLE

Thomas Carlyle was born in 1795 at Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire, the son of a stonemason, poor but of sterling character. For about five years he went to the Annan grammar school, which he hated because of the bullying of the older boys, who nicknamed him Tom the Tearful, and because of the "hidebound pedantry" of his teachers. At the age of fourteen he walked eighty miles to Edinburgh to enter the University, to prepare himself for the ministry. On account of unsettled religious convictions, he gave up this purpose, much to the grief of his father whom he loved. After graduation, he tried to earn a living by teaching school, tutoring, and writing articles for the Edinburgh Encyclopedia and various magazines. He studied law for a time, and at twenty-five began the study of German literature, which revealed to him, as he said, "a new heaven and new earth." His translation of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" appeared in 1824, and his "Life of Schiller" in

the following year. In 1826 he married Jane Baillie Welsh, a beautiful woman whose literary genius rivaled that of her husband. She had some little property, and they retired to a farmhouse at Craigenputtock, miles away from the nearest town. Here Carlyle continued his studies in German literature and philosophy, and wrote some of his best essays and his most original work, "Sartor Resartus", which first appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* and was first published as a book in the United States through the interest of Emerson, who visited the Carlyles in their lonely retreat. In 1834, they decided to risk all in a move from Craigenputtock to London, where they established themselves in a house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea. In 1837, his "French Revolution" was published; this gained the ear of the public and his reputation grew rapidly. He gave a series of lectures which created a sensation in London; of these, "Heroes and Hero Worship", which was published in 1841, has been most widely read. He set forth his ideas on social and political questions in "Chartism" (1839) and "Past and Present" (1843). His last writings were devoted to biography. These were "The Life and Letters of Cromwell" (1850), "Life of John Sterling" (1851), and the monumental "History of Frederick II" (1858-1865) on which he worked for twelve years. Carlyle became a literary leader, and to his house in Cheyne Row resorted the most brilliant men of the time, John Stuart Mill, Browning, Tennyson, Thackeray, Dickens, Kingsley, Ruskin, Huxley, and Leigh Hunt. In 1866 he became Lord Rector of his own University of Edinburgh, but his wife died suddenly the same month and he never recovered from the shock and grief at her death, though he lived on until 1881. During this period he wrote little but his "Reminiscences", intended as a memoir of his wife. On his death-bed he was heard to murmur: "Honesty, honesty"; this word was the keynote of his teaching and of his life. He was buried, as he desired, in the old kirkyard of Ecclefechan by the side of his parents.

BOSWELL THE HERO-WORSHIPER

This is taken from the *Essay on Johnson*.

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1. "*Corsica Boswell*". Boswell published in 1768 an "Account of Corsica."
2. *Auchinleck*. Boswell's father had the title of Lord Auchinleck; Carlyle gives him the name "Touchwood" because of his irritable temper.
3. *Paoli*. Pasquale Paoli (1725-1807) was a Corsican patriot with whom Boswell formed a warm friendship.
4. *landlouver*, vagabond.
5. *schoolmaster*, Samuel Johnson, who conducted an "academy" at Lichfield.
6. *pragmatical*, opinionated, dogmatic.
7. *Gamaliel*, an old Hebrew teacher, one of whose pupils was St. Paul. Boswell's father was probably his Gamaliel.

8. *sheriff*. In Scotland the sheriff was also county judge.
9. *abolition*. Before 1748 the office of judge had been hereditary.

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10. *gulosity*, gluttony; *gigmanity*, an invention of Carlyle's, probably from *gig* and *man*, meaning the character of one whose respectability is measured by his keeping a gig.
11. *Bolt Court*, off Fleet Street. London.
12. *woman*, Mrs. Anna Williams, whom Johnson had befriended.
13. *Croker*, the editor of the 1831 edition of Boswell's "Johnson."
14. *Erskine*. Boswell presented him to Johnson in 1773.

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15. *zany*, clown, buffoon.
16. *treacle*, molasses.
17. *Johnsoniad*, Johnson epic.

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18. *hypothesis*. In the year before this essay appeared, Macaulay had written: "Boswell is the first of biographers. But he attained literary eminence by reason of his weaknesses. If he had not been a great fool, he would not have been a great writer."

BURNS

This selection was first given as a part of the series of lectures on "Heroes and Hero Worship", in the discussion of "The Hero as Man of Letters."

1. *Vauxhall*, an amusement garden near London.

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2. *Harz*, mountains in Germany.
3. *Thor*, god of thunder.
4. *Marquis Mirabeau*, father of Mirabeau, the great orator. See note 7 below.

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5. *Stewart* (1753-1828), at the University of Edinburgh, where Carlyle was a student.
6. *Lockhart*, Scott's son-in-law, who wrote a life of Burns in 1828.
7. *Mirabeau* (1749-1791), a well-known French writer and orator.
8. *smuggling*. As excise officer at Dumfries it became Burns's duty to seize vessels attempting to smuggle ale into the country.
9. *Brézé*. At the time of the French Revolution, when the Marquis de Brézé, Chief Usher to the Court, attempted to dismiss the national legislature in the king's name, Mirabeau defied him in the name of the will of the people. This is related in Carlyle's "French Revolution."

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10. *Odin*, the subject of Carlyle's first lecture, "The Hero as Divinity."

11. *Rousseau* (1712-1778), one of the greatest French writers.
12. *Visit*. Burns spent the winter of 1786-1787 in Edinburgh.

LABOR

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This selection is taken from chapter XI of book III of "Past and Present", a series of essays in which Carlyle contrasts the idealism of the Middle Ages with the sordid industrialism of the nineteenth century.

1. *Mammonish*, done merely to get money (in devotion to Mammon, god of wealth).
2. *Ezechiel*. There is no reference to the potter's wheel in "Ezekiel." Carlyle was probably thinking of Jeremiah xviii, 1-6, and ascribed the passage to the wrong prophet.
3. *vessel of dishonor*, Romans ix, 21: "Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honor, and another unto dishonor?"

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4. *How blessed, etc.*, blessed for the man's life, no matter what kind of work it is.
5. *awakens*, "force", two lines above, is the subject understood.
6. *Sir Christopher*. After St. Paul's was destroyed by the great fire of London (1666), Sir Christopher Wren was appointed architect of the new cathedral, and carried his design to accomplishment in 1710, in spite of the many difficulties Carlyle here refers to. Nell Gwyn was a popular actress of the time, a great favorite with Charles II, who spoke of her on his death bed. "Defender of the Faith" is a title which was conferred by the Pope on Henry VIII for his answer to Luther, and has been retained by English sovereigns since that time.
7. *architectonics*, the principles of building.
8. *Monument*. Sir Christopher Wren's tomb in St. Paul's bears the inscription: "Si monumentum quaeris circumspice." (If you seek his monument, look around you.)

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9. *Ursa Major*, the Great Bear, a group of stars near the North Pole, popularly known as Charles's Wain or the Dipper.

LETTER TO DR. CARLYLE

1. *Jane*, Jane Welsh, Mrs. Carlyle.
2. *jupe*, a woman's skirt.
3. *Mill*, John Stuart Mill (1806-1873), the philosopher and economist.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

BOOK V, CHAPTER VI. STORM AND VICTORY

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1. *nodus*, a knot, complication, or difficulty.

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2. *Provost Flesselles*, Jacques de. He was head of the merchants of Paris.
3. *Charleville Boxes*: These were marked *Artillerie*, but when opened they were found stuffed with old rags, foul linen, candle ends, and bits of wood. Charleville was a town in which arms were manufactured.
4. *Hôtel des Invalides*, founded by Louis XIV to house seven thousand old soldiers; it is now a military museum; Napoleon's tomb is in the open crypt of the Dome des Invalides.
5. *King's Procureur*, agent of the King.
6. *Besenval*, Pierre Victor de (1722-1791), a Swiss officer in command of a body of the King's troops.
7. *Ecole Militaire*, the military school, founded by Louis XV, in 1751.
8. *Camille Desmoulins* (1760-1794), a French lawyer and journalist, who prepared and directed the attack on the Bastille.
9. *Pythagorean*. Pythagorus (6th cent. B.C.) was a Greek philosopher and mathematician.
10. *clerks of the Basoche*, a legal corporation of long standing.
11. *De Launay*, Bernard René, Marquis (1740-1789), the governor of the Bastille.
12. *Hotel-de-Ville*, the headquarters of the municipal government of Paris.

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15. *générale*, an alarm sounded to call people together to meet some danger.
16. *Que voulez vous*, what do you want?
17. *fremescent*, murmurous or noisy.
18. *Dauphiné*, a province of France, bordering on Italy and containing lofty mountains.
19. *Orcus*, Hades, the lower world of the dead.

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20. *Brest Diligence*, public stagecoach from Brest.
21. *paillasse*, a mattress of straw, excelsior, or the like.
22. *noise as of the crack of doom*. Rose calls attention to Pasquier's "Memoirs", Vol. I, chap. III, where he says, "I was present at the taking of the Bastille; what was called the fighting was not serious: the resistance was absolutely null."

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23. *Spinola*, a commander of Spanish forces in the Netherlands after 1604; he was famous for skill in engineering.
24. *Brogie*, Victor François (1718-1804), distinguished himself in the Seven Years' War, and commanded the *émigrés* in 1792.
25. *Marat*, Jean Paul (1743-1793) a famous demagogue and instigator of bloody massacres; he was finally stabbed in

his bath by Charlotte Corday. He was the editor of a journal called *Ami du Peuple* (Friend of the People).

26. *canaille*, literally, a pack of dogs; the rabble, the mob.
27. *Ritter Gluck*, Christoph Willibald (1714-1787), a famous German composer. *Ritter* is a title of a lower order of nobility in Germany and Austria.
28. *world-chimaera*. The chimaera of mythology was a monster with the head of a lion, the body of a goat, and the tail of a serpent or dragon.
29. *chamade*, a signal made for a parley, by the beating of a drum or the sounding of a trumpet.

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30. *La Bastille est prise*. The Bastille has been taken.

BOOK V, CHAPTER VII. NOT A REVOLT

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31. *D'Espréménil*, Jean Jacques Duval (1745-1794), a French lawyer who was instrumental in the calling of the States-General; he secured the enmity of Marie Antoinette in the Diamond Necklace Affair; and he was imprisoned for four months in 1788, for trying to urge the government to take steps toward reforms.
32. *ashlar*, hewn or squared stone used in masonry.
33. *Moreau de Saint-Méry* (1750-1819), a French jurist and author, distantly related to Josephine, the first wife of Napoleon; born on the island of Martinique.
34. *Friar Bacon's Brass Head*, found in Greene's "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay", I, iv.; this was based on an old romance of the sixteenth century, "The Famous Historie of Fryer Bacon", in which the Friar manufactures the head from which he expects to get information how to surround England with a wall of brass to save it from foreign conquest.

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35. *Vice-President Lafayette*, Marquis de (1757-1834), the celebrated French general and statesman, who aided the American cause during the American Revolution.
36. *Woods of Meudon*. The entry in Louis XVI's diary for July 14, 1789 is "Nothing"; by this he meant that no game had been killed.

NEWMAN

John Henry Newman was born in London, in 1801; his father, a banker, was probably of Jewish extraction and his mother was of Huguenot descent. He was educated at Trinity College, Oxford, where he took his degree in 1820. He then became a fellow and tutor of Oriel College and, taking orders

in the Anglican Church in 1824, four years later became vicar of St. Mary's at Oxford, where his sermons had a great influence on the cultivated audiences that gathered to hear him. Beginning life as a Calvinist, he had, while at Oxford, which was then a center of religious unrest, drifted toward liberalism; but after a visit to Rome in 1832, where his prejudices against the Catholic Church were removed, he returned to England at the very beginning of the Tractarian Movement, entered into it with enthusiasm, and soon became its leader. This Oxford movement in religion had points of resemblance to the Pre-Raphaelite movement in art. Protesting against the materialism and liberalism of the age, the Tractarians went back for models to the Middle Ages, and tried to bring to the Anglican Church a revival of the doctrines and practices of an earlier period in which there was greater insistence on dogma and authority. The name came from the fact that their views were set forth in tracts, many of which Newman wrote himself. After several years of spiritual conflict he left the Church of England and in 1845 was received into the Roman Catholic Church, entering the priesthood in the following year. In 1854 he was made rector of the Catholic University in Dublin, out of which service grew some of his best writing, to be found in his "Idea of a University." After four years he returned to England and established a Catholic school at Edgbaston. Pope Leo XIII made him a cardinal in 1879. When he died in 1890, the dignity and sincerity of his long life had disarmed all criticism. His most widely read book, "Apologia Pro Vita Sua" (Defense of his Life) appeared in 1864 as an answer to an attack made upon him by Charles Kingsley. He also wrote some poetry of merit, but only the hymn, "Lead Kindly Light", and "The Dream of Gerontius", a long poem which some have gone so far as to say the future may pronounce his most enduring work, are generally known.

KNOWLEDGE VIEWED IN RELATION TO LEARNING

This is from "The Idea of a University", under which title Newman published a series of lectures delivered in 1852 before the Catholic University in Dublin.

Page 346.

1. "the world, etc." From "Paradise Lost", XII, 646-647:

"The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

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2. St. Thomas, see note, Lamb's "Superannuated Man", p. 703, note 13.
3. Pompey's Pillar, near Alexandria, Egypt.

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4. "Felix qui, etc." Happy is he who can recognize the causes of things, and is thus lifted above fear and the dread march of fate and the roar of greedy Acheron. (Virgil, "Georgics", II, 490-492.)

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5. *Salmasius*, a Dutch scholar, who engaged in a controversy with Milton.
6. *Burman*, another Dutch theologian of the seventeenth century.
7. *Imperat aut servit*, it rules or it serves; *Imperat aut servit collecta pecunia cuique*, a man's wealth is either his slave or his master. (Horace, "Epistles," I, x, 48.)
8. *Vis consili, etc.* Brute force without intelligence falls of its own weight. (Horace, "Odes", 3, IV, 65).
9. *Tarpeia*. In legendary Roman history, Tarpeia betrayed the Roman citadel to the Sabines for promised reward, but was then crushed by the shields they threw upon her.

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10. poem, "Crabbe's 'Tales of the Hall.' This poem, let me say, I read on its first publication, above thirty years ago, with extreme delight, and have never lost my love of it; and on taking it up lately, found I was even more touched by it than heretofore. A work which can please youth and age, seems to fulfil (in logical language) the accidental definition of a classic. (A further course of twenty years has passed, and I bear the same witness in favor of this poem.)" (Newman)

THACKERAY

William Makepeace Thackeray was born in 1811 in Calcutta, India, the son of a government official. At the age of five, his father died and he was brought to England and placed in the Charterhouse School, of which he has given a picture in "The Newcomes" (1855), one of his great novels. He went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he remained for only about two years. He then passed some time in France and Germany, studying painting, but in 1832, when he became of age, he inherited a considerable fortune and, returning to England, settled down to study law at the Temple in London. For this profession he soon formed a dislike, which is reflected in another of his novels, "Pendennis" (1850). Part of his fortune was now lost in an effort to run a newspaper, the rest of it soon went in unwise investments, and he found himself forced to earn a living as an artist and illustrator. Not succeeding very well even at this, he tried his pen at satirical writing for *Fraser's Magazine* and *Punch*. At last fortune favored him and he found his true vocation with the publication (1847-1848) of his first novel,

"Vanity Fair." This was followed by other novels, of which the best, in addition to the two mentioned above, are "Henry Esmond" (1852) and "The Virginians" (1857-1859). He also lectured with success in England and America, publishing the lectures later as "The English Humorists" and "The Four Georges." His life was clouded by the illness and insanity of his wife, four years after their marriage, but he found consolation in the companionship of his two daughters. In 1860 he became editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, but died suddenly in 1863 in the fullness of his powers. He lies buried in Kensal Green.

NIL NISI BONUM

The Latin title means "nothing but good."

1. *Two men.* Washington Irving died on November 28, 1859, and Macaulay on December 28 of the same year.

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2. *pater patriæ*, "father of his country"; i.e., George Washington, who had at one time placed his hand in blessing on Irving's boyish head.
3. *no scheme but kindness.* This was not only Irving's plan while visiting England, but also Thackeray's, during his visits to America in 1852 and 1855.

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4. *Bellet*, a French naval officer who lost his life with a British Arctic expedition, and for whom a granite monument was erected at the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, near London.
5. *East.* Macaulay was in India from 1834 to 1838.

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6. *Years ago*, in 1839.
7. *K.K.*, Kaiserlich Königlich, German for "Imperial Royal."
8. *Schonbrunn*, the residence of the Austrian emperor, near Vienna.
9. *senior wranglers*, students who take first place in the final honors examinations at the University of Cambridge.
10. *à cœur ouvert*, French for "with an open heart."

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11. *Clarissa*, Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe." (1748)
12. *laus Deo*, Latin for "praise (be) to God."
13. *win the baton or epaulettes*, become field marshals or generals.

RUSKIN

John Ruskin was born in London in 1819, the son of a wine merchant of wealth and liberal tastes, who afforded his son every advantage of education and travel, thus early arousing in the boy an enthusiastic appreciation of natural scenery, architecture, and painting. He was prepared for college by his mother, who brought him up

with Puritanical strictness, and by private tutors. In 1836 he entered Christ Church College, Oxford, which he was forced to leave by an attack of tuberculosis; he spent two years in Italy, and then returned and took his degree in 1842. From a child he had written both prose and verse, and by this time he had written the fairy story, "The King of the Golden River", but in 1843 there appeared the first volume of "Modern Painters", the book which made him famous. Its thesis was to prove that Turner was the greatest of landscape painters. Four more volumes of the work were published during the next seventeen years. Meanwhile he wrote "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" (1849), "The Stones of Venice" (1851-1853), and numerous lectures and essays which gave him a place in the world of art similar to that held by Matthew Arnold in the field of literature. Under the influence of Carlyle, Ruskin, who was now suffering from ill health and an unhappy marriage, turned from art to reforming the evils of society by an attack on the generally accepted theories of political economy, which was made in two books, "Munera Pulveris" and "Unto This Last." "Time and Tide" set forth his ideas on an ideal state; "Sesame and Lilies", the most popular of his books, on reading and the education of women; and "Crown of Wild Olive", on work and war. For many years he occupied the professorship of art at Oxford; he organized St. George's Guild, an attempt to put in practice his Utopian theories, to which he contributed a great deal of money; and he wrote a series of letters, called "Fors Clavigera", to workmen. Exhausted by so much labor, he suffered from brain attacks, and about 1884 retired to his place Brantwood on Coniston Water in the Lake District, where he began his autobiographic sketches, called "Praeterita" (Things Gone By), which covered his lifetime down to the thirty-first year. Here he died in 1900, and, as he wished, was buried without pomp or ceremony in the little churchyard of Coniston.

TRAFFIC

Page 358.

1. *carelessness*, lack of interest.
2. *pitch farthing*, pitch and toss, matching coppers.

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3. *Teniers* (1582-1649), the great Dutch realist painter.
4. *Titian* (1477-1576), the leading artist of the Venetian school.
5. *Turner* (1775-1851), the greatest of English landscape painters and Ruskin's particular favorite.
6. *Fleet Street*, a great London thoroughfare, where many London publishers have offices.
7. *classifying*, dividing into classes.
8. *costermonger*, peddler of apples ("costards") and other small fruits.

9. *Newgate Calendar*, a publication giving accounts of sensational crimes. Newgate is a London prison.

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10. *They carved, etc.*, from Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel", Canto I.
 11. *steel traps . . . spring guns*, appliances used against poachers, but here used figuratively for the armaments of modern nations.
 12. *Bedlam*, the monastery of St. Mary of Bethlehem in London, later used as an asylum for the insane.
 13. *Armstrongs*, big guns manufactured by the great English firm of Armstrong.
 14. *black eagles*, of Austria. Ruskin means that England let the great military nations alone.
 15. *Inigo Jones . . . Sir Christopher Wren*, the great English architects of the seventeenth century. The former planned the royal palace of Whitehall in London; the latter, St. Paul's cathedral; both in the Italian style.

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16. *This is none other than the house of God*, Genesis, xxviii, 10-17.
 17. *Thou, when thou prayest*, Matthew, vi, 5, 6.

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18. *Lares*, Latin gods of the hearth, household gods.

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19. *Bosphorus*, the strait connecting the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora, and dividing Europe from Asia.
 20. *to the Jews*, I Corinthians, i, 23.
 21. *Tetzel*, a seller of Papal indulgences who provoked the indignation of Luther.
 22. *bals masqués*, masked balls; they were a feature of the French frivolity which preceded the Revolution and the guillotine.

Page 364.

23. *Revivalist*, of classical architecture, as seen in the royal palace of Versailles, near Paris, and in the Papal palace of the Vatican at Rome.
 24. *Acropolis*, the hill overlooking Athens; the site of the Parthenon and other Greek temples.
 25. *affairs of exchange*, Matthew, xxi, 12-13.
 26. *quartering*, as armies do when they occupy a country.
 27. *color*, pretence.
 28. *eared*, tilled, cultivated.
 29. "*carry*", at the point of the bayonet.
 30. *Perdix fovit, etc.* From Jerem., xvii, 11. The translation follows in the text.

Page 365.

31. *St. George*, the English national saint.
 32. *semi-fleeced . . . proper . . . fields*, terms of heraldry.
 33. *Comforter*, the Holy Ghost; see John, xiv, 16-17.
 34. *Olympus . . . Pelion . . . Ossa*, mountains

of classical antiquity; see Hamlet, V, i, 304-307.

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35. *Solomon made gold, etc.*, I Kings, x, 14-17.
 36. *Bolton priory*, a beautiful abbey in Wharfedale, Yorkshire.
 37. "*men may come*", from Tennyson's "The Brook."

Page 368.

38. *plain of Dura*, where Nebuchadnezzar set up a golden image; see Daniel, iii, 1.
 39. *pleasantness . . . peace*, Proverbs, iii, 17.
 40. *not made with hands*, II Corinthians, v, 1.

OF KINGS' TREASURES

This is from the first lecture of Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies." It was delivered at Rusholme Town Hall, near Manchester, December 6, 1864, in aid of a library fund for Rusholme Institute, and was first published in 1865. The significance of his subject is indicated by Ruskin in the introduction where he says, "I want to speak to you about the treasures hidden in books."

Page 371.

1. *Faubourg St. Germain*, a part of Paris where the nobility formerly resided.
 2. *show your love in these two following ways*. The second way is set forth in the portion of the lecture following this selection and consists, as Ruskin says, in entering into the hearts of the great teachers.

Page 372.

3. *canaille*, French for "a pack of dogs." The nobility in France long used the term to designate the common people.

Page 373.

4. *taking the Form . . . for the Power*. "For the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." 2 Corinthians, iii, 6.
 5. *now kept in store*. See 2 Peter, iii, 5-7.

Page 374.

6. *Max Müller* (1823-1900), a noted writer and lecturer on philology; born in Germany, but for many years Professor of Modern Languages and Literature at Oxford. Lectures referred to are "Lectures on the Science of Language."

ARNOLD

RACIAL TRAITS IN ENGLISH CHARACTER

This is taken from a series of lectures on "The Study of Celtic Literature" delivered while Arnold occupied the chair of poetry at Oxford and first published in 1867 in the *Cornhill Magazine*. The general aim of the lectures was to stimulate interest in Celtic studies and show Celtic influence upon English character and literature.

1. *Gaedhils*, the Celts of Ireland and Scotland, as distinguished from the *Cymri* of Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany.

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2. *Renan* (1823-1892), French critic and historian.
 3. *douce petite race, etc.*, the gentle little race that were Christian by nature . . . proud and retiring, in externals awkward and embarrassed.
 4. *great friend of the Celt*, "Monsieur Henri Martin, whose chapters on the Celts, in his 'Histoire de France', are full of information and interest." (Arnold)
- Page 376.**
5. *architectonicé*, constructive power.
 6. *Agamemnon*, a tragedy (458 B.C.) by the Greek dramatist Æschylus.
 7. *Battle of Moytura of the Fomorians*, a legendary battle between the Celts and the Fomorians, the prehistoric inhabitants of Ireland.
 8. *Ossian*, the Scotch writer Macpherson's alleged translations, in the eighteenth century, from the ancient Celtic poems of Ossian.

WHAT IS CULTURE?

Page 379.

- This is taken from the part of "Culture and Anarchy" entitled "Sweetness and Light", the first term meaning for Arnold "tolerance", "charity", "openness to ideas", and the second term meaning "intelligence" and "clearness of vision."
1. *ambiguity*, because the word may be used "in a good sense as well as in a bad sense." (Arnold)
 2. *Montesquieu* (1689-1755), a French philosopher.

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3. *Wilson*, Thomas Wilson (1663-1755), Bishop of Man.

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4. *Bright*, John Bright (1811-1889), English orator and reformer.
5. *Harrison*, see biographical note, p. 723.

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6. *machinery*. Arnold uses the word to mean "agency" or "means to an end", as opposed to "end", "goal", or "ideal."

Page 383.

7. *present time*, 1869.
8. *Philistines*. Arnold popularized this use of the Biblical term to describe people wholly wrapped up in material pursuits and indifferent to liberal culture and refinement.
9. *author*, St. Paul.

Page 384.

10. *Epicletus* (60?-120?), a Roman Stoic philosopher.
11. *Swift*. "The Battle of the Books", written in 1698, is a controversial essay in which Swift discusses the relative value of ancient and modern literatures. He compares his contemporaries to the spider with its poison,

and the ancients to the bee with its honey and wax, its sweetness and light.

12. *one of the two*, i.e., sweetness.

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13. *Huxley*, see biographical note, p. 722.
14. *publicé egestas, etc.*, public want and private wealth (Sallust, "Cato", 52, 22).

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15. *Mr. Gladstone*, leader of the Liberal party; he became Premier in 1868.
16. *Mr. Beales* and *Mr. Bradlaugh*, opponents of Arnold in the press. Charles Bradlaugh (1833-1891) was a radical in politics and an advocate of complete secularism in government.
17. *Dr. Newman's Apology*. For Newman and the Oxford Movement, see biographical note on Newman, p. 717.

Page 388.

18. "*Quæ regio, etc.*" What part of the earth is not filled with our work?
19. *Mr. Lowe*, Lord Sherbrooke, an English Liberal politician.

Page 389.

20. *Bentham*, Jeremy Bentham (1748-1832), an English philosopher of the utilitarian school.

Page 390.

21. *Buckle*, Henry T. Buckle (1821-1862), author of "A History of Civilization in England."

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22. *Abelard*. Pierre Abelard (1079-1142) was a brilliant French scholastic philosopher and logician, whose career was ruined by his love for Heloise.
23. *Lessing* (1729-1781), a famous German dramatist and critic.
24. *Herder* (1744-1803), a German poet and critic.

PATER

Page 392.

Walter Horatio Pater (1839-1894) was born in London and was educated at King's School, Canterbury, and at Queen's College, Oxford, where he took his degree in 1862. He was elected to a fellowship in Brasenose College in 1864, and except for short visits to Italy, France, and Germany, and a brief residence in London, he lived at Oxford for the remainder of his life. His great service for his generation was in the interpretation of Renaissance art and literature, his essays on which were collected and published in 1873 as "Studies in the History of the Renaissance." In 1883 appeared his "Marius the Epicurean", a historical romance dealing with the religious experience of a young Roman. His "Appreciations, with an Essay on Style" (1889) contains his best critical work. His writing is distinguished especially by an attention to precision of meaning

and felicity of phrase amounting at times almost to preciousness.

ROMANTICISM

This first appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*, November, 1876, and was reprinted as the final essay in "Appreciations", 1889.

1. *House Beautiful*. This is an allusion to a house built by William Morris at Upton, England. It was the embodiment of the principles of decorative art as conceived by the Pre-Raphaelites.

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2. *κοσμορρς*, decorum.
3. *grandiose et flottant*, large and broadly inclusive.
4. *Stendhal*, the pen-name of Henri Beyle (1783-1842), French novelist and critic.
5. *Jean Paul*, Jean Paul Richter (1763-1825), German humorist and writer.

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6. *Jean Valjean*, Hero of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables."
7. *Redgauntlet*, in Scott's novel "Redgauntlet."
8. *les ouvrages anciens, etc.* Ancient literature is classical not because it is old but because it is spirited, fresh, and well-ordered.
9. "'Tis art's decline, my son!" Browning's "Fra Lippo Lippi", line 233.

HUXLEY

Page 395.

Thomas Henry Huxley was born in Ealing, now a suburb of London, in 1825. His formal education was very limited. He was not able, as he desired, to become a mechanical engineer, but while very young began the study of medicine with a brother-in-law who was a physician. In 1846, when he had finished his studies at Charing Cross Hospital and passed the first medical examination at the London University (though he was too young to qualify at the College of Surgeons), he received an appointment as a naval surgeon and in the years 1846-1860 he went around the world in the *Rattlesnake*. On his return he published some essays on the results of the scientific investigations he had carried on during the voyage, and was rewarded by an election to membership in the Royal Society. He became a Professor of Natural History in the School of Mines in 1854, a Professor in the Royal College of Surgeons in 1863, and later President of the Royal Society. After the appearance of Darwin's "Origin of Species" in 1859, he became the able popular expounder and defender of the theory of evolution, and both as a lecturer and writer showed a remarkable power for making scientific facts appeal to the imagination. His contributions to science are too numerous to mention here. Among his works are "Man's Place in Nature", "Lay Sermons", and "American Addresses." He died at Eastbourne in 1895.

ON THE ADVISABLENESS OF IMPROVING NATURAL KNOWLEDGE

This is from "Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews."

1. 200 years ago, the address was delivered in 1866.
2. *the very spot*, St. Martin's Borough Hall and Public Library, near Trafalgar Square, London.

Page 396.

3. *Defoe*, see biographical note, p. 673.
4. *Rochester* and *Sedley*, courtiers of Charles II's time, noted for their wit and their wickedness.
5. *Laud*, Archbishop of Canterbury. See p. 714, *Romance of History*, note 1.
6. *selenography*, the study of the physical condition of the moon.

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7. *Toricellian*. Toricelli, an Italian, discovered the principle of the barometer in 1643.
8. *Wallis* (1616-1703), a learned English mathematician.
9. *Newton*, Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1721), the famous English natural philosopher; he was elected a member of the Royal Society in 1672.
10. "*Philosophical Transactions*", the publications of the Royal Society.
11. *Galileo*. Galileo's views were condemned by the Pope in 1616, and in 1633 he was forced by the Inquisition to abjure the Copernican theory.
12. *Vesalius* (1514-1564), a noted Belgian anatomist.
13. *Harvey*, William Harvey (1578-1657), an English physiologist and anatomist, noted especially for his discovery of the circulation of the blood.
14. *Schoolmen*, a term used to describe the philosophers and theologians of the Middle Ages, who took the Scriptures as the sole and unquestionable authority on all subjects. Their explanation of church doctrines was characterized by fine distinctions and absence of real content.

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15. "*writ in water*", the epitaph on the grave of Keats.
16. *Lord Brouncker*, the first president of the Royal Society after its incorporation in 1662.
17. *revenant*, ghostly visitor.
18. *Boyle*, Robert, an English chemist.

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19. "*When in heaven . . . gladdens in his heart*", from Tennyson's "Specimens of a Translation of the Iliad in Blank Verse."

Page 401.

20. "*increasing God's honor, etc.*", Bacon's statement of his purpose in writing the "Advancement of Learning."
21. *Rumford*, Benjamin Thompson, Count

Rumford (1738-1814), born in America and educated at Harvard; during the Revolution, suspected of loyalty to the King and imprisoned; acquitted, he went to England and became prominent in politics and science. He was given his title of Count by the Holy Roman Empire, and chose Rumford as his title name after the New Hampshire town where he had taught.

HARRISON

Page 403.

Frederic Harrison was born in London in 1831. He was educated at King's College (London) and at Oxford, and was called to the bar in 1858. He achieved great success in his profession, occupying many important legal posts. He became a follower of the French philosopher Comte, and the chief exponent in England of Comte's philosophy of Positivism. As a critic, he is noted for the soundness of his judgments. Among his many books, the following are representative: "The Meaning of History" (1862); "The Choice of Books" (1886); "Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill, and other Literary Estimates" (1899); and "The Positive Evolution of Religion" (1912). Harrison died in 1923.

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS

This was originally delivered in 1878 before the London Institution for the Diffusion of Knowledge, and was the title essay of a volume published in 1886.

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1. *Slough of Despond*, in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress", a deep bog into which Christian falls at the outset of his journey, and from which he is rescued by Help.
2. *Pilgrim*, the principal character in "Pilgrim's Progress."
3. *Libri valde desiderati*, books greatly desired.
4. *Obiter dictum*, thing said in passing.

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5. *Hume*, David (1711-1776), a Scotch historian and philosopher.
6. *Gibbon*, Edward (1737-1794), an English historian, author of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."
7. *Adam Smith* (1723-1790), a Scotch political economist, famous for his "Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations."
8. *Eleatic philosophy*. This name of a Greek school of philosophy is here used in punning allusion to Lamb's "Essays of Elia."

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9. *Whitaker*, the compiler of a well-known statistical yearbook.

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10. *a priori*, reasoning "before the fact", i.e. from general and accepted principles rather than from actual experiment or observation.
11. *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, floating here and there in the surging sea.
12. *Paternoster Row*, a street in London north of St. Paul's, long famous as the center of book publishing.

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13. *Diodati*, a Swiss theologian with whom Milton corresponded.
14. *Et totum, etc.* And my books, my life, possess me utterly.
15. *obscurantist*, one who opposes the progress and spread of knowledge.

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16. *Gutenberg*, Johannes (1400-1468), credited with the invention of movable type in printing.

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17. *Auguste Comte* (1798-1857), a French philosopher; founder of the so-called Positive Philosophy and the "Religion of Humanity."

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18. *Zoilus* (fourth century B.C.), a Greek rhetorician, called "Scourge of Homer" because of his severe criticism of the Homeric poems.
19. *Apolonius of Rhodes*, a Greek poet who wrote "Argonautica"; he became keeper of the famous library of Alexandria (149 B.C.)
20. *Calderon de la Barca* (1600-1681), a Spanish dramatist.
21. *Molière* (1622-1673), the greatest of French dramatists.
22. *Cid*, Caneador (his real name was Don Rodrigo de Bivar), the national hero of Spain; his exploits were celebrated in a poem published in the twelfth or thirteenth century.
23. *Nibelungenlied*. The "Nibelungenlied" is the great medieval German epic.
24. *Imitation*, "the Imitation of Christ", by Thomas à Kempis.
25. *Aristophanes* (448?-380? B.C.) the greatest of Greek writers of comedy.
26. *Theocritus* (third century B.C.), Greek pastoral poet.
27. *Boccaccio*, Giovanni (1313-1375), an Italian writer; author of the "Decameron."
28. *Cervantes Saavedra*, Miguel de (1547-1616), the famous author of "Don Quixote."

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29. *Ceci tuera cela*. This will kill that.
30. *Vita Nuova* (The New Life), by Dante.
31. *Red Cross Knight*, a character in Spenser's "Faerie Queene."
32. *Christabel*, an unfinished poem by Coleridge.
33. *Corneille*, Pierre (1606-1684), the father of French tragedy.

BOOKS FOR FURTHER READING

Tennyson's "The Princess", "Maud", "In Memoriam", "Idylls of the King", and "Enoch Arden."
 Browning's "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon'", "Pippa Passes", "The Ring and the Book", "Saul", and other poems.
 Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese."
 Arnold's "Thyrsis", "Rugby Chapel", "Obermann", "Balder Dead", and "Tristram and Iseult."
 Edward Fitzgerald's "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam."
 Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "The Blessed Damsel", "House of Life" sonnet sequence, and "The King's Tragedy."
 William Morris's "The Earthly Paradise", "The Defence of Guenevere", and "Life and Death of Jason."
 Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon."
 Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus", "French Revolution", "Heroes and Hero Worship", selected "Essays", and "Reminiscences."
 Macaulay's selected "Essays", and "History of England."
 Newman's "Apologia Pro Vita Sua", and "Idea of a University."
 Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies", "Crown of Wild Olive", "Time and Tide", selections from "Modern Painters", and "Praeterita."
 John Stuart Mill's Essays on "Liberty", and "The Subjection of Women."
 Leslie Stephen's "Hours in a Library."
 Arnold's "Essays in Criticism", "On Trans-

lating Homer", "Culture and Anarchy", and "Discourses in America."
 Stevenson's "Virginibus Puerisque", "Familiar Studies of Men and Books", and "Memories and Portraits."
 Huxley's "Lay Sermons", and "Addresses."
 Frederic Harrison's "On the Choice of Books."
 Dickens's "Christmas Carol", "David Copperfield", "A Tale of Two Cities", "Pickwick", "Oliver Twist", "Nicholas Nickleby", "Bleak House", "Dombey and Son", "Our Mutual Friend", and "Old Curiosity Shop."
 Thackeray's "English Humorists", "The Four Georges", "Henry Esmond", "Vanity Fair", "Pendennis", "The Newcomes", and "The Virginians."
 George Eliot's "Adam Bede", "The Mill on the Floss", "Silas Marner", "Romola", and "Middlemarch."
 Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth."
 Anthony Trollope's "Barchester Towers."
 Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre."
 Emily Brontë's "Wuthering Heights."
 Bulwer-Lytton's "The Last Days of Pompeii."
 Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho", and "Hypatia."
 Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford."
 Blackmore's "Lorna Doone."
 George Meredith's "Ordeal of Richard Feverel", "Diana of the Crossways", "Beauchamp's Career", and "The Egoist."

The New Age

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ALTHOUGH Queen Victoria's long reign did not come to an end until 1901, yet the literary age to which her name has been applied reached its close twenty years before her death. The year 1885 is a convenient one to take as a dividing line, although it must be borne in mind that many of the great Victorians lived on to a much later date, and, on the other hand, that some of the writers, like Swinburne, Rossetti, Browning, and George Meredith, who are usually called Victorians, were out of sympathy with the ideals of their time and were pioneers in the new age long before 1885.

Early in the eighties changes came, both in England and in other countries, which indicated the starting point of a new and different epoch. In 1878 the Berlin Congress met, and those international complications were formed which led eventually to the World War. In the course of the eighties the continent of Africa was almost wholly divided among France, Portugal, Germany, and England. In 1882 England occupied Egypt, but it was not until the close of the century, after the Boer War, that she was able to extend and consolidate her domin-

ions in South Africa. For England as well as other European countries, in fact, the closing decades of the century were a period of imperialism, in which the European powers engaged in keen rivalry for control of commerce and colonies, though this rivalry in distant fields was followed later by an increasing European tension which ended finally in the catastrophe of 1914.

In the meantime the bonds between England and her dominions, as indeed between all English-speaking peoples, were strengthened by the rapid development of commerce, of means of communication, and of inventions of all kinds. The age of steam was followed by the age of electricity, and the whole world was bound together in one community. All nations became neighbors, and the time was fast approaching when it was but a step to universal peace or universal war. Danger lay not only in the strained relations between nations, but also between social classes, for with the growth of democracy and the increased power of labor the disputes over the distribution of wealth became more and more bitter from year to year. Reforms were attempted, and some progress made in the direction of equality of economic

opportunity. But all these internal troubles sunk into insignificance, when the world was plunged suddenly into war, in the summer of 1914. All progress was arrested, and for more than five years the chaos of destruction went on. The flower of young English manhood was destroyed, and all its institutions — political, social, and religious — were shaken to their very foundations. We are yet too near this cataclysm properly to measure its effects or evaluate its results.

The literature of this period is so voluminous and so varied that it is extremely difficult to characterize it. But in its love of action and adventure, its experimentation with new forms of expression and increase of range in subjects treated, in its frankness, and freedom, and heartiness, it can at least be said to show a healthy response to the progress in science and the emancipating social changes that were going on. As in the Elizabethan period, there has been a renaissance of the drama, which has taken on proportions and assumed an importance that it has not had in English literature for two hundred years. Yeats and Synge in Ireland, and Pinero, Jones, Shaw, Barrie, and Galsworthy in England have made the stage a power again, not only as a means of entertainment, but as a means of attacking the evils of society and presenting new ideas.

In poetry, the ideals of the Victorian Pre-Raphaelites were taken up in the eighties by the "esthetic" group led by Oscar Wilde; but the movement was an exotic one and eventually degenerated into artificialities of form and the search for pleasurable sensation in subject matter. This shallow estheticism was, however, merely a strong reaction against the high seriousness of the great Victorians, and was but a passing literary phase. The first clear notes of a return to a saner and more hopeful view of life were struck by Stevenson, who brought into English literature again the vigorous, adventurous spirit of youth; and by Kipling, who gloried in the material universe, revealed the romance that lay in machinery, and became the laureate of the "strenuous life" and British imperialism. They were followed by the "Georgians", as a number of the younger English poets have called themselves. Their cry for "poetic feeling for ordinary life" and for a "return to actuality" was reinforced by the stern necessities that were laid upon both author and reader by the World War. But alongside of their expression in new poetic form of the primitive emotions, often redolent of the soil, are found the romantic beauty of nature, the most careful introspection, and the highest idealism, clothed in the more conservative meters that have been traditional from Chaucer to Tennyson.

The fertility of the period has by no means been confined to the drama and poetry. Stevenson and Kipling were both masters of prose fiction, and Hardy is a greater novelist than poet. And these three have

been followed by a large number of other writers of prose who have produced work of lasting value. Indeed in prose fiction alone — leaving aside the multitude of works on history and government, on philosophy and religion, on science, in biography and in literary criticism — one is likely to lose one's sense of perspective and proportion, because of the vastness of the field. One can do little more than suggest its range. The modern novel has exploited in romantic fashion the new wonders of science; it has reflected the increased colonial interest by studies of the European in exotic and eastern environments; it has more realistically portrayed social and industrial conditions and presented schemes for their improvement; and particularly, it has given us a more penetrating, more introspective analysis of human character in the light of modern psychology, and has challenged every custom and convention which seems to thwart the freedom of the human spirit.

Such are some of the distinguishing features of the new age. It is true, perhaps, that there are few writers of marked pre-eminence. But it is also true that in no period of English literature has there been such a large number of writers of so high an excellence, and certainly never such an enormous number of educated and intelligent readers to whom excellence should make its appeal.

HARDY

Thomas Hardy was born near Dorchester in 1840. He was trained to be an architect, but after practising this profession for a short time in London, he began to try his hand at fiction. His first important novel, "Far from the Madding Crowd", appeared in 1874, and he then abandoned architecture and London, and settled in Dorsetshire. From here a long series of novels, filled with local color and local character, made the Wessex district of England known to the whole world. In 1903 appeared his dramatized history of the Anglo-French struggle of the Napoleonic era, under the title of "The Dynasts", Part I; Parts II and III were published in the years 1906 and 1908 respectively. Among his many novels, the most popular are "Under the Greenwood Tree" (1872), "The Return of the Native" (1878), "The Mayor of Casterbridge" (1886), and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" (1891). Hardy has also produced several volumes of poetry of very high merit.

HENLEY

Page 414.

William Ernest Henley was born in 1849, the eldest son of a Gloucester bookseller. What education he had was received at the Crypt School of that place, under Thomas Edward Brown, afterwards well known as the Clifton master and Manx poet. From

the age of twelve he suffered from a tubercular disease, which caused the amputation of a foot before he was twenty; he then spent some two years in the Old Infirmary in Edinburgh, where the other leg was saved through the skill of the famous surgeon, Sir Joseph Lister. While he was here he read and studied, mastering French and Spanish, and wrote his first essays for the *Cornhill Magazine*. He then settled in London, where he became the editor of various magazines, wrote poetry, edited Burns, Byron, and the Edinburgh folio of Shakespeare, and collaborated with Robert Louis Stevenson in writing four plays. He died in 1903 at Woking, having accomplished, though a life-long invalid, a great quantity of literary work of which the "London Volunteers" (1892) was his most characteristic poetry.

INVICTUS

The title is the Latin for "Unconquered."

WATSON

Sir William Watson was born at Burley-in-Wharfedale, Yorkshire, in 1858, and was brought up in Liverpool. His first recognition as a poet came with the publication of "Wordsworth's Grave and Other Poems" (1890). Two years afterwards, Gladstone bestowed upon him the Civil List pension of two hundred pounds, available on the death of Tennyson. His rather radical and half-political poems kept him from being made poet laureate at the death of Alfred Austin. Besides poetry, he has written numerous magazine articles on critical, philosophical, and political subjects, some of which were collected and published in 1893, as "Excursions in Criticism." Of his poetry, "Collected Poems" appeared in 1898; and from his work since that time a selection was made and published in 1903 under the title "Selected Poems."

THOMPSON

Francis Thompson was born at Preston, England, in 1859, the son of a physician, who was a Roman Catholic in religion. He was educated at Ushaw, and at first was intended for the Catholic priesthood; but giving this up, he studied medicine at Owens College, however, with very little success. Later he fell into the opium habit, under the influence of De Quincey's "Confessions", but was rescued from dire poverty in London by his friends Mr. and Mrs. Meynell, by whose help he partially broke away from his evil practice. In 1893 he issued his first volume of poems, which gained the success of five editions in two years. This was followed by two other volumes of verse, and later by various essays, reviews, and Catholic biographies. He died in London of consumption in 1907. "The Hound of Heaven" (1893) is his most famous poem.

THE HOUND OF HEAVEN

Burne-Jones said in 1893, "Since the appearance of 'The Blessed Damozel', no mystical words have so touched me as has 'The Hound of Heaven'." Its mixture of mysticism and sensuousness reminds one of the poetry of Coleridge or the painting and poetry of the Pre-Raphaelites. The poem has been called a study in the profound science of renunciation. Its central idea is in these words from St. Augustine: "Thou wast driving me on with Thy good, so that I could not be at rest until Thou wast manifest to the eye of my soul." And these from Meister Eckhart: "He who will escape Him only runs to His bosom; for all corners are open to Him."

Line 8. *Adown Titanic glooms.* "There perished with Mr. Stend in the Titanic disaster in 1912 a Catholic priest, who had shortly before sailing recommended this poem with the strangely prophetic line, to a friend as an antidote to decadent poetry." (From Meynell's *Life of Thompson*)

Lines 16-24. The soul is pictured as pleading for shelter at a human heart, which is likened to a cottage with little casement windows. *Oullaw-wise*, because he was fleeing from Him who is Justice itself; a fugitive from Divine Law and the God who would make him a prisoner of love. The metaphors concerning the heart were probably due to Thompson's study of medicine. So manifold and *interlacing* were these charities that they quite covered the whole heart, thus making it susceptible to every appeal and promising a secure and inviolable refuge once the assured admittance was gained. The casement is *trellised* not merely with the vine of the love of God but also with the love of creatures. The passage may be paraphrased thus: I knew His love but felt that if I surrendered directly to Him, there would be nothing for self; and so I sought a compromise in a heart where there were heavenly and earthly loves interlaced, where I could love God in the creature and the creature too, and there find a reciprocated love from that creature; *clash it to*, not indeed that the human heart, in whose love rest is sought, always withdraws its love under such conditions; but the very nearness of God brings it to pass that the craving soul, from its side, feels no comfort in such proffered or even given love. ("The Hound of Heaven, An Interpretation", by Le Buffe. Macmillan)

HOUSMAN

Page 417.

A. E. Housman (Alfred Edward Housman) was born in 1859, and was educated at Oxford. For ten years after graduation, he was a "higher division clerk" in the Patent Office in London. Since 1892, he has been

a professor of Latin, first in University College, London, and later in Cambridge University; he is a distinguished classical scholar. His fame as a poet rests on a slender volume, entitled "A Shropshire Lad", published first in 1896. In 1922 he published an even slenderer volume, called "Last Poems", written during the long period of intervening years.

TO AN ATHLETE DYING YOUNG

Line 2. *chaired*, carried in a chair.

Line 17. *roul*, a moving company or throng.

NEWBOLT

Sir Henry Newbolt was born at Bilston in 1862. His early work was imitative of that of Tennyson, and he attempted to add to the long list of poems on the Arthurian legends a drama in blank verse, entitled "Mordred" (1895). It was not, however, until he began writing his ballads of the sea that he struck his true vein. These have appeared in "Admirals All" (1897) and "The Island Race" (1898). Newbolt has also written many critical essays, and a stirring "History of the Navy in the War."

VITAI LAMPADA

The meaning of the title is "the torch of life." It is taken from the Latin of Lucretius, book III, line 270: *Et quasi cursores vitai lampada tradunt* (And like runners they hand on the torch of life). The image is taken from Plato's idea of passing life on as if it were a torch. Compare the use of this image in McCrae's "In Flanders Fields" (p. 422).

DRAKE'S DRUM

This poem, based on an old legend regarding the great Elizabethan seaman, was tremendously popular in England during the years of the World War. See Fuller's "Life of Sir Francis Drake", p. 83.

KIPLING

Page 418.

Rudyard Kipling was born in Bombay, India, in 1865. His father was a professor in the British School of Art in Bombay, and later principal of a school of art at Lahore. Young Kipling learned Hindustani from a native nurse, but was early sent to England to be educated at the United Services College at Westward Ho, North Devonshire. At the age of eighteen, he returned to India, and took a position on the staff of the Lahore *Civil and Military Gazette*, and later on the *Pioneer*. About 1890 he left India, and traveled extensively in China, Japan, America, Africa, and Australasia. In 1892 he was married to an American woman, and for five years made his home in Vermont. He then took up his residence in Sussex, England, where he has lived for the last twenty-five years. His only son was killed in the World

War. It was the "Barrack Room Ballads" (1892) and his immortal short stories of Indian life and "Soldiers Three", that first made him known throughout the English-speaking world. The "Ballads" were followed by various other volumes of poetry, all of which work was collected in the "Inclusive Edition" (1885-1918). He has made himself the spokesman of British imperialism, Caucasian superiority, machinery, the sea, the army and navy, and in general the "strenuous life." In addition to his short stories, he has written the two "Jungle Books" and the "Just-So Stories" for young people, and some long tales of which "Stalky and Co" and "Kim" are the most widely known and read. In 1907, the Nobel Prize for Literature was awarded to him, and in 1922 he was elected Rector of St. Andrew's University. He has been the greatest literary figure in England since the death of Tennyson.

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

This poem appeared originally in *Macmillan's Magazine*, in 1889; afterwards it was published in "Barrack Room Ballads."

Line 7. *Ressaldar*, in the Anglo-Indian army the commander of a troop of irregular native cavalry.

Line 20. *gut*, a narrow passage or defile between hills.

Line 28. *saffle-bars*, a part of a bridle bit, the mouthpiece of which is composed of two tapering bars joined together by a ring.

Page 419.

Line 46. *byres*, cow houses; the buildings of a farmstead.

Line 66. *ling*, heather.

MANDALAY

Page 420.

The city of Mandalay is in Upper Burma on the Irawadi River. Near the mouth of this river is situated the great seaport Rangoon, while Moulmein is just across the Gulf of Martaban from Rangoon.

RECESSIONAL

Page 421.

This was originally published in the London *Times* of July 17, 1897, and was afterwards used as an epilogue to "The Five Nations", a collection of poems published in 1903. It was written after the celebrations over Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. A "recessional" is a hymn that is sung while the choir and clergy are passing out of the church at the close of a service. The *Times* remarked editorially, "At this moment of imperial exaltation, Mr. Kipling does well to remind his countrymen that we have something more to do than to build battle-ships and multiply guns."

Line 22. *the Law*, the Hebrew Law; the poet is thinking of the English as "the chosen people."

Page 422.

Line 26. *shard*, a hard fragment; here projectiles.

Line 27. *dust*, in apposition with "heart" in line 25.

McCRAE

John McCrae (1872-1918) was a Canadian physician who completed his medical course in Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, and was afterward on the staff of McGill University Medical School in Montreal. He was a lieutenant of artillery in the Boer War, and during the World War he was head of the Medical Division of the McGill Canadian General Hospital. After serving two years, he died of pneumonia in January, 1918. No poem of the war had so wide a popularity, perhaps no single piece of literature stirred so many hearts, as his "In Flanders Fields."

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In structure, the poem is a perfect rondeau, consisting of thirteen lines with but two rhymes, and an unrhymed refrain which is taken from the first line and follows after the eighth and thirteenth lines.

MASEFIELD

John Masefield was born in 1874 at Ledbury, Hertfordshire. He was a restless youth and early went to sea, and became a wanderer for several years. For a time he was a farm laborer, and in 1895 he worked in a saloon in New York City. While living at Yonkers, N. Y., in 1896, he began reading poetry systematically, and had his poetical eyes opened by Chaucer in particular, though Keats, Shelley, Milton, and Shakespeare all influenced him. He returned then to England, and began to write, with such success that in 1912 the Royal Society of Literature awarded him the Edmond de Polignac Prize for Poetry. He had already published several volumes of sea ballads and short nautical stories. But his best work consists of long narrative poems like "The Everlasting Mercy" (1911), "The Widow in the Bye-Street" (1912), "Dauber" (1912), and "Reynard the Fox" (1919), which is thought by some his masterpiece. He has also written several novels, of which "Multitude and Solitude" is the best; a number of plays, such as "Pompey the Great" and "The Tragedy of Nan"; and a very stimulating critique on "Shakespeare" (1911). During the World War he served with the Red Cross in France and at Gallipoli, and wrote an account of the latter campaign, under the title "Gallipoli", which is one of the best of the books of its type on the war.

A CONSECRATION

Line 9. *koppie*, for *kopje*, in South Africa the name for a small hill.

Line 14. *chantyman*. The song which sailors

sing in rhythm with their work is called a *chantey* (usually so spelled).

THE CHOICE

Page 423.

This poem appeared in the volume entitled "Lollington Downs", 1917.

NOYES

Alfred Noyes was born in Staffordshire in 1880, and educated at Exeter College, Oxford. His first book of poetry, "The Loom of Years", was published when he was but twenty-two years old, and gave such promise that Swinburne, living then in retirement, had the young poet visit him and read his verses to him. Like Kipling, Noyes married an American wife and has resided in the United States, having been Professor of Modern English Literature at Princeton from 1914 to 1923. He also delivered the Lowell Lectures in 1913 on "The Sea in English Poetry", published the same year. Of his many works, the most representative are: "Drake" (1908), a blank verse epic of the sea in twelve books; "Forty Singing Seamen and Other Poems" (1907); "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern" (1912), which introduce Shakespeare, Marlowe, Drayton, Raleigh, Ben Jonson, and other immortals of that day; and the "Life of William Morris", for the English Men of Letters series (1908). His poetry was assembled and published in two volumes of "Collected Poems" in 1913.

FORTY SINGING SEAMEN

Prester John was, in the Middle Ages, a supposed priest and sovereign who lived in the interior of Asia and ruled over a kingdom the boundaries of which were variously placed.

Line 1. *Mogadore*, an imaginary place probably; there is a Mogador in Morocco, Africa.

Line 3. *Polyphemus*, a giant with one eye who imprisoned Ulysses and his companions in a cave; they made him drunk, put out his eye with a pine torch, and escaped.

Page 424.

Line 42. *Beachy Head*, a headland on the English Channel, in Sussex.

Line 76. *unicorn*, a fabulous animal with one horn; it is in the English Royal Coat of Arms.

BROOKE

Page 425.

Rupert Brooke was born at Rugby in 1887, where his father, William Brooke, was an assistant master. He was educated at Rugby and at King's College, Cambridge. He was greatly interested in athletic sports of all kinds, and is said to have been the handsomest Englishman of his time. In 1913 he was elected a Fellow of King's and started

for a year's journey to America, Samoa, and Tahiti. In September, 1914, he joined the Hood Division, R.N.V.R., as a sub-lieutenant, and was in the Antwerp expedition in October. In February of the following year, he sailed for the Dardanelles to take part in that unfortunate campaign, but he did not reach his destination. He died of blood-poisoning at sea, April 23, 1915, on board a French hospital ship, and was buried on the island of Skyros. In 1905, his poem entitled "The Bastille" won a prize. But it was not until 1911 that his first volume of poems was published. His second and last volume, called "1914 and Other Poems", appeared in 1915, shortly after his death. He has been referred to as the brightest star in the constellation of the Georgian Poets.

STEVENSON

Robert Louis Stevenson was born in Edinburgh, in 1850, the son of a harbor and lighthouse engineer, for which profession he also was destined. But weak health and an early leaning to literature foiled his father's purpose. He had an irregular education at private schools, at the Edinburgh Academy, under private tutors, and at the University of Edinburgh, and even qualified for the bar. Because of pulmonary troubles he traveled a great deal for his health; his first book, "An Inland Voyage" (1878), was an account of a canoe trip through Belgium and France. At this time he met and fell in love with an American woman, Mrs. Osbourne, who had come to France to study art. On her return to California, Stevenson followed her, his experiences in crossing the Atlantic and the American continent being described in "The Amateur Emigrant" and "Across the Plains." He arrived in San Francisco desperately ill, but recovered through the careful nursing of Mrs. Osbourne. They were then married, in 1880, and subsequently moved about from one health resort to another, living at various times in Scotland, Mar-seilles, Bournemouth, and Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks, but finally settling at "Vailima", island of Upolu, Samoa. Here Stevenson died suddenly in 1894, and was buried at the top of a mountain overlooking his Samoan home. On his tomb is engraved his best poem, the "Requiem", which he had written ten years before:

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie,
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me;
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

In addition to books of travel, some of which have been mentioned, Stevenson wrote fascinating letters, novels and short stories, essays, and poetry. Of his works the follow-

ing are representative: "Virginibus Puerisque", a collection of essays; "Treasure Island", "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde", and "Kidnapped"; and of his poetry "A Child's Garden of Verses", and "Underwoods." At his death he left two romances unfinished, "The Weir of Hermiston" and "St. Ives." Other delightful essays are in "Familiar Studies of Men and Books", and "Memories and Portraits."

AES TRIPLEX

The Latin title means "Triple Brass", and is taken from Horace's lines on the man who first launched his ship — whose heart was "bound with oak and triple brass." Stevenson is here speaking of launching out on the deep of eternity.

1. *dule tree*, a tree of mourning, where a family or clan gathered to lament death or other calamity. Cf. Latin *dolor*, grief.

Page 426.

2. *blue-peter*, a blue flag flown as a signal of departure.

Page 427.

3. *Balaclava*, where occurred the famous Charge of the Light Brigade in the Crimean War, in 1854.
4. *Curtius*, a Roman hero who in 362 B.C. leaped into a gulf that appeared in the Roman forum, to satisfy a prophecy that the chasm would not close except over Rome's most precious possession.
5. *Derby*, the most famous of English horse races.
6. *Caligula* (12–41 A.D.), third Roman Emperor, who proclaimed himself a god.
7. *Omar*, Persian poet of the twelfth century, author of the "Rubaiyat."
8. *Whitman*, see biographical note, p. 741.
9. *stuff with dreams*, cf. Shakespeare's "Tempest" IV, i, 156:

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

Page 428.

10. *Commander's statue*, which knocks at the door in "Don Juan", a play by the French dramatist Molière (1622–1673).
11. *bag's end*, a translation of the French *cul-de-sac*; a blind alley.
12. *Bath-chair*, an invalid's chair, originally used at the health resort Bath in southwestern England.
13. *lexicographer*, Samuel Johnson.

Page 429.

14. *mim-mouthed*, prim, precise. *Mim* is Scotch for "mum."

STEPHEN

Page 439.

Sir Leslie Stephen was born in London in 1832 and was educated at Eton, at King's College (London), and at Trinity Hall, Cam-

bridge. He remained at Cambridge, after graduation, as a tutor and fellow until 1884. He had taken orders in the English Church, but his reading led to convictions which caused him to give up such a career. He then went to London and engaged in literary work for the leading periodicals, becoming editor of *Cornhill Magazine* in 1871 and securing as contributors Stevenson, Hardy, and Henry James. In 1882 he gave up this position to undertake the *Dictionary of National Biography*, which ill health forced him to relinquish to Sidney Lee in 1891. But Stephen had already written nearly four hundred of the articles himself, and the work is a monument to his scholarship and literary judgment. Among his many books of criticism are: "Hours in a Library" (three series, 1874, '76, '79); "Studies of a Biographer" (1898); and "English Literature and Society in the 18th Century" (1904). He died in London in 1904.

THE REGRETS OF A MOUNTAINEER

This selection is from Stephen's "The Playground of Europe."

1. *Hyde Park*, a park in London.
2. *Snowdon*, the highest mountain in Wales. (The other mountains mentioned are in Switzerland.)

Page 440.

3. *Sir E. Landseer*, an English painter of animals (1802-1873).

Page 441.

4. *névé*, the compact granular snow forming the surface of the upper part of a glacier.
5. *Porson*, Richard (1759-1808), an English Greek scholar and critic.

Page 442.

6. "The silence, etc." From Wordsworth's "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle."

Page 447.

7. *Stonehenge*, an assemblage of upright stones near Salisbury, England, dating back to the neolithic or early bronze age.

Page 448.

8. "That a sorrow's crown of sorrow, etc." From Tennyson's "Locksley Hall, l. 75.

CHESTERTON

Gilbert Keith Chesterton was born in London in 1874. He went for a time to St. Paul's School, but left intending to study art. However, he had a natural literary bent and soon began occasional reviewing and gained some experience in a publisher's office. In 1900, he published a volume of clever poems, "The Wild Knight." He became a regular contributor to Liberal journals like the *Speaker* and *Daily News*, and much of this journalistic work was republished in "Heretics", "Twelve Types", and "Orthodoxy", which were distinguished by humor, paradoxes, and acuteness of criticism. His

versatility is shown by biographical essays on Browning (for the "English Men of Letters" series), on Dickens, and on Bernard Shaw; by romances like "Napoleon of Notting-hill", "The Flying Inn", and "The Man Who Was Thursday"; by poetry, by at least one play, "Magic", and by "The Victorian Age in Literature" and "A Short History of England."

A DEFENCE OF NONSENSE

This is from "The Defendant", which was published in 1901.

1. *Edward Lear* (1812-1888), English painter, traveler, and humorist.
2. *Aristophanes* (b.c. 448?-380?) a Greek comic poet.
3. *Rabelais*, Francois (1490?-1553), a French physician, philosopher, satirist, and humorist.
4. *Sterne*, Laurence (1713-1768), an English clergyman, novelist, and humorist.

KIPLING

(For biography see p. 727)

THE MAN WHO WAS

Page 450.

Most people to-day owe what they know about India and British army life to Kipling's stories. "The Man Who Was" is a masterly presentation of a dramatic situation, and significant also as a study of racial traits, seen through Kipling's eyes. The story appeared first in *Macmillan's Magazine* in 1890.

Page 451.

1. *Sotnia*, Russian for one hundred; a Russian cavalry squadron.

Page 452.

2. *Sambhur*, a species of Asiatic deer with maned neck and large antlers.
3. *nulghai*, a large antelope of India.

WELLS

Page 458.

Herbert George Wells was born at Bromley, Kent, in 1866. He was educated at Midhurst Grammar School, at the Royal College of Science, and at London University, where he graduated with the highest honors in 1888. In 1893 he began to write for various journals; after the success of his fantastic "Time Machine" (1895), he devoted himself to writing romances in which he made use of the newest scientific and technical discoveries. Some of these books were: "When the Sleeper Wakes" (1890), "The Island of Doctor Moreau" (1896), "First Men in the Moon" (1901), and "War in the Air" (1908). He also became interested in sociology and wrote a number of books advancing socialistic theories, like "Mankind in the Making" (1903), "A Modern Utopia" (1905), and "New Worlds for Old" (1908). As a novelist he had meanwhile taken a high place with works

like "Kipps" (1905), "Tono Bungay" (1909), "The History of Mr. Polly" (1910), "Marriage" (1912), "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman" (1914), and "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" (1916). He has also written philosophic works like "God the Invisible King" (1917), war pamphlets like "The World Set Free" (1914) and "Salvaging of Civilization" (1921), many short stories, and the extremely popular "Outline of History" (1919-1920).

THE LORD OF THE DYNAMOS

This story is from "The Stolen Bacillus and Other Incidents" (1895), though it was first published in the *Melbourne Leader*.

1. *Carnot's Cycle*, an ideal heat engine cycle named for the famous French physicist of that name.

Page 460.

2. *Juggernaut*, one of the forms of Vishnu; it was formerly erroneously thought that upon a certain festival when the idol was drawn on a car the worshippers allowed themselves to be crushed under the wheels.
3. *peccant*, sinning, guilty of transgression.

GALSWORTHY

Page 462.

John Galsworthy was born at Coombe, Surrey, in 1867. After he was educated at Harrow and New College, Oxford, he was called to the bar in 1890. He has, however, devoted himself chiefly to literature, his earliest novel, "Jocelyn", appearing in 1898. A long list of novels followed, of which the outstanding titles are: "The Man of Property" (1906), "The Patrician" (1911), "The Dark Flower" (1913), "Saints' Progress" (1919), and "The Forsyte Saga" (1922). At the same time he was building up a reputation as a short story writer and a very successful dramatist. Of his many plays these should be mentioned: "The Silver Box" (1906), "Strife" (1909), "Justice" (1910), "The Eldest Son" (1912), and "Loyalties" (1922).

SPINDLEBERRIES

This story is from "Tatterdemalion", published in 1920.

MORLEY

Page 467.

John Morley (1838-1923) was conspicuous both as a statesman and as a man of letters, during a lifetime which extended over two eras. After completing his education at Oxford, he came to London in 1859 to seek distinction in literature, and was editor, in succession, of the *Literary Gazette*, the *Morning Star*, the *Fortnightly Review*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, and the *Poll Mall Gazette*. He became known as a philosopher, and also as a radical, with the reputation of being an agnostic. In 1878, under his editor-

ship, was begun the "English Men of Letters" series of biographies. In 1883 he entered Parliament as a Liberal, and was Secretary for Ireland under Gladstone in 1886 and 1892. After a considerable interval of time, he was made Secretary for India under Campbell-Bannerman in 1905, and held this office five years. In the meantime he was created a peer, with the title of Viscount Morley of Blackburn. He was the author of a great many works in the fields of political and literary criticism and biography, among which may be specially mentioned his monographs on "Voltaire" (1872), "Rousseau" (1873), "Burke" (1879), and "Walpole" (1889), and his biographies of "Cromwell" and "Gladstone." His official career came to an end with the outbreak of the World War, when he retired to his Wimbleton villa and wrote the two volumes of his "Recollections."

LITERATURE

This is taken from "Studies in Literature" (1891).

Page 468.

1. *Sainte-Beuve* (1804-1869), a great French critic of literature.
 2. *René*, the hero of a work of the same title by the French author, Chateaubriand.
 3. *Aventine*, a historic hill in Rome.
- Page 469.
4. *Ninth Symphony*, a musical composition by Beethoven, written in 1823 and marking the culmination of his genius as a composer of orchestral music.
 5. *Transfiguration*, the greatest work of the Italian painter Raphael (1483-1520).

BRYCE

Page 471.

James Bryce (1838-1922) was born in Belfast of Scotch parentage, educated at Glasgow and Oxford universities, and was from 1870 to 1893 Regius Professor of Law at Oxford. As a prominent Liberal leader in politics, he held several cabinet positions, and in 1907 was appointed Ambassador to the United States, a position which he filled with preëminent distinction. He was made a viscount in 1913. Though not in full sympathy with the British course at the outbreak of the World War, he later gave full support to the Allied cause and was chairman of the committee that reported on Belgian atrocities. His classic work "The American Commonwealth" (1888) is written with thorough knowledge, complete sympathy, and engaging directness of style. Just before his death he published, in 1921, a work of wider scope on "Modern Democracies."

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS AS MOULDING PUBLIC OPINION

This is Chapter 80 of "The American Commonwealth."

Page 472.

1. *William M. Tweed*, head of a political ring that robbed New York City of over \$1,000,000. In 1871 the corruption was exposed and Tweed was sent to prison.

Page 474.

2. *colluvies gentium*, offscourings of nations.

Page 475.

3. *interest . . . in public affairs*. "The European country where the common people best understand politics is, I think, Greece. I remember, for instance, in crossing the channel which divides Cephalonia from Ithaca, to have heard the boatmen discuss a recent ministerial crisis at Athens, during the whole voyage, with the liveliest interest and apparently some knowledge." (Bryce)

Page 476.

4. *less marked in America*. "I do not mean that Americans are more apt to unbosom themselves to strangers, but that they have rather more adaptiveness than the British, and are less disposed to stand alone and care nothing for the opinion of others. It is worth noticing that Americans traveling abroad seem to get more easily into touch with the inhabitants of the country than the English do; nor have they the English habit of calling those inhabitants — Frenchmen, for instance, or Germans — 'the natives.'" (Bryce)
5. *Know-nothing party*. In 1855 this party, making its appeal chiefly to anti-foreign sentiment, carried a majority of the northern States and some of the southern. It nominated Fillmore for President in 1856 but secured only eight electoral votes.
6. *elections of 1874-75*. In these elections a reform movement gave the Democrats a majority in Congress.

BOOKS FOR FURTHER READING

- Thomas Hardy's "The Return of the Native", "The Mayor of Casterbridge", "Tess of the D'Urbervilles", and "The Dynasts".
- Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island", "Kidnapped", "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and other of his short stories, "David Balfour", "Master of Ballantrae", "The Weir of Hermiston", "Virginibus Puerisque" (essays).

William Butler Yeats's "The Land of Heart's Desire", "Deirdre of the Sorrows."

Rudyard Kipling's short stories, "The Light That Failed", "Stalky and Co.", and "Kim."

Stephen Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca" (play); "Marpessa" (narrative poem).

John Masefield's "Dauber", "The Everlasting Mercy", "The Widow in Bye-Street", "Reynard the Fox", and "Gallipoli."

Alfred Noyes's "Drake", "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern."

Samuel Butler's "The Way of All Flesh."

Maurice Hewlett's "Richard Yea and Nay."

Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch's "The Splendid Spur."

Arnold Bennett's "Old Wives' Tales", and "Clayhanger."

Joseph Conrad's short stories, "Victory", "Lord Jim", "Nostromo", "The Rescue", and "The Rover."

H. G. Wells's "The Time Machine", "The War in the Air", "New Worlds for Old", "Marriage", "Kippis", "Tono-Bungay", "Mr. Britling", "Outline of History."

John Synge's "Riders to the Sea", and "The Playboy of the Western World."

Sir Arthur W. Pinero's "Second Mrs. Tanqueray", and "The Thunderbolt."

Oscar Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan."

Sir Henry Arthur Jones's "Saints and Sinners", "Rebellious Susan", "The Liars", and "Michael and His Lost Angel."

John Galsworthy's "Strife", "Justice", "The Silver Box" (plays); and "The Forsyte Saga" (fiction).

George Bernard Shaw's "Candida", "Man and Superman", "Fanny's First Play", and "St. Joan."

Sir James Barrie's "A Window in Thrums" (sketches), "The Little Minister" and "Sentimental Tommy" (fiction); "The Admirable Crichton", "What Every Woman Knows", "Peter Pan", and "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals" (plays).

George Moore's "Evelyn Innes."

W. J. Locke's "The Beloved Vagabond."

G. K. Chesterton's "Heretics", "The Flying Inn", "The Man Who Was Thursday."

W. H. Hudson's "The Purple Land", and "Green Mansions."

Hugh Walpole's "Green Mirror", "Maradick at Fort", "The Dark Forest", "The Cathedral."

Lytton Strachey's "Life of Queen Victoria."

Robert Hichens's "The Garden of Allah."

William De Morgan's "Joseph Vance."

Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Weavers."

John Morley's "Life of Gladstone."

A. S. M. Hutchinson's "If Winter Comes."

AMERICAN LITERATURE

The Earlier Period

THE Elizabethan Age was in full flower in England at the time of early colonization in America. Spenser, Sidney, and Marlowe alone of the great Elizabethans had finished their work; the others were producing literature which was adding from year to year to their own fame and that of the age. The King James Version of the Bible was published only four years after the settlement of Jamestown in Virginia, and Shakespeare had been dead only four years when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. The colonists in America were heirs to all that the English race had thus far accomplished, and they brought with them to a new land Elizabethan initiative, ingenuity, idealism, and democratic spirit, qualities which were later to characterize the new nation they were to found.

The hard struggle necessary to obtain a foothold in the wilderness was not at all favorable, however, to the development of a literature. So before the time of the Revolution, nearly all that was written of any consequence consisted of descriptions of the colonies, accounts of their settlement, diaries, and especially in New England, books of a religious nature. Yet the works of English writers were read rather widely, and during the critical and formative period in American history extending roughly, from about 1765 to 1815, they formed the taste and served as models for the production of some works of lasting merit. This English literary influence was not in the main from contemporary English authors. Franklin, our first really great writer, tells us that he went back to Addison and Bunyan for his models; while those who struggled manfully to write poetry in the latter half of the eighteenth century were under the influence of Pope and the classical school. A whole generation passed before the influence of Burns bore fruit in America in the poetry of Whittier. And those who attempted the novel, with the exception of Charles Brockton Brown, imitated the sentimentality and didacticism of the school of Richardson. The essayists, pamphleteers, and orators, like Thomas Paine, Jefferson, Hamilton, James Otis, Patrick Henry, and Samuel Adams, who were all champions of human liberty, were more original and even influenced some of their contemporaries both in England and on the Continent, especially in France; but it should be remembered that these men had read widely in French political philosophy,

and that it was from the Englishman John Locke's "Treatises on Government" (1690) that the framers of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution got many of their ideas and even some of their phrases, like "All men are endowed with certain inalienable rights"; "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"; and "the origin and basis of government is in the consent of the governed."

The year 1821, however, is the most important date in the early history of American letters. It might even be called the real birth year of American literature in the three departments of fiction, the essay, and poetry, for in that year appeared Cooper's "The Spy", Irving's "Sketch Book", and Bryant's first volume of poems. As Brander Matthews has aptly written, Cooper was the first American author to carry the flag of the new nation outside the limits of the English language, for he was almost as widely read in France, Germany, and Italy as in Great Britain and the United States. Lockhart, Scott's biographer and son-in-law, declared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, "Mr. Washington Irving is one of our first favorites among the English writers of this age, and he is not a bit the less so for being born in America." Christopher North, another Scotch man of letters, said of Bryant that his "Thanatopsis" alone would establish a claim to genius." It was only in January of the preceding year, 1820, that Sydney Smith's contemptuous question had appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, "In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book?" At the time of this real beginning of American literature, Keats had just finished his career, Shelley was to follow him in the next year, and Byron soon thereafter; while Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge among the poets, and Scott, Lamb, and De Quincey among the writers of prose were at their zenith. The three writers who thus so propitiously inaugurated American literature all lived in New York, and with the minor writers that gathered round them constituted a group often referred to as the Early Knickerbockers. This New York school of writers held the stage until about the beginning of the Victorian Period in English literature. Then the literary center in America shifted to Boston and its vicinity, and the New England writers took the lead in the development of American literary culture.

There followed what has been called the Augustan Age of American literature, during which such masters of prose as Thoreau, Emerson, Hawthorne, Webster, Prescott, Motley, and Parkman and such poets as Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, and Holmes produced a body of literature of which any nation would be justly proud. The characteristics of this literature were not unlike those of Victorian literature in England. It was marked by high moral seriousness, and was much influenced by the contemporary shift of religious opinion which began with a dissent from the strict principles of Puritanism and reached its culmination in Unitarianism. Another "ism" which left its mark on much of the literature of the day was Transcendentalism. This has been defined as Unitarianism modified by the philosophy of France and Germany. It taught that the human mind can "transcend" or pass beyond experience and form conclusions which are not based on the world of sense. Out of it grew an attempt to reconstruct the social order in the communistic experiment of Brook Farm. The literature of the period was also colored by the interest many of its writers felt in the slavery question, though by no means all of them were Abolitionists. And lastly, there was an increased acquaintance with all that was best in the literature and art of England and Europe through the influence of Harvard University and her devoted professors, chief among whom in this service was the poet Longfellow.

One figure in American literature stands solitary and refuses classification. Though Poe was, by a strange chance, born in Boston, he has nothing in common with the New England group; and though he passed an important portion of his life in New York, he was in no way a member of the Knickerbocker School. He seemed, on the contrary, more like an importation from the Old World, more like "a brilliant exotic among native flowers." He has, perhaps, certain characteristics that ally him more closely with the South than with any other section of the United States. Poetic passion and a sense for beauty, melody, and artistic workmanship seem native to the Southern blood, produced perhaps, as much by the Southern landscape as by the antecedents of the people. All of these peculiarly Southern artistic characteristics Poe possessed in a marked degree. It seems strange that Poe should thus stand alone as a writer, even in the South. For at first thought, it would seem that the region settled by the song-loving Cavaliers should have become the very cradle of American art, the Italy of the New World. The explanation lies in the fact that, though the upper classes were well educated, there were but few common schools and those were of a poor quality, and the reading public was therefore comparatively small. Then, too, the South was conservative in spirit and opposed the introduction of novel ideas; American litera-

ture was considered trashy, the school of Pope and Dryden and the eighteenth-century essayists were the standards, and contemporary individuality in literature was considered an offense against good taste. But above all was the question of slavery, the protection of which absorbed the attention of the best minds of the South, leading them away from literature into practical politics. The law and a political career thus became the goal of every Southerner's ambition; literature was looked upon as not even a dignified profession, and those who could write often published their work anonymously. Notwithstanding these handicaps, however, Richard Henry Wilde, Philip Pendleton Cooke, Henry Timrod, Paul Hamilton Hayne, and others wrote melodious lyrics, and John Esten Cooke, John Pendleton Kennedy, and William Gilmore Simms wrote romantic novels, some of which may still be read with pleasure.

BRYANT

Page 481.

William Cullen Bryant was born at Cummington, Massachusetts, in 1794, the son of a physician. His mother was a descendant of John and Priscilla Alden of the Plymouth Colony. He was precocious, going to school at the age of three and reading when only four; he began to write verses in the heroic couplet at the age of eight and published his first volume when only thirteen. This was a satire on Jefferson's efforts to prevent war, and was called "The Embargo; or, Sketches of the Times." His education was fragmentary; he spent one year at Williams, having entered the sophomore class, after which he left with the intention of entering Yale. Financial difficulties prevented this; but he read widely in English literature, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1816. The following year his "Thanatopsis" appeared in the *North American Review* and a few months later in the same journal his "To a Waterfowl." In the year 1821 he read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard his poem called "The Ages", was happily married to Miss Frances Fairchild, and published his first volume of poems. In 1825 he was persuaded to give up law for literature and move to New York, where for a time he helped to edit an unsuccessful magazine and then became connected with the *Evening Post*, first as assistant editor and then as editor in chief, a position which he held for fifty years, until his death. Meanwhile he traveled extensively in Europe and the East and recorded his impressions in letters to the *Post*, some of which were collected in "Letters from a Traveler" (1852), "Letters from the East" (1860), and "Letters from Spain and Other Countries" (1859). New editions of his poems were published from time to time, with additions of new poems. In 1870-1872 appeared his blank verse translations of the

"Iliad" and the "Odyssey." He had been active in the formation of the Republican party in 1855, and was a valued adviser of Lincoln during the Civil War. To his title of "Father of American Song" was often added that of "The First Citizen of the Republic." His last public act was in keeping with his character and his career. While delivering an oration at the unveiling of a statue to Mazzini in Central Park in 1878, he suffered from sunstroke and a fall which proved fatal. He was buried at Roslyn, Long Island, beside his wife, who had died in 1866.

THANATOPSIS

This poem was the result of a suggestion given the poet by a poem published in 1743 by a Scotch minister, Robert Blair. Bryant says, "I remember reading that remarkable poem, Blair's 'Grave', and dwelling with pleasure upon its finer passages." Bryant's lines were first published in 1817, but were expanded four years later into the version here printed. The title means "A View of Death."

Line 51. *Barcan*. Barca is in northern Africa.

Line 53. *Oregon*, the early name of the Columbia river.

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TO A WATERFOWL

On December 15, 1816, Bryant was crossing the hills on foot, feeling very forlorn and desolate. "The world seemed to grow bigger and darker as he ascended, and his future more uncertain and desperate. The sun had already set, leaving behind it one of those brilliant seas of chrysolite and opal which often flood the New England skies, and, while pausing to contemplate the rosy splendor with rapt admiration, a solitary bird made its winged way along the illuminated horizon. He watched the lonely wanderer until it was lost in the distance. He then went on with new strength and courage. When he reached the house where he was to stop for the night, he immediately sat down and wrote the lines 'To a Waterfowl.'" (John Biglow's "Life of Bryant") Hartley Coleridge once called it "the best short poem in the English language." (*Ibid*)

HOMER'S ODYSSEY, Book XXIII

Page 485.

Line 188. *Pallas*, a poetical name for Athene (who was identified by the Romans with Minerva).

Page 486.

Line 240. *wimbles*, augers with a brace for boring holes.

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Line 304. *Tiresias*, a Greek soothsayer; as a youth he by chance saw Minerva bathing and was deprived of his sight, but as a recompense he was permitted a knowledge of future events.

Page 488.

Line 374. *Ciconia*, the first land that Ulysses touched after leaving Troy; here he lost some of his men.

Line 376. *lotus*, cf. Tennyson's "Lotus-Eaters", p. 257; *Cyclops*, one-eyed giants who lived in caves.

Line 380. *Aeolus*, to whom was entrusted by Jupiter the control of the winds; Ulysses touched at his island and was given favorable wind for his voyage.

Line 387. *Laestrygonians*, a race of giants who were barbarous cannibals.

Line 390. *Circe*, a sorceress who took delight in changing her victims by magic into animals.

Line 396. *Sirens*, sea nymphs whose singing so charmed mariners as to cause them to leap into the sea where they were drowned.

Line 398. *Charybdis*, a dangerous whirlpool on the Sicilian coast, facing a destructive rock, called *Scylla*.

Line 413. *Phaeacians*. To their island Ulysses alone escaped after all his companions were lost at sea, and was kindly treated by them.

EMERSON

Page 489.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in 1803 in Boston, where his father was minister of the First Church. As his ancestors, most of whom were ministers, had been settled in New England for five generations, he belonged to what Holmes called the "Brahmin caste" of New England and inherited its traditions of plain living and high thinking. He was only eight years old when his father died and left the family in comparative poverty, but his mother struggled heroically and finally succeeded in educating her children. Ralph was prepared for college at the Boston Latin School, and on entering Harvard secured the appointment of "President's Freshman" and by carrying official messages thus received free lodgings. He helped to pay for his board by waiting on table at the college commons. Emerson did not distinguish himself as a scholar, but was well liked by both students and teachers and was appointed class poet at graduation. After receiving his degree at Harvard, he assisted his brother in conducting a young ladies' seminary in Boston, and meanwhile was studying divinity. In 1829 he became assistant pastor of the Second Church in Boston and soon afterwards was appointed the regular minister. At the very beginning of his pastorate he married Miss Ellen Tucker, but she lived only two years. Shortly after her death Emerson severed his pastoral connection with the church on account of a difference of opinion with his parishioners as to the importance of celebrating the Lord's Supper. The public lecture platform then became his pulpit. In 1832 he sailed for Europe, and met Landor at Florence. Carlyle in Scotland, and

Coleridge and Wordsworth in England. On his return in 1834 he settled at Concord, where the following year he married Miss Lidian Jackson, with whom he lived happily there for nearly half a century. His literary career really began with the publication in 1836 of his "Nature" and the delivery of his famous address on "The American Scholar" the next year before the Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard. The latter Holmes declared to be "our intellectual Declaration of Independence." He continued to write brilliantly both in prose and verse, and lectured with great success in all parts of the United States, and in England and Scotland. His prose works consist mostly of lectures and essays, which were collected and published in various volumes. He, however, wrote two long works, "Representative Men" and "English Traits", though the former was really a collection of seven lectures which he had delivered in England. His "Concord Hymn" made him famous as a poet at about the same time his first prose works brought him into prominence, and he continued to write verse all the rest of his life. Though his poetry is lacking in smoothness and charm of expression, it is likely to live on account of its profundity of thought, patriotic fervor, and love of nature. Emerson continued to live the quiet life of a scholar at Concord, uneventful and happy except for the death of his five-year-old son, whose loss he lamented in his "Threnody." His home became the literary center of America, and he was also highly regarded in Great Britain where on his lecture tours he had met men like De Quincey, Macaulay, Thackeray, and Tennyson. Carlyle, however, remained his favorite, and the correspondence between the two, which was continued during their lifetime, is one of the most interesting and important in literature. Though Emerson was the real leader of the Transcendentalists, he took no part in the Brook Farm experiment. Nor did he afterwards enter actively into the anti-slavery movement, though he voiced his feelings against slavery when he thought the occasion required it. The last ten years of his life were somewhat clouded by the loss of his mental powers, especially his memory. Holmes tells of the last time he saw Emerson, on the occasion of Longfellow's funeral in 1882. Twice Emerson rose to look intently on the face of the dead poet, and then, turning to a friend near him, he said, "That gentleman was a sweet, beautiful soul, but I have entirely forgotten his name." Just a month afterwards he also died after a short attack of pneumonia, and was buried in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery at Concord, near his friends, Hawthorne and Thoreau. An unheaven granite boulder is his fitting monument.

CONCORD HYMN

This hymn was "sung at the completion of the Battle Monument July 4, 1837." The monument stands on the Boston side of the

Concord bridge; on the opposite side has been erected a statue of "The Minute Man", on the pedestal of which is carved the first quatrain of this poem.

THE HUMBLEBEE

"Yesterday in the woods I followed the fine humblebee with rhymes and fancies fine." Emerson's "Journal", May 9, 1837.

DAYS

Page 490.

Emerson has the same idea expressed in prose in his "Works and Days": "The days are ever divine, as to the first Aryans. They come and go like muffled and veiled figures, sent from a distant friendly party; but they say nothing, and if we do not use the gifts they bring, they carry them as silently away."

Line 1. *hypocritic*, because they march a-long "muffled and dumb" and give no sign of the opportunities they bring to men.

Line 7. *pleached*, fenced or covered over by intertwining boughs.

Line 11. *fillet*, a narrow band encircling the forehead and tying back the hair.

VOLUNTARIES, III

Line 4. *Freedom's fight*, the American Civil War.

Lines 13-16. "These lines, a moment after they were written, seemed as if they had been carved on marble for a thousand years." (Holmes's "Life of Emerson")

LONGFELLOW

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born at Portland, Maine, in 1807, the son of Stephen Longfellow, a lawyer of prominence who had once been a member of Congress. On his mother's side he was descended from John and Priscilla Alden, and was named after his uncle, Henry Wadsworth, who was in the Navy and lost his life in the *Intrepid* disaster during the Tripolitan War. He was educated at Bowdoin College, where he graduated, with Hawthorne as a classmate, in 1825. Another fellow student was Franklin Pierce. After graduation, Longfellow was offered the appointment as professor of modern languages at Bowdoin, on condition that he would first go abroad for study. His father, thereupon, generously supplied the necessary funds, and he spent three years of study and travel in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany. Entering upon his duties at Bowdoin in 1829, he found the work very exacting, as he had to prepare his own textbooks. But he did his work faithfully, and after five years of service he was offered the professorship of modern languages at Harvard, and again went abroad to study German. This journey was saddened by the loss of his wife, whom he had married only four years earlier. In 1835 he returned to America and took up his work at Harvard, where he was to teach for eighteen years.

In 1843 he married Frances Appleton, and established himself at the Craigie House in Cambridge. Here he lived happily, teaching and writing, loved by his wife and children and honored by a large circle of friends, until 1861, when his wife was accidentally burned to death. Like Bryant he sought refuge from grief in translating, and his fine rendering of Dante's "Divine Comedy" was the result. When Longfellow visited England in 1868, he received the degrees of LL.D. from Cambridge and D.C.L. from Oxford. He had long been the most popular literary man in America. At the age of seventy-five he died rather suddenly, and was buried during a March snowstorm in Mount Auburn Cemetery in Cambridge. Beginning with his first published volume of poems, "Voices of the Night" (1839), and continuing down to the year of his death, Longfellow poured forth from year to year a constant stream of short lyrics, ballads, and longer narrative poems like "Evangeline" (1847), "Hiawatha" (1855), and "The Courtship of Miles Standish" (1858). Of his shorter poems, in addition to those selected for study here, may be mentioned the following: "The Ladder of St. Augustine", "The Skeleton in Armor", "The Birds of Killingworth", "Morituri Salutamus", "The Building of the Ship", "The Village Blacksmith", "The Bridge", "Resignation", "The Children's Hour", "King Robert of Sicily", "A Psalm of Life", "The Wreck of the Hesperus", "The Rainy Day", and "Paul Revere's Ride." His attempts at poetic drama were not very successful, nor does the modern reader derive much pleasure from his early prose works, the romance entitled "Hyperion" and his "Outre-Mer, a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea", written after the manner of Irving's "Sketch Book."

HYMN TO THE NIGHT

"No poem ever opened with a beauty more august," says Poe in his early review of Longfellow's "Voices of the Night" (February, 1840).

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Line 21. *Orestes-like*. Orestes was a hero in Greek tragedy who killed his mother and in consequence was pursued by the Furies. In his last speech in Euripides' "Orestes" the hero says,

"Such are my thoughts.
Now, Menelaus, to all these evils past
My soul speaks *peace*; and to thy oracles."

Lines 23, 24. These lines were probably suggested to the poet by the following from Homer's "Iliad", VIII, 488: "Against the Trojan's will daylight departed, but *welcome, thrice-prayed for*, to the Achaeans came down the murky night."

MY LOST YOUTH

Line 4. *dear old town*. Longfellow was born and brought up at Portland, Maine, in sight of the sea.

Line 6. *Lapland song*. The refrain, as the poet states, is a translation from a ballad sung in Lapland.

Line 13. *Hesperides*. In his boyish imagination, the islands he saw out in the sea were as the Hesperides, the islands in classical mythology which were on the western extremity of the earth and on which were the fabled gardens of golden fruit.

Line 23. *Magic of the sea*. The poet's enthusiasm for the sea is expressed in this poem more lovingly and sincerely than in any other of his sea poems.

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Line 29. *fort upon the hill*, Fort Lawrence at Portland.

Line 37. *the sea fight*, between the British brig *Boxer* and the United States brig *Enterprise*, in 1813. The fight lasted three quarters of an hour, when the *Enterprise* entered the harbor towing her capture. Both commanders were killed, and were buried side by side in a cemetery overlooking the bay.

HAWTHORNE

Longfellow and Hawthorne were friends for many years. This poem records the poet's impressions and feelings on the day of Hawthorne's burial, May 23, 1864. Longfellow says, "It was a lovely day; the village all sunshine and blossoms and the song of birds. You cannot imagine anything at once more sad and beautiful. He is buried on a hill-top under the pines."

Line 10. *historic river*, cf. Emerson's "Concord Bridge."

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Line 35. *Aladdin*, a youth in the "Arabian Nights" who becomes possessed of a magic lamp and ring, which place two genii under his orders to secure for him whatsoever he desires. One window in the palace, built by his magic for the Sultan's daughter, was unfinished.

SONNETS: Prefatory to "The Divine Comedy"

9. *enter here*. Longfellow was engaged in the translation of "The Divine Comedy" to give himself "some continuous and tranquil occupation for his thoughts."

10. *burden*. His wife was accidentally burned to death in 1861.

WHITTIER

Page 494.

John Greenleaf Whittier was born in 1807 in the same house that his first American ancestor had built in East Haverhill, about thirty-two miles northeast of Boston. He was a farmer boy, and the family did not have the means to send him to college. All the education he received was from schools near his home, one of which, the Haverhill Academy, he was able to attend only by

working as a shoe cobbler. His family were Quakers, and he had read little but the Bible and the lives of Quaker worthies, when the poems of Burns fell into his hands and made a poet out of him. Unknown to him, his sister sent some of his verses to a Newburyport paper, edited by William Lloyd Garrison. He then tried school teaching until, through the help of Garrison, he secured an editorial position in Boston, which was followed by newspaper work at Haverhill and Hartford. He was a good organizer and became a man of influence in politics, and was accordingly elected to represent his district in the state legislature. He almost certainly would have been sent to Congress, had he not devoted himself so actively to the cause of abolition, which was then generally unpopular. In 1838 the office of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, an anti-slavery paper which he was editing in Philadelphia, was mobbed and burned. Two years afterwards Whittier left this city and settled at Amherst, not far from his birthplace, where he lived the remainder of his life. He was never married. His prose work and most of his anti-slavery poetry was ephemeral, and his best work was written in his later years. "Snowbound" (1866) is his most notable nature poem, and gives a delightful picture of New England scenery and life. After the publication of this poem, the first edition of which brought him ten thousand dollars, he was never again troubled by poverty, and continued to live happily in the valley of the Merrimac River until his death in 1892.

ICHABOD

"This poem was the outcome of the surprise and grief and forecast of evil consequences which I felt on reading the seventh of March speech of Daniel Webster in support of the 'Compromise' and the Fugitive Slave Law. No partisan or personal enmity dictated it. On the contrary, my admiration of the splendid personality and intellectual power of the great Senator was never stronger than when I laid down his speech, and, in one of the saddest moments of my life, penned my protest." (Whittier) "Ichabod" is the Hebrew for "Where is the Glory?"

THE LOST OCCASION

In commenting on his "Ichabod" Whittier said, "Death softens all resentments, and the consciousness of a common inheritance of frailty and weakness modifies the severity of judgment. Years after, in the 'Lost Occasion', I gave utterance to an almost universal regret that the great statesman did not live to see the flag which he loved trampled under the feet of Slavery, and, in view of this desecration, make his last days glorious in defence of 'Liberty and Union, one and inseparable'." Those who knew Whittier well relate that in his later life he came to realize that Webster was right and he wrong about the efficacy of compromise

in settling the differences between the North and the South.

Line 3. *Thou*, Daniel Webster.

Line 11. *Olympian*, godlike; the gods of Greece lived on Mt. Olympus.

Line 15. *Phidias*, the greatest sculptor of ancient Greece.

Line 17. *Cædmon*, an Anglo-Saxon poet of the latter part of the seventh century.

Line 23. *Norse god*, Thor, the god of thunder who carried a magic hammer.

Line 24. *Talus*, the groom of Sir Artegal in Spenser's "Faerie Queene", Book V, Canto I, Stanza XII. He carried an iron flail

"With which he threshed out falsehood, and did truth unfold."

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Line 51. *Samson*, see Judges, xvi, 6-9.

Line 74 ff. Mount Webster (3876 feet) stands next to White Mountain Notch, at the southern end of the Presidential Range; it is about sixty miles from Webster's birthplace.

MAUD MULLER

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Line 95. *chimney lug*. "The term refers to the old custom in New England of hanging a pole with hooks attached to it down the chimney, to hang pots and kettles on. It is called a lug-pole." (Whittier.)

POE

Page 497.

Edgar Allan Poe was born in 1809 in a lodging house in Boston, where his parents were acting in the Federal Street Theater. His grandfather, Daniel Poe of Baltimore, was a general in the Revolution, whose services to the country caused Lafayette years afterwards to kneel at his grave and say, "Here reposes a noble heart." His mother was an English actress, who was the principal support of the family. They wandered up and down from Maine to California, until in the winter of 1811 the mother died of pneumonia in Richmond. As her husband died a few weeks afterwards, the three children, of whom Edgar was the second, were left destitute. It was the future poet's fortune to be adopted by Mr. John Allan, a well-to-do tobacco merchant of Richmond, who gave him a good preparatory education, five years of which, from 1815 to 1820, while the Allans were living in England, were spent at a school in Stoke-Newington, a suburb of London. In 1826 he entered the University of Virginia, the year after its opening under the patronage of Jefferson. Here he showed distinction in Latin, French, and Italian, but yielded to the temptation of drinking and gambling. Finding that Poe's "debts of honor" amounted after a year to some \$2000, Mr. Allan withdrew him from the University and set him to work at his counting-house. But Poe ran away

to Boston, where he published a thin volume of verse called "Tamerlane and Other Poems." Disappointed at not being able to support himself with his pen, he served two years in the regular army under the name of Edgar A. Perry. On the death of Mrs. Allan in 1829, there was a partial reconciliation with his foster-father, who secured a substitute for him in the army and a nomination to West Point. Here Poe became dissatisfied, and broke enough rules to get himself dismissed. Thus at the age of twenty-two he was again adrift in the world. He went to New York and brought out another volume of poems which contained among others "To Helen" and "Israfel." Two years afterwards he reappeared, living with his father's sister, Mrs. Clem, in Baltimore. He had begun to write prose tales, one of which, "The Manuscript Found in a Bottle", won a prize of one hundred dollars in the *Baltimore Saturday Visitor* and at the same time the friendship of John Pendleton Kennedy, who secured for him in 1835 the editorship of the *Southern Literary Messenger*. The year following he married his fourteen-year old cousin, Virginia Clem. All went well for a time, but drink unfitted him for work and he lost his position. Most of his later life was spent in Philadelphia and New York, where he served as editor of various periodicals and wrote the tales and poems that have made him famous. Finally in 1846, he found himself in a small cottage in Fordham, near New York City, with his wife and mother-in-law, in absolute want of food and warmth. Here in January, 1847, his wife died in the most distressing circumstances of poverty. The stunning effect of this blow seemed to render Poe even more irresponsible and increased his weaknesses, and some two years later, when he was on the point of marrying a Mrs. Shelton and starting life anew in Richmond, he was found intoxicated in the back room of a saloon in Baltimore, which was being used as a polling place. He was taken to a hospital in a serious condition, and died there four days later at the age of forty. He was buried in the yard of Westminster Presbyterian Church of Baltimore.

TO HELEN

Mrs. Jane Stith Stanard of Richmond is supposed to have been the inspiration of this poem. Poe wrote of her afterwards, "the first purely ideal love of my soul", and again "the truest, tenderest of this world's most womanly souls, and an angel to my forlorn and darkened nature."

Line 2. *Nicean*. Nicaea is a city in north-western Asia Minor. Poe's allusion is not clear.

Line 8. *Naiad*, a lake or river nymph.

Line 14. *Psyche*, in Greek mythology, a lovely maiden personifying the soul and emblematic of immortality.

ISRAFEL

Poe alone is responsible for the words,

"Whose heart-strings are a lute." The rest of the phrase is quoted from Thomas Moore, in his "Lalla Rookh", who in turn borrowed it from Sale's "Preliminary Discourse to the Koran." (Woodbury)
Line 12. *levin*, lightning.

TO ONE IN PARADISE

Page 498.

This first appeared in "The Visionary", a tale now usually entitled "The Assignment."

THE RAVEN

Poe's own account of how he composed this poem is found in his essay, entitled "The Philosophy of Composition." This was published in 1846, and gives an account, plausible at least as an after-analysis, of the logical processes by which this poem was created. Having decided "with the precision and rigid consequence of a mathematical problem" the length, province, and tone of his poem, and its special theme (the mourning of a lover for a beautiful woman), and having selected the refrain "nevermore" repeated by the raven as a bird of ill omen, he composed first of all the third stanza from the end. Then he built the rest of the poem up to this culmination, utilizing appropriate devices of metre, stanza form, contrast, and climax. The final stanzas suggest the underlying meaning, the raven being used as a symbol of "mournful and never-ending remembrance."

Page 499.

Line 40. *Pallas*, a name for Athena.

Line 46. *Plutonian*. Pluto was the god of the lower world, in Greek mythology.

Line 81. *nepenthe*, a drug used by the ancients to drown pain and sorrow; a potion causing oblivion and forgetfulness.

Line 88. *balm in Gilead*. Balm-of-Gilead is the balsam from a small Asiatic evergreen tree.

Page 500.

Line 92. *Aidenn*, the Mohammedan paradise.

ANNABEL LEE

This poem was probably written in memory of the poet's young wife.

ELDORADO

The sixteenth century Spaniards thought that Eldorado was a city abounding in gold, and sought for it in South America.

HOLMES

Page 501.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was born almost under the shadow of the elms in the Harvard College yard, Cambridge, in 1809, the son of the minister of the First Church. He was connected with some half-dozen famous New England families, and was named from his maternal grandfather, Oliver Wendell. He was educated at Harvard, where he graduated with the famous class of 1829, of

which he was class poet. After graduation he studied law for a year, during which time he wrote "Old Ironsides." He then gave up that career for medicine. After studying both at home and abroad for several years, he took his medical degree at Harvard in 1836, in the same year publishing his first volume of poems. In 1840 he married Miss Amelia Lee Jackson, and settled down in Boston for the remainder of his life. Seven years later he was called to the chair of Anatomy and Physiology at the Harvard Medical School, and combined this duty with the practise of his profession, while still publishing poems from time to time. In 1857 there began, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, his clever prose work "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table", which placed him among the prominent men of letters of the day. This was followed by "The Poet at the Breakfast Table" and "The Professor at the Breakfast Table." In the pages of these works were scattered some of his best poems. Holmes also wrote three "medicated novels" as he called them, two of which, "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel", are well worth reading. In 1886, though he was an old man, he made another visit to England and France and was lionized by the fashionable society of Great Britain and honored with academic degrees. Although he lived to be eighty-five years old, his faculties remained unimpaired almost to the last. He was buried in Mount Auburn Cemetery near Longfellow.

OLD IRONSIDES

In 1830 the Navy Department ordered the destruction of the famous old frigate *Constitution*. She had become unseaworthy and at that time was lying in the Navy Yard at Charlestown near Boston. A newspaper account of this condemnation struck Holmes's attention, "and it stirred him. On a scrap of paper, with a lead pencil, he rapidly shaped the impetuous stanzas of 'Old Ironsides', and sent them to the *Daily Advertiser*, of Boston. Fast and far they traveled through the newspaper press of the country; they were even printed in hand-bills and circulated about the streets of Washington. An occurrence, which otherwise would probably have passed unnoticed, now stirred a general indignation. The astonished Secretary made haste to retrace a step which he had taken quite innocently in the way of business. The *Constitution's* tattered ensign was not torn down." (Morse's "Life of Holmes") Visitors to Charlestown may still see *Old Ironsides* at the Navy Yard.

THE LAST LEAF

Lincoln called this poem inexpressibly touching.
Line 1. *him*, Major Thomas Melville of Boston.

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE

Page 502.

The poet's grandfather David Holmes was

the "deacon." The poem, taken from "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table", is said to be an allegory of the rise and downfall of the old Calvinistic theology in New England.

Line 10. *Georgius Secundus*. George II, the British king, was born in Hanover, Germany. He died in 1760.

Line 12. *Lisbon*, Portugal, where an earthquake killed 40,000 persons in 1755.

Line 14. *Braddock's army*, the British force defeated by the French and Indians at Fort Duquesne.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

Page 503.

"Suggested by looking at a section of one of those chambered cells to which is given the name of Pearly Nautilus." (Holmes in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table")

LOWELL

Page 504.

James Russell Lowell was born of a distinguished New England family in 1819, in the suburbs of Cambridge, at Elmwood, which was to remain his residence for seventy-two years. Lowell, like his ancestors for three generations, went to Harvard in 1834. Here he read everything, he said, except the textbooks prescribed by the faculty, and during his senior year he so neglected his college duties as to make it necessary to rusticate him. He was sent to Concord and allowed to return just in time to graduate in 1838 with his class, of which he was class poet. Though not permitted to read his poem, he had it printed for distribution among his classmates. In 1840 he graduated from the law school and then entered a law office in Boston, but devoted most of his time to reading and writing. He had already met Miss Maria White, a transcendentalist of literary gifts, under whose influence Lowell followed men like Whittier into the anti-slavery ranks. They were married in 1844, and for a time Lowell worked on an anti-slavery paper in Philadelphia. Returning to Cambridge, he began in 1846 to publish in the Boston *Courier* his "Biglow Papers", which satirized the supposed motives leading to the Mexican War. These were published as the "Biglow Papers, First Series", in 1848, and in the same year appeared other important works — "A Fable for Critics", his "Poems Second Series", "Vision of Sir Launfal", and some forty articles and poems in various magazines. In 1851 he went abroad on account of his wife's health, but it was in vain, for she died the next year, after their return from a stay in Italy. In the winter of 1853, he gave his lectures at the Lowell Institute on the English poets of the nineteenth century, and the following winter a general course on poetry, which marked the beginning of his mature criticism. At about this time he was appointed to succeed Longfellow in the professorship of Modern Lan-

guages at Harvard, a position which he held, with the exception of two years spent in European travel, until 1877. He was also the editor, from 1857 to 1861, of the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which appeared the second series of his "Biglow Papers." From 1864 to 1872, he was one of the editors of the *North American Review*. In 1877 he became minister of the United States to Spain, the post which Washington Irving had once filled, and three years later was transferred to England, where he represented his country until 1885. During this time he gained fame as a speaker, the greatest of his speeches being perhaps his address at Birmingham in 1884 on "Democracy." His best literary essays were collected in "Among my Books" (1870), "My Study Windows" (1871), and "Among my Books, Second Series" (1876). Though his later years showed his great achievements in prose, yet he did not cease to write poetry. His "Ode Recited at the Harvard Commemoration" was produced in 1865, his three memorial poems some ten years later, and his "Heartsease and Rue" not until 1888. Shortly before his return to America from England in 1885, his second wife, whom he had married in 1857, died, and he came back to find many of his old friends gone, among whom were Longfellow and Emerson. But younger ones remained, and he took up his old life again, devoting himself to poetry and delivering addresses on important occasions until the end came at Elmwood in 1891. He then found a resting place in Mount Auburn Cemetery with Longfellow and Holmes.

THE PRESENT CRISIS

This poem was written when the annexation of Texas was under discussion, but it has a universal application.

Page 505.

Line 46. *Cyclops*, a fabled race of Sicilian giants who had only one eye and that in the middle of the forehead.

TO THE DANDELION

Page 506.

Line 26. *Sybaris*, a Greek city of Southern Italy, the inhabitants of which were noted for their love of luxury and pleasure.

THE COURTIN'

Lowell published a much extended version of this poem in 1866.

Page 507.

Line 43. *cried*. The banns of marriage were published.

PRELUDE TO THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

Line 12. *Sinai*, Mount Sinai where Moses was given the ten commandments.

Line 18. *benedicite*, Latin for "bless ye" (the Lord).

ON LINCOLN

Page 508.

This is from the Harvard Commemoration

Ode. "The passage about Lincoln was not in the ode as originally recited, but was added immediately after. More than eighteen months before, however, I had written about Lincoln in the *North American Review*, — an article which pleased him. I did divine him earlier than most men of the Brahmin caste." (Lowell in a letter to Richard Watson Gilder, Jan. 16, 1886)

WHITMAN

Page 509.

Walt Whitman was born at West Hills, near Huntington, Long Island, in 1819, of Connecticut, Dutch, and Quaker blood, the second of nine children. When he was four years old, his father, who was a carpenter and builder as well as a farmer, moved the family to Brooklyn, where Walt attended the public schools. In 1833-1834 he learned the printing trade, and until 1837 worked as a compositor in Brooklyn and New York. For the next ten years he led a varied life, teaching school in the country towns of Long Island, publishing a weekly paper in Huntington, working as a printer in New York, writing both prose and verse for the newspapers and magazines, and in 1848-1849 editing the Brooklyn *Eagle*. After this he joined his brother on what he called "a leisurely journey and working expedition" of eight thousand miles. They went through all the Middle States, and down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans, where he worked on the *Daily Crescent*; then plodded northward up the Mississippi valley and by way of the Great Lakes to Niagara Falls and Lower Canada, returning home through central New York and down the Hudson. He then took up his editing and printing, and for some three years helped his father in building and selling houses in Brooklyn. At the same time he was busy with a collection of poems, which were published in 1855 under the title of "Leaves of Grass." It was received with little attention by the public, but Emerson wrote in a letter to Whitman, "I am not blind to the worth of the wonderful gift of 'Leaves of Grass.' I find it the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed. . . . I greet you at the beginning of a great career." Whitman's disregard for literary traditions in the form, phrasing, and subject matter of this and most of his later poetry, together with occasional plain language, has repelled many readers, while it has led others to hail him as the true spokesman of our Western democracy and a pioneer in new poetic fields. In 1862 he began his three years' service as a volunteer army nurse in the hospitals about Washington. His war experiences he celebrated in "Drum Taps", published in 1865. He was then appointed to a government clerkship in Washington, from which he was dismissed on account of hostility aroused over his "Leaves of Grass." But he secured another appointment, which

he held until 1873 when a stroke of paralysis forced him to resign. He then went to Camden, New Jersey, where he was an invalid for the rest of his life, writing only when his health would permit. He died in 1892 and was buried in Harleigh Cemetery near Camden, in a tomb which he designed and built shortly before his death. His "Leaves of Grass" was often revised and new poems were added until the final edition was published in 1891, which contained practically all his poetry. His best prose writings are found in "Democratic Vistas" (1871) and "Specimen Days and Collect" (1883). All his work displays a strong love of nature and of humanity and a virile and sincere patriotism.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

"I see the President almost every day, as I happen to live where he passes. . . . I see very plainly Abraham Lincoln's dark brown face, with the deep-cut lines, the eyes, always to me with a deep latent sadness in the expression . . . none of the artists or pictures has caught the deep, though subtle and indirect expression of this man's face. There is something else there. One of the great portrait painters of two or three centuries ago is needed." (Whitman) Lincoln is said to have remarked of Whitman, seeing him pass on the street, "Well, he looks like a *Man*."

WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORTYARD BLOOMED

Page 510.

"The most sonorous anthem ever chanted in the church of the world." (Swinburne)

FRANKLIN

Page 514.

Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston in 1706, one of the seventeen children of a poor tallow chandler. He attended school only between the ages of eight and ten, after which he had to leave to help his father mold and wick candles. He was then apprenticed to his brother, a printer, and thereupon began to educate himself. He mentions Bunyan, Plutarch, and DeFoe as early favorites, and Cotton Mather's "Essays to Do Good" is noted by him as having had a special influence on his life. He learned to write by reading and then reproducing in his own language the papers from Addison's *Spectator*; whereupon he wrote Addisonian essays which he inserted anonymously in his brother's paper, the *New England Courant*. He ran away at the age of seventeen and made his way to Philadelphia, where he worked at his trade. After an unfortunate journey to London and some youthful waywardness, he soon had a printing establishment of his own in Philadelphia, and by the time he was forty-two he had made enough money to retire from active business. During this time he did much for the community

and his commonwealth; he began the "Poor Richard's Almanac" in 1733, started the first subscription library, organized the first fire department, improved the postal service, helped to pave and clean the streets, invented the Franklin stove, took steps toward founding the University of Pennsylvania, helped to establish a public hospital, and identified lightning with electricity, which gained him world-wide fame, honorary degrees from Harvard and Yale, and a fellowship of the Royal Society in England. He went to England in 1764 as colonial agent to protest against the passage of the Stamp Act, and, with the exception of two and a half years, spent the next twenty years abroad, chiefly as a commissioner to the Court of France. His services during the Revolution are too well known to need repetition here. When he returned to Philadelphia in 1785, he was revered by the whole country. He is the only man who signed four of the most famous documents in American history: the Declaration of Independence, the Treaty of Alliance with France, the Treaty of Peace with England at the close of the Revolution, and the Constitution of the United States. He died in 1790. His literary fame rests primarily upon his "Almanac", of which the famous preface to the edition of 1758, called "The Way to Wealth", has been most widely read and translated into nearly all European languages, and upon his "Autobiography", the first five chapters of which were written in 1771 and the rest in 1784-1789. The latter was never intended for publication. The two manuscripts had various adventures, and no accurate version appeared until 1868. The selections here given are from the second part.

A SCHEME OF MORAL PERFECTION

1. *About this time*, about 1733.

Page 515.

2. *Golden Verses*, moral precepts attributed to the Greek philosopher Pythagoras of the sixth century, B.C.

3. *Little book*. This is preserved among Franklin's MSS., and bears the date of July 1, 1733.

Page 516.

4. "*O vitae Philosophia, etc.*", Latin for "O philosophy, guide of life! O seeker of virtue and expeller of vice, One day lived well and by thy precepts is to be preferred to an eternity of vice."

5. *Thomson's*. James Thomson (1700-1748) was the author of "The Seasons."

IRVING

Page 523.

Washington Irving was born in New York City in 1783, his father being of Scotch lineage and his mother the daughter of an English clergyman. As his health was poor, he received little schooling, and did not go to Columbia College as did his brothers. But

he studied law, and at the age of nineteen was writing under the name of "Jonathan Oldstyle" letters for the newspapers, modeled after Addison's *Spectator*. Ill health caused him at the age of twenty-one to take a European trip, which lasted for two years. On his return he joined his brother William and James K. Paulding in editing a semi-monthly periodical called *Salmagundi*. In the year 1809, Matilda Hoffman, to whom he was engaged, died in her eighteenth year, and though Irving outlived her fifty years, he remained a bachelor. In 1809 he finished one of his masterpieces, "Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York." In 1815 he went to England to visit his brother who was in business there; on the failure of this business (in which he had an interest) he definitely decided to make literature his life work. While in London, he wrote the "Sketch Book", which was published in America in 1819, and added greatly to his fame on both sides of the Atlantic. His stay abroad lasted seventeen years, and by the time of his return in 1832 he had written, besides the "Sketch Book", the following books: "Bracebridge Hall", "Tales of a Traveler", "Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus", "The Conquest of Granada", and "The Alhambra." During this time he had traveled considerably, hunted with the King of Saxony, collaborated with the playwright John Howard Payne in Paris, actually lived in the Alhambra in Spain, and for three years been secretary of legation in London. On his return to America he purchased a home on the Hudson at Tarrytown, which he called "Sunnyside." Here he lived, engaged in literary work during the rest of his life, except for the four years, 1842-1846, when he was United States Minister to Spain. Of the numerous other works which he wrote later in life, the "Life of Oliver Goldsmith" (1849), and the "Life of George Washington" (1855-1859) in five volumes are the best. He died in 1859, and was buried in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, near his home.

THE DEVIL AND TOM WALKER

This story is from "Tales of a Traveler." It shows the influence of Hauff's "Das Kalte Hertz", a German tale on a similar theme.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON

Page 530.

This is from "The Sketch Book."

1. *parlor*. "The little parlor", the "elbow-chair", and the poker with which Irving "gave the fire a stir" are all still to be seen at "the Red Horse" inn at Stratford.
2. *Jubilee*, the memorial performances of Shakespeare's plays now given annually at Stratford in April.

Page 533.

3. *pasquinade*, a lampoon posted in a public place. "The following is the only stanza extant of this lampoon:

"A parliament member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scarecrow, at London an ass,
If lousy is Lucy, as some folk miscall it,
Then Lucy is lousy, whatever befall it.

He thinks himself great;

Yet an ass in his state,

We allow by his ears but with asses to mate,
If Lucy is lousy, as some folk miscall it,
Then sing lousy Lucy, whatever befall it "

(Irving)

Page 536.

4. *lucres*, fish, possibly pike, used as heraldic symbols.

Page 538.

5. *effigy*. This effigy is in white marble and represents the knight in complete armor.

EMERSON

(For biography see p. 735)

SELF-RELIANCE

Page 539.

Portions of this essay were delivered as parts of various lectures between 1836 and 1839.

Page 542.

1. *Pythagoras, etc.* Pythagoras and Socrates were ancient Greek philosophers; Luther (1483-1546), the German reformer; Copernicus (1473-1543), a Polish astronomer; Galileo (1564-1642), an Italian astronomer; and Newton (1642-1727), the great English mathematician and scientist.

Page 543.

2. *Monachism*, monasticism.
3. *Antony*. St. Anthony (1195-1231) was a monk of Padua, Italy.
4. *Fox*, George (1624-1691), founder of the Society of Friends, or Quakers.
5. *Clarkson*, Thomas (1760-1846) an English anti-slavery leader.

Page 544.

6. *fable*. The story "of the sot" is found in the introduction to Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew."
7. *Alfred*, the Great, king of the West Saxons from 871 to 901; *Scanderbeg*, an Albanian chief whose real name was George Castriota (1403-1468); *Gustavus*, the Lion of the North, King of Sweden from 1611 to 1632.

THOREAU

Page 546.

Henry David Thoreau, America's poet-naturalist, was born in Concord in 1817, of French and Scotch ancestry. After graduating from Harvard in 1837 with a fair record, he occupied himself in a variety of ways, teaching, lecturing, gardening, carpentering, surveying, assisting his father in his business of pencil making, and methodically keeping his journals which by the end of his comparatively short life had

amounted to thirty volumes. He became a transcendentalist, and for two years lived off and on at the home of his friend Emerson. Then for some months in the year 1843 he served as a tutor in the family of William Emerson on Staten Island. In 1845 he built his famous cabin on Walden Pond near Concord where he lived for about two years and a half in comparative seclusion. Here he wrote a book which gave an account of an excursion of a week down the Concord and Merrimac rivers, which was published in 1849. It did not sell; four years afterwards when he settled with the publishers he took back at least two thirds of the edition, which he carried to his garret, entering in his "Journal", "I have now a library of nearly nine hundred volumes, over seven hundred of which I wrote myself." In 1854 was published "Walden", which gave an account of his thoughts, experiences, and observations of nature while living, there in the hut, the life of a sort of American Robinson Crusoe. Emerson thus sums up his peculiar individuality: "He was bred to no profession; he never married; he lived alone; he never went to church; he never voted; he refused to pay a tax (poll tax, because the government allowed slavery to exist) to the State; he ate no flesh, he drank no wine, he never knew the use of tobacco; and, though a naturalist, he used neither trap nor gun." He developed consumption, and died at the age of forty-four in 1862 and was buried in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery at Concord. Since his death volume after volume of his writings has been published, collected from the magazines and his journals. The "Journal" itself in the form in which he left it was finally published in 1906 in fourteen volumes.

WHERE I LIVED AND WHAT I LIVED FOR

This is from Chapter II of "Walden, or Life in the Woods."

Page 547.

1. "*I am monarch, etc.*" The first lines of Cowper's "Verses, supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk."
2. *Atlas*, according to Greek myth, supported the sky on his shoulders.
3. *Cato* (234-149, B.C.), author of a work on agriculture.
4. *Cultivator*, a reference to the *Boston Cultivator*, a farm journal.

Page 548.

5. *Harivansa*, a Sanskrit poem.

Page 549.

6. *Damodara*, another name for Krishna, a divine hero of Hindoo myth.
7. *Aldebaran* or *Altair*, among the largest fixed stars.
8. *Aurora*, Greek goddess of the dawn.
9. *Vedas*, ancient sacred literature of India.

Page 550.

10. *Memnon*, son of *Aurora*. The column of Memnon at Thebes, Egypt, was

supposed to give forth music at day-break.

11. *next excursion*, in the future life.
12. *Glorify God*, the definition of the chief end of man in the "Westminster Catechism."

Page 551.

13. *setting the bell*, ringing it so hard that it becomes balanced upside down.

HAWTHORNE

Nathaniel Hawthorne (the first of his Puritan family to add a "w" to his name) was born in Salem in 1804, the son of a sea captain who died of fever in Surinam four years later. After this sad event, his mother entered into seclusion; both he and his two sisters grew accustomed to loneliness, and shyness and aversion to meeting people became marked characteristics of the boy. He was thus predisposed to reading, and his special favorites were Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress", Shakespeare's plays, and Spenser's "Faerie Queene." At the age of seventeen, he entered Bowdoin College, where he had for college mates Longfellow and Franklin Pierce. He then passed some twelve years in studious retirement at Salem, living as a recluse and serving his apprenticeship as an author. After publishing an unsuccessful anonymous romance and doing some hack work for the magazines, he finally secured the publication, through the assistance of his friend Horatio Bridge, of the first series of his "Twice-Told Tales" in 1837. He had done some journeying about New England and New York and had thus familiarized himself with the history and natural features of the region that he was afterwards to celebrate in his tales and romances. Having become engaged to Miss Sophie Peabody, he was ambitious to make enough money to enable him to marry; and through the help of friends he secured a position at the Boston customhouse. As this was a political office, he lost it in about two years, and then invested about a thousand dollars in the Brook Farm, thinking that this would prove a home to which he could bring his future wife and combine work and writing in an idealistic way. But after a year, he found himself so out of sympathy with the Transcendentalists that he gave up the attempt, and in spite of his loss caused thereby he married Miss Peabody and went to live in the famous old manse in Concord. This was in 1842. Here he lived happily for four years, during which time he published the second series of "Twice-Told Tales" and wrote the "Mosses from an Old Manse." He also wrote for magazines, but found that he could not support his family solely by his pen, and then through the assistance of friends he was made surveyor of customs at Salem at a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year. Again thrown out of his position by the spoils system at the end of three years, he set to work on his "Scarlet Letter", which

was published in 1850 and rendered his fame secure. He then went back to Concord and bought the "Wayside", which was his American home during the rest of his life. The year before this removal he had written the "House of Seven Gables" at Lenox in the Berkshires. Before going to Liverpool as American consul, to which post he had been appointed in 1853 by his college friend President Pierce, he wrote "The Wonder Book", "Tanglewood Tales", and "The Blithedale Romance." After his four years' service as consul, he remained abroad three years, during which time he wrote "The Marble Faun" (1860), a romance laid in Italy; and "Our Old Home" (1863), descriptive of his thoughts and experiences in England. He returned in 1860 to Concord in failing health, and died in 1864 at Plymouth, New Hampshire, on a journey to the White Mountains. He was buried in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery at Concord.

DR. HEIDEGGER'S EXPERIMENT

This tale was first published as "The Fountain of Youth" in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* in 1836. It then appeared in his "Twice-Told Tales" in 1837.

Page 552.

1. *Hippocrates*, a Greek physician (460-359, B.C.)

Page 553.

2. *Ponce de Leon* (1460?-1521), the Spanish discoverer of Florida.

POE

(For biography see p. 738)

THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO

Page 557.

This story, the interest of which centers in the plot, is developed rapidly, largely by dialogue, with characteristic economy of material and concentration upon a single effect—in this instance, the feeling of revenge. It may be compared with Balzac's "La Grande Bretèche", precisely similar in theme and ending, but much more elaborate in motivation and character portrayal.

1. *roquelaure*, a long cloak buttoning from top to bottom.

Page 558.

2. "*Nemo, etc.*" Latin for "No one attacks me with impunity."

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER

Page 566.

"Poe is the earliest master of the short story who was conscious of its possibilities and of its limitations. Whatever perfection may have been achieved before him was almost accidental; but he knew what he was doing and how he meant to do it. . . . Perhaps no one of them [his short stories] better reveals his sheer power, his command over form, his mastery of verbal music, his ability to suggest far more than he ventures to put

into words than the 'Fall of the House of Usher.'" (Brander Matthews). This story was written in 1839 and published in "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque" at the end of that year.

1. *Béranger*, a French poet (1780-1857). His lines mean: "His heart is a suspended lute; it resounds as soon as it is touched."

Page 562.

2. *ennuyé*, French for "tired" or "bored."

Page 564.

3. *Von Weber*, Karl Maria (1786-1826), a German opera composer.

4. *Fuseli*, Henry (1741-1825), a Swiss artist.

Page 565.

5. *The Haunted Palace*. "By 'The Haunted Palace' I mean to imply a mind haunted by phantoms—a disordered brain." (Poe)

6. *Porphyrogene*, "born to the purple."

7. *red-litten*, red-lighted.

Page 566.

8. *such works as*. "Concerning this list of curious books, many of which undoubtedly were merely names to Poe, and some of which do not possess at all characteristics ascribed to them, it is useless to go into detail. One may find the most of them in such a book of reference as the 'Century Dictionary of Names.' To look up carefully, however, each name and allusion would be to defeat the purpose of the writer, which was to give an impression of profound erudition, and so to heighten the effect of mystery and to make still more moving the conception the reader was to gain of the deranged hypochondriac at the center of the piece." (Pattee)

Page 568.

9. *antique volume*. No book by this title is known.

LINCOLN

Page 570.

Abraham Lincoln was born in Hardin County, Kentucky, in 1809. His early life was spent in toil, hardship, and the independent poverty of the Western frontier. He learned to read from a spelling book and the Bible, and then read "Pilgrim's Progress" and Aesop's "Fables" by the light of pine knots. The family moved in 1816 to Spencer County, Indiana, and in 1830 on to Decatur, Illinois. Lincoln, who was now twenty-one, was a veritable giant, who stood six feet and three and a half inches, and could outrun, outjump, outwrestle, and, if necessary, outfight anyone of his own age in that part of the country. In 1834 he took up the study of law, and a few years later opened an office in Springfield. Meanwhile, he had navigated a flatboat to New Orleans, clerked in a store, been a captain of volunteers in the Black Hawk War, and been elected a

member of the State Legislature. He was rapidly successful as a lawyer, and became in politics a prominent leader of the Whig party in Illinois. In 1846 he was elected to Congress, and in 1858 he made his famous race for the Senate against Stephen A. Douglas. In 1860 he was elected President, and successfully guided the nation through the dangers of the Civil War. He had served but little more than a month of his second term when he was assassinated at Ford's Theatre in Washington by Wilkes Booth, on the evening of April 14, 1865. He died the next morning. His state papers are among the greatest in the archives of statesmanship, and his addresses are among the greatest of American orations.

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

1. *Remember what we say here.* Just before Lincoln spoke, Edward Everett, who was regarded as the most polished orator of his day, had spoken for nearly two hours. But the world did not "long remember" what he said. "Your argument," wrote Lincoln, "was new to me, and, as I think, is one of the best arguments for the national supremacy." Everett replied, "I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near to the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes."

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

Page 571.

1. *extended address.* Lincoln's first inaugural address was six times as long as this one.
2. *Woe, etc.,* from Matthew, xviii, 7.
3. *The judgments, etc.,* from Psalms, xix, 9.

HOLMES

(For biography see p. 739)

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE

Page 572.

1. *when I was interrupted,* a reference to the fact that he had written in 1831 and 1832 two articles entitled "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" for *The New England Magazine*.
2. *Leibnitz* (1646-1716), a German philosopher and mathematician.
3. *Dr. Thomas Reid* (1710-1796), a Scottish philosopher.
4. *body of scientific young men,* the Société d'Observation Médicale of Paris. Holmes says that about this time the Saturday Club was organized, composed of Emerson, Longfellow, Agassiz, Pierce, Hawthorne, Motley, Sumner, and others.

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5. *Irving and Pauldings, etc.* The Irving brothers, Washington and William, and James K. Paulding published a magazine, called *Salmagundi*, in 1807-1808. In 1827-1830 an annual, called

The Talisman, was edited by Robert C. Sands, Gulian C. Verplanck, and the poet Bryant.

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6. *Zimmermann*, the author of a "Treatise on Solitude."
7. *William Pinkney* (1764-1822), an American lawyer who was our minister to England, 1806-1811.
8. *Babbage's calculating machine.* Charles Babbage (1792-1871) was an English mathematician, and seems to have been the first person to devise such machines.
9. *Frankenstein-monster*, a reference to a novel by Mrs. Shelley, entitled "Frankenstein", in which a medical student discovers the secret of life and makes a creature that terrorizes its creator.

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10. *Phryne*, a beautiful Athenian girl whose loveliness secured her acquittal when she was on trial for her life.
11. *Non omnis moriar*, Latin for "I shall not wholly die." Horace, "Odes", III, 30, line 6.
12. *I have taken all knowledge*, spoken by Lord Bacon.

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13. *deadant*, a thing to be given or forfeited to God.
14. *banquet of Saturn.* In Greek mythology Saturn was to enjoy his father's kingdom provided he had no male children; he therefore devoured all his sons when they were born.
15. *Lords Temporal*, the secular nobles as opposed to the bishops.
16. *pons asinorum*, the fifth proposition of the first book of Euclid, that "The angles of an isosceles triangle are equal to one another."

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17. *Tupper and Sylvanus Cobb, Junior*, contemporary writers of trashy books.

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18. *C'est le dernier pas qui coute*, French for "It is the last stroke that counts."
19. *Cook's Voyages.* James Cook (1728-1779) was an English navigator who explored the Pacific.
20. *Montesquieu* (1689-1755), a French jurist, philosopher, and man of letters whose "Esprit des lois" (Spirit of Laws) is referred to here.

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21. *Sarmatia*, an ancient name for Poland.
22. *"The Pleasures of Hope"*, by Thomas Campbell.
23. *Smibert*, a Scotch portrait painter who came to America in 1729 and painted the portraits of many leading citizens of Boston. *Copley, Stuart*, and *Malbone* were American portrait painters. *Hogarth* was an English painter, and

Barrow and Tillotson were English divines.

24. *Elzevirs*, books published by the family of that name in Amsterdam, Leyden, etc. between 1592 and 1680.

Page 580.

25. *our dear didascalos*, said by Holmes to refer to Lowell.

LOWELL

(For biography see p. 736)

ON A CERTAIN CONDESCENSION IN FOREIGNERS

The first part of the essay, which narrates an unpleasant encounter with a German beggar at Cambridge and cites instances of foreign criticism, is here omitted.

1. *Dresden*, the reference is to a portrait of Rembrandt's wife Saskia, in the Dresden Gallery.
2. *Irving*. Washington Irving thus ridicules Dutch navigators in his "Knickerbocker History", Bk. II.
3. "*Riveted with gigantic piles, etc.*," from "The Character of Holland", by Andrew Marvell, an English poet of the Commonwealth Period. For biographical note, see p. 664.

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4. *Motley*, John Lothrop Motley, American historian, author of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic" (1865).
5. *Carlyle's sneer*. Referring to America's material prosperity, Carlyle declared America meant only roast turkey every day for everybody. He spoke of the Civil War as the burning of a foul chimney.
6. *Atlantis*, an island of Greek myth in the ocean beyond Gibraltar, supposed to have sunk in an earthquake.
7. "*Who reads, etc.*," a paraphrase of Sydney Smith's famous question in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1820: "In the four quarters of the globe who reads an American book? or goes to an American play? or looks at an American picture or statue?"
8. *West-End*, the fashionable section of London.

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9. *Birkenhead*, a British troopship wrecked off Good Hope in 1852. The troops formed and stood at their posts while the women and children were put in the boats. More than four hundred men were drowned.
10. *Bloomsbury*, once a fashionable district of London.
11. *Cater-cousinship*. A cater-cousin is a distant or "quarter" cousin.

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12. *Agassiz*, *Guyot*, and *Goldwin Smith*. The first was a well-known Swiss-American geologist, a professor at Harvard; the

second, also Swiss, was a professor of science at Princeton; the third, an English publicist, taught at Cornell and afterward at the University of Toronto.

13. *Rousseau-tinted*. "*Le Contrat Social*" (1762), a visionary discussion of political institutions by Rousseau, exerted a great influence at the time of the American Revolution.
14. *Sand*, son of the French woman novelist who wrote under the pseudonym George Sand. He published an account of America in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1862.
15. *garre l'eau*, look out below; literally, look out for the water.
16. *Hauranne*, author of "Huit mois en Amerique", 1864-1865.

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17. *Marquis of Hartington*. One of Mr. Lincoln's neatest strokes of humor was his treatment of this gentleman when a laudable curiosity induced him to be presented to the President of the Broken Bubble. Mr. Lincoln persisted in calling him Mr. Partington. Surely the refinement of good-breeding could go no further. Giving the young man his real name (already notorious in the newspapers) would have made his visit an insult. Had Henri IV done this it would have been famous. (Lowell)
18. *May-Fair*, a fashionable London residential district.
19. *mutato nomine, etc.* Change the name, and the story is of you.
20. *L. S.*, Leslie Stephen. See biographical note, p. 729.
21. *Clough*, Arthur Hugh Clough, an English poet who lived for a year in Cambridge and was a friend of Lowell.
22. *T. H.*, Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays."
23. *Brocken-spectre*. At sunrise or sunset, the shadows of persons on the summit of the Brocken, in the Hartz Mountains of Germany, are sometimes reflected on cloud banks, and seen by those below as figures of immense size.

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24. *next question but one*, "If you wrong us shall we not revenge?" "Merchant of Venice", III, i.
25. *Michael and Satan*. See "Paradise Lost", Book VI.
26. *Leigh Hunt* (1784-1859), English poet and essayist.

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27. *Sir John Hawkwood*, a celebrated English adventurer of the fourteenth century, knighted by Edward III. In youth he was apprenticed to a tailor.
28. *porphyro-geniti*, born in the purple; applied to sons of a monarch born after his accession to the throne.

Page 587.

29. *Dana*, Richard Henry Dana, author of "Two Years Before the Mast", who was employed by the United States in several arbitration cases with England.
30. *Reverdy Johnson*, U. S. Ambassador to England, who in 1868 negotiated a treaty which did not adequately provide for the Alabama Claims, and was therefore rejected by the Senate.
31. *Mr. Adams*, Charles Francis Adams, Ambassador to England during the Civil War. In protest against the sailing from Liverpool of an ironclad for use of the Confederates, he declared, "It would be superfluous in me to point out to your lordship that this is war."

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32. "*Do, child, etc.*," "King John", II, i.

PARKMAN

Francis Parkman was born in Boston in 1823. His health was not robust as a boy and much of his early life was spent in the open on the estate of his maternal grandfather about eight miles from Boston. He graduated from Harvard in 1844, and then spent several months traveling in Europe. In 1846 he went to the Rocky Mountain region, then nothing but a wilderness, and lived for some time in a village of the Sioux Indians. "The Oregon Trail" (1847) gave an account of this wild experience. In 1851, there appeared "The Conspiracy of Pontiac", the first of his great historical series, which give an account of the contest between England and France for the possession of the North American continent. "The Conspiracy of Pontiac", though published first, really comes last in the series in its subject matter. The other volumes in the series, in the order of historical sequence, are: "Pioneers of France in the New World" (1865), "The Jesuits in North America" (1867), "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West" (1869), "The Old Regime in Canada" (1874), "Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV" (1877), "A Half-Century of Conflict" (1892), and "Montcalm and Wolfe" (1894). Parkman was the author of a book on the culture of roses, and the president of the Horticulture Society and

a Professor of Horticulture at Harvard University for a time. Afterwards he was Overseer, and finally a Fellow of Harvard. He died in 1893 at Jamaica Plain, a suburb of Boston.

THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC

This selection is from "The Conspiracy of Pontiac and the Indian War after the Conquest of Canada", chapter 4, "Collision of the Rival Colonies." The text is that of the author's revised edition of 1870.

1. *night of the twelfth*, September 12, 1759:

BOOKS FOR FURTHER READING

Franklin's "Autobiography", and "Way to Wealth."
 Irving's "Sketch Book", "Knickerbocker History of New York", "Bracebridge Hall", "The Alhambra", and "Life of Goldsmith."
 Cooper's five "Leatherstocking Tales", "The Spy", "The Pilot", and "Red Rover."
 John Pendleton Kennedy's "Horse-Shoe Robinson."
 William Gilmore Simms's "The Yemassee."
 Herman Melville's "Moby Dick, or The White Whale."
 Richard Henry Dana's "Two Years before the Mast."
 Poe's Tales and Short Stories.
 Emerson's "Essays", "English Traits", and "Representative Men."
 Thoreau's "Walden", and "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers."
 Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales", "Mosses from an Old Manse", "The Scarlet Letter", "The House of Seven Gables", and "The Marble Faun."
 Longfellow's "Hiawatha", "Evangeline", and "The Courtship of Miles Standish."
 Holmes's "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."
 Lowell's "The Biglow Papers", "The Vision of Sir Launfal", "Among my Books", and "My Study Windows."
 Prescott's "History of the Conquest of Mexico."
 Parkman's "Oregon Trail", and historical series.
 Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic."
 Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
 Whittier's "Snowbound."

The Modern Period

THE year 1870 is a landmark, both in the social and political as well as the literary history of the United States. Not only had the Civil War then come to an end, but also the country had passed through the darkest phase of reconstruction, for home rule had been restored in all the eleven Confederate States by the spring of 1870. At that time the face of the country was set toward reconciliation and the building up of a real national

spirit. Moreover, by that year, or a little thereafter, the American frontier had disappeared and the United States had reached the limits of its territorial expansion, properly speaking. The problem then was to consolidate and develop the vast country, much of which was but sparsely settled. It was in 1869 that the spectacular enterprise of building the Union Pacific Railroad came to a successful close, and in the decade follow-

There were other roads constructed which knit together all parts of the country and aided greatly in its rapid settlement and development. New cities, — even new States, in the West sprang into existence; while in the East, because of the increase of the facilities of transportation, manufacturing and related industries grew more rapidly than ever before. Toward the close of the century, therefore, social conditions became more or less such as they were in Great Britain and more progressive nations in Europe, and the same troublesome questions as to the proper distribution of wealth and the relation of capital and labor clamored for solution.

The literary period beginning about the year 1870 has been referred to as the "Diffuse Period." No longer was American literature to be dominated by any particular sectional group. New writers sprang up in the South and in the West, as well as the East; and equally diverse were the themes upon which they wrote. So it is extremely difficult to classify either the authors or their works in this period. In fiction, however, the "local short story" was at first particularly noteworthy, in which was set forth the people and the dialect and the scenery of particular locality or section of the country. Indeed, many novels were devoted to the same purpose; but in the longer works of fiction there was also what has been called the "international novel", in which American character was portrayed against a foreign background. There was, in the nineties, an increased interest in romance, particularly of the kind associated with historical fiction. But by the latter part of the century the question put by the author was not, "Is the matter interesting or exciting?" but rather, "Is it true to life?" Realism thus came into vogue, and much of the fiction became imbued with the purpose of reforming society. None of the institutions of life have escaped its critical eye, though in more recent years questions of sex have been very extensively dealt with. Many of these short stories and novels abound in a kind of humor which is looked upon abroad as one of the distinguishing traits of American literature.

In the latter part of the nineteenth century comparatively little poetry of a high quality was written. Whitman seems to have been so far ahead of his time as to have had but little influence upon his contemporaries. They were satisfied with imitating the work of English poets and carrying forward the traditions of the New England school of poetry. With the exception of one or two poets, a sterile period was the result, in which the sweet sentimentality of Tennyson, the cold restraint of Arnold, and the flowing technique of Swinburne and Morris were imitated to such an extent as almost to kill the spirit of American verse. At the very beginning of the present century, there were unmistakable signs of a poetic awakening, and within ten or fifteen years a new movement in American poetry was in full swing.

We are in the midst of it and too near it to properly evaluate its work, but some distinguishing characteristics may safely be pointed out. There is first an aim at poetic realism, a desire to write down exactly what the poet sees; this quality we see particularly in the poetry of Robinson, Frost, and Masters. Another group, led by Amy Lowell, delight in the use of symbols and images and have been aptly called colorists. Others are devoted to psychoanalysis, or to social responsibility, or like Lindsay to a kind of "rhythmic evangelism." All are more or less interested in experiments with new forms, — particularly Masters and Sandburg with "free verse" and Amy Lowell with "polyphonic prose."

During the last twenty-five years there has been a veritable renaissance in the American drama. Such playwrights as Clyde Fitch, Augustus Thomas, William Vaughn Moody, Percy Mackaye, Rachel Crothers, and Eugene O'Neill have written plays of real literary value, and have awakened the greatest interest in the drama yet experienced in America. Many delightful essayists have appeared also, and critics of ability who have become more and more self-reliant. Their tendency has been not to praise an American writer simply because he is an American, but to judge him by a comparison with the loftiest standards and the best writers of the rest of the world. One should not approach the study of American literature in an apologetic spirit. On the other hand, there should be no attempt to minimize the debt that we owe to English literature. It should be remembered that America is young and very naturally has not had the time to produce as many masterpieces as England has brought forth during a thousand years. It is manifestly impossible to indicate with any definiteness the extent to which American writers have depended on English models for guidance, or to set forth in detail the steps of gradual emancipation from such influences. It is enough to say that, as the nation has emerged and taken on individuality, with the development of well-defined national traits of initiative, democracy, humor, and idealism, — so has its literature become more distinctively American. For literature is, after all, the expression of the life of a people.

DICKINSON

Page 592.

Emily Dickinson was born in Amherst, Massachusetts, in 1830. She lived the life of a recluse, physically as well as spiritually. Her poems were written without any thought of publication, as the whim or inspiration of the moment dictated; and they were not gathered together and published by friends until after her death, which occurred in 1886. They are contained in four volumes: "Poems" (1890), "Poems — Second Series" (1892), "Poems — Third Series" (1896), and

"The Single Hound" (1914). Her poetry is introspective, and reminds one constantly of Blake. Some critics rank her with Poe and Whitman in originality and genuineness of poetic inspiration.

LANIER

Sidney Lanier was born at Macon, Georgia, in 1842, of a long line of cultured ancestors of striking musical and artistic ability. As a boy he seemed able to make music on any instrument without instruction, and before he could read very well he could play the flute, violin, organ, piano, and guitar. After graduating from Oglethorpe College, he was appointed a tutor in the college in 1860. But the following year he gave up this position to volunteer as a private in the Confederate army, in which he served in various battles until his capture late in the war while he was a signal officer on a blockade runner. After an imprisonment of five months, he returned home on foot to Georgia, with his flute, from which he had not been separated during the war. His strength was seriously impaired, and after a dangerous illness he became consumptive and the remainder of his life was a losing struggle with the disease. While working as a hotel clerk, he wrote "Tiger Lilies" (1867), a novel based on the war. The same year he married Miss Mary Day of Macon. After teaching school for a year, he studied and practised law with his father for five years, during which time he wrote some lyrics of exquisite quality. Feeling that his life was to be short, he determined to devote himself entirely to music and poetry. So in 1873 he left his family in Georgia and went to Baltimore, where he secured a position as first flute with the Peabody Symphony Orchestra. Here he read and studied, wrote and lectured like one who had long suffered from mental starvation. His poems appeared occasionally in the magazines, and in 1879 he received an appointment as lecturer on English literature at Johns Hopkins. His courses of lectures were revised and were published under the titles of "The Science of English Verse" and "The English Novel and Its Development." Often he had to interrupt his work to go for his health to Florida, Pennsylvania, or the mountains of North Carolina. He wrote part of the time lying on his back, and some of his lectures were given almost in whispers. His health continued to fail, and death at last came to him in North Carolina in 1881. When he died, his poetic talent was growing; and unlike Poe, had he lived, he would probably have written much greater poetry.

THE SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

The Chattahoochee is a river in Georgia and is about five hundred miles long.

Line 1. *Habersham*, the county in which the river rises.

Line 2. *Hall*, another county in Georgia.

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN

Page 593.

Glynn is a county in Georgia. It is in the southeastern portion and borders on the ocean.

MARKHAM

Page 595.

Edwin Markham was born at Oregon City, Oregon, in 1852, of pioneer parents from Michigan. When he was about five years old, his father died and his mother took him to central California, where he grew up on a ranch. At eighteen he entered the State Normal School at San Jose, and became principal and superintendent of various schools in that district. Since childhood Markham has been a writer of poetry, but did not become famous until 1899 when his poem, "Man with a Hoe", appeared. In the same year his first volume of poems was published, and in 1901 his "Lincoln and Other Poems." Two other volumes have been published, "The Shoes of Happiness" (1914) and "The Gates of Paradise" (1920). He came East in 1901, and resides on Staten Island, New York.

MAN WITH A HOE

Markham makes the bowed French peasant of Millet's painting a symbol of the exploited toiler in all lands. The poem first appeared in the San Francisco *Examiner* of January 15, 1899.

REESE

Page 596.

Lizette Woodworth Reese was born in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1856, where she has lived her whole life. She was educated chiefly in private schools, and then became a teacher of English in the Western High School of Baltimore. Several volumes of her poetry have been published, and her poems are noteworthy for their technique and their quiet intensity of feeling. The following contain her best work: "A Handful of Lavender" (1891), "A Quiet Road" (1896), and "A Wayside Lute" (1909).

HOVEY

Richard Hovey was born at Normal, Illinois, in 1864, and graduated from Dartmouth in 1885. He then studied for a time at Union Theological Seminary, but gave this up to become in rapid succession journalist, dramatist, lecturer, actor, and poet. He went abroad and lived for a time with the Belgian poet, Maeterlinck, and upon his return published a translation of that poet's works. Then followed many volumes of his own poetry, — ten volumes in fourteen years. Finally he was appointed a lecturer at Barnard College, but just as he was beginning his new work he died, at the age of thirty-six. His best work is found in

"Songs from Vagabondia", written in collaboration with Bliss Carman, and "Along the Trail" (1898), in which "Spring" was first published. Hovey is considered by many critics the most promising poet produced in America since the Civil War.

SPRING: AN ODE

Page 597.

Line 50. *eft*, a lizard-like animal.

Line 102. *juba*, a breakdown danced by the negroes to the accompaniment of clapping the hands and slapping the thighs.

Page 598.

Line 140. *foison*, rich harvest.

MASTERS

Page 599.

Edgar Lee Masters was born at Garnett, Kansas, in 1869, of Puritan pioneering stock. When he was still a lad, the family moved to Lewiston, Illinois, where he studied law in his father's office. After practising for a year with his father, he moved to Chicago and became a successful attorney. Before going to Chicago, he had written a great deal of poetry in the traditional manner of Poe, Keats, Shelley, and Swinburne. Between 1898 and 1912 he published a number of volumes of poetry and plays, all of which were comparatively unnoticed. In 1914, at the suggestion of William Marion Reedy, Masters turned from classic subjects and began to draw upon the life he knew. Then, taking the "Greek Anthology" as a model, he assembled over two hundred epitaphs, in which the dead of a Middle Western town are supposed to tell the truth about themselves, and published them under the title of "Spoon River Anthology" (1915). Masters has published other volumes, "Songs and Satires" (1916) and "Domesday Book" (1920); but only a poem here and there rises to the promise of "Spoon River Anthology."

SILENCE

This is from Master's "Songs and Satires."

ROBINSON

Page 600.

Edwin Arlington Robinson was born in 1869 at Head Tide, Maine, but when still a child the family moved to the neighboring town of Gardiner, the "Tilbury Town" of many of his poems. After his college days at Harvard, he went to New York and had a hard struggle to make a living until his "Captain Craig" (1902) was brought to the attention of President Roosevelt, who became interested in the poet and offered him a place in the New York Customhouse. He had already published "The Children of the Night", in 1897; and in 1910 he brought out "The Town down the River", leaving the Customhouse the same year. But the work which placed him in the first rank of Ameri-

can poets was "The Man Against the Sky" (1916). Later works are "Merlin" (1917), "Lancelot" (1920), and "The Three Taverns" (1920). He is at his best when painting in words human portraits, and probing deep into the human soul.

MINIVER CHEEVEY

Line 11. *Thebes*, a ruined city in Upper Egypt on the River Nile, *Camelot*, in the Arthurian legend, the place where King Arthur had his court and his Round Table.

Line 12. *Priam*, king of Troy

Line 17. *Medici*, a famous family of great wealth and power, living in Florence during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries; they furnished many rulers of Florence and France, and two Popes. They patronized art, but were wicked and luxury-loving.

SANDBURG

Page 601.

Carl Sandburg was born of Swedish parentage at Galesburg, Illinois, in 1878. As a lad he did not enjoy much schooling, but worked at all sorts of jobs, — driver of a milk wagon, porter in a barber shop, scene-shifter in a theatre, truck-handler in a brickyard, apprentice in a pottery, dish-washer in hotels, harvest hand in Kansas wheatfields. When the War with Spain came in 1898, he volunteered for new experience. After the war he attended Lombard College at Galesburg for a time, and then tried a long series of different jobs again, — advertising manager for a department store, district organizer for the Social-Democratic party in Wisconsin, a salesman, a pamphleteer, a "safety first" expert on a business magazine, and a newspaperman. In 1916, he became rather widely known through his "Chicago Poems", mainly because of the protests against their brutality and lack of refinement both in subject matter and literary form. Two other volumes of the same nature have appeared, "Cornhuskers" (1918) and "Smoke and Steel" (1920), and the war between his admirers and his despisers goes merrily on. "Slabs of the Sunburnt West" is his most recent volume.

SEEGER

Page 602.

Alan Seeger was born in New York in 1888. During his youth, his parents lived for a time in Mexico. He was educated at Harvard, where he became one of the editors of the *Harvard Monthly*. In 1913, he went to Paris, and when the World War began he enlisted in the Foreign Legion of France. He was in action almost continuously until July 4, 1916, when at Belloy-en-Santerre he was mortally wounded and died the following morning. His fame rests almost wholly on the one poem here included, though his collected "Poems" (1916) and his letters from

the front, which were published in 1917, display great literary promise.

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

The title of the poem may have been suggested by the tenth chapter of Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage", or by an Irish poem, the "Song of Fothad Canaíne", with which Seeger is known to have been familiar.

HARTE

Page 603.

Francis Bret Harte was born at Albany, New York, in 1839, the son of a professor of Greek in the Albany Female College. His education was confined to the common schools, because he was left fatherless at the age of fifteen, and he then accompanied his mother to California. Here he tried teaching, mining, express messenger on stages, printing, government service, and editing. After sixteen years of this miscellaneous experience he returned in 1871 to the East, where he wrote and lectured. The *Atlantic Monthly* offered him ten thousand dollars a year to write exclusively for its pages. His poems, such as "John Burns of Gettysburg" and "The Heathen Chinnee", had already appeared in the San Francisco journals, and the best of his short stories, "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat", had been published in the second and third numbers respectively of the *Overland Monthly*, which he had founded in 1868. He was appointed in 1878 consul to Crefeld, Germany, but was soon transferred to Glasgow, Scotland, where he remained for about eight years. Harte became something of a literary lion in congenial English society, and never returned to America. He continued to write until his death at Camberly, Surrey, in 1902. His grave is in Frimley churchyard, England.

THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT

1. *Parthian*. The ancient Parthians dwelt southeast of the Caspian Sea, and were noted for fighting on horseback with the bow, their horses being turned as if in flight after each volley.

Page 604.

2. *pariah*, outcast. Originally it referred to a member of a low caste in southern India.

Page 606.

3. *sotto voce*, Italian for "in an undertone."
4. *cachéd*, hidden.

Page 607.

5. *son of Peleus*, Achilles.

CLEMENS

Page 608.

Samuel Langhorne Clemens, who wrote under the pen name of Mark Twain, was born in the small village of Florida, Missouri,

in 1835. When he was but two and a half years old, the family moved to Hannibal on the Mississippi, thirty miles from his native village. He attended a common school until he was twelve years old; then upon the death of his father he learned the printer's trade which he followed for eight years in various places as far east as New York City. During the next fifteen years he was a pilot on the Mississippi River, an editor in Virginia City, a miner in Nevada and California, a reporter in San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands, and a lecturer throughout California. Coming East in 1867, he published "The Jumping Frog and Other Sketches", and started on a tour to Europe, Egypt, and the Holy Land, an account of which he published under the title of "The Innocents Abroad" (1869), thus making himself known in every part of the United States. This book was followed by "Roughing It" (1872), "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" (1876), "A Tramp Abroad" (1880), "The Prince and the Pauper" (1882), "Life on the Mississippi" (1883), "Huckleberry Finn" (1884), and "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" (1889). When Clemens was past sixty, he incurred a heavy load of debt through the failure of the publishing house of Charles L. Webster and Company, in which he was a partner. Like Sir Walter Scott in a similar misfortune, he set to work to pay off the firm's indebtedness, and more fortunate than Scott succeeded, by lecturing and writing, in paying every penny. Of his later work, "Pudd'nhead Wilson" (1894) and "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" (1896) deserve special mention. After his pioneer days, his home when he was not traveling was at Hartford and, after 1908, at Redding, Connecticut. He was singularly happy in his home life, though his later years were saddened by the loss of his wife and a daughter. His life, which was remarkable for its Elizabethan fullness of experience, came to an end in 1910.

THE CELEBRATED JUMPING FROG OF CALAVERAS COUNTY

This story, by which the author first won national fame as a humorist, appeared in the New York *Saturday Press* in 1865. It was later made the title story of his first book, in 1867.

JAMES

Page 612.

William James (1842-1910), a brother of Henry James the novelist, was born in New York City. He was educated at home and abroad and graduated from Harvard Medical School in 1870. Thereafter for over thirty-five years he was a professor of psychology and philosophy at Harvard University, and at the time of his death was recognized at home and abroad as the foremost American student in these fields. In his writings, the concreteness, lucidity, and charming grace

of his style are as distinctive as the keen originality of his thought. Among his most important works are "Principles of Psychology" (1890), "The Will to Believe" (1894), "Varieties of Religious Experience" (1902), and "Pragmatism" (1907).

ETHICAL IMPLICATIONS OF HABIT

This is the latter part of the chapter on "Habit", from James's "Principles of Psychology."

1. "There is a story, etc.," from Huxley's "Elementary Lessons in Psychology", Lesson XII. (James)

Page 614.

2. Baumann. See the admirable passage about success at the outset, in his "Handbuch der Moral" (1878), pp. 38-43. (James)
3. "One must first learn, etc.," from J. Bahnsen, "Beiträge zu Charakterologie" (1867), vol. I, p. 209. (James)

ROOSEVELT

Page 616.

Theodore Roosevelt was born in New York City in 1858, and was educated at Harvard, where he graduated in 1880. Two years afterwards he served a term in the New York State Legislature, and then lived for some time on a ranch in North Dakota for his health. In 1889 he began a six-year term as United States Civil Service Commissioner, and afterward became President of the New York Police Board for two years. In 1897 he was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy, but the year following he resigned to become Lieutenant-Colonel of the "Rough Riders." At the close of the War with Spain, he was elected Governor of New York, and two years later in 1900 he became Vice President of the United States. On the death of McKinley in 1901 he succeeded to the presidency, which he held until 1909. He then became contributing editor of the *Outlook*, made an exploring trip to Africa, and as the nominee of the Progressive Party was defeated for the presidency in 1912. The year following he was off to South America on a hunting and exploring trip, during which he discovered the River *Theodore* in Brazil. On his return he gave his earnest support against Germany, but died before the end of the War, on January 6, 1919. Roosevelt was a man of letters as well as a man of action, and published some thirty-three volumes of history, essays, letters, biography, natural history, travel, and addresses. The following works deserve special mention: "The Naval War of 1812" (1882), "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman" (1885), "The Winning of the West", 4 vols. (1889-1896), "American Ideals" (1897), "The 'Renowned Life'" (1900), "African Game Trails" (1910), "History as Literature" (1913), "Theodore Roosevelt, An Autobiography" (1913), "Through the Brazilian Wilderness" (1914), "The Great Adventure"

(1917), and "Letters to His Children" (1919).

TRUE AMERICANISM

This first appeared in the *Forum* of April, 1894. It was among the articles republished in "American Ideals and Other Essays", in 1897.

1. Johnson, Dr. Samuel Johnson. The sentiment quoted here is recorded in Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

Page 617.

2. Manchester, a large manufacturing city in northern England.

Page 618.

3. Harris, Joel Chandler (1848-1908), the author of negro folk tales associated with the name of Uncle Remus.

Page 621.

4. Jay, John (1745-1829), a distinguished American lawyer and statesman.
5. Sevier, John (1745-1815), a famous pioneer who took part in the Battle of King's Mountain and afterwards became the first Governor of Tennessee.
6. Marion, Francis (1732-1795), a noted American leader in the Revolutionary War, known as the "Swamp Fox."
7. Laurens, Henry (1724-1792), a South Carolinian, prominent in Revolutionary days.

Page 622.

8. Schuyler, Philip (1733-1804), a famous American general in the Revolutionary War, and afterwards a Senator from New York.
9. Van Buren, Martin (1782-1862), the eighth President of the United States.
10. Muhlenberg, H. M. (1711-1787), a German-American clergyman who founded the Lutheran Church in the United States. His three sons all distinguished themselves as citizens.
11. Carroll, Charles (1737-1832), one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence for Maryland.
12. Sullivan, John (1740-1795), an American general in the Revolution.
13. Shields, James (1810-1879), a soldier in both the Mexican and Civil wars.
14. Samoan trouble. In 1889 a disturbance in the island made it necessary to terminate the joint protectorate which Germany, England, and the United States had held. In the partitioning of the territory there was friction between Germany and the United States.

PORTER

Page 623.

William Sidney Porter, who wrote under the pen name of O. Henry, was born in 1862 at Greensboro, North Carolina. After a fragmentary education in the common schools, supplemented by a wide reading of good books, he left school to enter his uncle's

drug store, where he was to remain until 1882. Both in school and at the store he was known as a very talented cartoonist. When he was twenty years old he went to Texas, where he lived on a ranch in La Salle County; edited the *Rolling Stone* and was teller of the First National Bank in Austin; and was a reporter on the *Daily Post* in Houston. While at the latter place, he was summoned back to Austin to stand trial for the misappropriation of the bank's funds to the extent of \$1153.68. Porter claimed that he was innocent, and it is true that the bank was very poorly managed. But in an evil hour, even after taking the train for Austin, he turned back and, going to New Orleans, took a steamer for Honduras and remained in Central and South America until the desperate illness of his wife caused him to return to Austin and surrender himself to the authorities. He was sentenced to the federal prison at Columbus, Ohio, where he remained from April 25, 1898, until July 24, 1901. Here he wrote his first stories under the name of O. Henry. After his release, he spent a short time at Pittsburgh and then moved to New York City, where he continued to write until his death in 1910. He was buried in Asheville, North Carolina.

THE FURNISHED ROOM

This story, from the volume entitled "The Four Million", first appeared in the *New York World*, August 14, 1904. Professor C. Alphonso Smith, O. Henry's biographer, says, "To my mind this is O. Henry's greatest story, though, being without humor, it can hardly be called his most characteristic. In unity, convergence of parts, purity of style, structural craftsmanship, saturation with the main idea, it stands alone."

1. *fugacious*, a term meaning "ephemeral"; elusive.
2. *lares et penates*, ancient Roman household gods.

MATTHEWS

Page 626.

Brander Matthews was born in New Orleans in 1852. He graduated from Columbia University in 1871 and was admitted to the bar in 1873, but turned at once to literature and has gained a wide reputation as a story teller and playwright, a devoted student of the theater, and a critical writer of remarkably clear and finished style. Of his many volumes in the field of literary criticism, perhaps the most noteworthy are his "Molière" (1910) and his "Shakespeare as a Playwright" (1913). In 1924 he retired from the professorship of dramatic literature at Columbia, after a distinguished service of many years.

PHELPS

Page 631.

William Lyon Phelps was born in New Haven, Connecticut, in 1865. After gradu-

ating from Yale in 1887 and receiving his doctor's degree four years later, he became an instructor at Yale and in 1901 Lampson Professor of Literature. His literary essays have been collected in several volumes, notably "Essays on Modern Novelists" (1910), "Essays on Russian Novelists" (1911), "The Advance of the English Novel" (1916), "The Advance of English Poetry" (1917), and "Essays on Modern Dramatists" (1920). He is one of the most widely and deservedly popular of contemporary American critics.

RUSSIAN NATIONAL CHARACTER

This is taken from "Essays on Russian Novelists." In a preceding passage the author indicates his general purpose to illustrate Russian character from modern Russian literature. Among the authors cited, Gogol (1809-1852), Dostoevski (1822-1881), Turgeniev (1818-1883), and Tolstoi (1828-1910) were the foremost Russian novelists of the nineteenth century; the others named are more recent or contemporary.

Page 632.

1. *Brunetière* (1849-1906), French literary critic.
2. *Henry James* (1843-1916), the American novelist.

Page 633.

3. *L'Agglon* (the eaglet), the French dramatist Rostand's study (1900) of Napoleon's son, the Duke of Reichstadt, overcome by a tragic sense of his inability to live up to his high heritage.
4. *l'improductivité slave*, the unproductiveness of the Slav.

Page 635.

5. *Duma*. The conservative third Russian Duma of 1907-1908 strongly opposed Finland's desire to secure self-government.

Page 636.

6. *zum ungehinderten Geschlechtsgenuss*, for unrestricted sexual indulgence.

SHERMAN

Page 638.

Stuart Pratt Sherman was born at Anita, Iowa, in 1881. After finishing his education at Williams College and Harvard, he became a teacher of English at Northwestern University from 1906 to 1911, and from then until 1924 was Professor of English at the University of Illinois. He has edited a number of English classics, including "A Book of Short Stories" (1914). He is the author of "Matthew Arnold" (1917), "On Contemporary Literature" (1917), "Americans" (1923), "The Genius of America" (1923), and "Points of View" (1923, 1924). His hobby, he says, "is studying the utterances of the Intelligentsia." He is a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

WANDERING BETWEEN TWO ERAS

This was published in the May 17, 1919, number of the *Review*.

Page 639.

1. *Clarissa Harlowe*, a novel in eight volumes by Samuel Richardson (1689-1761).
2. *Barchester*. "Barchester Towers" is the masterpiece of the English novelist, Anthony Trollope (1815-1882). The *Luftons*, etc., are the names of families in other Victorian novels; while *Crochet Castle*, etc., are the names of country places in other novels of the same period.

Page 640.

3. *Butlers*, *Shaws*, etc., novelists and dramatists of the late nineteenth century.
4. *Pecksniff*, a canting hypocrite in Dickens's "Martin Chuzzlewit."

Page 641.

5. *Goncharov*, *Dostoevsky*, *Artzybashev*, Russian novelists of the last half of the nineteenth century.
6. *Bennett*, Arnold (1867-) and *De Morgan*, William (1839-1923), English novelists.

BOOKS FOR FURTHER READING

Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy", and "Marjory Daw."
 Bret Harte's short stories.
 Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona."
 Mary Wilkins Freeman's short stories.
 Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad", "Tom Sawyer", "Huckleberry Finn", and "A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur."
 Edward Eggleston's "The Hoosier Schoolmaster."
 William Dean Howells's "A Modern Instance", and "The Rise of Silas Lapham."
 Henry James's "Daisy Miller", "The Portrait of a Lady", "Roderick Hudson", and short stories.
 Joel Chandler Harris's Uncle Remus Stories.
 O. Henry's short stories.
 Edward Everett Hale's "Man without a Country."
 Frank R. Stockton's short stories.

Stephen Crane's "The Red Badge of Courage."
 Paul Leicester Ford's "The Honorable Peter Stirling."
 Frank Norris's "McTeague", "The Pit", and "The Octopus."
 Mary Noailles Murfree's "In the Tennessee Mountains", and "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains."
 George Washington Cable's "Old Creole Days", and "Grandissimes."
 Thomas Nelson Page's "In Ole Virginia."
 James Lane Allen's "A Kentucky Cardinal", and "The Choir Invisible."
 Jack London's "Call of the Wild", and short stories
 Francis Marion Crawford's "Dr. Isaacs."
 Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur, a Tale of the Christ."
 Richard Harding Davis's "Soldiers of Fortune", "Gallagher", and "Captain Mac-lin."
 Edward Noyes Westcott's "David Harum."
 Irving Bacheller's "Eben Holden."
 Donald G. Mitchell's (Ik Marvel) "Reveries of a Bachelor."
 John Burrough's "Wake Robin", "Birds and Poets", and "Accepting the Universe."
 Winston Churchill's "The Crisis."
 Owen Wister's "The Virginian."
 Booth Tarkington's "The Gentleman from Indiana", and "The Turmoil."
 John Fox, Jr.'s "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come."
 Francis Hodgson Burnett's "The Shuttle."
 Edith Wharton's "Ethan Frome."
 Henry Adams's "The Education of Henry Adams."
 Booker T. Washington's "Up from Slavery."
 Joseph Hergesheimer's "Java Head."
 William James's "Varieties of Religious Experience."
 Mary Johnston's "To Have and To Hold."
 Edward Lucas White's "El Supremo."
 Edwin Slosson's "Creative Chemistry."
 Eugene O'Neill's Plays.
 Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street", and "Babbitt."
 Burton J. Hendrick's "Life and Letters of Walter Hines Page."
 Edward Bok's "Americanization of Edward Bok."

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